7.3.75

S. 240

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

New Series.

JULY TO DECEMBER 1827.

PRESENTED
8 DEC 1949

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY GEO. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA LANE.

1827.

LONDON:
SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, PRINTERS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

INDEX

TO

VOL. IV.

ORIGINAL PAPERS, &c.

Page

Account (some) of a Lover 261
Affairs in General at Paris 500
Adventures of Naufragus 138
Agricultural Reports 101, 213, 325, 437, 549, 655
Adventures of Prince Hassan, an Oriental Tale 368
Anecdotes (Characteristic) of the leading Fashionables of Berlin 268
Anecdotes and Conversations of the Rev. Thomas Botherham, S.T.P., Archdeacon of Leatherhead, &c. 254
Beards (a Dissertation on), Historical and Literary, by an Emeritus Professor of Shaving 593
Boys's (Captain) Escape from a French Prison 482
Books, on reading New 17
Biographical Sketch of Mademoiselle Sontag 268
Bordeaux Diligence 241
Bristol Public Charities 353
Bankrupts 104, 215, 328, 440, 552, 657
Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Persons 95, 211, 321, 433, 545
Camp of St. Omer, a Day at the 613
Cervantes, Birth of 621
Coalheavers, Praises of 345
Charities, Public 1, 353
Carlton-House Pictures 35
Cabinet Novel, the 160
Clergyman, the Ship 463
Croonian Lecture, Receipt for a 204
Canons of Criticism 473
Calais—Travelling Particularities 467
Commercial Reports 103, 215, 327, 439, 551, 656
Dozing, on 11
Disagreeable People, on 129
Daily Paths, our 352
Discipline Society (Prison) 416
Dust, on 608
Ecclesiastical Preferments 105, 217, 329, 441, 553, 659
Embarrassments of a Shepherdess 16
Emigration Committee, Third Report of 561
Ends and Means 225
French, Lines from the 10
Fined, You're—a Tale of the 19th Century 26
First of Spring 137
Full-Lengths, No. VI. 463
Fame? What is 480
Geneviève, Pauvre—a Continental Tale 123

INDEX.

Page

Great Britain and Ireland, Population of 561
Hayti, Sketches of 113
Hermes, Midnight, by 366
Kitchiner's (Dr.) Traveller's Oracle 382
Laudes Carbonarium 345
Lines from the French 10
Lines to a Lady 394
Letter from Paris, on Affairs in general 500
Lunatics, Pauper 449
Language, Origin of 248
London Incidents, Marriages, Deaths, &c. 106, 218, 330, 442, 553, 659
Man with the Appetite, the 590
Modern Philologist, Toils of a 49
Means and Ends, on 225
Midnight, by Hermes 366
Mother's Monitor, the 462
Mammalinga-Voda, the 30
Medical Reports 100, 212, 324, 436, 548, 654
Meteorological Reports 112, 224, 336, 448, 558, 666
Newspaper Press of Ireland 337
Notes on the Month 57, 169, 275, 395, 505, 626
Our Daily Paths, by F. H. 352
Our Maying 155
Origin of Language, the 248
Pauper Lunatics 449
Public Charities 1, 353
Prison Discipline Society 416
Pauvre Geneviève 123
People, on Disagreeable 129
Pyramus and Thisbe, an Operatic Tragedy 236
Political Appointments 329, 441, 553, 659
Pocket Books, the 585
Provincial Occurrences 107, 219, 330, 442, 554, 661
Proceedings of Learned Societies 87, 203, 310, 426, 437, 650
Patents, New and Expiring 94, 210, 320, 433, 544
Reading New Books, on 17
Receipt for a Croonian Lecture 204
Reports, Agricultural 101, 213, 325, 437, 549, 655
..... Commercial 103, 215, 327, 439, 551, 656
..... Medical 100, 212, 324, 436, 548, 654
..... Meteorological 112, 224, 336, 448, 558, 666
..... Theatrical 201, 315, 422, 534, 645
Spring, the First of 137
Sketches (Village), No VIII. 46, 155
Sontag, Sketch of Mlle. 268
Some Account of a Lover 261
Song (a Parting), by F. H. 472
Stocks, Prices of 112, 224, 336, 448, 558, 666
Travelling Sketches 241
..... Particularities 467
Traveller's Oracle 382
Theatrical Report 201, 315, 422, 684, 64
Varieties, Scientific and Miscellaneous 89, 204, 311, 426, 537
Village Sketches 46, 155
Voda, the Mammalinga 30
Whitsun Eve 46
World in the Open Air, the 55
Works in the Press, and New Publications 91, 207, 317, 430, 541, 652
Zephyrs, to the 266

INDEX TO WORKS REVIEWED.

Page

Andrews' (Capt.) Travels in South America 297
Agincourt, Nicholas' History of the Battle of 521
Aylmers, the 196
Arnaud's Glorious Recovery by the Vaudois of their Vallies 529
Barrington's (Sir Jonah) Personal Sketches of his own Times, &c. 76
Bernard Barton's Widow's Tales, &c... 83
Bredow's Elements of Universal History 420
Clarke's (S. R.) Vestigia Anglicana, or Illustrations of the more interesting and debateable Points of the History and Antiquities of England, &c. 79
Conversations on Mythology 420
Classical Manual, or a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil 409
Ellis's (Hon. Agar) Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England 301
Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins, an Historical Novel of the 13th Century 639
Elizabeth Evanshaw 410
Frost's Notices relative to the Early History of the Town and Port of Hull .. 643
Foy's (Gen.) History of the War in the Peninsula under Napoleon..... 637
Garbett's Nullity of the Roman Faith .. 531
Goodhugh's English Gentleman's Manual 525
High-Ways and By-Ways, Third Series 197
Hood's Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.. 584
Hyde Nugent..... 421
Howell's Essay on the War Gallies of the Ancients 304

Page

Innes' (Misses) Annual Peerage of the British Empire 308
Jones's (Capt. G. M.) Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Turkey, by the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, &c..... 192
Kitchiner's (Dr.) Traveller's Oracle .. 382
Lawrence (Sir James) on the Nobility of the British Gentry, &c. &c. 533
Lempriere's Popular Lectures 415
Linguist (The), or Instructions in the French and German Languages, &c. 85
Living (The) and the Dead, by a Country Clergyman 83
Morell's (T.) Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science 641
Mackie's Spirit and Constitution of the Church, &c..... 86
Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself; Journal of his Negociations with the French to liberate Ireland, &c..... 190
Military Sketch-Book (The)..... 299
Miss Mitford's Dramatic Scenes 81
Notes to assist the Memory in various Sciences 642
O'Briens (The) and the O'Flahertys, by Lady Morgan..... 633
Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Down o' the Cathedral..... 411
Pickersgill's (Mrs.) Tales of the Harem 303
Prison Discipline Society, Seventh Report 416
Practical Instructions for Landscape Painting 644
Pioneers (The), by the Author of the Prairie, &c..... 84
Reuben Apsley, by the Author of Brambletye House, &c. 199

INDEX.

Page

Roberts's (Miss) Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster 73
Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer..... 75
Roche's (Dr.) First Twenty-eight Odes of Anacreon 526
Roman History (The), by G.B. Niebuhr, translated from the German by F. A. Walter 635
State of Portugal, by an Eye-witness .. 419
Stray-Leaves, including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany ... 419
Thackeray's History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham..... 185
Ursino (Dr. G. F.) Logarithmi VI. Decimatium scilicet numerorum ab 1 ad 100,000 et Sinuum et Tangentium ad 10′′, &c. &c. &c. Christianæ 310
Willement's Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, &c. 532
Woolrych's Life of Judge Jeffreys 306
West's Journal of a Mission to the Indians of the British Provinces in America 413
Young's Elements of Geometry 309

EMINENT AND REMARKABLE PERSONS,

Whose Deaths are recorded in this Volume.

Beaumont, Sir Geo. 323
Burns, Mr. G.... 95
Blake W. 435
Bangor, Lord 547
Canning, Right Hon. G. 321
Carlisle, Bishop of 436
Castle Coote, Lord 212
Dodd, G, 547
Daubeny, Archdeacon 323
Ennismore, Lord 545
Ferrars, Lord 98
Foscolo, Ugo 433
Furlong, Mr. 436
Gent, Mrs. 548
Gordon, Duke 98
Guildford, Earl 545
Hawker, Dr. 95
Hamilton, Lord A. 545
Jackson, Dr. 211
Kircudbright, Lord 97
Kiesewetter, G.G. Larivé, 98
Manuel, M. 545
Morton, Lord 211
Noble, Rev. M. 99
Rowlandson, Mr. 97
Rochefoucauld, Duc de 95
Sapio, Signor 324
Spode, Josiah 546
Stradbroke, Earl 435
Tabley, Lord de 99
Thirlwall, Rev. T. 548
Volta 99

BRITISH MUSEUM NATURAL HISTORY

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] JULY, 1827. [No. 19.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

In pursuance of the epitome commenced in our Number for May, we invite our readers to contemplate now the Charities under the control of the

Haberdashers' Company.

MONMOUTH CHARITIES, 1614.—These consist of a free-school, almshouse, and a lecture in the town of Monmouth. William Jones, the liberal founder of them, gave in trust to the company 9,000*l.*, with which sum, augmented by others to 10,580*l.*, was purchased an estate called Hatcham-Barnes, in the adjoining parishes of New Cross, Surry, and St. Paul, Deptford, now producing a rent of 771*l.* A surplus vested in the funds has accumulated, amounting now to 5,970*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*; which sum, as well as the dividends, are destined for repairing and rebuilding. To what extent now are the good people of Monmouth the better for all this? Twenty poor persons receive 17*l.* each, and twenty-one boys are taught Latin, Greek, and English: to *read* English this can only mean, because we observe, for writing, arithmetic, geography, and merchants' accompts, the parents pay 3*l.* a year. Then how are these ample funds consumed? 140*l.* go to the lecturer, 180*l.* to the schoolmasters, and 314*l.* to the almspeople, making together 634*l.* Of the remaining 137*l.*, about 94*l.* also are said to be expended on the charities; but of the surplus 43*l.* no account is given. The Monmouth people are dissatisfied at these impotent effects—and naturally enough. Here are funds destined by Mr. Jones to promote the education of the town. He contemplated a hundred in Greek and Latin—meaning by Greek and Latin, surely, the general instruction of schools. In the days in which free grammar-schools were first instituted, Latin and Greek were the medium through which *all* was taught; and the learning of Latin and Greek meant then something more than the construing of half-a-dozen writers of antiquity, to the exclusion of every earthly subject besides. The phrase, thus com-

prehensively and practically used, schoolmasters have, every where, by degrees, lawyer like, narrowed down to its literal sense, and, unless by compulsion, will teach nothing but Latin and Greek. The consequence at Monmouth is conspicuous: not more than twenty-one boys can be found to be thus taught, and of these, probably, not half-a-dozen are really sent to the school for classical instruction. The fact is, times are changed, and education has changed with them. Nobody now requires these languages but such as are destined for the church, or the higher departments of law and medicine, and, for distinction's sake, the sons of gentlemen. But though, at Monmouth, not twenty require such acquirements, ten times twenty require the instruction which the common business of life demands, and schools alone can furnish; and here are abundant means of supplying this essential instruction, were those means wisely applied. But then, it will be repeated for the thousandth time, trustees are bound by the terms of the founder. Once for all, trustees have, all of them—and the Haberdashers are no exception—in numerous instances, done just as they please, without caring a straw for the will of the founder; and they might, of course, if they would, do the same in this. Who would interfere—especially where, in any changes, the spirit of the original institution was kept in view; that is, to extend the benefits of education to the town. No penalty would be incurred, and the approbation of the country would go with them.

NEWLAND CHARITIES.—The same William Jones bequeathed to the same company 5,000*l.* for the maintenance of a lecture and an alms-house at Newland, in Gloucestershire; and pretty liberties appear to have been taken with this bequest. About three-fifths of the sum, after some chopping and changing, were finally mixed up in the purchase of the leases of Hatcham-Barnes, and the remainder thrown into the company's general funds. Out of the produce of this Hatcham-Barnes estate were made the payments to both the Monmouth and the Newland Charities, till the Newland people, indignant at this unjustifiable diversion of the endowment, bestirred themselves and petitioned the Chancery. Petitioning the Chancery, though always bad enough, was not, in those days, a remedy worse than the disease. The court, in 1708, passed a decree—a very lenient one—and the company were bound to the payment of 200*l.* to the Newland Charity. The present payments, at the end of 120 years, amount to 229*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*; of which 66*l.* go to the lecturer, and three shillings a week to each of the alms-people. Now here, had this trust been faithfully managed, the people of Newland might at this moment be benefitted to at least three times the amount; and, in common equity, the company surely are responsible for such a sum.

THE POOR OF THE COMPANY.—The same William Jones left 1,440*l.* for pensions of 8*l.* to each of nine poor persons of the company—that is, 72*l.* Seventy-two pounds is the interest, at five per cent., of 1,440*l.*; therefore Mr. Jones meant the poor of the company should receive the whole benefit of this 1,440*l.* What has become of this sum? If invested in land, the produce by this time must have risen considerably above 72*l.*; and the poor are therefore defrauded by the amount of the difference—for 72*l.* is all that the company pay.

LECTURESHIP OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—The same bountiful Mr. Jones left also a house, which had cost him more than 1,000*l.*, and a sum of 600*l.*, afterwards laid out on a house in Fleet-street, to institute a lecture in the

church of St. Bartholomew. The rents of these premises now amount to 140*l.*, and the lecturer actually gets the whole. The clergy certainly either keep a better look-out, or are in better luck than their neighbours.

SOMERS' CHARITY.—A tenement in St. Dunstan's, East, value 3*l.* per annum, given to the company; 30*s.* for the performance of a yearly obit; 12*s.* to twelve poor freemen of the company, and the remainder for themselves. In the embarrassments of the Haberdashers, in the seventeenth century, the house appears to have been sold, and the payments to the poor were consequently discontinued—the obit, of course, long before. The commissioners, who are very cautious of advancing an opinion, think, however, in this case, the payments to the poor should be resumed; and the company accordingly express their willingness to pay 12*s.* into the poor-box. Not a word of the arrears. Liberal souls!

PEACOCK'S CHARITY.—In 1535 Sir Simon Peacock left to the company lands, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, charged with 2*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* for charitable purposes: the original value does not appear. The premises have been exchanged by the company. The rental of the present property amounts to 72*l.* 12*s.*, and 17*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* is the sum annually paid—of which 8*l.* go to the debtors in Whitecross-street.

BUCKLAND'S CHARITY.—Twenty shillings to four poor members of the company, 20*s.* to the churchwardens of St. Michael le Quern, and 20*s.* to the poor of Shepperton—which last sum has been discontinued since 1812. Why? These payments were charged on two houses in Paternoster-row, sold by the company, in 1675, for 150*l.*, to pay their own debts. But even 150*l.*, at the usual rate of interest, produce 7*l.* 10*s.* On what principle, then, are three pounds, or rather two, now paid?

LADY BURGHLEY'S CHARITIES, 1583.—Two hundred pounds to the company, to pay 10*l.* a year to the poor of Cheshunt, and to maintain four sermons. What has been done about the sermons does not appear: the 10*l.* are paid to the churchwardens of Cheshunt. The same considerate lady left 120*l.* to be lent to six persons of Romford—(still lent); and 80*l.* to be lent to six persons of Hoddesdon, Cheshunt, and Waltham Abbey—discontinued since 1670, and supposed to have been lost by failure of securities. That was the company's concern: let them make the loss good to the poor of Hoddesdon, Cheshunt, and Waltham Abbey.

FREE SCHOOL, BANBURY.—For the support of this school, 130*l.* was charged by the founder, Thomas Aldersey, on the tithes of certain parishes in Cheshire, belonging to him. The charge is a specific sum; and, of course, though the value of the said tithes has doubtless quadrupled, the Aldersey family pay 130*l.*, and no more. The purpose of the donor is, however, obviously defeated. He must have meant the school to be kept up in its original condition. He had calculated the sum requisite for carrying his purposes into effect: that sum was 130*l.*; and 130*l.* he accordingly charged upon property which he knew would well bear the burden. That sum was a third, or a fourth, or a fifth of the whole value of the estate; and, of course, with his views—looking far into futurity—had the good man had any notion of the depreciation of money, or of the quibbles of lawyers, or of the graspings of families, he would have charged his estate, not with a fixed sum, but with a third, or a fourth, or whatever part of the whole the 130*l.* might be. The intent of the founder, we

repeat, was obvious; and, in an age and country more equitable and less grasping and exacting, that intent would be binding on the consciences of his successors. With this, however, the company, in the present case, have nothing to do—so far. But then, observe, this Thomas Aldersey leased to the governors themselves also, for two thousand years, at the rent of a red rose, the Chantry-house in Banbury, with several other messuages, crofts, and meadows in the same parish, expressly "for the better maintenance of the preachers, schoolmaster, and usher of Banbury-school; and to the intent that they might be sufficiently provided with competent dwelling-houses, and for the better applying themselves to their several offices." Of the disposition of this property, we have a very meagre account. Some of the buildings and lands are occupied, it seems, by the masters and the clergy, and all may possibly be distributed most advantageously for the interests of the charity. But if, by this time, we are made a little suspicious, it can occasion no surprise, and still less any censure.

JETSON'S CHARITIES.—Mr. Jetson directs the company to pay 15*l.* 12*s.* to six poor or lame of the company; 3*l.* to the poor of Lambeth; 5*l.* to the poor of Kinver, in Staffordshire; 20*l.* to poor scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge; 6*l.* for a divinity lecture in Lambeth; and 5*l.* for the preachers at St. Paul's-cross. The property devised to the company for the support of these charities consisted of eighteen houses in Haberdasher's-square, and five in Grub-street, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, then—in 1622 (two hundred years ago)—producing 102*l.* 12*s.* The whole now, by some unaccountable management—a management with which the company is not usually chargeable—rents at only 97*l.*; so that the company seem to be actually losers; fore even the 5*l.*, payable to the preachers of St. Paul's-cross, are paid to poor clergymen, appointed by the master and wardens.

NEWPORT FREE-SCHOOL.—To the Haberdashers, under the description of "Governors of the possessions and revenues of the Free Grammar School of Newport, in the county of Salop," were given in trust extensive estates, consisting of Knighton Grange, in Staffordshire, and other property for the maintenance of a grammar-school, and other charities established by him, conditioning that they should pay yearly 20*l.* to a godly and orthodox minister for catechizing the scholars and others attending Newport church; 60*l.* to the masters; 24*l.* for binding three apprentices (except every seventh year, when the 24*l.* were to be applied to the expenses of a visitation-committee); 24*s.* to annual examiners of the scholars; 20*s.* to a poor scholar for ringing the bell; 20*s.* to another, or 10*s.* each to two others, for sweeping the school; 5*l.* for repairs; 20*l.* for four exhibitions from Newport-school to Oxford or Cambridge; 20*l.* 16*s.* to four aged poor of Newport; 20*l.* to twenty of the company; and 2*l.* to the clerk and beadles—altogether 170*l.* If the rents fall short, the deficiency is to be made good out of the sum assigned for apprentice-fees. Therefore, 170*l.*, past all dispute, was the full value of the property. But the rental now is 957*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; and the payments, as directed by a decree of Chancery, in 1797—for these matters, by the good management of the trustees, often get into that blessed court—amount to 692*l.* 5*s.*, which sum leaves still a balance in favour of the company of 264*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* But this considerable balance is not all. The company retain in their own hands sixty-six acres of wood-lands, and con-

siderable falls of timber have been made; from the sale of which, and the accumulations of surplus income at the time of the inquiry (May 1820), they held a sum of 12,426*l.*, three per cent., yielding a dividend of 372*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, which, added to the surplus 264*l.*, makes the whole annual balance swell to 637*l.* Here, then, is actually 637*l.* of surplus income, with 12,426*l.* stock in hand. Again, then, we ask, as we did in the case of Monmouth, what benefit receive the Newport people by these institutions? The instruction of thirty-eight boys in Latin, Greek—and Hebrew, say the statutes—but that has long been dispensed with; of thirty-eight boys, who, of course, are precisely those who least stand in need of gratuitous education; and the maintenance of four alms-people: and all the while here are funds that would educate the whole town—certainly all to whom gratuitous education is an object, and to the extent that their station in life requires; and not only educate the whole town, but very materially relieve the parochial burdens; not by mixing up such funds with the poor-rates, but by relieving the distressed, and thus keeping them from the rates. By the way, the sum appointed to the minister for catechizing the scholars, &c. now augmented to 60*l.*, is given to the resident officiating curate—to the benefit, no doubt, of the incumbent. Be sure of this—the incumbent pays his curate so much the less. We must be permitted to ask also, whether the company contemplate spending the large savings of this charity on some magnificent pile of brick and mortar?

Morgan's Charity, 1604.—A devise of property in Budge-row, White-lion-court, Fleet-street—and at Stratford-Langthorne, Essex—on condition of paying 20*l.* to the poor of Oswestry. Some part of these estates was subject to other interests; and the part in White-lion-court is all that is now left—producing, however, still 150*l.* The company have started a doubt of their liability to this payment.

Caldwell Charity, 1614.—A house in Ludgate-hill, devised to the company for charitable uses; the house was burnt down in 1666, and the ground the following year sold to the city for 92*l.* 10*s.* Payments to the amount of 9*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* are made annually, of which 2*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* go to the poor of Rolleston, in Staffordshire.

Mrs. Whitmore's Charity.—Certain property in Bishopsgate-street, and Helmet-court, now let for 108*l.* 19*s*, on condition of paying 5*l.* to the poor of St. Edmund, in Lombard-street, and of delivering to ten widows of the company, each a gown of three yards of broad cloth, and one ell of holland, of two shillings; the remainder to be applied to the use of the company. What ratio these several payments bore to the original rent, does not appear. Indeed there is a sad lack of information frequently in this respect. The payments, it seems, are made as directed by the testator, *with some augmentation.*

Offley's Legacy, 1590.—Two hundred pounds to be lent to four young men of the company, 50*l.* each for five years; 200*l.* to be employed by the company, on consideration of paying twenty poor persons of the company 10*s.* each; and 200*l.* for two scholarships, one to be named by the company's court of assistants, and the other by the corporation of Chester. For these three sums of 200*l.* each, nothing, it seems, is now paid but the 10*s.* to their own poor. On the recommendation of the commissioners, the company propose to revive the exhibitions—a matter of the least importance.

Blundell's Charity, 1603.—One hundred and fifty pounds to be

laid out in land or houses, out of which the company were to pay forty shillings to the poor prisoners in Newgate, and take the remainder 'for their pains.' With this 150*l.* was purchased No. 8, Poultry, now let for 106*l.* net-rent. The company still faithfully pay the forty shillings, and coolly pocket the small remaining 104*l.* 'for their pains.'

BRAMLEY'S CHARITY.—Leasehold property in St. Bartholomew's-lane, assigned to the company for charitable uses. It was burnt down in 1666, and the company, unable to rebuild, surrendered the lease to the Cloth-worker's company for 150*l.*; for which they pay 5*l.* annually to the poor of Lothbury, in acquittal of all obligations.

LADY WELD'S BENEFACTION, 1623.—This was a bequest of 2,000*l.* for the purchase of impropriate livings, to Merchant-taylor's company, or any other company which would accept the trust. The Merchant-taylors, for some unknown reason, declined accepting it; but the Haberdashers, knowing better, we suppose, how to turn a penny, caught at the prize with avidity, instituted a suit in chancery, and eventually got possession of the 2,000*l.* with another 100*l.* for their volunteer trouble. By her will, the good lady directed two-thirds only of the value of the livings to be paid to the incumbents, and the remainder to accumulate for the purchase of more. In this way have been purchased the small tithes or the rectories of Wigston, Bitteswell, and Diseworth, in Leicestershire; Albrighton, in Shropshire; Layston, in Suffolk; and Chertsey, in Surry: the last so recently as 1819. The governors of Christ's-hospital were, by the will, appointed auditors, and a curious compromise in 1702 took place between these auditors and the company. The Haberdashers, at the time, were indebted to the trust 4,000*l.*, and confessedly insolvent. These honest auditors sanctioned a composition of five shillings in the pound, on condition of alternately themselves presenting to the church preferment; and to this day, the governors of Christ's-hospital, alternately with the Haberdashers, present to the livings. Here are no slight liberties taken with a trust; and yet how nervously conscientious these companies are, when any really beneficial change is proposed, particularly as to schools;—then nothing is heard of but the will of the founder.

HAMOND'S CHARITIES, 1638.—1. Four hundred pounds for the erection of an alms-house for six poor old unmarried freemen of the company, with a rent charge of 80*l.* on property in Tower-street and Mincing-lane, of which 60*l.* go to the old men, and 20*l.* to twenty poor men and women of the company. The 400*l.* were expended on the purchase of ground and the erection of the alms-house on Snow-hill; and the 80*l.* are still distributed according to the directions of the donor. The company have no control over this, now very valuable property. 2. The same Mr. Hamond left 1,000*l.*, like Lady Weld, for the purchase of impropriate livings, with which were bought the rectory of Aure, and the chapelry of Blakeney, in Gloucestershire, worth in 1808, 600*l.* a-year. 3. The same Hamond also, left 500*l.* to the company for loans, gratis—silk-men to be preferred. These loans have been discontinued since 1678. Have the company ever thought of substituting any analogous appropriation of this and other sums left for similar purposes?

HAZLEFOOT'S CHARITY.—In 1646, this gentleman conveyed to the company a freehold estate and manor, called Pitley Farm, in the parish of Great Bardfield, in Essex, of the yearly value of 70*l.*; and directed the whole 70*l.* to be applied to specific uses—20*l.* to the poor of the compa-

20*l.* to different London hospitals; 10*l.* to release prisoners; 8*l.* to the parish of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey; 8*l.* to buy corn (for distribution to the poor); and the remaining 4*l.*, in compensation of the company's labour, to the warden, clerk, and beadles. The estate now produces 225*l.*, and 43*l.* *only* disbursed. The balance of 182*l.* goes to the company's general funds. For this appropriation, there is not the shade of a pretext; every farthing of the rent was assigned by the donor, and the company's trouble not forgotten.

Rainton's Charity, 1646.—A case of the same kind as the last precisely. The property consists of a large house and warehouse in Plough-court, Lombard-street, now occupied by the well-known William Allen, at a rent of 220*l.*; and another, No. 97, Lombard-street, at 175*l.* At the time of the bequest, the rents amounted to 87*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*; the whole of which was specifically appropriated; 32*l.* 10*s.* to twenty-five poor men and widows; 12*l.* to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; 10*l.* for clothing poor people and apprenticing children of Lincoln; 10*l.* for apprenticing children of Enfield; 10*l.* 8*s.* for the poor of Washingborough and Heighington in Lincolnshire; 2*l.* to the poor of St. Edmund the King; 2*l.* to the poor of St. Mary Woolchurch; and the remainder, 8*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, to the company's officers. Supposing these sums to be still all paid—they have not always been so—what becomes of the surplus—more than 300*l.* a-year? And by what right do the company withhold it from those for whose benefit the donor manifestly destined it? If justice or equity were attainable at a cheaper rate, Lincoln, Enfield, and Washingborough would soon find it worth while to assert their unquestionable rights.

Barnes's Charity, 1663.—The devise of a house in Lombard-street. The original rent was 60*l.*, of which 6*l.* were to go to the company, and remaining 54*l.* to be distributed to their poor. The house is now the Sea-Policy Office, and brings in 150*l.* The poor, we may suppose, receive 54*l.*; but the rest, 96*l.*, the wealthier part of the company dispose of.

Cleave's Charity, 1605.—Two houses, one in Oxford-court, and the other in Cannon-street, left for the poor of the company—and let in 1793, on lease, at 35*l.*, which expired in 1824. Five pounds are given to each of seven of the poor. The same gentleman gave 200*l.* in money for the benefit of the poor of the company; of the application of which, no account at all is given.

Arnold's Rent Charge, 1669.—Twenty-six pounds, now secured, under the authority of the chancery court, on the Angel Inn, Islington—distributed to the poor of the company.

Bond's Rent-charge, 1671.—Fifty pounds on No. 8, Bread-street, of which the Haberdashers were to distribute 24*l.* to six poor single aged men of the company, and the remainder to their poor generally. This rent-charge appears eventually, for some cause or other, to have equalled the rent, and possession was in consequence given to the company. Since 1809, the rent is 215*l.* In this case, the company have—quite unaccountably—doubled the 50*l.*, which they were bound to distribute; and do actually distribute to the poor 100*l.* out of 215*l.*, when, judging by their very steady practice, they believed themselves bound only to 50*l.* This is pure generosity. By the way, are there any members of this company burdensome to any parish in the kingdom? If so, such parish might as well l[illegible] after the company, and relieve itself.

[illegible]oxton Alms-houses, 1658.—This is one of the most inexplicable

concerns we have met with—inexplicable in its management we mean—and the most ineffective, compared with the views of the institutor, and the very ample funds he left for the fulfilment of those views.

ROBERT ASKE'S intentions were to found alms-houses for twenty poor single men, free of the Haberdashers, with a pension of 20*l.* each; and to clothe, feed, and educate *as many* boys as the surplus of the funds would permit, at 20*l.* each. The sum originally left by him was 20,000*l.*; but this sum was by others, for the purpose of promoting his wishes, augmented to 31,905*l.* Twenty-one acres were purchased at Hoxton, on a part of which the alms-houses were built; and nearly 2,000 acres in Kent. The income of the charity is now 3,469*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, and yearly augmenting, from the Hoxton land being let on building leases. Now, how is this magnificent income spent? That is very far from being manifest. Seventeen persons are, however, lodged and fed, receive each 8*l.* a year, and a gown every second year; and besides, twenty boys are kept, taught reading and writing, and catechized four times a year. And this is all that is known of the disposition of an income of 3,469*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.* With this sum, seventeen old men are supported in the lowest style of pauperism, and twenty boys in the same miserable state; that is, our readers will observe, at the rate of nearly a hundred pounds a head. It is enough to make the good Robert Aske turn in his grave. But the company have a surplus of seven thousand pounds—is this a misprint in the reports for *seventy* thousand? and this 7,000*l.* or 70,000*l.* the company are actually laying out in brick and mortar—building a palace for seventeen miserable paupers—to prove, to ocular demonstration, how munificent are the charitable institutions of England. If we are so splendid without, what may be it supposed we are within? The seventeen must surely tread on Turkey carpets, and be served on plate.

TROTMAN'S CHARITIES, 1663.—Throckmortin Trotman left to the company 2,000*l.*, to purchase land of 100*l.* a year, and appropriated the said 100*l.* a year, 15*l.* to the maintenance of a lecture at Dursley, in Gloucestershire; 80*l.* to the maintenance of a school in Cripplegate; and the remaining 5*l.* to the poor of the company. The same gentleman left a second 2,000*l.*, to be invested in the same way, in land of 100*l.* a year value, and appropriated 20*l.* to a lecture on Sundays, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate; 20*l.* for another on Thursdays, with 40*s.* each for clerk and sexton; 6*l.* for those who took care of the premises; 4*l.* for candles during the preaching in winter; 16*l.* to the poor of the parish; and 30*l.* for the poor of Cam, in Gloucestershire, towards building and maintaining an alms-house, or towards setting poor people to work, as the company should determine. This 4,000*l.*, however, the company did not, as the donor enjoined, invest in land, *but themselves borrowed it*, and mortgaged their own hall, &c., assessed at 300*l.*, and other premises in Maiden-lane, Flying-horse-court, Staining-lane, and Bunhill-row, the rents of which amount to 361*l.*, thus giving a security of 661*l.*, if security it can be called, where some part of the mortgage, at least, we may presume, is trust property. Of the presumed income of Trotman's 4000*l.* we see 120*l.* were assigned to certain specific uses, and 80*l.* for the maintenance of a school. The 120*l.* are still distributed according to his original directions. But the school—what was done about that? One was built in Bunhill-row, capable of accommodating two hundred boys, and no less than TWELVE, sometimes, of late, have been taught reading, writing, and

arithmetic. But will the funds allow of more? On the present securities the income of the school must be considered to be 130*l.*, exclusive of the premises—the school master's house is worth at least 70*l.* a year; and had Trotman's donation been, as he directed, laid out in land, that income would not be less than four or five hundred; and such a sum, in common equity, the company are bound to expend upon this institution—placed too, as it is, in the midst of a population of 50,000, including as many miserable and destitute persons as any in London, or more. The account we have here given of this school is taken from the commissioners' first report, in which the inefficiency of the school is distinctly attributed to the age and incapacity of the master. In the tenth report, published in 1822, it is added, 'the master is since dead, and under his successor the school is regaining a greater degree of efficiency.' This greater degree of efficiency was not very discoverable last year, when eighteen boys only, and some of them not on the foundation, were found in the school-room, and nobody, apparently, but a greater boy to superintend them. The present master lives in Charles Square, and lets the school-house, and, as it should seem, delegates the office and duties of master. The Haberdashers have appointed a committee to inquire into the state of the school—apparently in consequence of the publicity given to the subject, by the publication to which we hold ourselves so much indebted.

Banks' Leasehold, 1716.—This property consisted originally of seventy-two houses in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, held of the crown; in addition to which were two freeholds in St. John's, Clerkenwell. The rental of the Westminster houses in 1822, in which year the lease expired, amounted to 1764*l.* 4*s.* The conditions demanded by the commissioners of woods and forests, for renewal, were such as the company did not, and perhaps could not accede to; and the original endowment of Mr. Banks is thus nearly lost—nothing remaining but the freeholds, producing 45*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* The company, however, have made ample savings out of the leaseholds, amounting, at the time of the inquiry to 54,482*l.*, three per cent. consols. Now under what obligations stand the company? The payment of 114*l.*—namely, 12*l.* to the minister and deacons of the congregation, held near the Three Cranes; 2*l.* to the meeting-house, adjoining the company's hall; 50*l.* to ten poor men and single women, of St. Bennett's, Paul's Wharf; 25*l.* to ten men and women of Battersea; and 25*l.* to as many in the park, in the parish of St. Mary Overy, Southwark. Here then the company have a surplus of above 1,500*l.* a year, and yet the payments have never been augmented a single doit.

Benefactions for Loans, amounting to 2,510*l.*, the gifts of eighteen different individuals, and intended by them to be lent to young men of the company gratis; and a farther sum of 1,010*l.* on interest, at too high a rate perhaps to be covetable. Of the sums thus directed to be lent gratis, 396*l.* appear to have been lost—still leaving 2,114*l.* to be so applied. No loans have been made since 1670; but the money has not, of course, lain idle for a century and a half. The money was destined for the benefit of such as required assistance; and if loans with interest, or without, were no longer desirable, became it not the obvious duty of the company, if they still held the money and the responsibility of it, to make the best use of it in their power, and distribute the proceeds to the relief of indigence of some description or other?

Miscellaneous Gifts.—Of some of these the amount is unknown;

but the sum of what is known is 3,051*l.* The purposes for which these sums were destined were, as usual, loans on different conditions—long ceased to be granted, or rather to be demanded; exhibitions to poor scholars, some of which were suspended, probably at the time of the company's embarrassments, and never after renewed, though three or four are likely to be so now, on the recommendation of the commissioners; some for sermons; some for the company's poor, and others for the poor of particular parishes—too numerous for us to enter into further detail, and quite insignificant compared with our prior statements. The whole, however, is trust money, and surely in a well-constituted system of jurisprudence, means ought to be found for enforcing, if not the specific, at least some analagous employment.

Take a general glance:—Here is a landed revenue of 13,799*l.*, out of which are maintained fifty-three alms-people, and educated, and partly fed and clothed, 120 boys—no more. In addition to these ample funds, of which so inadequate an use is made, there are surplus sums, amounting to 80,000*l.* at the company's free disposal. Let them bestir themselves; and as they have directed an inquiry with respect to Trotman's school, let them appoint another to consider of the best means for giving efficiency to their old and withering charities, and for instituting new and more efficient ones, such as may realize the general views, if they can no longer accomplish the particular directions of the benevolent founders—augment alms-houses, liberalize the conditions of them—teach English and useful knowledge, and abandon the now idle purpose of confining instruction to Greek and Latin, in places, where those who require gratuitous learning, are destined to labour and trade.

We had hoped to include the Southwark charities in the present Number; but those of the haberdashers have proved too numerous and too substantial for our condensing powers.

TO A LADY,

ABOUT TO BECOME A MOTHER.

[From the French.]

'Tis Love, 'tis Love,
With whom you will adorn the earth;
'Tis Love, 'tis Love,
To whom you shortly will give birth!
Doubt you the truth my verse declares?
Who is the child whom Venus bears?—
'Tis Love! 'tis Love!

H. N.

DOZING.

"Festum quies plurimum juvat."
Dozing very much delights.

Our corporeal machinery requires an occasional relaxation, as much as the steam-engine does the application of oil to its divers springs; and, after a *bonâ-fide* slumber, we rise with a freshness equal to that of flowers in the best-regulated flower-pots. But dozing must not be confounded with legitimate sleep, though frequently tending to the same purpose: it may be termed an embryo slumber, that entertaineth the body with the most quiescent gentleness, acting on our senses as a sort of mental warm-bath; till, finally, the "material man" himself luxuriates in tepidity.

I enjoyed a delicious doze, a week since, in the dining-room of my uncle, Sir Fiddle Fuz. With respect to my uncle, suffice it to say, that he is the respected possessor of a turretted mansion in the county of Fuz: duly supplied with the ordinary quantum of park, yew-trees, fish-ponds, hounds, and domestics. I shall give the reader an adequate description here, in order that he may the better estimate the heavenliness of my enjoyment—premising that he will not doze himself ere he has read this chapter.

I said I enjoyed a doze at my uncle's: it was a little between six and seven in the evening, and when the half-emptied wine-bottles were gradually disappearing, amid the mantling shadiness of the chamber. The dining-room itself has a drowsiness about it, arising from its antiquated constitution. There is a row of lofty elms fronting the windows, and the shivering sunbeams danced very poetically through their blossomed twigs. On the day alluded to, my uncle, aunt, and a harmless member of parliament, dined *en famille*. Our mastications were soon concluded—my aunt retired—and the bottle circulated among our remaining trio. I must remark, by the way, that my esteemed relative is beset with the spirit of vapidity; whether from the spaciousness of his person, or from the vapoury qualities of the "*mens divina*," I have not yet determined. The Roman Catholic Question, for a while, gave a lively relish to the departing port; but this gradually melted away in a froth of words. The Corn Laws—that everlasting theme for pamphleteering barons—came next. The eyes of both host and visitor were momentarily relumed by this hackneyed discussion. As for myself, I shrugged more fondly to the back of my chair, and amused myself by twisting my thumbs—till a soporific sort of cloud stole over me, and the fitful grumble of my uncle's sonorous voice became, to speak *poeticè*, like a dying echo—or bells upon a far-off wind—or anything else in the same way. Oh! reader, didst thou ever doze?—If not, I fairly despair of touching your imagination. There were no candles; the busy flickerings of light from the fire quadrilled along the walls; I just heard a conclusive grunt from the member; the darkness seemed to increase in density; I leaned back—and, like a melting snow-ball, relaxed into a doze. That delectable doze! The wine had delicately mellowed my brains, my finger-tips were in a glow, and I felt as if I was being dipped in a basinful of down. Let no one ridicule this grateful homage for a doze: it is a "green, sunny spot" in one's memory. I don't remember my dream exactly; there was something like a huge bushel of corn, reaching from the ground to the clouds; but I recollect nothing else. I felt I was not sleeping; but this increased the felicity of

the doze—never was there such a dozing blessedness before. A poodle snapped my little finger—and I was startled. I do not mean the least intentional disrespect to the clergy, in saying that there are among them some occasional most respectable soporific preachers. The sectarians are too rigidly inclined to boisterons declamation to allow us a nap when seated beneath their echoing rostrum; they are, for the most part, supplied with the THUNDERING-VOCATIVENESS, and are determined nobody shall go to hell without having their ears split first.—But to return.

Nothing can be more ungodly than to enter the church with an express purpose of dozing there. Arm-chairs, sofas, and beds are the legitimate places for dozers. But there is no accounting for that conquering spirit of all-besetting drowsiness that attacks us at sundry times and places. It is in vain that we lengthen our limbs into an awakening stretch—that we yawn with the expressive suavity of yawning no more—that we dislocate our knuckle-bones, and ruffle the symmetry of our visage, with a manual application: like the cleft blaze of a candle, drowsiness returns again. Well, then, what manner of reader is he that hath never sinned by drowsing in church time? Let him read on; and I'll realize by description what he has realized by endurance.

It is after the embodying of a good dinner with ourselves, that doziness is most tempting. You have dined at four o'clock to-day. Well, that's a decent Sabbatical hour. After due potations of wine, coffee, &c., your gratitude is awakened; and, like a good Christian, you arrange your beaver, and walk off steadily to church. Now, remember, I give you full credit for your wish to exhibit your external holiness—that you are indeed conscious of the reverence that should accompany all your engagements in the fane of the deity; and yet I prognosticate that if the Rev. Nabob Narcotic happen to preach this evening, you will, of a surety, doze—infallibly doze—in the midst of his sermon!

'Tis a summer month, and the very church windows seem labouring with a fit perspiration. Horribly boring—isn't it? How your hat clings to your moistened forehead, and the warm gloves droop from your fingers, like roasting chicken! Get as much room as possible; tenderly pass little miss there, and her unbreeched brother, over to their smiling mamma. Now you have the balmy corner to yourself! "Psalms," first lesson—second ditto—prayers—thanksgivings—all reverently attended to: there is a little dreaminess settling on your lids—your lips begin to close with languor; but you have not dozed. Let's hear the sermon. You are seated with tolerable erectness; and, judging from the steady determination of your eyebrows, one would imagine that your eyes would be open for the whole of the discourse. But, alas! 'tis Mr. Narcotic, whose spectacled nose is just verging above the crimson horizon of his pulpit.—"Awake, thou that sleepest!" Why, the text is quite opposed to DOZINESS! But what of this, if the preacher be addicted to drawling, the weather unobligingly sultry, and you yourself have gradually been dwindling from an uncongenial state of wakefulness into a sleepy calm? 'Tis too much for beldame Nature, believe me!

I perceive that you have rubbed the bridge of your nose several times—that you have tried to swell forth your eyes with a full round stare at the parson; but your stoicism "profiteth nothing." The sermon is irreligiously long; and you are nodding—in a doze! Whether there be much pleasure in a church doze, I am not presuming enough to determine. For myself,

I have found nothing more tantalizing than the endeavour to restrain from an occasional doze during church-time. After a certain period, I have perceived the parson diminishing, like a phantasmagoric image—all the ladies' black bonnets sinking away, like a cluster of clouds—and (shame on the confession!) I have performed head-worship to the front of my seat, instead of keeping an immoveable, post-like position, before his reverence. However, a church doze is seldom admired by the wakeful. Should an embryo snore escape from one's nose (and this is possible), some old grandam, or an upright piece of masculine sanctity, is sure to rouse you: the former will either *hem* you into awakening shame, or drop her prayer-book on the floor; the latter will most likely thump the same with the imperative tip of his boot. How horridly stupid one seems after being aroused! The woman eyes you with the most piquant, self-justifying sneer possible; while all her little IMMACULATES, if she have any, look at you like so many hissing young turkey-cocks; and as for the man—bless his holiness!—he'd frown you down to Hades at once.

"My heart leaps up" when I behold a stage-coach—that snug, panel-painted, comfortable, wheel-whirling "thing of life." O ye days of juvenilian sensibilities—ye eye-feeding, heart-rising scenes of remembered felicity!—how glorious was the coach at the school door! The whip—Ajax *Mastigoferos* never had such a powerful one as the modern Jehu! The spokes of the wheels—they were handled with admiring fingers! That Jupiter-like throne, the coach-box—who would not have risked his neck to have been seated on it? When all was "right," how eloquent the lip-music of coachee! how fine the introductory frisks of the horses' tails, and the arching plunge of the fore-foot—no rainbow-curve ever was so beauteous! "Oh, happy days! who would not be a boy again?" But away with my puerilities. I intend the reader to take a doze in that comfortable repository for the person—the inside of a coach.

With all the reckless simplicity of boyhood, I maintain that travelling by coach is by no means the least of our sublunary pleasures. Man is a *wheelable* animal as well as walking one. Winter is the time for a nice inside jaunt. What divine evaporations from the coachman's muzzle! What a joyous creak in the down-flying steps!—and, oh! that comfortable alertness with which we deposit ourselves in the padded corner, and fold our coat-flaps over our knees, glance at the frosty steam of the window; and then, quite *à la Tityre*, repose our recumbent bodies at our ease! Such moments as these are snatches of undefinable bliss. It would appear probable, that a coach was a very inconvenient place for a doze: the attendant bustle, the whip-smacks, bickering wheels, and untranquillizing jolts—

"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"—

are not calculated for sleepiness. Notwithstanding these correlative interruptions, a doze in the coach is by no means uncommon, even in the day-time. Let us examine this a little more intellectually.

Suppose a man is returning to his friends, with a mind composed, and "all his business settled." (By-the-bye, how vastly comprehensive this speech is!) Suppose he has entered the coach about four in the afternoon, and, by rare luck, finds he is, for the present, the only inside passenger. Such a man, I say, will be likely to doze before twenty miles have run under the coach-wheels—speaking *Hibernicè*. For the first half-hour, he

will be thinking of himself—how many commissions he has performed—how many he has left undone—and how many he intends to do. The next, he will probably give to his home attractions—his anxious wife, sat musingly round the tea-table—his favourite son George (so like his father) —and all the nine hundred and ninety nine pretty nothings we hear of, after a brief absence. These will send his heart a long way from the coach, and therefore keep him in the full enjoyment of wakefulness. But this train of delectable musing is by no means exhaustless. The roll of the wheels gradually becomes naturalized to the ear, and the body moves in sympathy with the coach; the road gets very monotonously barren; the lounge in the corner—how suitable then to this solitary languor! Lulled here, the traveller for awhile admires the leathern trappings of the coach, hums a tune perhaps, and affects a dubious whistle. Meantime the operations of *doziness* have been gently applying themselves. His eye is sated with the road and the coach; his hands become stationary on his lap; his feet supinely rested on the opposite seat; his head instinctively motions to the corner—and he dozes! A doze in the coach is the flower of dozes, when you are alone. There, you may twist your person into any shape you please, without the fear of discomposing a silken dress, or a nursemaid's petticoats. No boisterous arguments from snuff-taking sexagenarians: all is placid—Eden-like—just as a dozer's *sanctorum* ought to be! The only thing attendant on the doze of an inside passenger, is the great chance of being suddenly aroused by the entrance of company. O tell me, ye of the fine nerve, what is more vexing than to be startled from your nest by the creaking slam of the steps, the bleak winter gales galloping along your face, and a whole bundle of human beings pushing themselves into your retreat! There is no rose without its thorn, as myriads have said before me:

——"O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis SPEM nos vetat inchoare LONGAM!"

Not all the morose sarcasms of Johnson, on the pleasures of rural life, have ever weakened my capability for enjoying it at convenient intervals. His antipathy to the country resembled his contempt for blank-verse—*he* could not enjoy it. I have now moped away a considerable number of months in this city of all things—this—this London. "Well?" Pray restrain yourself, reader: I am coming to the point in due season. During my metropolitan existence—although I am neither a tailor, or any trade, or anything exactly—I have never beheld a downright intellectual-looking blade of grass. I mean much by an intellectual blade of grass. The Londoners—poor conceited creatures!—have denominated sundry portions of their Babylon "fields." But—I ask it in all the honest pride of sheer ignorance—is there the ghost even of a bit of grass to be seen in many of them? I cannot easily forget my vexation, when, after a tedious walk to one of those misnomered "fields," I found nothing but a weather-beaten, muggy, smoky assemblage of houses of all sizes, circumscribed by appropriate filth and abundant cabbage-stumps. Innocent of London quackeries, I strolled forth with the full hope of laying me down on a velvet carpet of grass—the birds carolling around me—and, perchance, a flock of lambkins, tunefully baying to their mammas!! "Said I to myself," when I reached these fields, "what a fool I am!" I had contemplated a doze on the grass.

But leaving all thoughts of disappointment, who will not allow that there is something exceedingly delightful in dozing calmly beneath the shade of an o'erarching tree?

——"recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Of course, the weather should be fine, to admit of this luxurious idleness. Let the blue-bosomed clouds be sailing along, like Peter Bell's boat; let the sunbeams be gilding the face of nature, and tinging the landscape with multiform hues; let the breezes be gentle, the spot retired, and the heart at ease. Now, go and stretch yourself on the grassy couch, while the branches of an aged tree shadow forth the imaged leaves around you. What a congenial situation for philosophy—under an old tree, on a sunny summer-day! How much more becoming than the immortal tub of the sour-minded Diogenes? Who will be able to refrain from philosophizing, I repeat it, beneath such an old tree? 'Tis at such times that the heart spontaneously unbends itself—that the fancy tranquillizes its thoughts—and that memory awakens her

——"treasured pictures of a thousand scenes."

Place the palms of your hands beneath your pole, and survey the skies! —calm, beautifully unconscious! Bye-gone times, and bye-gone friends —the thousand commingling scenes of varied life—how they all recur to you now! You fancy you could lie beneath the tree for eternity—so soothing is the employment of doing nothing—or field philosophy! Yet, to speak correctly, you are doing a great deal; your imagination is flying in all directions—from the death of Cæsar to the last cup of congou that you took with a regretted friend. What a mystery your existence is! The world turns round as gently as ever; the flowers bud into life; and the winter nips them. Man lives, thinks, and dies. All very wonderous truisms. Well, after a half-hour—or perchance more—you will be gradually relapsing into a state of soporific nothing-at-all-ness (the best word I can find to express my meaning). May there be some clear little stream just behind you, laughing along its idle way!—some chirping birds, singing their roundelay—some buzzing flies—you will then be lulled into doziness. However, with or without the purling murmur of the brook—the joyous warbling of the birds—the busy bustling flies—you will not be able to resist the dozing temptations that will steal over you. Your eyes will close gently as flower-leaflets—your thoughts die away in a heavenly confusion—and then you doze!—neither sleeping nor waking, but absolved in delicious dreaminess! O for such a doze!

Miss Venus was partial to a doze under a tree.—*Ecce:*

* * * * *
* * * * * *

" Densaque sideros per gramina fuderat artus,
Acclinis florum cumulo:—crispatur opaca
Pampinus, et mites undatim ventilat uvas.
Ora decet neglecta SOPOR.

* * * * *
* * * * * *

Nexa sub ingenti requiescit Gratia quercu."—CLAUDIAN.

There are certain families in the world that exhibit peculiar traits characteristic of the stock. Some are renowned for pug-noses: from the

grandfather to the thirteenth grandson, you will find an ascending disposition about the tip of the nose; and (what seems natural enough) this disposition often decreases in a gradual proportion from the first to the last of the flock. Others are all notable for certain coloured eyes, hair, and small feet; and some—the most disagreeable specimen of all—are celebrated for surly dispositions. I have known a family of a dozen living creatures, where the spirit of surliness was more or less abounding in each. They were nicknamed "The Surlys." But to come to the fact immediately connected with the subject. I am in the habit of paying an occasional visit to a dozing family—from the grey-locked father to the infant in the nurse's arms. What is rather paradoxical, too, they are not remarkable for stupidity: several of the sons are authors and magazine retainers. Yet I never call in without finding one of the flock dozing. Sometimes the sire is bending his head over his bosom, with an emptied wine-bottle before him. Sometimes the mother is leant back in her arm-chair, with her hands in a supplicatory posture. Sunday evening is the time for these dozers. Why *(credite Pisones?)* I have often entered the room, and actually found five or six—all in a doze! Whether dozing, like gaping, is catching, let the reader determine for himself. Not to be a dozer among dozers, is perfect torture—among the narcotic race above-mentioned, for instance; talk to the father, and his answers gradually become more fretful, until, out of politeness, you must not pain him by a repetition of questions. Try the mother next: she yawns (*genteely*, of course)—cries "O dear me!"—that's a broad hint that can't be mistaken. If, as a last resort, you commence an attack on the sons, their hearty intimacy with you permits them to drop at once from the colloquy into a doze:—the best thing you can do is to sympathize with them. R. M.

THE EMBARRASSMENTS OF A SHEPHERDESS:

A RONDO.

[From the French.]

To guard her heart and her flock too
Is too much for a shepherdess:
What can a gentle maiden do
To guard her heart and her flock too?
When all the swains her heart pursue,
And all the wolves her flocks distress,
To guard her heart and her flock too
Is too much for a shepherdess.

H. N.

ON READING NEW BOOKS.

"And what of this new book, that the whole world make such a rout about?"—STERNE.

I CANNOT understand the rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading New Books. If the public had read all those that have gone before, I can conceive how they should not wish to read the same work twice over; but when I consider the countless volumes that lie unopened, unregarded, unread, and unthought-of, I cannot enter into the pathetic complaints that I hear made, that Sir Walter writes no more—that the press is idle—that Lord Byron is dead. If I have not read a book before, it is, to all intents and purposes, new to me, whether it was printed yesterday or three hundred years ago. If it be urged that it has no modern, passing incidents, and is out of date and old-fashioned, then it is so much the newer: it is farther removed from other works that I have lately read, from the familiar routine of ordinary life, and makes so much more addition to my knowledge. But many people would as soon think of putting on old armour, as of taking up a book not published within the last month, or year at the utmost. There is a fashion in reading as well as in dress, which lasts only for the season. One would imagine that books were, like women, the worse for being old;* that they have a pleasure in being read for the first time; that they open their leaves more cordially; that the spirit of enjoyment wears out with the spirit of novelty; and that, after a certain age, it is high time to put them on the shelf. This conceit seems to be followed up in practice. What is it to me that another—that hundreds or thousands have in all ages read a work? Is it on this account the less likely to give me pleasure, because it has delighted so many others? Or can I taste this pleasure by proxy? Or am I in any degree the wiser for their knowledge? Yet this might appear to be the inference. *Their* having read the work may be said to act upon us by sympathy, and the knowledge which so many other persons have of its contents deadens our curiosity and interest altogether. We set aside the subject as one on which others have made up their minds for us (as if we really could have ideas in their heads), and are quite on the alert for the next new work, teeming hot from the press, which we shall be the first to read, to criticise, and pass an opinion on. Oh, delightful! To cut open the leaves, to inhale the fragrance of the scarcely-dry paper, to examine the type, to see who is the printer (which is some clue to the value that is set upon the work), to launch out into regions of thought and invention never trod till now, and to explore characters that never met a human eye before—this is a luxury worth sacrificing a dinner-party, or a few hours of a spare morning to. Who, indeed, when the work is critical and full of expectation, would venture to dine out, or to face a *coterie* of blue stockings in the evening, without having gone through this ordeal, or at least without hastily turning over a few of the first pages, while dressing, to be able to say that the beginning does not promise much, or to tell the name of the heroine?

A new work is something in our power: we mount the bench, and sit in judgment on it; we can damn or recommend it to others at pleasure, can decry or extol it to the skies, and can give an answer to those who have not yet read it and expect an account of it; and thus shew our shrewdness and the independence of our taste before the world have had

* "Laws are not like women, the worse for being old."—*The Duke of Buckingham's Speech in the House of Lords, in Charles the Second's time.*

time to form an opinion. If we cannot write ourselves, we become, by busying ourselves about it, a kind of *accessaries after the fact*. Though not the parent of the bantling that "has just come into this breathing world, scarce half made up," without the aid of criticism and puffing, yet we are the gossips and foster-nurses on the occasion, with all the mysterious significance and self-importance of the tribe. If we wait, we must take our report from others; if we make haste, we may dictate our's to them. It is not a race, then, for priority of information, but for precedence in tattling and dogmatising. The work last out is the first that people talk and inquire about. It is the subject on the *tapis*—the cause that is pending. It is the last candidate for success (other claims have been disposed of), and appeals for this success to us, and us alone. Our predecessors can have nothing to say to this question, however they may have anticipated us on others; future ages, in all probability, will not trouble their heads about it; we are the panel. How hard, then, not to avail ourselves of our immediate privilege to give sentence of life or death—to seem in ignorance of what every one else is full of—to be behind-hand with the polite, the knowing, and fashionable part of mankind—to be at a loss and dumb-founded, when all around us are in their glory, and figuring away, on no other ground than that of having read a work that we have not! Books that are to be written hereafter cannot be criticised by us; those that were written formerly have been criticised long ago: but a new book is the property, the prey of ephemeral criticism, which it darts triumphantly upon; there is a raw thin air of ignorance and uncertainty about it, not filled up by any recorded opinion; and curiosity, impertinence, and vanity rush eagerly into the vacuum. A new book is the fair field for petulance and coxcombry to gather laurels in—the but set up for roving opinion to aim at. Can we wonder, then, that the circulating libraries are besieged by literary dowagers and their grand-daughters, when a new novel is announced? That Mail-Coach copies of the Edinburgh Review are or were coveted? That the Manuscript of the Waverley romances is sent abroad in time for the French, German, or even Italian translation to appear on the same day as the original work, so that the longing Continental public may not be kept waiting an instant longer than their fellow-readers in the English metropolis, which would be as tantalizing and insupportable as a little girl being kept without her new frock, when her sister's is just come home, and is the talk and admiration of every one in the house? To be sure, there is something in the taste of the times; a modern work is expressly adapted to modern readers. It appeals to our direct experience, and to well-known subjects; it is part and parcel of the world around us, and is drawn from the same sources as our daily thoughts. There is, therefore, so far, a natural or habitual sympathy between us and the literature of the day, though this is a different consideration from the mere circumstance of novelty. An author now alive has a right to calculate upon the living public: he cannot count upon the dead, nor look forward with much confidence to those that are unborn. Neither, however, is it true that we are eager to read all new books alike: we turn from them with a certain feeling of distaste and distrust, unless they are recommended to us by some peculiar feature or obvious distinction. Only young ladies from the boarding-school, or milliners' girls, read all the new novels that come out. It must be spoken of or against; the writer's name must be well known or a great secret; it must be a topic of discourse and a mark for criticism—that is, it must be likely to bring us into notice in some way—or we take no

notice of it. There is a mutual and tacit understanding on this head. We can no more read all the new books that appear, than we can read all the old ones that have disappeared from time to time. A question may be started here, and pursued as far as needful, whether, if an old and worm-eaten Manuscript were discovered at the present moment, it would be sought after with the same avidity as a new and hot-pressed poem, or other popular work? Not generally, certainly, though by a few with perhaps greater zeal. For it would not affect present interests, or amuse present fancies, or touch on present manners, or fall in with the public *egotism* in any way: it would be the work either of some obscure author—in which case it would want the principle of excitement; or of some illustrious name, whose style and manner would be already familiar to those most versed in the subject, and his fame established—so that, as a matter of comment and controversy, it would only go to account on the old score: there would be no room for learned feuds and heart-burnings. Was there not a Manuscript of Cicero's talked of as having been discovered about a year ago? But we have heard no more of it. There have been several other cases, more or less in point, in our time or near it. A Noble Lord (which may serve to shew at least the interest taken in books *not for being new*) some time ago gave 2,000*l.* for a copy of the first edition of the Decameron: but did he read it? It has been a fashion also of late for noble and wealthy persons to go to a considerable expense in ordering reprints of the old Chronicles and black-letter works. Does not this rather prove that the books did not circulate very rapidly or extensively, or such extraordinary patronage and liberality would not have been necessary? Mr. Thomas Taylor, at the instance, I believe, of the old Duke of Norfolk, printed fifty copies in quarto of a translation of the works of Plato and Aristotle. He did not choose that a larger impression should be struck off, lest these authors should get into the hands of the vulgar. There was no danger of a run in that way. I tried to read some of the Dialogues in the translation of Plato, but, I confess, could make nothing of it: "the logic was so different from our's!"* A startling experiment was made on this sort of retrospective

* An expression borrowed from a voluble German scholar, who gave this as an excuse for not translating the *Critique of Pure Reason* into English. He might as well have said seriously, that the *Rule of Three* in German was different from our's. Mr. Taylor (the Platonist, as he was called) was a singular instance of a person in our time believing in the heathen mythology. He had a very beautiful wife. An impudent Frenchman, who came over to London, and lodged in the same house, made love to her, by pretending to worship her as Venus, and so thought to turn the tables on our philosopher. I once spent an evening with this gentleman at Mr. G. D.'s chambers, in Clifford's-inn (where there was no exclusion of persons or opinions), and where we had pipes and tobacco, porter, and bread and cheese for supper. Mr. Taylor never smoked, never drank porter, and had an aversion to cheese. I remember he shewed with some triumph two of his fingers, which had been bent so that he had lost the use of them, in copying out the manuscripts of Proclus and Plotinus in a fine Greek hand. Such are the trophies of human pride! It would be well if our deep studies often produced no other crookedness and deformity! I endeavoured (but in vain) to learn something from the heathen philosopher as to Plato's doctrine of abstract ideas being the foundation of particular ones, which I suspect has more truth in it than we moderns are willing to admit. Another friend of mine once breakfasted with Mr. D. (the most amiable and absent of hosts), when there was no butter, no knife to cut the loaf with, and the tea-pot was without a spout. My friend, after a few immaterial ceremonies, adjourned to Peel's coffee-house, close by, where he regaled himself on buttered toast, coffee, and the newspaper of the day (a newspaper possessed some interest when we were young); and the only interruption to his satisfaction was the fear that his host might suddenly enter, and be shocked at his imperfect hospitality. He would probably forget the circumstance altogether. I am afraid that this veteran of the old school has not received many proofs of the *archaism* of the prevailing taste; and that the corrections in his History of the University of Cambridge have cost him more than the public will ever repay him for.

curiosity, in the case of Ireland's celebrated Shakspeare forgery. The public there certainly manifested no backwardness nor lukewarmness: the enthusiasm was equal to the folly. But then the spirit exhibited on this occasion was partly critical and polemical, and it is a problem whether an actual and undoubted play of Shakspeare's would have excited the same ferment; and, on the other hand, Shakspeare is an essential modern. People read and go to see his real plays, as well as his pretended ones. The *fuss* made about Ossian is another test to refer to. It was its being the supposed revival of an old work (known only by scattered fragments or lingering tradition) which gave it its chief interest, though there was also a good deal of mystery and quackery concerned along with the din and stir of national jealousy and pretension. Who reads Ossian now? It is one of the reproaches brought against Buonaparte that he was fond of it when young. I cannot for myself see the objection. There is no doubt an antiquarian spirit always at work, and opposed to the spirit of novelty-hunting; but, though opposed, it is scarcely a match for it in a general and popular point of view. It is not long ago that I happened to be suggesting a new translation of Don Quixote to an enterprising bookseller; and his answer was,—"We want new Don Quixotes." I believe I deprived the same active-minded person of a night's rest, by telling him there was the beginning of another novel by Goldsmith in existence. This, if it could be procured, would satisfy both tastes for the new and the old at once. I fear it is but a fragment, and that we must wait till a new Goldsmith appears. We may observe of late a strong craving after *Memoirs* and *Lives of the Dead.* But these, it may be remarked, savour so much of the real and familiar, that the persons described differ from us only in being dead, which is a reflection to our advantage: or, if remote and romantic in their interest and adventures, they require to be bolstered up in some measure by the embellishments of modern style and criticism. The accounts of Petrarch and Laura, of Abelard and Eloise, have a lusciousness and warmth in the subject which contrast quaintly and pointedly with the coldness of the grave; and, after all, we prefer Pope's Eloise and Abelard with the modern dress and flourishes, to the sublime and affecting simplicity of the original Letters.

In some very just and agreeable reflections on the story of Abelard and Eloise, in a late number of a contemporary publication, there is a quotation of some lines from Lucan, which Eloise is said to have repeated in broken accents as she was advancing to the altar to receive the veil:

> "O maxime conjux!
> O thalamis indigne meis! Hoc juris habebat
> In tantum fortuna caput? Cur impia nupsi,
> Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pœnas,
> Sed quas sponte luam."—PHARSALIA, lib. 8.

This speech, quoted by another person, on such an occasion, might seem cold and pedantic; but from the mouth of the passionate and unaffected Eloise it cannot bear that interpretation. What sounding lines! What a pomp, and yet what a familiar boldness in their application—"proud as when blue Iris bends!" The reading this account brought forcibly to mind what has struck me often before—the unreasonableness of the complaint we constantly hear of the ignorance and barbarism of former ages, and the folly of restricting all refinement and literary elegance to our own. We are, indeed, indebted to the ages that have gone before us, and could not well do without them. But in all ages there will be found still others that have

gone before with nearly equal lustre and advantage, though by distance and the intervention of multiplied excellence, this lustre may be dimmed or forgotten. Had it then no existence? We might, with the same reason, suppose that the horizon is the last boundary and verge of the round earth. Still, as we advance, it recedes from us; and so time from its store-house pours out an endless succession of the productions of art and genius; and the farther we explore the obscurity, other trophies and other land-marks rise up. It is only our ignorance that fixes a limit—as the mist gathered round the mountain's brow makes us fancy we are treading the edge of the universe! Here was Heloise living at a period when monkish indolence and superstition were at their height—in one of those that are emphatically called the *dark ages;* and yet, as she is led to the altar to make her last fatal vow, expressing her feelings in language quite natural to her, but from which the most accomplished and heroic of our modern females would shrink back with pretty and affected wonder and affright. The glowing and impetuous lines which she murmured, as she passed on, with spontaneous and rising enthusiasm, were engraven on her heart, familiar to her as her daily thoughts; her mind must have been full of them to overflowing, and at the same time enriched with other stores and sources of knowledge equally elegant and impressive; and we persist, notwithstanding this and a thousand similar circumstances, in indulging our surprise how people could exist, and see, and feel, in those days, without having access to our opportunities and acquirements, and how Shakspeare wrote long after, *in a barbarous age!* The mystery in this case is of our own making. We are struck with astonishment at finding a fine moral sentiment or a noble image nervously expressed in an author of the age of Queen Elizabeth; not considering that, independently of nature and feeling, which are the same in all periods, the writers of that day, who were generally men of education and learning, had such models before them as the one that has been just referred to—were thoroughly acquainted with those masters of classic thought and language, compared with whom, in all that relates to the artificial graces of composition, the most studied of the moderns are little better than Goths and Vandals. It is true, we have lost sight of, and neglected the former, because the latter have, in a great degree, superseded them, as the elevations nearest to us intercept those farthest off; but our not availing ourselves of this 'vantage-ground is no reason why our forefathers should not (who had not our superfluity of choice), and most assuredly they did study and cherish the precious fragments of antiquity, collected together in their time, "like sunken wrack and sumless treasuries;" and while they did this, we need be at no loss to account for any examples of grace, of force, or dignity in their writings, if these must always be traced back to a previous source. One age cannot understand how another could subsist without its lights, as one country thinks every other must be poor for want of its physical productions. This is a narrow and superficial view of the subject: we should by all means rise above it. I am not for devoting the whole of our time to the study of the classics, or of any other set of writers, to the exclusion and neglect of nature; but I think we should turn our thoughts enough that way to convince us of the existence of genius and learning before our time, and to cure us of an overweening conceit of ourselves, and of a contemptuous opinion of the world at large. Every civilized age and country (and of these there is not one, but a hundred) has its literature, its arts, its comforts, large and ample, though we may know nothing of them; nor is it (except for our own sakes) important that we should.

Books have been so multiplied in our days (like the Vanity Fair of knowledge), and we have made such progress beyond ourselves in some points, that it seems at first glance as if we had monopolized every possible advantage, and the rest of the world must be left destitute and in darkness. This is the *cockneyism* (with leave be it spoken) of the nineteenth century. There is a tone of smartness and piquancy in modern writing, to which former examples may, in one sense, appear flat and pedantic. Our allusions are more pointed and personal: the ancients are, in this respect, formal and prosaic personages. Some one, not long ago, in this vulgar, shallow spirit of criticism (which sees every thing from its own point of view), said that the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus were about as good as the pieces brought out at Sadler's Wells or the Adelphi Theatre. An oration of Demosthenes is thought dry and meagre, because it is not "full of wise saws and modern instances:" one of Cicero's is objected to as flimsy and extravagant, for the same reason. There is a style in one age which does not fall in with the taste of the public in another, as it requires greater effeminacy and softness, greater severity or simplicity, greater force or refinement. Guido was more admired than Raphael in his day, because the manners were grown softer without the strength: Sir Peter Lely was thought in his to have eclipsed Vandyke—an opinion which no one holds at present: Holbein's faces must be allowed to be very different from Sir Thomas Lawrence's—yet the one was the favourite painter of Henry VIII., as the other is of George IV. What should we say in our time to the *euphuism* of the age of Elizabeth, when style was made a riddle, and the court talked in conundrums? This, as a novelty and a trial of the wits, might take for a while: afterwards, it could only seem absurd. We must always make some allowance for a change of style, which those who are accustomed to read none but works written within the last twenty years neither can nor will make. When a whole generation read, they will read none but contemporary productions. The taste for literature becomes superficial, as it becomes universal and is spread over a larger space. When ten thousand boarding-school girls, who have learned to play on the harpsichord, are brought out in the same season, Rossini will be preferred to Mozart, as the last new composer. I remember a very genteel young couple in the boxes at Drury Lane being very much scandalized some years ago at the phrase in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*—"an insolent piece of paper"—applied to the contents of a letter—it wanted the modern lightness and indifference. Let an old book be ever so good, it treats (generally speaking) of topics that are stale in a style that has grown "somewhat musty;" of manners that are exploded, probably by the very ridicule thus cast upon them; of persons that no longer figure on the stage; and of interests that have long since given place to others in the infinite fluctuations of human affairs. Longinus complains of the want of interest in the Odyssey, because it does not, like the Iliad, treat of war. The very complaint we make against the latter is that it treats of nothing else; or that, as Fuseli expresses it, every thing is seen "through the blaze of war." Books of devotion are no longer read (if we read Irving's *Orations*, it is merely that we may go as a *lounge* to see the man): even attacks on religion are out of date and insipid. Voltaire's jests, and the *Jew's Letters* in answer (equal in wit, and more than equal in learning), repose quietly on the shelf together. We want something in England about Rent and the Poor-Laws, and something in France about the Charter—or Lord Byron. With the attempts, however, to revive superstition and intolerance, a spirit of oppo-

sition has been excited, and Pascall's *Provincial Letters* have been once more enlisted into the service. In France you meet with no one who has read the *New Heloise:* the *Princess of Cleves* is not even mentioned in these degenerate days. Is it not provoking with us to see the *Beggar's Opera* cut down to two acts, because some of the allusions are too broad, and others not understood? And in America—that Van Diemen's Land of letters—this sterling satire is hooted off the stage, because fortunately they have no such state of manners as it describes before their eyes; and because, unfortunately, they have no conception of any thing but what they see. America is singularly and awkwardly situated in this respect. It is a new country with an old language; and while every thing about them is of a day's growth, they are constantly applying to us to know what to think of it, and taking their opinions from our books and newspapers with a strange mixture of servility and of the spirit of contradiction. They are an independent state in politics: in literature they are still a colony from us—not out of their leading-strings, and strangely puzzled how to determine between the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. We have naturalized some of their writers, who had formed themselves upon us. This is at once a compliment to them and to ourselves. Amidst the scramble and lottery for fame in the present day, besides puffing, which may be regarded as the hot-bed of reputation, another mode has been attempted by *transplanting* it; and writers who are set down as drivellers at home, shoot up great authors on the other side of the water; pack up their all—a title-page and sufficient impudence; and a work, of which the *flocci-nauci-nihili-pili-fication,* in Shenstone's phrase, is well known to every competent judge, is *placarded* into eminence, and "flames in the forehead of the morning sky" on the walls of Paris or St. Petersburgh. I dare not mention the instances, but so it is. Some reputations last only while the possessors live, from which one might suppose that they gave themselves a character for genius: others are cried up by their gossiping acquaintances, as long as they give dinners, and make their houses places of polite resort; and, in general, in our time, a book may be considered to have passed the ordeal that is mentioned at all three months after it is printed. Immortality is not even a dream—a boy's conceit; and posthumous fame is no more regarded by the author than by his bookseller.*

This idle, dissipated turn seems to be a set-off to, or the obvious reaction of, the exclusive admiration of the ancients, which was formerly the fashion: as if the sun of human intellect rose and set at Rome and Athens, and the mind of man had never exerted itself to any purpose since. The ignorant, as well as the adept, were charmed only with what was obsolete and far-fetched, wrapped up in technical terms and in a learned tongue. Those who spoke and wrote a language which hardly any one at present even understood, must of course be wiser than we. Time, that brings so many reputations to decay, had embalmed others and rendered them sacred. From an implicit faith and overstrained homage paid to antiquity, we of the modern school have taken too strong a bias to what is new; and divide all wisdom and worth between ourselves and posterity,—not a very formidable rival to our self-love, as we attribute all its advantages to our-

* When a certain poet was asked if he thought Lord Byron's name would live three years after he was dead, he answered. "Not three days, Sir!" This was premature: it has lasted above a year. His works have been translated into French, and there is a *Caffé Byron* on the Boulevards. Think of a "*Caffé Wordsworth*" on the Boulevards!

selves, though we pretend to owe little or nothing to our predecessors. About the time of the French Revolution, it was agreed that the world had hitherto been in its dotage or its infancy; and that Mr. Godwin, Condorcet, and others were to begin a new race of men—a new epoch in society. Every thing up to that period was to be set aside as puerile or barbarous; or, if there were any traces of thought and manliness now and then discoverable, they were to be regarded with wonder as prodigies—as irregular and fitful starts in that long sleep of reason and night of philosophy. In this liberal spirit Mr. Godwin composed an Essay, to prove that, till the publication of *The Enquiry concerning Political Justice*, no one knew how to write a word of common grammar, or a style that was not utterly uncouth, incongruous, and feeble. Addison, Swift, and Junius were included in this censure. The English language itself might be supposed to owe its stability and consistency, its roundness and polish, to the whirling motion of the French Revolution. Those who had gone before us were, like our grandfathers and grandmothers, decrepit, superannuated people, blind and dull; poor creatures, like flies in winter, without pith or marrow in them. The past was barren of interest—had neither thought nor object worthy to arrest our attention; and the future would be equally a senseless void, except as we projected ourselves and our theories into it. There is nothing I hate more than I do this exclusive, upstart spirit.

> "By Heavens, I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on some pleasant lea,
> Catch glimpses that might make me less forlorn,
> Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."
>
> WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

Neither do I see the good of it even in a personal and interested point of view. By despising all that has preceded us, we teach others to despise ourselves. Where there is no established scale nor rooted faith in excellence, all superiority—our own as well as that of others—soon comes to the ground. By applying the wrong end of the magnifying-glass to all objects indiscriminately, the most respectable dwindle into insignificance, and the best are confounded with the worst. Learning, no longer supported by opinion, or genius by fame, is cast into the mire, and "trampled under the hoofs of a swinish multitude." I would rather endure the most blind and bigotted respect for great and illustrious names, than that pitiful, grovelling humour which has no pride in intellectual excellence, and no pleasure but in decrying those who have given proofs of it, and reducing them to its own level. If, with the diffusion of knowledge, we do not gain an enlargement and elevation of views, where is the benefit? If, by tearing asunder names from things, we do not leave even the name or shadow of excellence, it is better to let them remain as they were; for it is better to have something to admire than nothing—names, if not things—the shadow, if not the substance—the tinsel, if not the gold. All can now read and write equally; and, it is therefore presumed, equally well. Any thing short of this sweeping conclusion is an invidious distinction; and those who claim it for themselves or others are *exclusionists* in letters. Every one at least can call names—can invent a falsehood, or repeat a story against those who have galled their pragmatical pretensions by really adding to the stock of general amusement or instruction. Every one in a crowd has the power to throw dirt: nine out of ten have the inclination. It is curious

that, in an age when the most universally-admitted claim to public distinction is literary merit, the attaining this distinction is almost a sure title to public contempt and obloquy.* They cry you up, because you are unknown, and do not excite their jealousy; and run you down, when they have thus distinguished you, out of envy and spleen at the very idol they have set up. A public favourite is "kept like an apple in the jaw of an ape—first mouthed, to be afterwards swallowed. When they need what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and spunge, you shall be dry again." At first they think only of the pleasure or advantage they receive: but, on reflection, they are mortified at the superiority implied in this involuntary concession, and are determined to be even with you the very first opportunity. What is the prevailing spirit of modern literature? To defame men of letters. What are the publications that succeed? Those that pretend to teach the public that the persons they have been accustomed unwittingly to look up to as the lights of the earth are no better than themselves, or a set of vagabonds or miscreants that should be hunted out of society.† Hence men of letters, losing their self-respect, become government-tools, and prostitute their talents to the most infamous purposes, or turn *dandy scribblers*, and set up for gentlemen authors in their own defence. I like the Order of the Jesuits better than this: they made themselves respected by the laity, kept their own secret, and did not prey on one another. Resume then, oh! Learning, thy robe pontifical; clothe thyself in pride and purple; join the sacred to the profane; wield both worlds; instead of twopenny trash and mechanics' magazines, issue bulls and decretals; say not, let there be light, but darkness visible; draw a bandage over the eyes of the ignorant and unlettered; hang the terrors of superstition and despotism over them;—and for thy pains they will bless thee: children will pull off their caps as thou dost pass; women will courtesy; the old will wipe their beards; and thou wilt rule once more over the base serving people, clowns, and nobles, with a rod of iron!

W. H.

---

* Is not this partly owing to the disappointment of the public at finding any defect in their idol?

† An old friend of mine, when he read the abuse and billingsgate poured out in certain Tory publications, used to congratulate himself upon it as a favourable sign of the times, and of the progressive improvement of our manners. Where we now called names, we formerly burnt each other at a stake; and all the malice of the heart flew to the tongue and vented itself in scolding, instead of crusades and *auto-da-fés*—the nobler revenge of our ancestors for a difference of opinion. An author now libels a prince; and, if he takes the law of him or throws him into gaol, it is looked upon as a harsh and ungentlemanly proceeding. He, therefore, gets a dirty Secretary to employ a dirty bookseller, to hire a set of dirty scribblers, to pelt him with dirt and cover him with blackguard epithets—till he is hardly in a condition to walk the streets. This is hard measure, no doubt, and base ingratitude on the part of the public, according to the imaginary dignity and natural precedence which authors take of kings; but the latter are men, and will have their revenge where they can get it. They have no longer their old summary appeal—their will may still be good—to the dungeon and the dagger. Those who "speak evil of dignities" may, therefore, think themselves well off in being merely *sent to Coventry;* and, besides, if they have *pluck*, they can make a Parthian retreat, and shoot poisoned arrows behind them. The good people of Florence lift up their hands when they are shewn the caricatures in the Queen's Matrimonial-Ladder, and ask if they are really a likeness of the King?

"YOU'RE FINED!"

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WALKING the other day in Cheapside, just behind a besmirched, bespattered pantaloon, which, in spite of a mid-day throng and a mud-encrusted street, was courageously endeavouring to "pick its way," I was going to moralize, when it struck me that I would pass the person who wore the trowser, and so peep wantonly, as it were, at the countenance of one who seemed so fruitlessly careful; and, being well stocked with modern assurance, I ventured still farther,—and, "Sir," said I, dropping a waggish look at the sludgy pavement, "I'm afraid it won't do!"—"What won't do, Sir?" It was an elderly personage who spoke, with a countenance none of the most prepossessing—in fact, rather cynical than not. "Ah!" continued he, "my old stage-companion, Mr. Quick, how do you do, Sir?" Now it was that I found myself in a nice pickle, having stumbled on a comical old quiz, who had borne the travel of the day with me from Cambridge the week before; and had brutally annoyed me, moreover (being myself a Cambridge man), with sundry malevolent illustrations of the purity which distinguishes university elections there. After having explained the awkward street rencontre, which I set down wholly to the score of my waggish humour, the treatment of my Alma Mater rushed freshly into my mind; and I was just about to exclaim, "The Morning Herald is decidedly wrong in its calculations about Cambridge-men,"—when he said, "You remember, Mr. Quick, how soon I discovered you to be a lawyer!" Here was another plaguy reminiscence; for, although we may not feel ashamed of our several vocations, we always love to pride ourselves on being men of the world, and hate to have people peering into our wherewithals the moment we are launched from the office. "I remember very well, Sir," said I, with any thing but a smile.—"Aye, and I can tell anybody's business too, Sir, after conversing with them a few minutes; they'll be sure to blab out their calling in some way or other." I never had any presence of mind, or I might have asked this tiresome stranger if he had never blabbed out his own. "I tell you what, Sir," said he; "did you ever eat any soup at Birch's?—because, if you never did, it is time that you should; and, if you have, you know its value, and will be glad to eat again. If you will go in there, I will tell you a very curious story about the peculiarities which attend the conversation of most men, and betray their pursuits in life." So I agreed, glad enough to escape the Cambridge election; and heard his story, which I propose to print as a *bonne bouche*.

"A few days ago," said my old codger, having acquired a basin of Birch's best, in which Cayenne was luxuriating,—"a few days ago I fell into company with a parson, a lawyer, and a doctor; and, as we were all well acquainted, it was agreed that we should sally forth, the next day, from the smoke of the metropolis, and spend an hour or two at Richmond. Every arrangement being made, I proposed to start by the steam-packet, which, you know, is a delightful conveyance; but the doctor, who had just been reading an account of an American vessel which blew up, positively objected, and urged the inside of the coach. 'I demur to that,' said the lawyer; and well he might—for it was a hot August forenoon. But a pleasant thought struck me,—and, 'How plainly every body may see that you're

a lawyer!' said I to my demurring friend. Well, this failed to tickle his fancy; for he replied, 'I defy any man to detect me, if I take the trouble to be on my guard.'—'Then,' I returned, 'let us, by way of frolic, impose a fine of five shillings on each mutually, who is discovered using expressions which savour of his particular calling;' and, as they were all against me, this was soon closed with. The parson declared he should have no objection to walk; but this was exclaimed against, as gothic in the extreme: but, nevertheless, we strolled on. Six coalheavers on a Hammersmith stage, redolent of swipes and tobacco, and jolting on cheek-by-jowl, were the first objects worth seeing; and the doctor jocosely hinted, that they were going up to form the New Administration! Just at this moment the off-wheel of a chariot was locked in the near-wheel of a waggon, and the former was overset, to the great consternation of an elderly lady and her daughter, who were calling upon all their gods to protect them. Luckily, they were more frightened than hurt. 'I saw the effect of a sad accident, indeed, last week,' said our doctor. 'A poor woman, who had been thrown from a cart, had the joint of her left shoulder luxated, so that it was with the greatest difficulty we could return it: her head was contused, and the occipital——' Here he became conscious of the wonderfully roguish turn of visage which I had put on—for he was more particularly addressing me. 'It's all over, my dear boy!' said I; 'you may hand over your five shillings.'—'I am of the same opinion!' said the lawyer.—'And I say,' returned the doctor, 'that you ought to be fined for that expression, which is quite legal.' However, not to be too strict, we agreed to let the lawyer off; for we might have used much the same kind of speech ourselves. Every one loves to pass the last house in Hammersmith, in hopes of seeing a little country beyond. We had absolutely passed up to this spot, when a debate took place whether a coach should not be instantly mounted. 'Just walk on to Kew-bridge, and then we can take a boat,' said the parson. This was meeting half-way, which all the world yields to in a second; and away we went. The next object was a drunken, violent fellow, shouting out, 'Canning for ever!' and, with a hiccough, 'No Popery!'—'My good friend,' said the clergyman, 'let me advise you to walk quietly home to your wife.'—'Do you,' said the stupid sot, gazing upon his Mentor with ineffable vacancy,—'you go home to your's!' Now there were reasons which made this remark rather more poignant than could have been expected from a peasant; and, in vulgar phrase, the parson was done. However, he soon opened upon us. 'Drunkenness is a vice,' said he, 'as our good archdeacon said, in his last visitation sermon, which no sooner enslaves the body than it corrupts the mind, and deprives us of that delicacy which a sober man is ever apt to preserve.'—'Very excellent, indeed!' quoth the doctor; 'but you're fined, you know!' Now the poor parson's recollections had been very painfully revived towards a certain exceedingly unpleasant domestic subject, and so he fell easily into the snare: but I never saw a man pay a bet with better humour. 'Hallo!' said I, 'there goes a tailor!'—'Where—where?' was the exclamation. And so there was;—a little sort of man, who was gliding on with a motion of the feet so peculiar, as to shew that he was almost too happy in being once more able to put one foot before the other. His hands were, moreover, in his breeches-pockets. 'And how can you tell a shoemaker?' inquired the simple-hearted curate.—'You may commonly discover a knight of Crispin,' returned I, 'by his talk; he will discourse you loudly of politics, and after a certain course, too, which you never hear from any

other brotherhood.' We now proceeded forward in high spirits, privately complimenting ourselves on the acquisition of a wonderfully good appetite for food. I was very cheerful, and told them Henry Dundas's story of the tailor resting himself; till, at length, we made Kew-bridge, and beckoned a boat. When the waterman appeared, I told Mathews's definition of a waterman, to make a laugh——"

[Here the Cayenne occasioned such acute titillations in my friend's throat, as to threaten both his story and life together. However, like the canon in Gil Blas, he was sure to recover; and I asked him to tell me the story of Mathews's waterman; and then he went on again, as you shall hear.]

——"What! not know the definition of waterman? 'What's the reason they call you a waterman, Jack?' said Mathews.—'Vy, Sir, I suppose it's 'cause I opens the coach doors.' Well, we got into the boat, and away we rowed. The man at the oars had sustained a severe mishap a few days before, which did him at least one good: it served him for talk to his customers as long as he pleased afterwards. It was not long before we were made acquainted with it. 'As I was a-pulling up—just as it might be now, gentlemen—the tide was very strong down-stream—there comes a boat, right a-head, full of young chaps; and, if you'll believe me, gentlemen, it rann'd right down upon us, and staved in the head of my boat here. Well, I could get no redress; and so away I goes to my lawyer, and he advised me not to go to law about it—for there'd be no knowing how the matter would turn out; and so I had it mended—but I can't think as all that can be right.' The lawyer had forgotten the grassy banks and sunny stream, in the complaint which this young Thames imp was pouring forth; and it was evident that some mighty effort of language was about to break forth. 'My good boy,' said my legal friend, 'there is no injury, according to the law of this country, 'which is not capable of a remedy. You might have recovered damages for this hurt to your vessel.' The doctor could hardly contain himself; but, like giving an unruly fish the line, he resolved to humour the joke. 'Hem!' said he very gravely, 'are you sure that an action could be had for this damage? It seems to me to be quite an accident; and, at all events, the boys only were to blame.'—'According to the peculiar character of the mischief or trespass, case will lie,' said the lawyer, in reply. 'It would cost some time to point out to you and this good youth here the distinction between consequential and direct injury—between cases where the damage proceeds *immediately* from the instrument which occasions it——' I had heard the early part of the history, but had fallen into a reverie, thinking wholly of Stevens's 'Bull'em and Boat'em'—where, you remember, the bull loosed a vessel from its moorings, by which it was swamped; and an action was brought against the owner of the bull. But the learned rhetoric of my neighbour perfectly aroused me; and, while I could scarcely help a violent outbreak of laughter at the doctor's arch visage, I thought we had been quite sufficiently entertained with L A W, Law. 'So the damages,' said I, 'are just a crown, which you, for talking law, must lay down.' I told you that the doctor paid his bet cheerfully. Now I never saw a man do it with less good humour than the unfortunate person whom we had just fined. He was truly piqued and vexed.

"We had now attained Richmond, discharged the waterman, mounted the steps which lead into the uncleanly town, debouched to the right (where old Father Thames voyages it so beautifully, to the delight of the

hill-folk), and possessed ourselves of a room, where we were in momentary expectation of some nice viands, and fair Calcavella or Bucellas. Dinner being served up, the clergyman said grace, and we were seated. But we had scarce devoured the first slice, before our friend the lawyer (I did not think there had been such profligacy in man!) actually urged a fine upon the parson for saying grace, as part of his profession! A duplex murmur of 'No, no!' proceeded from me and the doctor; upon which the proposer of the fine, most unluckily for him, blattered forth, that to be sure he would be the last man in the world to have every thing '*strictissimi juris*;' and this sentence he rounded with an emphasis which would have roused the weakest intellect from the fattest tureen of turtle. 'Counsellor, we don't want to have things *strictissimi juris*; but, really, we have been bred up with a decent knowledge of Latinity, and are not quite innocent of legal phrase; so you must help pay for the Bucellas—five shillings, if you please,' said I.

"O votary of Whitbread, of Meux, of Barclay, of Goding, of anybody, whose ale or porter has administered to the sensuality of your corporal man, did you ever ask at a strange place for good beer, and were damnified with bad? 'Have you got any good ale, waiter?'—'Oh, yes, Sir! some of our own brewing.'—'Let us have some.' We tasted this precious nectar, and were instantly elevated in the spirit, but quite the wrong way. 'This fellow ought to be prosecuted,' uttered the fierce lawyer; 'an indictment will assuredly lie for vending such drugs as these: let us have the landlord up.' That was one fine, most absolutely. 'When I was in Khorassan,' said a swarthy stranger at a side-table, 'what would I not have given for such beer as this, bad as it is!'—'Very lucky for you, Sir, you were not of our party!' thought I; 'you would have been fined most unmercifully for being a traveller.' I always act upon the principle of shewing no mercy whatever to travellers; for they're off 2,000—aye, 10,000 miles from you in a moment, where you can't unite with them any better than poor Lord Eldon with an improvement-bill, or an ultra Tory with a violent Whig. 'Shameless stuff, indeed!' said our doctor, still harping upon the ale; this is the very liquor to give a man the deadliest dyspepsia: I was present at the opening of a person——'

"Having collected ten shillings (the doctor having been calmly fined for the last slip) towards a bowl of punch, we agreed to dissolve the agreement after this—my friends being convincingly satisfied that there is extreme difficulty in avoiding the technicalities of a profession in common conversation."

My acquaintance, having finished his story and his soup, rose to go; and, after the usual compliments, we each went our way. But it never struck me to ask what tribe he belonged to, or whether he acknowledged any; sure it is that I could not learn from his converse anything of him further than that he was a complete citizen of the world; and, for want of presence of mind, I feel quite certain that I shall never be able to imitate him. Who knows but he might have been Sir Walter Scott!!

THE "MAMMALINGA-VODA."

AMONG the heaps of worm-eaten and dusty manuscripts which fill the shelves of the store and lumber-rooms of the metropolitan palace at Yassy, in Moldavia, and, thus negligently preserved, form the only historical records of the country, some papers are to be met with of very extraordinary curiosity; and the following narrative of the strange and romantic vicissitudes incident to the private and public life of the well-known Hospodar Joann, or Yanacki, surnamed Mammalinga-Voda, which was found so late as 1817, by an English gentleman, officially employed in Moldavia and Wallachia, may not be devoid of interest and entertainment to the general reader.

Yanacki was a Greek, of humble origin, born in a village of Roomelia, where his father had spent his life in the obscure condition of a common labourer. He came to Moldavia in 1722, at an early age, attracted by the resources of all kinds with which that country is ever supposed to abound, and in the hope of acquiring a fortune, which abler adventurers before him had succeeded in realizing.

He made his *début* at Yassy, the capital of the principality, in the modest capacity of a *caviar-dealer*, and opened a shop in one of the obscurest districts of the town, which he stocked with all those provisions so greatly in requisition during the days of religious fasting, and when every thing which bears the semblance of meat is held in due sacred horror; and, with some liberality of disposition, he combined a cheerfulness in the manner of attending to the calls of his customers, which, in the course of a few years, made him one of the most popular and thriving *baccals** of the town, and assured him custom even from distant parts of it.

On one of the most sultry days of August, a poor Turk, covered with dust, and apparently exhausted from the fatigues of a long journey, seated himself on the rude steps of Yanacki's shop-door, evidently incapable of further exertion, and with an exterior which announced great poverty and dejection. The baccal, with his usual good-nature, invited him to come and rest in a cool part of the inside; and, after having spread out on the brick floor a clean mat for the wearied Turk, laid before him some refreshments, consisting of his best caviar and preserved olives, with some bread, fruit, and a glass of brandy.† Husseïn (which proved to be the Turk's name) ate and drank sparingly, then stretched himself out on the mat, and fell asleep. He soon awoke, with symptoms of a burning fever; and Yanacki, taking compassion on his destitute condition, made up a bed for him in his own house, and had him attended, at his own expense, by one of the ablest medical men in the city. The Turk remained three weeks confined with an acute disorder; during which time he received from Yanacki every attention and care which his situation required. Having finally recovered his health and strength, he proceeded to the business which had brought him to Yassy, and soon after returned his thanks to the Greek for his kindness, assuring him that he would not forget to requite it, if at any future time he had it in his power to do so. He then took his departure from the Moldavian capital.

It is a well-known fact, to those who have had sufficient opportunity to

---

* The dealers in caviar, olives, and grocery are so called in Turkey.

† The Turks are not forbidden the use of spirits, though many abstain from them through mere excess of devotion.

observe and become well acquainted with the Turks, that one of the most prominent features of their national character is a peculiar susceptibility to the sentiment of gratitude. A service rendered to a Turk, be it ever so trifling, is not known to have been ever forgotten, though the benefactor may have happened to belong to any other religion than his own.

Fifteen years had elapsed since Hussein bade adieu to the Baccal of Yassi, and his existence was probably long since forgotten; when, on a Sunday morning, Yanacki was suddenly summoned to appear before the hospodar. The baccal felt conscious of no particular cause which should bring on him the unrequired and unexpected honour of an audience from the acting sovereign of the country. But it was his duty to obey; therefore, he instantly prepared to follow the messenger to court. He appeared before the presence with all the due demonstrations of humility and respect, and was addressed in a tone of sternness and severity by his highness, who made known to him the arrival of a special messenger from Constantinople, bearer of an order from the grand vizier, by which he (the hospodar) was enjoined to cause a strict search to be made at Yassy after the *Baccal* Yanacki, who, if found alive, was to be instantly sent to *Tsarigrad.*

The alacrity with which the Greek functionaries, under the Turkish government, attend to the least of its dictates, did not fail to manifest itself on the present occasion. Yanacki was neither suffered to provide himself with any of the necessaries with which a traveller in Turkey ought to be prepared, nor even allowed to return home for the purpose of making known his approaching departure to his wife. His mind was seized with a kind of stupor; and he was hurried away into a post-*caroutsa*, attended like a prisoner by some guards, and almost insensible for a time of what was going on around him. Every circumstance seemed to announce that his last day was at hand; and yet, when he had fully recovered the power of reflection, he could not conceive why the life of so insignificant an individual as himself, if aimed at, should not at once have been taken from him at the place of his residence, instead of being required to serve as an example at a distant city, in which he supposed he was wholly unknown. Full of these perplexing thoughts, he arrived at Constantinople, and was immediately conveyed to the public residence of the grand vizier.

The system of the Turkish ministers has ever been free from those unnecessary formalities and often insulting affectation of importance, by which the presence of high functionaries belonging to states which boast of civilization, and a proper sense of the rule of true good breeding, is rendered inaccessible even upon occasions of the most urgent necessity. In Turkey, the gates of every man in office, and the doors of his audience-room, are open to the people of all ranks from sunset to sunrise; and, from the grand vizier down to the most insignificant delegate of authority, each commands the respect due to his station by the gravity of his manner, and the dignity of his deportment; and, by this means alone, he entrenches himself against the encroachments of familiarity.*

When Yanacki was brought before the viceroy of the empire, his name was proclaimed; and the vizier, having cast his eyes on him, bade him wait. The business to which he was at the moment attending having been gone through, he ordered every one out of the room, with the only exception of Yanacki, whom he desired, when they were left by them-

* With a little aid, perhaps, superadded from the bastinado and the bowstring.—Ed.

selves, to approach, and endeavour to recollect, by looking at his features, whether they had ever been known to him. But the Greek having excused himself for shortness of memory, the vizier then reminded him of a poor Turk, whom he had so many years before received into his shop at Yassy, and treated with kindness.

In Turkey, where all are equally slaves to one master, no distinction of ranks exists, except that which is conferred by the temporary investment of authority. The advantages of birth, and of exclusive rights and privileges, are as inconsistent with the spirit of the nation, as they would be incompatible with the absolute power of the sovereign.

The vizier here spoken of (for it was Husseïn) had, perhaps by the mere effects of chance, risen, as we have seen, from the very lowest condition in life, and had reached a station in the empire to which the sovéreign authority (the only hereditary power in Turkey) is alone paramount.*—But to resume our narration.

When Yanacki discovered that his poor, long-forgotten friend was now transformed into the eminent personage before him, he prostrated himself to the ground, and besought the vizier, for the sake of the past, to spare his life.

"Arise," said the viceroy mildly to him; "I have not called you hither for the purpose of doing you any harm; far from it; and woe be to him who would dare touch a hair of your head! What I had to communicate to you could not be said otherwise than verbally, and my intentions required your presence in the capital. You once saved my life; and you did it in a manner which has shewn me that you are a good man, and which commands my acknowledgments. For years before I reached my present station, I was constantly employed in distant parts, and therefore unable to give you any token of my remembrance; but now that I have it in my power to do so, it is my business to reward your former charity. Know, then, that—baccal as you say you still are—I destine you to the hospodarian throne of Moldavia. You shall be clothed and fitted out at my expense in a manner suited to the dignity to which you are about to be elevated, and your slightest wants, and even your wishes, shall be strictly attended to, by my *haznadar*,† as commands.

It was in vain that the poor baccal protested his incapacity to fill the high functions about to be assigned to him, and his profound ignorance in the management of public affairs. The vizier bid him take example of himself, and assured him that his task was not so difficult as he imagined; and Yanacki, finding his new patron resolute, submitted at last to his will,

---

* The history of Mehemmed-Alli Pasha, the present well-known and much spoken-of ruler of Egypt, affords a striking instance of the continuation of the system in the Ottoman empire. He rose from a condition equally obscure with the Vizier Husseïn, and, for some years, was employed at Salonica by our late consul of that place, Mr. Charnaud, in the menial capacity of *yassaktshee*, or house-messenger. In this service he gained some money, which enabled him to rise to less humble employment; and he continued advancing in rank until he was created a pasha of three-tails, and finally entrusted with the important mission of undermining the authority of the beys in Egypt, and destroying the power of the Mameluks. His success enabled him, in the course of a few years, to assume the undivided government of that kingdom, whose welfare, it must be confessed, he has not ineffectually laboured to combine with the furtherance of his private interest. The annals of the Ottoman empire afford numberless instances of obscure individuals being raised to the highest dignities; but, in stating this, it is necessary to add, that, as places under the Turkish government are purchasable, the promotion of individuals is considerably assisted by gifts of money to those from whom it may depend.

† Private treasurer.

but not without reluctance. Indeed, this single act of the viceroy's raised him at once to the very pinnacle of Greek pride and ambition. The hospodarian thrones of Moldavia and Wallachia are objects of such covetousness among the members of a few families, who have thought proper to consider them as their exclusive property, that no sacrifice is generally considered too great, no expedient too extravagant, provided it conduces to the glory of being seated in them for a time, and of exercising the short-lived semblance of kingly power.

In 1737, the Baccal Yanacki was, with customary pomp, admitted to the sultan's presence, and actually received from the imperial hands the investiture of sovereign authority, with the title and attributes of Prince of Moldavia. When his nomination became known, the boyars were thrown into consternation. This corps of nobility had, with a vast share of pretension to exclusive rights, been actually suffered to enjoy certain privileges, which, with the property they possessed in the country, gave them some influence in the administration of public affairs. Arrogant in their dispositions, as well as servile, they became intractable or docile, in proportion to the energy or weakness they discovered in the character of the hospodars, who were, every two or three years, sent to govern their country; and it may be supposed that the announcement of Yanacki, whom they had seen but a few weeks before as an obscure baccal in their own capital, was by no means calculated to give them satisfaction. No objection, probably, would have been made against his late condition, had he now come as a perfect stranger into the country; but to submit to be governed by a man who had been for years seen daily, by the inhabitants of Yassy, exercising a mean trade, was a thing to which they could not make up their minds. As they had not the means, however, of opposing effectually the sultan's choice, they prepared a system of annoyance by which they hoped to disgust Yanacki himself from power, and force him to the relinquishment of it. The appellation of *Mammalinga-Voda** was bestowed on him, and by it he was, in the sequel, regularly designated.

Yanacki was unfortunately destitute of that natural quickness of intellect peculiar to the majority of his nation, and of course wanted all knowledge, as well as experience, in the administration of public affairs. The hostility which met him on every side he found it difficult to contend against; and things went on in a state of confusion for a long time. All his orders were disobeyed, his decrees remained unnoticed, and his threats treated with derision. The boyars would not co-operate with, but, on the contrary, declared to his face their intention to worry and annoy him. He wrote, at last, to his patron, the grand-vizier, stating all his grievances, supplicating that he might be allowed to withdraw from the exercise of functions for which he felt himself so little qualified. The vizier sent him, by the same messenger, a gold-mounted *hangiar*, or dagger, on which these words were engraved: "*Make use of this, and you will be obeyed.*"

Upon the receipt of this extraordinary present, the meaning of which he guessed but too well, Yanacki held long council with himself; and finding that he was forced, against his will, to continue in an office which placed him in opposition with the whole country, he determined on a blow which should at least end the state of suspense and controversy in which he was existing. Accordingly, he announced a banquet at court, to which he

* Oatmeal-prince. The poorest and meanest classes of Moldavians live entirely on this food.

invited thirty of the most refractory boyars, with their wives. The best wines were served round to the guests in abundance, until the liquor completely removed from their minds all possibility of suspicion. After dinner, the ladies were invited to withdraw with the princess into the haremm, or female apartments; and the men were requested to go, one after another, into a washing-closet, situated at the extremity of a suite of rooms, for the purpose of performing the ablution which, in this country, as in all other parts of Turkey, follows every meal. On entering the closet singly, the door was instantly shut, and the boyar was seized by twelve men stationed inside; a towel was thrown round his face, to prevent his calling out, and he was handed over to six executioners in a further room, where he was instantly beheaded. The preparations had been made so well, and the boyars had taken so much liquor, that nothing occurred to disturb this memorable execution, which was completed on the whole thirty individuals, in the course of half an hour. After this, the hospodar entered the harem, and conversed with the ladies gaily, telling them that he had forbidden their husbands to appear until he should have made a proposal which he trusted might be acceptable to them. The metropolitan-archbishop was now ushered in, and, having taken his seat,* referred a case to him which concerned the ladies present, and relative to which he required instant decision. "Should each of these ladies," said he, "have suddenly lost a worthless husband by my orders, do you not think it would be incumbent on me to replace him instantly by another?"

The archbishop assented, and the women began to look serious.

"Then, ladies," added the hospodar, "the case is such as I have mentioned. Your husbands have, within this hour, paid, with the forfeiture of their heads, the crimes of disobedience, from which I have long endeavoured in vain, by other means, to recal them. But *you* shall have no reason to complain of me. It is my duty to replace your husbands by others, and not suffer you to depart as widows from a house which you have this day entered as married women. Thirty of my itsh-oglans (pages) have been selected to take the places, titles, and fortunes (which they are to inherit, if they find no children previously existing) of your late husbands. They are all handsome young men, and none of them has reached yet the age of twenty-five. The archbishop has been summoned here by me for the express purpose of performing the nuptial ceremony."

At this moment the itsh-oglans were introduced, one of whom was assigned to each "disconsolate" widow, and the marriage service was performed over the whole thirty couple.

Whether the ladies who figure in this history had more reason to mourn over their losses, or to rejoice in their new acquisitions, is a point which the historian has not taken the trouble to enlighten us upon. As to the Hospodar Yanacki, after this extraordinary act of authority, he governed his province, without further obstacle, for three years; at the end of which, his patron the grand vizier being dead, he was recalled from office. He then retired to a delightful spot on the borders of the Thracian Bosphorus, where the remainder of his days would have been spent in uninterrupted happiness, had his conscience been perfectly free from the pangs with which the recollection of his former severity now and then disturbed the enjoyment of it. W.

* The only "subject," besides the sons of hospodars, who is allowed the privilege of being seated in the prince's presence.

THE CARLTON-HOUSE PICTURES.

There are several reasons why a sober estimate of the character and merits of the Carlton House Collection of Pictures should be placed on record at this time. In the first place, it has for many years been held up as the very best collection of its kind in Europe. Secondly, it has, until lately, been almost entirely excluded from the public eye, and will soon be once more withdrawn from it, probably never to meet it again. Further, it displays, in a very marked manner, the peculiar habits of taste indulged in, in this particular, by a Personage about whom we are glad to collect all that can with certainty be known.

We must entirely approve of one principle on which this collection has been formed, namely, that of comprising a particular class and school of works exclusively, or nearly so; since a private collection, formed on any other principle, must be altogether without value and effect *as* a collection, because it can scarcely be made to convey an adequate notion of the characteristic powers and qualities of any one *master*, much less of any one *school*.

The Carlton House collection is confined almost exclusively to the Flemish and Dutch schools; and, in proof of the necessarily imperfect nature of any private collection, though it comprises a splendid selection from the abovenamed schools, it altogether fails in conveying an adequate notion of several of the most distinguished ornaments of those schools. It is, for instance, strikingly deficient in the works of Rubens—and especially in his historical and poetical ones; and it is poor even in the portraits of that other glory of the Flemish school—Vandyke. In fact, it is rich in the works of *one* great master alone—Rembrandt; and its other attractions consist chiefly in the productions of that highly amusing and meritorious, but assuredly inferior, because merely mechanical class of artists, the copiers of the *real* and *still*-life of Dutch interiors, &c.—the Dows, Mieris's, A. Vandevelde's, Da Hooge's, and the rest. It must not be supposed that we would class such admirable *reflectors* of nature as Teniers, Ostade, Metzu, Jan Steen, and the Flemish landscape painters, P. Potter, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Berghem, &c. with the abovenamed mere copyists of her particular features. But the most striking works in this collection, next to the Rembrandts, and those which have evidently been chosen *as* the most striking, belong to the merely mechanical class alluded to.

Assuredly we have nothing to say against all this. No one has a right to carp at the taste of another, or its exercise, provided they are confined within private limits; and it were hard indeed if a king might not gratify *his*, where the meanest of his subjects enjoys that privilege. We therefore premise the above general account of this collection, because thus it is, not because we would have it otherwise. The collection is, in many respects, worthy of high admiration; though the mere fact of its being the result of a king's taste, has not yet persuaded us (as no doubt it has many of his courtiers) that it is the finest of all possible collections—to say nothing of actual ones—and that in fact it includes at least half a dozen of the finest productions of Raffaelle's pencil!

The leading features of this collection consist, as we have hinted above, of the Rembrandts; and these we shall notice first, as circumstances do not make it advisable to pursue any regular or numerical arrangement of the works.

Undoubtedly, the Adoration of the Magi, by Rembrandt, is the finest work in this gallery. It is in fact a stupendous production—rich in all the highest qualities of this extraordinary artist's pencil, and with nothing in either the subject or the execution to counteract the prodigious effect of those qualities. Let those who doubt that Rembrandt was the most poetical of painters, look at this work, and deny (if they dare) that it includes all the higher qualities of poetry—truth, simplicity, grandeur, dignity, mystery—and all these displayed in connexion with, or rather through the medium of, another quality scarcely less poetical, namely, that astonishing and intuitive power of execution, which is as much the natural gift of the poet or painter as his imagination and sensibility are, and which is, generally speaking, quite as often the exciting cause of our admiration at his efforts. The scene of this picture is the Interior of a Stable or Barn, of the rudest and most rustic kind. It has even a character of *modern* rusticity about it, which is far from producing an anomalous or mischievous effect; but which, on the contrary, brings the subject more home to our feelings than any other arrangement could possibly do; just as the merely clownish and rustic appearance of the Shepherd Boy does, in the same artist's incomparable production, Jacob's Dream. The scene is lighted from one point alone, so as to gain that concentrated effect of which Rembrandt was so fond; and the composition is divided into three compartments—a centre, or principal group—a secondary, or side group—and the figures composing the back-ground. The first group comprises the Virgin and Child, surrounded by several figures in the act of adoration, &c. The principal of these figures presents a fine and striking example of that effect of light which Rembrandt occasionally produces in a way in which no other artist ever attempted to produce it, and by a means which has been scarcely at all remarked upon by his critics. The principal points of the jewelled coronet of the figure in question are made so literally prominent—they are thrown so much into actual relief above the canvas, that they not merely *seem* to reflect a brilliant white light, but they actually *do* reflect it; so that the dazzling effect of these points is not an illusion of the pencil, but a reality. The same thing occurs in other parts of the picture, though in an inferior degree. The secondary group consists of two persons merely—one approaching in the act of dignified wonder and admiration; and the other standing motionless by his side, affording a fine contrast of mere animal repose. The whole of the expressions of this front department of the picture are also singularly fine in their way: though justly to appreciate and sincerely approve them requires a somewhat more full reliance on the bare simplicities of nature than our present taste can boast. There is no elegant inanity here—no effeminate striving and hankering after artificial refinement—no finical fining down of the mere men and women with which our world is peopled, into sylphs of the air and sylvans of the grove. In short, "not to speak it profanely," the Infant of Rembrandt's Adoration of the Magi is a mere blubbering baby; the Virgin Mother is no better than a handsome milkmaid; and the Magi themselves are a set of pampered, gross-feeding, carnivorous looking persons, endued indeed with all the mere external dignity of air and action, which high station always more or less creates, but in other respects as little sublimated as the meanest of their attendants: for as all the noticeable difference between the great and the little consists in the greater degree in which the former are enabled to give the rein to their appetites and passions, so the more intellectual nature of their habits and pursuits (if indeed they *be* more intellectual) is at the

very least counterbalanced, in its effects on that only external symbol of intellect, the face; and, accordingly, the expression of intellect in the countenance is at least as conspicuous in the low as in the high. If Rembrandt did not know this by experience and observation, he did by instinct—which is ten times better: and he painted accordingly. He dared to paint men and women as they are; or rather, he did *not* dare to paint them as they are not.

With the exception of the above, and one other very early and inferior picture of Rembrandt, all his others in this collection are portraits; but they are all of the very first class. The most valuable and interesting is one of himself. In point of execution it unites finish and facility in a very remarkable degree; the colouring is rich, and the shadows deep and grand; and in respect to expression, nothing can be finer or more characteristic; the eyes seem to look out into vacancy, as if in search of some of those imaginary effects of light, by the production of which this artist so marvellously distinguished himself from all others; while, in all other respects, the face is marked by nothing but that unaffected simplicity, and that unpretending truth, and even homeliness, which pervade the greater portion of this artist's works, and form their rarest merits.

The two other most conspicuous of Rembrandt's works in this collection are, the celebrated portraits of the Burgomaster, Pancras, and his Wife, and the Shipbuilder and his Wife. The first of these is a gorgeous work as to colouring. Gold and jewels glow and glitter throughout every part, as if the reputed riches of the subjects of it had possessed the painter's imagination during his execution of the picture, and he had transferred the *sentiment* of these to the canvas, without knowing or intending it; for there is no great *display* of wealth: we speak merely of the extraordinary splendour of the colouring—as if it were composed of the light issuing from precious stones. In point of expression there is little to call for particular remark. The Burgomaster himself is delineated with great distinctness and individuality; but the lady has little of these, and much resembles some of Rubens' women, in the general character of the face and head. This picture is worked up with infinite care and finish, as if the wealthy subject of it had insisted upon the artist making it reach as high a *price* as he could; and as if he thought that high finish, high merit, and high price were convertible terms. The other of these fine pieces—that of the Shipbuilder and his Wife—is in a higher class of art than the above named, though by no means so striking in its immediate effect on the spectator, on account of the extreme sobriety of the colouring. Titian himself never painted any thing at once more intellectual and more individualized than each of these characters. It is impossible to believe, in looking at them, that the artist has either added any thing to what he saw before him, or left any thing untold. Or rather, in looking at them, you do not think of any such matters as addition, likeness, deficiency, or even of artist or of portraits. You see certain *people* before you, and think of nothing else—not even of the extraordinary skill which placed them there. *This*, and this only, is the perfection of art.

Here are two other portraits by Rembrandt; one of a Jew Rabbi, and the other of a Lady with a Fan. They are both admirable; and the latter in particular is a perfect specimen of that noble simplicity of style in which none ever succeeded so perfectly as the artist before us. But only to think of an artist of *our* day painting "a Lady with a Fan" after this fashion! Alas! no frame-maker, even, would be so deficient in *taste* as to trust him with a frame to put it in; and as to any "hanging com-

mittee" of the nineteenth century tolerating such an enormity—it is clean out of the question! No; before Rembrandt's style of portrait painting can come into repute again, we must either recede or advance (which you will) to that barbarous period when sitters either had the spirit to insist on being painted as they were, or artists had the spirit to insist on so painting them.

This collection contains seven pictures by Rubens—two of them landscapes, two belonging to the historical class, and the remaining three portraits. But none of these works, nor indeed the whole together, are of a nature to convey any adequate impression of the talents of this truly great painter. Still they are admirable in their way. The largest landscape is, *as* a landscape, a capital production—grand, vigorous, and instinct with the very breath and spirit of nature. But we must think (and therefore must say) that the allegorical figures (of Saint George and the Dragon, &c.) which are introduced into it, and occupy the whole of the foreground, are "weeds which have no business there." Rubens was the worst allegory maker in the world, because the most off-hand, careless, and profuse. An allegory, to be at all tolerable, should be perfect and answerable in all and every of its parts; and this requires a degree of elaborate study and reflection which Rubens could not submit to. He had invention enough for it, or for any thing; but he could not condense, select and expunge. He has been truly called "the prince of painters;" and princes are not persons to keep to themselves nine out of every ten of the fine things that occur to them; and the consequence is, that by saying all, they say nothing. Allegory, whether in painting or in poetry, is mere wit put into figures; and every body knows (to their cost) that an ineffectual attempt at a witticism is ten times worse than none at all. There is great depth and grandeur in the shadows of this picture; and the expression of the horses, in the right hand corner, at the sight of the dead body lying at their feet, is extremely fine.

Of the other "Landscape, with Figures and Cattle, by Rubens," we shall (finding it in this collection) constrain ourselves from saying any thing. But not so if we should ever chance to meet with it elsewhere. The Assumption of the Virgin, by the same artist (and the only one of this class) is small in size, but a most admirable and perfect production in its way. Nothing can possibly be finer than the effect produced by the astonishing variety, grace, and invention displayed in the attitudes of the cherubs who are bearing up the virgin. They seem to float over and about each other, like roseate clouds attendant on the setting sun. Each seems to be itself, and yet part of another, and of the whole. And there is an appearance given to them which amounts in effect to that of actual motion. This effect is aided, and perhaps in a great degree created, by the attitudes of the figures composing the other portion of the picture. They are straining, and, as it were, yearning after the ascending pageant, as if it had just escaped from their touch, and were changing from a seeming reality into a dream. The unity of effect in this picture—that highest and rarest achievement of the art—is very fine; and its grandeur of character is scarcely at all impaired by the smallness of the scale on which it is executed—which is another infallible test of high genius.

Of the three portraits by Rubens, that of himself is the most striking. It is the well known one, of which there are many copies (and some repetitions) extant; so that it need not be particularly described. The two others are, one of his first wife, and one of a man with a hawk. This latter is remarkable for the singular beauty of its back-ground, which consists of a fresh landscape, touched with infinite grace, elegance, and sweetness, and

altogether different in its character from anything we have ever before seen from the pencil of this artist.

The only other work of Rubens in the collection is a small cabinet one, of Pan and Syrinx. The composition is admirable, the expressions full of a rich but coarse gusto, and the colouring exquisite.

We have eight pictures by Vandyke: four of them portraits; two of them on Scriptural subjects; a study of horses, &c.; and a curious specimen of landscape—a View of the Old Palace at Greenwich. Two of the portraits—those of the Queen Henrietta-Maria (queen of Charles I.)—one a full-face, and the other a profile—are in the artist's most exquisite manner—clear, delicate, airy, and elegant in the highest degree. There is also a triple portrait of Charles I.—shewing the head in three different positions—which is curious, as being the picture from which Bernini modelled his celebrated bust. The Scriptural pieces are, Christ healing the Sick, and the Marriage of St. Catherine. The former is chiefly remarkable for the fine intensity of expression in the sick man, and the deficiency of it in the Christ. But the latter is a most gorgeous and imposing picture;—grand, less from its expression or composition, than from the elaborate profuseness of the design—the almost gigantic character of both the mother and the child. In the former, this character is given by the drapery merely; for the face of the female is more classical and ideal than is usual with this artist. But the child is painted on a perfectly Patagonian scale: so much so, as to produce an almost ludicrous effect. The colouring of this striking work is also very rich and splendid, without, however, any inappropriate glare or shew.

Turning our attention to the landscape painters, we find Wouvermans holds, upon the whole, the most conspicuous place. The collection contains nine of his works—all of them of the very first quality, and in the finest state of preservation. The most elaborate is a Horse Fair, including an immense variety of figures and animals—all of them possessing characteristic expression, and all finished to the very highest pitch of perfection, yet without producing that tameness of effect which finishing so frequently does. A Hawking Party is equally elaborate and perfect; but produces a still better effect as a picture, because the whole impression of it may be received at once. There are also two Camp Scenes—exquisite in every the minutest point of their details, and perfect in their general effect. One of these pictures is known by the name of *Le Coup de Pistolet*, from an incident included in it; and it tempts us to remark here, that, with all their beauty, the pictures of Wouvermans—even his very best—must be looked at with a view to *themselves* almost exclusively, if we would have them not interfere with our due appreciation of those of other distinguished masters, as well as of nature herself; for they are no more like the latter than they are like any of the former. With the exception of the particular *expressions* of his animals, &c., and his clouds and skies, there is nothing in the least degree *natural* about Wouvermans' pictures. They are pure inventions—literally speaking, works of art; and they should be looked at as such; otherwise, they are calculated to mislead the taste of the student, and offend that of the truly cultivated and enlightened lover of art. View them as nothing better than they are, and each party may derive infinite delight and instruction from the study of them. But persuade yourself, or permit others to persuade you, that they are true transcripts of nature, and you had better never have seen them at all. Instead of saying more on this point, we shall extract a passage from a little work entitled "British Galleries of Art:" premising, however, that we were

induced to make the above remarks, from observing the very characteristic manner in which the incident is treated which gives a name to the exquisite picture last mentioned. One of the figures in front is firing off a pistol unexpectedly in the air; while all the other parties—including horses, dogs, &c.—collected about the entrance of the suttling-booth, are evidently altogether deprived of their sense of hearing; for not the slightest effect can be traced from it on the countenance, air, attitude, action, &c. of any one of them! Now this we conceive to be highly characteristic of Wouvermans, and that no other painter would have ventured upon it; for the probabilities are, that all the rest of the picture was finished before he thought of introducing this incident. And why (he thought), when it was all so beautiful, should he either alter it to correspond with the new incident; or, on the other hand, why should he omit the incident merely because it did not exactly fall in with the rest of the picture? The truth is, that Wouvermans looked at nature and her effects, not with a view to present the world with transcripts of them, but to make them subservient to his own purposes. He was content to take friendly *hints* from nature, but not to look upon her as his sole guide, companion, and model. But do we *complain* of this in Wouvermans? Assuredly not. Genius must be allowed to choose its own course, and its own means of following that course; and when we hit upon any method of stopping it, with a view to turn it into a *better* course, all we shall effect will be to make it go back or stand still. The following is the passage we alluded to above:—"As the value of all other landscapes arises from the nature they display, so I would say, if it would not sound paradoxical, that the value of Wouvermans' landscapes consists in the art. His pictures are like nothing but—each other. They are perfectly gratuitous works of art; and yet we love them almost as much as we do those of nature, and with the same *kind* of love."—"The truth is, Wouvermans was a man of genius, and has invented a nature of his own, which is so lovely in itself, and at the same time so much in the *spirit* of the real nature which he imitated (not *copied*), that we not only permit, but admire, in him, what in a man of inferior talent had been a mere impertinence."—*British Galleries of Art, p.* 177-8.

WE had heard that this collection was distinguished for its Paul Potters—by far the rarest, and, perhaps, upon the whole (always excepting Cuyp), the most delightful of the Flemish landscape painters. We were, therefore, somewhat disappointed in finding but four of his works; and not one that we can regard as among his very best and most characteristic. The finest, because the most natural, is one on his favourite subject—a young bull, with other cattle, in a landscape—the cattle occupying the principal portion of the canvass, and the nearest possible point to the spectator's eye. This is an excellent specimen of Potter's most unaffected style; but there is no particular charm in the still-life part of it, and it must be looked at as a group of cattle merely. In this light it is all truth and nature. But the fascination which belongs to some of this artist's productions consists in something else than this—namely, in that exquisite combination and mutual adaptation of a variety of rural objects, animate and inanimate, so as to produce an impression identical with that received from the real objects themselves, and which no other artist whatever produces, in an equally perfect manner—an impression which unites all the pleasure received from the contemplation of the interesting individual details of external nature, with all that resulting from her complete and consistent general effects; and wherever either of these greatly predominate (as they do in all the pictures of this artist in the present collection), there is no

complete general effect produced at all. The only kind of subject by which Paul Potter produces all the effect that he is capable of producing, is such a one as the following, for example:—a broken fore-ground, with a horse looking over the paling of a little farm-yard on the right; a cow or two feeding on a bit of rising ground beside a shallow water on the left; with a few pollard willows standing along this first division, and throwing their shadows, distinctly and slantwise, towards the front, so as to mark out the bright sunshine that would otherwise cover the whole picture. Then a middle distance of level pasture-land, green as an emerald (as perfectly level land—which is always more or less marshy—must always be), and extending all across the picture; with a road running through part of it, with *one* traveller on it, and a few cattle feeding here and there, but so distant as to be seen as part of the landscape merely, and not to attract the attention from it to themselves. Then, lastly and most distant, a dimly-seen village, with its church-spire pointing to the blue sky above it, and, on either side, a faint line of open country, scarcely discernible from the horizon into which it fades. In a scene of this kind, however elaborate the finishing of the fore-ground may be, it will not attract an undue share of attention or admiration from the rest, because each portion will have its peculiar charm, and each will balance the others, and they, together, produce but *one* impression. And it may perhaps be laid down as an axiom of art, that wherever several distinct and striking impressions are produced—however we may admire, or wonder, or feel disposed to praise, we are never thoroughly pleased; and, on the contrary, whenever we are perfectly and entirely pleased, we are never much disposed to waste our feeling in the empty and equivocal testimonials of admiration and applause. Paul Potter's best pictures of the above class are the most *pleasing* ones in the world; and that we are disposed to covet them more than any others, is proved by the enormous prices which they obtain. And, after all, there are no other such satisfactory testimonials of merit, as pleasure received, and money paid for it: we mean, of course, so far as the taste and judgment of the parties paying and being pleased are of any value.

There are two other pictures by this master—admirable, and indeed perfect in their way. One consists of Travellers stopping at the Door of a little rural Alehouse. The scene is completely shut in by trees, &c.; and the horses of the two travellers are remarkable for the extraordinary truth and distinctness of character which are given to them. The other is a much more elaborate scene; but less perfect in its execution, because other things are attempted than mere natural and ordinary appearances and expressions. This picture consists of a stable on the left, with two horses inside, and a boy at the door running away with a puppy from its mother —while the latter is chasing him, and has caught hold of the tail of his coat. The boy is hallooing with fright, and squeezing the puppy, which is squalling too; while a woman milking a cow just by is enjoying the bit of fun. Near this cow there are other cattle, &c., occupying the middle of the picture; and the left opens to a distant landscape, through which a man is riding on horseback. The scene altogether is elaborate, and, in many respects, admirably executed. In particular, there is a cock scampering out of the way of the frightened boy, and a blind puppy crawling along the ground, which are capitally done. But we cannot help feeling all these extraneous and accidental matters to be out of place in a work of Paul Potter,—which should exhibit Nature under her most ordinary

and (so to speak) common-place aspects only. His works are, in painting, what pastorals are in poetry;—which, to produce their most perfect effects, must avoid all that is in the slightest degree forced, exaggerated, or *outré*. It was for other painters to improve upon their models, and add to them, and heighten, and embellish, and contrast, and collect half a hundred incompatible things together, to increase the *effect* of their productions. It was enough for him to paint Nature as he found her; and whenever he departs from this system, he shews beneath himself.

We have some admirable specimens of Cuyp—ten in number; forming perhaps, upon the whole, a better and more characteristic selection than that from the works of any other master, except Rembrandt. One of the best is a large landscape, in that peculiar style of the master which unites the airy and elegant pencilling of Both, and the soft and rich tenderness of Claude, to an imaginative and almost mysterious character belonging to Cuyp alone. It has none of those large, solid figures and cattle in the fore-ground, which are in their way so fine, and which also produce so admirable an effect in throwing into distance the landscape portion of the scene. The front is occupied, and the distance produced, by means of a dark and broken fore-ground, with lofty trees running all over the canvass—through and beyond which the landscape appears, dressed in a veil of woven air and sunshine.—Another, of a different description, but inimitably fine, represents a black boy holding the horses of two cavaliers, in front of a dark landscape, in which a distant town is seen across a river, and, farther on, a misty distance. The mingled truth and force of this piece are the perfection of art in this line; since they present only nature itself, and nothing either besides or beyond it. There are several others of a similar character with the last-named, and almost equally vigorous, spirited, and natural; and there is one large river scene, in which nothing but the craft and the water are visible, which is admirable for the truth of feeling pervading it throughout.

Continuing among the Flemish landscape-painters, we have, by Both, only one piece, though a very charming one, and combining the delightful characteristics of this artist's style in as great a degree as any one picture can be expected to do. It is a large landscape, with figures in front, representing the scripture incident of Philip baptizing the Eunuch.

By the natural, vigorous, and delightfully unaffected Hobbima we have two pictures, forming a pair. One is on his favourite subject, of a little picturesque village, seen in a distant light, through a dark net-work of intervening forest-trees. The other is a more open scene, with a water-mill. These works are not of a kind to require particular description or commendation: they are very pleasing examples of this artist's manner of treating his subject; but they are nothing more.

The rest of the works by the Flemish landscape-painters need not be particularized. There are specimens, more or less perfect and characteristic, of Berghem, Ruysdael, Wynants, and Du Jardin—but none among them that we have not seen greatly surpassed in other collections. There are also a few specimens of those masters who do not exactly rank as landscape-painters, but who devoted their efforts chiefly to the delineation of scenes and subjects connected with towns and cities; such as Vanderheyden, Lingleback, &c. But even of these latter the present collection does not include any demanding a particular description. We shall, therefore, at once pass on to that class of the Flemish masters who illustrated actual character, manners, and life, as they are connected with, and grow out of the society, habits, &c. of towns and cities.

At the head of the class of masters just named stands Teniers; and we know not where else to point out to the student, in one collection, so many truly admirable and characteristic examples of this hitherto, upon the whole, unrivalled artist. We have thirteen of his works, including exquisite specimens of all his various styles. Perhaps the finest, because the most natural, forcible, and unaffected work of Teniers in this collection, is one representing an open sea-shore, with a group of fishermen in front. Nothing was ever executed in a more spirited and efficient manner than this scene, because nothing was ever more absolutely simple and true. The handling is masterly for its happy facility; the tone and colouring give us the very reflection of nature itself; and the attitudes and characters of the persons introduced complete and perfect the illusion. In standing before the picture, you seem to taste the freshness of the sea-breeze; and may almost fancy that you smell the peculiar odour appertaining to the kind of scene before you.

There is another picture belonging to the same class with the above, which is not equally fine, but still excellent for the air of natural truth which pervades it. It is a domestic landscape, with buildings, &c.; and in the front, portraits are introduced of the artist himself, with his wife, and their favourite gardener.

In a different style, we have no less than five of the same artist's admirable Village Fêtes and Merry-makings. Every one of these may be looked upon as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, in this peculiar style. Each of them includes such a variety of character, incident, and interest, that it would require as much space adequately to describe the five, as we are enabled to devote to the whole collection. We must, therefore, merely add that they contain some hundreds of figures, not one of which but includes something distinct and individual, and yet every one of which bears, mixed up with its natural air, a something which could only have been communicated to it originally by the hand of this artist; and that all is expressed by means of the most masterly freedom of handling, the utmost clearness, sweetness, and natural beauty of colouring, and in connexion with a skill and facility of composition and arrangement which never have been, or perhaps can be, surpassed.

In addition to the above, we have two most admirable specimens of this master's still-life interiors—in which ease and labour are blended in a wonderfully efficient manner. One represents a Woman peeling Turnips, and surrounded by vegetables of every kind, culinary utensils, &c; and the other, an Alchymist in his Study. Besides these, we have two or three exquisite little gems, almost on a miniature-scale, yet retaining all the truth and spirit of the larger works. Upon the whole, the extraordinary talents of Teniers are done full justice to in this collection.

The rest of the Flemish painters of what may be called real life—such as Ostade, Jan Steen, G. Dow, F. and W. Mieris, Metzu, Terburg, Schalken, Slingelandt, &c., are represented respectively by two or three of their most pleasing works, but assuredly not by any of their *chef-d'œuvres*. We have certainly seen much more striking and characteristic works by all the above-named artists, than those which we meet with in this collection. Indeed, there are but very few of such surpassing merit as to claim particular mention. Jan Steen has two or three excellent Merry-makings, and a brilliant Interior of a Lady's Dressing-Room. There is one admirable specimen of Ostade—of Travellers Regaling at an Inn-Door. Metzu has several—in particular, a Gentleman playing on a Violoncello, and an interesting portrait of himself; but not one which seems to us adequately to illustrate that exquisite freedom and *facility* of

hand which he united in so admirable a manner with his high finishing. By Da Hooge, however, we have perhaps at least as fine a work as the artist ever painted. It represents the Interior of a Room, with persons playing at cards; and through the door, at the extremity of it, is seen another building, and figures across a court-yard, into which the sun is shining brilliantly. Nothing can be more perfect than the *illusion* of this scene. The effect of it on the spectator is magical. There is also another belonging to the same class, which is full of merit: it is by Maaes, and represents a woman descending a staircase with a light, and listening to the conversation of some other figures that are in an obscure corner behind the staircase. But of all the attempts at creating scenic illusion by means of the arrangement of light and shade, without exception the most successful we have ever witnessed, is one in this collection, by Granet, representing the Inside of a Convent, with Monks at their Devotions. There is but little general merit in the picture; but the effect produced by the arrangement of the light and shade is managed with extreme cleverness. The scene includes merely the aisle of a chapel, lighted by a single square window at the farther extremity; with the inferior monks ranged in a row on either side, while the officiating ones are standing in the centre, beside a pulpit, and performing the service of the hour. The light of a bright sun pours in at the small window opposite to, but raised somewhat above, the black pulpit; and the effect is produced by this light falling on the extreme edges only of the pulpit, the profiles of the monks, the religious vessels which they are using, the books, &c.,—and also by the manner in which it spreads and diffuses itself, and at length blends with the darkness, on the side-walls of the apartment. As a mere single effect of skill in the management of light and shade, this picture is very curious and striking: but in other respects it has little or no merit or interest, and is consequently to be looked upon as of small value and importance as a work of art.

We must now take leave of the Flemish school by stating, that the present collection is by no means rich in the admirable sea-pieces of that only school of real, unaltered nature—especially in the class of works just named. Here are three pieces by Vandevelde, and one by Backhuysen; all of them excellent, as far as they go, but none of them of a sufficiently striking character to claim or bear a particular description.

The only masters, not of the Flemish school, whose works form a noticeable feature in this collection, are Sir Joshua Reynolds and Zoffani. Indeed it is confined exclusively to the above masters, with the exception of a Landscape by Titian; and a little gem, said to be by M. Angelo and Venusti. The works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are seven in number—three belonging to the historical class, and four portraits. The defective reputation of Sir Joshua, in regard to his treatment of poetical or historical subjects, will have led most persons to suppose him incapable of producing such a picture as the Cymon and Iphigenia, in this collection. It is a very fine work. The female is designed with infinite ease and grace, coloured with great richness and truth, and expressed with that mixture of purity and voluptuousness which is among the highest and rarest attainments of art in subjects of this nature. She is lying asleep in a secluded nook of a landscape, to the brink of which her lover is led by Love himself, and suffered to gaze for a moment on the rich treasures of her beauty. There is a peeping, prying look about the Cymon, which is the fault of the picture. In other respects, the figure is well designed and expressed. The Cupid, too, is charmingly given. The landscape part is also very vigorously, as well as poetically executed; and the whole is kept in due subservience to the principal object of fascination—the sleeping nymph.

The other original piece of the historical class, by Sir Joshua, is greatly inferior to the above. The subject is the Death of Dido; but all is forced, exaggerated, and theatrical, when compared with the unaffected repose and simplicity of the one just described. The third historical work is a fine and vigorous copy from Guido's Saint Michael.

The portraits by Reynolds are the well-known ones of Count La Lippe, the Marquis of Granby, the Marquis of Rockingham, and the Duke of York. They are all admirable productions, full of life, spirit, and individuality; and, like all this artist's portraits, and *un*-like nearly all his other works, totally free from any thing extravagant, affected, or theatrical.

This collection includes four exceedingly curious, amusing, and, in many respects, valuable works, by Zoffani. Those two of them which are, no doubt, most interesting and valuable in the eyes of their royal possessor and his family, are,—one, representing the Interior of a Room at Kew Palace, with portraits of the late Queen Charlotte, and his present Majesty and the Duke of York—painted about 1768; and another, representing a room in Buckingham House, with portraits of the Duke of Clarence and the Queen of Wirtemberg, painted shortly after. But the two which are most intrinsically valuable and interesting are pieces of a very elaborate and singular kind, the style of which has been successfully adopted in several instances since, representing the Interiors of the Florence Gallery and the Royal Academy, with a multiplicity of portraits introduced into each, depicting all the most conspicuous artists and patrons of art who lived at the time the pictures were painted. In the Royal Academy picture, the time chosen is during the delivery of an anatomical lecture; so that a sort of *dramatic* interest and expression are given to al the characters introduced. The Florence Gallery is still more curiously and elaborately enriched by imitative miniatures of many of the well-known *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters,—the peculiar style of each being very cleverly preserved. Zoffani cannot properly be looked upon as an artist, in the highest and best sense of that term; since he was entirely without the faculty of invention or original conception, of any kind whatever. He was, in fact, not capable of *imitating* the productions either of nature or of high art; but these two amusing works prove that he could *copy* them with great cleverness and effect. He was, to a real artist, what a clever mimic is to a fine original actor.

It only remains for us to notice the two works in this collection, which, meeting with them in the company we do, come upon us a species of grand and beautiful anomaly. We allude to a landscape by Titian, and a pretty little gem, on the subject of the Taking down from the Cross, said to be painted by M. Angelo and Venusti. The last-named of these, though very beautiful, is so small as to prevent it from including anything characteristic, even if any portion of it be from the hand of Michael Angelo. But the Titian landscape is a fine production—full of force, grandeur, and truth. It is a dark, sombre scene—seeming to depict the shades of evening, closing over an irregular landscape, through which, towards the front, a shepherd-boy is driving his flock home to fold. Finding this work in the company we do—admitting, at the same time, that company to be the very best of its class—we must not trust ourselves to dwell upon it further, lest we should be tempted into observations which might be neither profitable nor in place, as to the judiciousness (or otherwise) of admitting *any* work by Titian into a collection, the characteristic merit of which may be almost said to be opposed to every thing Titian ever did, and even to the very principle on which he worked.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. VII.

Whitsun-Eve.

THE pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors,—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall, and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honey-suckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder over-hanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds' nests in the thick tapestry of cherry-trees, honey-suckles, and China roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlia's; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird;* that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jessamine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathery breast; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird! Nothing so pretty to look at as my garden! It is quite a picture; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvass. There are walks to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they

* Sphinx ligustri, privet hawk-moth.

are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so over-run by convolvolus, and heart's-ease, and mignonette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purposes of planting, or weeding, or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk towards sun-set, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our village, and this is Whitsun Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any; for even the gambols and merrymakings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

We ourselves are to have a cricket-match on Monday, not played by the men, who, since their misadventure with the Beech-hillers, are, I am sorry to say, rather chap-fallen, but by the boys, who, zealous for the honour of their parish, and headed by their bold leader, Ben Kirby, marched in a body to our antagonist's ground the Sunday after our melancholy defeat, challenged the boys of that proud hamlet, and beat them out and out on the spot. Never was a more signal victory. Our boys enjoyed this triumph with so little moderation that it had like to have produced a very tragical catastrophe. The captain of the Beech-hill youngsters, a capital bowler, by name Amos Stokes, enraged past all bearing by the crowing of his adversaries, flung the ball at Ben Kirby with so true an aim, that if that sagacious leader had not warily ducked his head when he saw it coming, there would probably have been a coroner's inquest on the case, and Amos Stokes would have been tried for manslaughter. He let fly with such vengeance, that the cricket-ball was found embedded in a bank of clay five hundred yards off, as if it had been a cannon shot. Tom Coper and Farmer Thackum, the umpires, both say that they never saw so tremendous a ball. If Amos Stokes live to be a man (I mean to say if he be not hanged first), he'll be a pretty player. He is coming here on Monday with his party to play the return match, the umpires having respectively engaged Farmer Thackum that Amos shall keep the peace, Tom Coper that Ben shall give no unnecessary or wanton provocation—a nicely-worded and lawyer-like clause, and one that proves that Tom Coper hath his doubts of the young gentleman's discretion; and, of a truth, so have I. I would not be Ben Kirby's surety, cautiously as the security is worded,—no! not for a white double dahlia, the present object of my ambition.

This village of our's is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

First, there is a groupe suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and

Tom Coper, Ben shewing much verbal respect and outward deference for his umpire's judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his own way after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large, Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a day's holiday from B., escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtesy off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed!

Ascending the hill are two couples of a different description, Daniel Tubb and Sally North, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Susan Green, the poor culprits of the wheat-hoeing. Ah! the little clerk hath not relented! The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling "cherry-ripe," pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but every now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Susan, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle humble creature as she points to the wild flowers on the common, and the lambs and children dis porting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and began humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gi'e me a glance of thy bonnie black ee," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalizing vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twilight, to the little clerk's absence, to the good humour of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and re-passing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On they trip, linked arm-in-arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry, which well becomes the rural beauty. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitsuntide, the shout, the laugh, and the song echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."

M.

THE TOILS OF A MODERN PHILOLOGIST.

My father had determined that I should be a very eminent classical scholar. His veneration of the classics partook almost of adoration. The Grecian language, of course, occupied the highest station in his mind; yet the Latin, though he was forced to acknowledge that it owed its roots to the Pelasgic, and had become mixed with other dialects, was always considered by him of primary importance, and he used to say, that no one ignorant of that language could pretend that he had received the education of a gentleman, and, *à fortiori*, could never claim the title of learned, however great his attainments might be in other languages, or in the sciences. Almost every literary fault and offence against good taste, he ascribed to the neglect of that language, regretting that the days of the Aschams, the Lilys, &c., had passed away.

With these precepts constantly repeated, and my father's example always before me, it might appear extraordinary that I did not attain the highest eminence in the classics, were it not a fact too notorious to require illustration, that the human mind seldom proceeds in the course indicated by the wisdom and experience of others.

When parental control, and academical tutors, no longer directed my pursuits, and I felt myself independent of all but my own inclinations, I began to compare my own acquirements with those of other men, and felt, or fancied I felt, the ground for distinction amongst the ancients already occupied. I, therefore, determined to abandon the often contested fields of Greece and Rome, and to direct my steps into other regions. I wished not for

"The languor of inglorious days;"

nor had I any disinclination from the *species* of pursuit which I had followed; but I felt a desire to abandon only the old high road of learning, to search my way, amongst roses or thorns, in flowery paths or briery hedges, to the same temple of fame.

Inspired with all the ardour of a scholar for a new literary pursuit, I determined to trace the origin and peculiarities of the *modern languages of Europe*, and to select that language for peculiar study which should be found most entitled to pre-eminence.

In this new course, instead of being overburdened by the help of others, I felt so much difficulty in proceeding at first, that my ardour was greatly repressed, and I almost might have merited Tacitus's observation, of being *acribus initiis, incurioso fine*, it not having occurred to me to consider beforehand the difference between a distant prospect and the actual entrance into a large city: "Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke."

I was much surprised to learn that the languages of Europe are upwards of thirty in number. They appear to have been divided by the most eminent philologists, into four principal families:—

The Celtic, or Celtic-Cimbric;
The Latin, or Greco-Latin;

The Teutonic, or Gothic, or Scythian;
The Slavonic, or Sarmathian.

The *Celtæ* are the oldest known inhabitants of Europe. They came originally from Asia, and settled principally between the Rhine and the Pyrenees; but at what precise period our historical records have not named. They called themselves *Gail*, or *Gael*, which the Romans converted into into *Galli*, and the Greeks into *Kelte*. The *Cymri*, a German race, drove the *Celtæ*, subsequently, out of the north of France, and they fled to England, where they were again dispossessed, at a later period, by the *Cymri*, when these had in their turn been expelled from Gaul. The *Cymri* were the nation chiefly in possession of the south parts of Britain, when *Julius Cæsar* invaded this island, and whose ultimate settlement, when the Teutonic tribes obtained the predominance, was chiefly in Wales, the inhabitants of which country still continue to call themselves Cymri. The Irish and Scotch are the descendants of the Celtæ who first inhabited the southern parts of this island, and are in fact the *most ancient* Britons, conceding the title of *ancient* Britons to the Welch.

The *Gaelic*, the *Erse*, and *Welch*, being the principal languages of the Celtic-Cimbric, I felt no inclination to cultivate an acquaintance with that branch of the family of European languages; and the *Russian*, *Polish*, &c., being equally unattractive, I was not disposed to transfer my philological affections on the Slavonic tribe, which was the last race that established settlements in Europe.

I, therefore, had the choice left of the two other branches, the one descending from the Latin, and the other from the Teutonic; and of these it was natural that I should adopt the first, for which my previous studies had prepared me.

Of this branch, the *French* was the language to which my attention was first directed; and, on consulting the native writers, I congratulated myself on the choice that I had made, as they all agreed in a universal concord of praise, not only of the beauties of the language itself, but of the eminence of the French writers, as having, in *every branch of literature*, excelled those of other countries. Experience convinced me, however, that their statements were dictated by national vanity and ignorance, and I believe that the following summary will be found extracted from truth.

The French language is of very ignoble birth. Its chief progenitor was that branch of the Latin, called the *Romana rustica*. This, subsequently, became incorporated with the Celtic and Cimbric, and from this union was formed the *Romance language*, which took its rise with the Troubadours, about the eleventh century. The present French language rose by slow degrees, and the national writers ascribe its perfection to the *siècle de Louis XIV.*, which period they also distinguish as the most celebrated for the literary productions of their country. What the language is wanting in antiquity, is not compensated by richness. Having the defect of a nasal intonation, and being monotonous for want of accent and quantity, and moreover, abounding in mute syllables, it can never be harmonious; and, having, in a word, no prosody, and being incapable of transposition, it can never be the true language of poetry, though many fine verses have been produced by *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Voltaire*, &c. Perhaps the only French writer who is really deserving of the title of poet is *La Fontaine*, who is a writer perfectly *per se*, admitting no competitor in fable amongst modern

writers. To all *Gay's* simplicity, he adds delicacy—to his truth, grace—and to his ease, the happiest lightness and variety of diction. Besides laying claim to poetry in its exclusive sense, the French claim for it, in its connexion with theatrical subjects, the first rank among modern nations. To this they can have no just title, not only from the defects of their language, which have just been enumerated, but also, from their frigid imitation of the ancients, the fictitious rules with which they have embarrassed themselves, and the exclusion of true passion and romantic sentiment. *Voltaire's* productions, and particularly his *Zaïre*, have appeared to me nearer approximations to tragedy, than the higher-vaunted *statelinesses* of *Corneille* and *Racine*. When I next say that *Moliere's* comedies do not, in my opinion, rise to a higher rank than that of farces, I congratulate myself on not being personally known to any Frenchman, as I should certainly find a challenge on my table the day after these memoirs appear in print. That the French are particularly weak in productions of legitimate history, I believe may be named without giving them deadly offence; and, on the contrary, it is but just to state that, in *memoires pour servir à l'histoire*, they are abundant, though they have not yet had any masterhead to arrange and select these chaotic treasures.

With all its defects, the French language is a *sine qua non* of every man who wishes to pass current in the world, for it is the language *par excellence* for conversation of elegant society, for epistolary intercourse, and for diplomacy: in a word, it is *la langue sociale et politique de l'Europe*.

At the period when I experienced the disappointment of my expectations of French poetry, my heart became affected with that *tender* passion, which has ever exercised the most powerful influence on the happiness and destinies of mankind. Irritated at the frigidity of the authors that I was reading, and unable to find in our native writers poetic sentiments at all adequate to the warm conceptions of an enamoured heart, I naturally turned to the language of song, of poetry, and of love, and commenced the study of the *Italian*, inspired by the most powerful incentive to its acquisition.

This language may be called the eldest daughter of the Latin, united to a barbarian descendant of the Goths. Though this union gave birth to the inflections and many new words of its northern parent, it has retained many of the virtues of its maternal origin, and has superadded the loveliest graces. Rich in vowels, and possessing a fixed quantity, its powers of harmony are unrivalled; and it is of all languages best adapted to musical compositions. Nor are its merits confined to euphony, but it possesses also the rich variety of transposition, of augmentives, of diminutives, and of capability of expression of every shade of sentiment. With such advantages, it is much to be regretted that its literature has not equalled its intrinsic capabilities. On the revival of learning, it was the first that distinguished itself, and it soon became pre-eminent both in poetry and in prose. In the latter it is well known for its tales, which have proved the sources from which authors of all nations have drawn their subject-matter, not to exclude even our own immortal Shakspeare. Though less generally known, it deserves not less honourable mention, that their prose writers have greatly distinguished themselves in history, though they have, unfortunately for the diffusion of their reputation, treated on subjects of a local nature, and of events when modern Europe

was yet in its infancy, and its politics unformed. The reputation of its literature rests chiefly on its poetry; but even in this the productions of the Italian writers fell far short of my expectations. *Dante*, though without compare their greatest poet, is obscure and diffuse; and, to those who cannot go into the depths of Italian learning, the majestic correctness of *Tasso*, and the wild sweetness of *Ariosto*, often prove more attractive. With their two most celebrated lyric poets I felt the least of all satisfied. *Petrarch's* feelings appear to have been the invention of his head, and never to have been the natural overflowings of his heart; and *Metastasio*, who restricted himself to the use of only about six thousand words, being less than a seventh part of the words in the Italian language, appears further to have restricted these words to a proportionately small number of ideas.

Imagination and delicacy characterize the amatory poetry of the Italians, but we look in vain for profound impressions and soothing reveries, and we feel convinced that "the Italians are ignorant of characters like the English, where the profoundest sensibilities are habitually repressed, and a surface of ice is spread over a soil of fire."

The romantic wishes of my heart now turned to the language of *Spain*, in hopes that I might find some vibrations in consonance with my feelings; and here I was not disappointed. Calderon, Lopez de Vega, Garcilaso, Boscan, and Montemazor add to sweetness and delicacy that plaintiveness and melancholy which ever prevail where the heart is most sensibly touched. The tales of this nation also contain more richness, interest, and variety than those of Italy, though few others are known in this country than *Don Quixote* and the *Novelas Exemplares* of the same author. The literature of this nation is also rich in history, particularly about the period of Charles V., when Spanish was almost the universal language of Europe, having in the preceding reign been introduced into South America, over which continent it by degrees became generally extended. The language itself has the *Romana rustica* for its foundation, on which superstructures have been erected by the Carthagenians, Suevi, Visigoths, and Arabians; and, notwithstanding the guttural sounds derived from the last, it is rich, harmonious, majestic, and sonorous. Since the sixteenth century the Spanish literature has been undeservedly neglected.

The last language of Latin descent to which my attention was directed was the *Portuguese*, but I did not feel induced to pursue the study of it with much attention. I could not but regard it a dialect of the Spanish, though the Portuguese themselves are particularly anxious that it should be considered a perfectly distinct language. They also pride themselves on having produced original writers in every department of human knowledge, though in its literature we hardly appear to know the Portuguese but as the language in which Camoens wrote. In its pronunciation it is distinguished from the Spanish by having more softness, by being free from the guttural sounds, and by being disfigured by a nasal intonation.

I must acknowledge that I did not do perfect justice to the last language, being anxious, after such a long course of visits to every branch of one family, to extend my acquaintance to others, though I should, by such means, be thrown amongst strangers, and find myself obliged to study characters very distinct from those with which I had hitherto been associated. In directing my mental steps to the north, the mind rather fol-

lowed than led the physical progression which has obtained of late years, many European travellers having apparently expected that greater gratification or novelty would be found in exploring these less accessible recesses than in pursuing an easy course, "with the undistinguished heap," down the soft declivities of the south.

The Teutonic, Gothic, or *Scythian,* is subdivided into two principal branches, the Scandinavian and Germanic languages. The first is considered the more ancient, and it includes four languages, the Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and Icelandic. The *Swedish* is the most musical of all the Teutonic dialects, being rich in sonorous vowels, and abounding in liquid combinations; and it has also the advantage of possessing a perfect passive verb, without requiring the aid of the auxiliary.* The peculiarity which it also has of incorporating the article into the end of the substantive, would be too trivial to mention, did we not trace in it the origin of the same operation in the Italian, with the article and preposition, and with the pronoun and the verb.† The *Danish, Norwegian,* and *Icelandic,* may be regarded rather as dialects of the Swedish than as distinct languages, though the first and the last have many original writers, and the Danes in particular may lay claim to productions of considerable merit. I could not succeed in finding any Norwegian books, and I believe it is merely a spoken language. To the Icelandic we owe the *Sagas,* which have so greatly contributed to illustrate that part of our history which precedes the Norman Conquest. Though the presses of Sweden and Denmark teem with productions, I found more than half of the works which I procured, translations from the German, English, and French; and as the best productions of these countries have been written in Latin, I feel persuaded, after having bestowed on these languages considerable study and application, that their acquisition can only be valuable to the etymologist: to him they are indispensably requisite.

The rising reputation of the productions of *Germany* invited my most earnest and eager exertions to the mastery of its language. The variety of its grammatical inflections rose up in formidable array, supported by all the unhappy associations of early days of toil at Latin and Greek; but I was in some degree consoled by finding the syntax comparatively easy. And, after having first become freed from that sense of vagueness and indistinctness which always attends the commencement of the study of a language, and having subsequently passed to the capability of judging of its merits, I am convinced that it deserves the praise which has been bestowed on it. It must be acknowledged that it is harsh, from the constant occurrence of the guttural *ch,* and from its abundance of consonants; but this defect kicks the beam in the scale of its value, when weighed down by its richness and inexhaustible resources, which are all within itself, and are never borrowed from foreign sources; and it is, therefore, not only the richest of all European languages, but its treasures are in progress of constant increase by those internal powers, which give it faculties that were enjoyed by the Greek language alone to the same extent. It is the only modern language that can translate Homer word for word. Though during a long period but little known to the rest of Europe, it has become the rival of the other principal languages, and, in the number and value of its

---

* I love, *Jag älskar.* I am loved, *Jag älskas.*
† A youth, *yngling.* The youth, *ynglingen.*

productions, bids fair to surpass all but English. As the Germans also translate almost everything from all European languages, it may be considered as forming the general and most complete *depôt* existing of all human knowledge.

It would be in vain to offer observations, within the limits to which this sketch is restricted, on the general literature of a nation of such multifarious productions, to which new additions and fresh characteristics are daily added. But, though the Germans have done so much, many of their works are but raw, though valuable, materials, which still require modelling by the hand and chisel of Taste. In fact, she will have to make great excisions in their works of Fancy, as regards both poetry and romance, where imagination is distorted by exaggeration, sensibility is sullied by coarseness, and good sense, truth, and delicacy are as yet strangers.

Dutch is the only remaining language in the course which I proposed to pursue. The words of the Earl of Chatham on another subject, may almost be applied to this language: "It need only be mentioned that it may be despised." Being composed merely of derivatives from Frankish, Flemish, German, and other dialects, it cannot interest the etymologist; having attained no reputation in literature, it cannot attract the man of letters; and having a pronunciation particularly uncouth, with even more gutturals than the German, without any of its redeeming qualities, its application must be restricted to the purposes of Commerce, which "looks at the use and not the ornament of things."

The history of my literary course being now completed, I find myself once more "*alla paterna riva*," delighted at the prospect of enjoying the invaluable productions of "Old England." Our native tongue, the simplest of all European languages in its construction, is next to the German in richness; but it is even below the Dutch in point of purity of origin, having on its Saxon foundation erected the most incongruous combinations of Danish, Norman, French, Latin, and Greek; and it is not able to claim a greater antiquity, as a language of public affairs, than the time of Edward III.

But it is the language of MAN, in the noblest acceptation of the word, and the impress of MIND is stamped on every feature. Deep and convincing in its philosophy, noble and overpowering in its eloquence, masterly and comprehensive in its history, harmonious and tender in its poetry, England has no rival in the combined treasures of its literature, which is universally characterized by good sense, deep sensibility, and manly energy of language and thought.

It must not be urged, however, that, because an Englishman is born to such a noble inheritance of mind, he should confine his knowledge to his native language, any more than that he should confine his person to the paternal acres which he equally inherits.

"Quiconque ne voit guère
"N'a guère à dire aussi,"

and the acquisition of foreign languages, as well as travels in foreign countries, must have the happiest of all results, if they extend our knowledge, improve our hearts, and bring to our minds the conviction, that

"Where'er we roam,
"Our first, best country ever is at home."

It is not to be expected, or desired, that every man should attain to the acquisition of so many languages as Sir William Jones,* or that he should even study all those that have here been enumerated; for every one should make such selection as may best suit his particular taste, feelings, and pursuits. It is hoped that the remarks now presented may be of some utility in such selection, or that they will be found to exhibit a concentrated view of the existing principal languages of the literature of modern Europe. They must, however, be considered as forming a mere outline, which would require volumes to fill up; and it is, therefore, hoped, that its defects will be considered as owing, in great measure, to the limitation of space within which it is sketched, and that they be not ascribed solely to the deficiencies and inabilities of

B.

THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

" I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth—but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of Humanity;
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."—WORDSWORTH.

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,
To the world that is under the free blue skies!
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells
A light all made for the poet dwells;
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellower glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies they wear, have birth;
There is peace where the alders are whispering low:
Come from man's dwellings, with all their woe!

---

* The following is a copy of a memorandum in Sir William Jones's hand-writing, of his own acquisition of languages:—

" Eight languages studied critically, English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit;

" Eight languages, studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary,—Spanish, Portuguese, German, Reinic, Hebrew, Bengalic, Hindi, Turkish;

" Twelve languages, studied least perfectly, Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welch, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese. In all, twenty-eight languages."

Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones, 4*to. p.* 376.

Yes! we will come—we will leave behind
The homes and the sorrows of human kind;
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright blue vein along sunny meads:

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe;
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings:

And to watch the colours that flit and pass
With insect-wings through the wavy grass;
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's bark,
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea;
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet;—
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot;—

If the cell where a hermit of old hath prayed
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade;—
Or if some nook, where the wild flowers wave
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,
There our quick spirits awhile delayed;
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,
Steeped in soft hues of the summer-air,—
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,
Where it hath poured forth its vows to Heaven;
Where to repose it hath brightly past,
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,
We, only *we*, may be linked to God! F. H.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The Divorce bill, in the case of Miss Turner, has passed through both houses of Parliament in the last month. This proceeding winds up the measure of compensation, which, as it was most richly due, it has given us great pleasure to see dealt out, to the exploit of the two Messrs. Wakefield; and those persons have now nothing left to do, except to congratulate themselves on the extraordinary leniency of their sentence; to wear out their respective terms of imprisonment with such salutary studies and reflections as may guard them against falling into similar difficulty a second time; and, finally, if experience can make them wise, as soon as possible after their liberation, to quit a country, in which their names, long before that period arrives, will have been forgotten, but in which they never can be revived but to become the subjects of animadversion and contempt. Because there are limits within which even the least worthy or scrupulous members of society, in thought and feeling, are accustomed (and compelled) to confine themselves; men of integrity and principle hold the gamester, who conceals his skill in order to win the money of his antagonist, a character unfit for their association; but all the world concurs, that the fellow who passes these bounds of villainy, and slips a card, or substitutes false dice, for the purposes of plunder, shall be kicked, as a thief and a gambler, out of doors. The adventurer who can plead even the vulgar excuse of a "passion" for the person of my daughter, and marries her against my consent—his conduct cannot be justified; the man who simulates a passion for a woman which he does not feel, in order to obtain possession of her wealth, is guilty of a sordid act, and an act of disgraceful moral wrong; but the ruffian who, by force or direct fraud, inveigles my daughter from my house—who accomplishes this object, not even by a misrepresentation of his own feelings, or desires, or intentions, but by forging the authority of those relatives or protectors, whose directions she lawfully and unhesitatingly recognizes as commands—that man is as essentially a swindler and a robber as the fellow who knocks at the door of my house in my absence from home, and obtains possession from my servants of my horse, my silver spoons, or my gold watch; his is an imposition against which I look to the Old Bailey to secure me; and to that tribunal, as a felon who has robbed me—not as a fellow-citizen who has injured—I hand him over accordingly.

That this is the view, and the only fit view which can be taken of the conduct of Mr. Wakefield and his brother, we conceive can scarcely admit of doubt. The common principle which, in all questions of "obtaining property," distinguishes the *criminal* act of "fraud," or "false pretence," from the contraction of a *civil* "debt," applies to their case directly and entirely. The law permits a man, in many transactions of common dealing—(that is, it refuses for such a course to proceed *criminally* against him)—to use misrepresentation to those with whom he deals, as far as *his own* objects or intentions are concerned; but it hangs the same man without mercy, or at least sends him as a robber to Botany Bay, the moment he compasses his fraud by assuming the character, or counterfeiting the authority, of *a third person.* If a swindler purchases plate or diamonds from a goldsmith, upon the most flagrant mis-statement of his own ability or intention to pay for them, still the law calls this a peril against which the dealer's own caution may protect him, and the purchaser has only incurred a civil debt; but if

he obtain the same goods from the tradesman, on the pretence that he has come from Mr. A. or Mr. B., (that tradesman's known customer) with orders that they shall be delivered to him on the account of those parties, then he becomes a robber within the view of the criminal law; and, instead of going to the Fleet, or the King's Bench prison, he goes to Van Dieman's Land for the offence. This distinction is so clear, that it can need no pressing. The actual villainy in both the above cases perhaps is pretty nearly the same. But the first belongs to a class of crimes which the law (criminally) would be unable to deal with—because the very misstatement (which constitutes the whole offence) would become a question of degree—it is not a simple, distinct fact, which can be given in evidence, but a matter of inference, which it is difficult, with sufficient exactness, to prove. But the *second* case stands upon a different, and upon a tangible footing; the offender has passed the line which the mercy and caution of the law (rather than its justice) has said shall be established for his protection; and it is not because the knave, who has robbed me to-day, by becoming a bankrupt with 3000*l.* of my property in his possession, happens to leave me—according to the usages of the community—without a remedy, that the rogue who forges a check for the same amount upon me to-morrow—although in either case I am but cheated of so much money—shall be suffered to escape.

The legal propriety of the conviction of the Messrs. Wakefield, therefore, stands beyond a question. Of their moral guilt, it is unnecessary to speak; a more heartless or cold-blooded act of violence than that which they have committed, induced by no motive beyond that of the mere desire of gain, it would be difficult to conceive. And, if we try them by that spurious sort of equitable jurisdiction under which they have set up a miserable claim to be adjudged—by the law that gives a civic wreath to the hat of the highwayman, who goes up Holborn-hill with his boots well cleaned, and a nosegay in his bosom, or places an urn over the cross-road grave of the forger, who closed his career by his own hand to escape that of the executioner—even under this "cutter's law"—the Brummagem code of honour—the case of the Messrs. Wakefield becomes more indefensible still; because its immunities extend only to crimes which are redeemed by some shew of talent or qualification; and theirs has not a single trait of spirit or gallantry about it—not a single bright spot—from the beginning to the end.

It is an unlucky feature, indeed, in the practice of this court of "cassation," to which the Messrs. Wakefield, in the desperation of their course, have attempted to appeal, that it is a tribunal which is never favourable to *unsuccessful* gamesters: and, moreover, as lawless as it appears, it is still guided by some principles in its decisions, which find no holding or application to their case. The sort of illegitimate complacency with which we dwell upon the unhallowed exploits of Turpin or Jack Shepherd, is not wholly without a foundation in reasonable feeling, or a reference to the real interests and advantage of society. It is not that we are disposed to excuse, or palliate crime; but, that, where the same picture that exhibits an act of offence, displays at the same moment an evidence of power, we do not refuse to "look at both indifferently." Where a highwayman beats off, single-handed, half-a-dozen police officers—or a deserter from the army shoots an equal number of the soldiers, who are sent to apprehend him—we are not rejoicing in the bloodshed, nor do we hesi-

tate to hang the man—because we cannot refuse to see that the same strength and courage merited a more fortunate direction. In the same way, where a coiner, or a stage-coach robber, compasses his violation of the law by some process of great dexterity, and escapes with the plunder, we are not pleased that the law is baffled; although we feel that the offender *has* shewn a rare ingenuity—admitting that ingenuity to have been misapplied. But then, while we may laugh, under the influence of this mixed feeling, at the steady eye and delicate touch of a pick-pocket, like Barrington, who would cut off a fine gentleman's watch-chain, or abstract his wig, while he was discussing politics with him—or excuse the clever humbug with which an active young man of five-and-twenty years of age (and of one shirt) gulls a widow into a second marriage at sixty years of age, who has "purple and fine linen" in abundance—yet we have no grain of sympathy for the rascally footpad who waits for a passenger in a dark alley with a bludgeon, and plunders him securely, after a blow from behind which stuns him, or perhaps (for the striker's more perfect security) beats out his brains; and even still less with the ruffian of Connaught or Galway, who aided by an armed force, carries off some female whom he knows holds him in horror or detestation, on the chance that she may buy redemption from disgrace, by consent to "a marriage," which puts him in possession of her portion.

In every possible point of view, therefore—this is the first time that we have adverted to this transaction, and we are already anxious to wash our hands of it—the case of the Messrs. Wakefield seems to us to be a hopeless and a disgraceful one. As far as the law is concerned, the escape of the parties with the sentences which they have received, may be considered to be a fortunate one. Upon the moral guilt of their conduct—or upon the penalties which, in moral justice, ought to have followed it, it would be loss of time to bestow a word. But, in the character of a "cavalier"—the *rôle* which the elder of these gentlemen has affected to assume—in the claim to be treated, as it were, as an "adventurer," stepping forward to execute a feat in the public eye the success and splendour of which should draw away attention from its criminality—taken in this light (which it was an evil hour whenever he pretended to appear in), the failure of Mr. Edward Wakefield has been so ludicrously complete, that it becomes worth while just to record the circumstances and extent of it!—He obtained possession of Miss Turner's person—using a device, which every footman in England could have used as competently and successfully as himself—but he *had* possession of the lady, and undisturbed possession. Being ashamed to talk of "love," he courted her, not so *well* as a footman would have done, but like an attorney's "pay" clerk—talking about debts, and bills, and bonds, and bailiffs, and pleas, and pounce boxes, and skins of parchment. After an opportunity of seven whole days to propitiate a girl of fifteen—who the deuce could it be that deluded this gentleman to set up for a gallant, and a fortune hunter!—all the lady's desire is *to get away from him.* And he winds up this display of rapacity, of fraud, and miserable insufficiency, by a wretched attempt—after she has renounced him—*to blacken her reputation!*

It is not an ounce of civet, but a whole apothecary's shop full, that a man would need to sweeten his imagination after even talking about this last offence. The effort at slander is as hopeless and absurd, as it is discreditable—but, in this circumstance, it only tallies with all the other features

of Mr. Wakefield's enterprise. The fact attempted to be insinuated, were it *true*, would have been no circumstance (at the time when it is said to have occurred) of *denial*, or *concealment!* if it were fact, it would be capable, not of being hinted or asserted, but of distinct and satisfactory *proof*. But, besides that the mere act of a man's coming voluntarily forward as the utterer of a charge like that in question, deserves to stamp him as unworthy of belief, there is still a stronger obstacle to credit in the way of the accusation, as it is got up by Mr. Wakefield;—most men will be of opinion that *his* word could have very little worth one way or the other in the question, whether the statement was *true;* but every man will know that, if it *were* true, the occasion would *never have arisen* for its being uttered.

We abstained, as our readers will have noticed, from commenting upon this case, until the last point in it was finally determined. We should, probably, not have adverted to it at all, but from something like an attempt at its *extenuation*, which has appeared (we do not very well understand upon what principle) in a publication, where (to say the least for it) a bolder and more manly style of policy and feeling had been commonly displayed. It is unnecessary for us, after what we have already said, to go into any expression of personal opinion upon the merits of the parties concerned. But certainly, if it were possible to forget the disgust which one of the last circumstances connected with their case excites, the ridiculous discomfiture which their "spirit and gallantry" has received throughout the rest of it, would almost be entitled to our pity.

Politics for the month have produced nothing either very entertaining, or very important. Every measure proposed—good or bad—has been "put off," lest "discussion should embarrass the New Ministry:" upon which the *Examiner*, of Sunday, the 17th June, has some lively remarks. The likening of the New Administration to the lady *en famille*, is carried a little too far for good taste—some people never can give up a tolerable thought till they have ridden it to death, if once they get hold of it; but the idea—among other measures of tenderness and precaution—of "the knockers being tied up, and Joseph Hume being thrashed for making a noise in the street," is comical. The general discussions which have taken place, have demonstrated with singular felicity, the proposition which we took the liberty of submitting last month, as to the very guarded assent which ought to be given to the declarations of statesmen, while they are in opposition. Sir James Scarlett, the other night, in the House of Commons, having come (with his new seat, as the King's Attorney General) to a cautious and constitutional mode of thinking befitting that high office, defended, or, as Mr. Peel expressed it, "did tardy justice to," one of the late Lord Londonderry's "Six acts;" and Mr. Brougham lets out the fact in his dinner speech at Liverpool—which certainly no one, who has been in the habit of listening to him for the last five years, would ever have suspected—that he has, all along, been (notwithstanding his incessant attacks both on the private feeling and public conduct of that noble and learned personage), most particularly the personal and professional friend of Lord Eldon! The scene which followed the announcement of this truth, by the honourable and learned Member, at Liverpool, was rather whimsical; and reminds us of the result of an attempt that Mr. Liston, the actor, once made to play "high tragedy" in London. When Mr. Liston appeared on the stage as Octavian, the house, almost before he spoke, was convulsed with laughter;—upon which he

came forward.—"Ladies and Gentlemen! I am serious." (This was thought a better joke than the other, and there were shouts from all sides of "Bravo!" with increased laughter).—"Ladies and Gentlemen! I beg to say this is a mistake." (Peals of incessant laughter). Once again, with his indescribable face, the actor tried—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to *assure* you, that this is meant to be a serious performance!" But the house could not fancy it serious. The more solemn and impassioned the performer became, the more inextinguishably they laughed; and he wsa eventually compelled to give the effort up. Mr. Brougham's case was not quite so bad as this. In the end, he did, we believe, persuade his audience that he *was* Lord Eldon's "friend,"—although they did not perceive altogether how he *could be so*. But the conviction was not universal. Several of the good people of Liverpool came away from the dinner, muttering as they made their way homewards—"Friend!—Friend!" And rather inclined to exclaim with Falstaff, when they recollected the speeches of the honourable and learned gentleman in every Chancery question for the preceding five years—"Call you this backing of your friends? A plague of such backing," &c. &c.

Mr. Hume, however, who sticks fast to his seat on the opposition bench, reserving to himself the power of canvassing the measures of the new ministry, while their general principles of policy have his support, brought forward a motion, a few nights before the close of the session, on the subject of the promotions in the navy. And on that occasion something like notice of an intention to attempt instituting the practice of selling commissions in the naval service—or at least of trying the chance of some measure to that effect—was given by Sir George Cockburn. Without taking the trouble to argue the question, how far the practice of selling promotions, may have been advantageous or hurtful in the British army, the whole of the circumstances connected with the two services are so essentially different, that we should be extremely loth to see it attempted in the navy. In the first place, wholly apart and distinct from his trade—if a trade it may be called—of *fighting*, the naval officer has the trade of a *seaman* to learn, which is one of infinite nicety and difficulty, and one, the importance of which ought to form one of the first circumstances for consideration, when we speak of allowing men, by any other course than that of actual service, to qualify themselves for command. Every naval officer *must* be a *sailor*: it is not absolutely necessary that every officer of the army should be a *soldier*. Five years of service in barracks, or at Brighton, may qualify an officer of the army to go into the field as a captain of a company; and it is not impossible even that with that very limited experience, he might get very well through all the duty that would be required of him; but in what a condition would any man find himself, who, after twenty years spent at Gravesend or Woolwich, were suddenly called on to fill the place of lieutenant on board a man-of-war! A gentlemen fresh from Bond-street, may charge, with abundant courage, at the head of a hundred bayonets, and, therefore, there may be no great mischief in allowing him to buy the right of occupying such a place; but it is utterly impossible that all the gold which ever was expected to come from South America, should qualify a gentleman fresh from Bond-street, either to fight or manœuvre a ship.

There is an objection, however, to allowing men to purchase rank in the navy, beyond this—an objection which arises out of the entire and absolute trust and power, which are necessarily confided to almost

every officer of the navy, but which only attaches in the army to officers of a rank to which purchase gives no access. We allow officers in the army to purchase up to a lieutenant-colonelcy: an officer in the navy would be allowed to purchase up to a post-captaincy: and here the power of purchase, on both sides, would cease. But, whatever apparent equality there may be in the rank, there is no parity at all in the degrees of trust and authority, which we should be allowing the parties in the two services, by their money, to become possessed of; for the post-captain of a frigate—or even the master and commander, who commands a gun-brig or a sloop—these persons are placed in situations constantly, where their power is as absolute, as paramount, and as free from all guidance of superior authority, direction, or control—not as the power (in the army) of a captain or of a lieutenant-colonel—but of a general officer entrusted with the command of twenty thousand men. It very seldom happens, in the army, that a major, or other officer at the head of a regiment, acts independently, for any length of time, and upon his own command. His regiment forms part of a brigade, which is commanded by a brigadier-general; who, in his turn, is commanded by the general of division; whose movements are again directed and controlled by the commander-in-chief of the forces. But the commander of a ship of war—though but of a third or fourth-rate—the moment his anchor is up, is, half his time, an independent agent. It sometimes happens that his ship forms part of a fleet, but quite as often that a particular duty is singly and specifically committed to him. Brigs of war, if we recollect right, are commanded by officers who have the rank of lieutenants in the navy; this rank is equal to that of a captain in the army. But, although there may be no great mischief in allowing a raw man, by money, to obtain the latter commission, where no duty of difficulty or nicety will devolve upon him, and no duty at all in the performance of which he will not be subject, five or six deep, to control and *surveillance*, yet it would be a little too much to allow an individual no better qualified to take upon himself the entire command and disposal of a ship of war and her crew—with all that despotic authority which is claimed and exercised by the commanders of vessels of war at sea—and the *onus* of maintaining for us that reputation for superior skill and talent in the naval service, which is so deeply important to the honour and interests of the country. There are other objections, and numerous ones, to the system of selling commissions in the navy, into which our limits do not enable us at this moment to go. But it is whimsical to observe how liable our views of practicability and policy are to be guided by our personal convenience. The use of the *impress* system has been defended—in preference to the system of bounties and enlistment—in the navy, upon the plea that the service required *peculiar men*—sailors of skill and experience—whom *money* could not purchase: and now we discover that *money* may be a fit and admitted circumstance of qualification, in the selection of the *officers* by whom these *sailors*, whom money cannot purchase, are to be commanded!

A Morning Paper notices, as a matter of surprise, that "a corps of artillery" has arrived from Dublin at Woolwich, in the short space of seven days. The journalist's statement as to the time is correct; but his surprise is the effect of inadvertence; he does not perceive that the corps which has made this rapid transit, is a corps of the "*Flying* Artillery."

A Complete Outfit.—The haberdashers in Cornhill and Fenchurch-

street, who "make up" the cadets for India, have a pleasant notion of "purveying in general." From a saddle to a soap-box—a sword to cut one's fingers with, to sticking plaster to heal them—every appliance that "frail humanity" (we would think) could want, comes within the limit of their ministry. But we never (proverbially) can tell when we have reached the north!—there are a set of constituted authorities, who, in their providence, beat these calculators of man's necessities hollow. The overseers' contracts, for the parish of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, advertised last week to be taken "by the lowest bidder," request that "tenders" may be made for the supply (for the benefit and consolation of the inhabitants of the workhouse of the said parish) of the following commodities. To wit, "good ox beef, at per pound." "Salt butter—duly wired and scraped—at per cwt." "Glo'ster cheese—or ditto of equal quality." "Small beer, worked clear of yeast." "*Coffins* and *wool shrouds*, from two to four feet each—at per C. and S.!" "*Ditto*—from four to six feet—at per *ditto!*"

There is a delicacy in this style of giving a hint to people in a workhouse—ordering in their small beer and their coffins at the same time? But *manner* in the present day is every thing. We speak now, "for our grace," as *Master Stephen* did, when he termed the cudgelling with which *Downright* threatened him, "the bastinado." So, a journeyman artisan becomes, by courtesy, an Operative. A fellow who teaches greater fools than himself to play at leap-frog, or climb up a pole, is a "Professor of Gymnastics." An Irishman making speeches in a public-house is a "Defender of his country's rights." And a flea—is a practitioner of phlebotomy. A Sunday paper, now, for further example, before us, contains the following parabolical advertisement, under the head of "Newspaper chat:"—

"Pistrucci and some Italian Refugees have been getting up a dramatic representation at the King's Concert-room; and we are glad to see men in their unhappy, but yet honourable situation, *occupying, by so elegant and agreeable an amusement, some of that time which must hang heavily upon their hands.* Italian literature has become fashionable of late—it is lucky that fashion, in this instance, has taken so useful a turn; and we recommend all those who wish to take the most agreeable kind of lesson in the language, to attend these exhibitions. There are three more, and they take place on the Wednesday evenings."

Now we have not the slightest objection to the success of Signor Pistrucci, and think him on the contrary rather an entertaining exhibitor; but people who perform in a theatre for hire, are not in general spoken of as *seeking an agreeable amusement to occupy the time which might hang heavy on their hands!*

But again, in the advertisement of a rehearsal of some music at St. Paul's, on the occasion of "The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy," we find—

"The Committee, with the view of promoting the benefit of this charity, respectfully beg leave to express their *hope* that, for admission into the church and choir, no person will contribute *less than half-a-crown.*"—"*Contributions* of *gold* will admit each person to the galleries and closets, &c."

This expedient of fixing the amount of an alms is decidedly a modern invention. Our ancestors would certainly have said—"Admission to the body of the church, half-a-crown: to the galleries, closets, &c., half-a-

guinea." Apropos, however, to the mention of our ancestors—this very charity reminds us that a "reformation" may be sometimes a sort of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. The *Catholic* clergy had *no* sons: so that our ancestors, on this score, paid neither half-a-crown nor half-a-guinea.

The advertisements of common traders—in an effort to be attractive and eloquent—sometimes contain similar whimsicalities of expression. As, for instance, an auctioneer advertises the sale of some unredeemed pawnbroker's pledges, in the *Herald* of this morning, as—"a *short*, but *gratifying* collection." And a pastry-cook of Dean-street, Soho, in *The Times*, recommends his "plum cakes" as "an agreeable *recreation!*"

The hot weather being now "hourly to be expected," the magistrates of Bow-street have issued their notice to the dogs to keep themselves duly tied up for the next two months, and muzzled. Abundant lapping of cold water, and a little brimstone (where it can be had) are recommended; and all who neglect these cautions are liable to be summarily punished with death.

Two actions against periodical publications for libel have been tried since our last: one against Knight's Quarterly Magazine, by Mr. Soane, who seems desirous that people who laugh at his architecture should be in a condition to laugh at himself into the bargain: and a second against the *Examiner* newspaper, by Mr. Parry, the author of a work called "The last Days of Lord Byron," in which a verdict, with small damages, was obtained for the plaintiff. People seldom have patience to be prudent, when their own foibles, or those of their connections, are attacked; and the *Examiner* certainly was ill-advised in publishing the charges that Mr. Parry complained of. Mr. P., it will be recollected, wrote a book, or got a book written, called "The last Days of Lord Byron," about two years ago (some time prior to the exposures in the affairs of the "Greek Committee") which contained, among a good many other light, pleasant, readable, and not always uninteresting matters, a very laughable story of a "breakfast and morning's walk," which the writer went through with Jeremy Bentham. Now, whether it is fair to breakfast with a man first, and quiz him afterwards, may be a point perhaps for dispute; but, at any rate, Mr. Parry's story contained nothing *beyond* quizzing; and, if Mr. Bentham's friends had laughed at it (as other people did), in three weeks it would have been forgotten. But, unluckily, laughing was beyond the patience of the little party at the back of St. James's park: the *Times* newspaper copied Mr. Parry's "breakfast" into its pages, which of course sent the affair all over the kingdom; and out came the *Examiner* in a fury in reply!—after threatening vengeance upon the *Times* (with which it had about as much chance in quarrel as a Millbank wherry would have in trying to run down a Glasgow steam boat)—with two paragraphs, in the first of which it called Mr. Parry "an exceedingly ignorant, worthless, boasting, bullying, and drunken individual, late a caulker, but calling himself a Major;" and in the next describing him, in still more direct terms, as ("not to repeat the worst of his character") "a slanderer, a sot, a bully, and a poltroon."

Now these were hard terms, to use against a man for no offence beyond that of laughing at Mr. Bentham, and a few of his friends, without conveying any imputation against their moral characters; and the *Examiner* forgot, while it applied them, that this person, who is

a "caulker," "sot," "slanderer," "bully," and "poltroon," *after* he has quizzed Mr. Bentham and a few of his acquaintance, seems, *prior* to that event, to have been an "engineer," formally engaged and employed by the Greek committee; a "Major," (as far as titles so conferred are worth talking about) in the army of the Greek government; a gentleman "introduced," (according to the account of the *Examiner* itself) "to Mr. Bentham's table, an *honour* which *the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and other similar spirits*, always duly appreciated;" and a habitual guest (according to Mr. Leicester Stanhope's evidence) at that gentleman's own table, as well as at that of the late Lord Byron. So that one would say, either Mr. Parry is something wronged in the description that the *Examiner* gives of him and his pretensions, after the quarrel about "*The last Days*," or the patrons of the Greek cause, prior to the perpetration of that work, must have chosen their agents and companions very unguardedly.

A similar infelicity as regards the balance of statement and proof, occurs again (to shew the disadvantage under which men fight when they are wroth) in the *Examiner's* comment upon the trial, in the paper of the 17th instant. In noticing the evidence touching the attack on the Turkish brig, by which the *Examiner* had proposed to prove the fact of Parry's cowardice, Lord Chief Justice Best, who tried the cause, observed to the jury that this event, whatever was the effect of it, took place in the middle of February; and that a letter was in evidence, written by the Greek committee to Mr. Parry, dated on the 11th of May (three months after that occurrence) in which the committee, instead of charging him with cowardice, express the greatest confidence in his zeal and conduct. The learned judge then remarks that this letter must have been written *after* the affair of the Turkish brig was within the *knowledge* of the committee—when he is corrected by Mr. Bowring, and informed that "*two months* is the *minimum* of time in which intelligence is received from Greece." This fact of "two months" being the "minimum" of time for intelligence to arrive, is printed in words of large Capitals in the account of the *Examiner;* and a subsequent observation in the charge to the jury, treating the fact to be otherwise, is given in italics, to mark the *partiality* of the judge; while the "Foreign news," in the very *same* paper, only three pages from the column in which this statement appears, contains an account of intelligence received from Greece, and through the medium of the French papers—after *two months* is stated to be the minimum—in a less period than *six weeks!*

The *Liverpool Mercury* states, that a newspaper has just been started at New York, which is "edited by two *gentlemen of colour*," and "intended to circulate among the black population of the United States;" we understand that this publication is called *the Jonkanoo Journal*; but we have not yet been so fortunate as to secure any numbers of it.

A Fact accounted for.—In the discussion which arose in the House of Commons, on Friday night last, on the expediency of making parochial provision for the poor of Ireland, a well-known member for one of the Caledonian boroughs, was pressing upon an English gentleman, who sat near him, the impropriety of such an arrangement, and instanced the case of Scotland, where there were no poor laws, and none were wanted. "The enormous expence which you are at in England," said the honourable member, "we entirely avoid; and yet you never hear of any person, I

think, dying of hunger in the streets of Edinburgh?"—"Why, I grant that," returned the party addressed; "but then look at the difference of the two countries! You don't consider the *impossibility* of starving a Scotchman!"

The leak which broke out some weeks since in the Thames Tunnel, and which has, of course, for the time interrupted the progress of that work, is reported, at length, by the engineers, to be entirely stopped; and no doubt is entertained (by the same authorities) of their being able to proceed securely with the excavation to the other side of the river. When the tunnel is completed—if ever that event happens—we take it that the work will amount to a triumph of practical skill rather than to a production of any real usefulness; but it may fairly be doubted, even yet, we suspect, how far its completion is to be relied on.

If it should happen to be true that there was but *one* point in the *whole* river on which the soil was likely to give way, why *then*, no doubt (taking all the matter touching the stoppage of the leak to be fully maintainable that is stated), we have arrived at the point of danger and surmounted it; but what evidence is there—we don't perceive—that such is the case? or that our having come to a weak point at the spot where the present accident has happened, is not rather an omen, that, as we advance, we shall be likely to come to one or two more?

That—with all the assured statement which is now put forth, of "the accident having been anticipated," &c.—"not at all a surprise,"—but "looked for"—the managers of the undertaking are but very imperfectly informed as to the real condition of the bed of the river, we think must be pretty clear; because, had the late accident really been "foreseen," it would be supposing them insane to believe that they would not have taken the same steps to *prevent*, which they eventually were compelled to use to *repair* it—especially, as independent of getting rid of a horrible danger, such a course would have saved nineteen-twentieths of their late expence. It is impossible, therefore—unless we are to assume that the engineers are mad—to believe that they did anticipate that, at the point just mended, the bed of the river would give way under them; and, if they have been misled in their opinion as to its security so far, there seems to be no reason why it is impossible that they should find themselves in error again.

As regards the value of the property, perhaps it would be a matter of little importance whether the scheme were proceeded in, or left where it lies; because the work will probably do well, if, when completed, it pays the charge of *its own keeping up*. A very great number of carts and waggons must suddenly begin crossing where now no carts or waggons cross at all, to pay the *expences* of a road, which will have to be lighted and watched night and day, in addition to the ordinary burthens to which such enterprizes are subject. We recollect, that not long back, the Southwark-bridge speculators were reduced to such economy, that, even in the winter, they only lighted their bridge on *one* side. This is putting aside, too, the very decided possibility—for we argue a little uncertainly when we talk from the surface of a river of all that is going on at the bottom—that the same cause which operated in producing the present mischief, may not lead to damage of a similar description hereafter. If the soil in the centre of the river be generally of a spongy, loose, oozy nature, and it is the action of the tide that has made it thinner and looser in the place where the late accident has occurred—(which seems more than likely)—what certainty is there that the same action may not operate hereafter, so as to sweep the

soil away—in parts—even from the crown of the tunnel altogether? No danger to human life, probably, could result from such an event, because the symptoms of mischief would shew themselves long enough beforehand in an increasing and gradual leakage. But there can be little doubt—unless the cause which has occasioned the flimsiness of the soil in that part of the river at which the work has now arrived has been of human production or origin (and no evidence to that effect appears)—that the same state of things which has arisen may arise again; and although the measures which have been taken lately to strengthen the bed of the river, may have answered the purpose so far as to enable the cutting of the tunnel for the present to proceed, yet a far more operose and costly process would be necessary, we suspect, to give it anything like soundness and security of a *permanent* description.

We noticed in our last number an account, given in the French *Globe*, of the death of a man of the name of Drake (an exhibitor of serpents, wild beasts, &c.) by the bite of a rattlesnake. It is singular that a second accident, nearly of the same fatal description, has occurred within the last fortnight, in the collection formerly belonging to the same individual. A young man, belonging to the caravan, holding a small rattlesnake in water, to assist it in *casting its skin*, the venomous monster suddenly turned round, and bit him in the fore finger. The lad had sufficient presence of mind to prevent the immediate escape of the serpent; and, twisting a ligature round his wounded finger, snatched up a cleaver, and desired two by-standers to strike it off upon the spot. Both the men who were present—though partners, we believe, or assistants, in the concern—hung back, and were unwilling to strike the necessary blow; but Mrs. Drake, who had arrested the offending reptile in its attempt to make off, and succeeded in confining him again in his cage, with great presence of mind, took the cleaver, and—as a Morning Paper expresses it—"performed the operation." The wounded man lived, and has done well.

The theatres,—"summer," or "winter,"—have presented nothing very striking within the last month. New books have been abundant, and more interesting. Robins has published a second series of "Mornings at Bow-street," with illustrations by Cruikshank; the plates of which are among the very best that this very ingenious artist has produced. Lady Morgan has a new novel, called "The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys," forthcoming, by Colburn; the latter novels of this lady have been second in merit to none but those of Sir Walter Scott; and no one who has read "O'Donnel," and "Florence M'Carthy," but will look for her production with curiosity and interest. Miss Emma Roberts's work—the "Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster"—is out, and a more detailed notice of it will be found in our Review Department. The subject of the book reminds us of what used to be done by Miss Benger; but Miss Roberts is the more pleasing writer of the two; her style is purer and more simple; and she deserves equal praise for the caution with which she has examined her facts, and the activity and patience with which she has elicited them. Altogether fruitful as the history or legends of the time in question are in romantic incident and recollections—we scarcely expected that Miss Roberts could have produced a book so well calculated to interest all classes of readers. Her work deserves to be, and will be, popular: it conveys considerable knowledge and instruction, at the same time that it cannot fail to afford amusement.

Lord Redesdale has a bill in progress through the House of Lords, the object of which is to regulate the business of banking. Two important provisions which it contains, are clauses which will compel bankers to publish their accounts periodically, and to give security for the amount of all notes that they may issue. There can be no doubt that if any branch of our commercial system wants consideration and regulation, it is that of banking. It is a trade, the direction and management of which has been very little canvassed; and of which the operation and effect, we take it, are very imperfectly understood.

The *long-eared* portion of society will do well to attend to a resolution, promulgated by the new Vice-chancellor, Sir Anthony Hart, upon an application to his Honour, the other day, for an "injunction" in the case of "Hunter *v.* Bell." The proceeding arose out of an affair something similar to the late dirty business of "Mr. Auldjo" and his fashionable acquaintances. The plaintiff, who is so fortunate as to be encumbered more with money than with wit, was benoodled into making a bet of 2,000*l.* upon the St. Leger; and, losing it, was compelled (after a desperate effort to *back out*) to give a bill for the amount. The bill, however, was given certainly under circumstances of some duress; when at a distance from the coaxing ways of the winner, the dislike to pay revived; and the losing gentleman accordingly applied to the Court of Chancery, for an injunction against his note being negotiated. Sir Anthony Hart said that he should not interfere. If the bill had actually been given for a gambling debt, that fact could be shewn, and it was of no value, no matter how often negotiated, or into whose hands it might fall. And, for the guidance of gentlemen who betted at races in general, it was his opinion (founded upon mature consideration), that the best way of protecting monied ninnies from imposition, was to let them understand that they must learn to keep out of ill company, and to protect themselves. We mention this decision, because it is important that it should be known in Pall Mall and St. James's Street.

French Politesse.—An ingenious writer observes somewhere—but so many have copied or imitated the *dictum* since, that to trace it to its original owner would hardly be possible—that it is practicable, by the mere difference of manner, to grant a request in such a way as shall make it offensive—and, on the contrary, to refuse in such terms as shall make the party denied feel that he receives a favour. A French officer at the battle of Spires, when the ill blood ran very high between the troops of France and Germany, and orders had been issued to give no quarter in the field, seems to have had great reliance upon this writer's opinion. A Hessian officer of infantry having been cut down and his sword broken, just as the sabre was raised which was to terminate his earthly career, entreated the victor to "spare his life." "Ah, Monsieur!" returned the Frenchman—with a shrug, which alone certainly ought to have reconciled the most unreasonable man to the thoughts of death—"Ask any thing *else*; but *life* is impossible!"

If the theatres, however, (as we observed above) have forborne to be pre-eminent in attraction during the last month, VAUXHALL has presented the town with an exhibition that makes amends:—no less than a representation, by armed men and real horses, of THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO! An erroneous impression prevailed when this entertain-

ment was first talked of, that the idea of a "battle" was allegorical—a metaphor intended to typify the havock and destruction that (on the anniversary day of Waterloo, the 18th of June) was expected to be made in the "Royal Gardens," by the company at supper. The "carnage" being supposed to point to the hosts of fowls, ducks, and pigeons (not to speak of tongues, lobsters, and legs of lamb) that would be devoured; and the "firing" to be really nothing more than the continued *feu de joie*—"pop"—"pop"—produced by the incessant opening of soda-water and ginger-beer bottles. The clashing of two thousand pairs of knives and forks, it was imagined, would aptly enough represent—especially when eked out by the jingling of spoons—the give and take music attendant on a "charge of sabres or with bayonets;" and the too clamorous guests marched off, from time to time, to the watch-house, would act the part, to the life, of "prisoners taken on the occasion." All this suspicion of "allegory," however, was matter of mistake. When the night—"big with the fate" of Mr. Gye, the member of parliament, and his friends—arrived, it was found to be the REAL battle—at the expense of, Heaven knows how many pounds of gunpowder fired off—that was to be performed; and perhaps, as we are rather pressed for room, we can hardly convey to those of our readers—if there be any such—who have not visited the "gardens," a more just impression of the interest of the scene, than by presenting them with some passages of the "bill"—premising that all the expectations which that document holds out may be taken to be realized to the uttermost.

The "entertainments commence," exactly at nine o'clock, with a comic opera called *Actors al Fresco;* after which the "BATTLE OF WATERLOO takes place" in front of the "fire-work tower;"—the "*shrubs*, &c." having been "removed and cleared away for that purpose." The scene forms "an exact representation of the field of Waterloo," (which the gardens of Vauxhall are demonstrated to possess incomparable advantages for realizing)—*viz.* "La Belle Alliance on the right of the centre of the British line:" "in the rear of their left, a small wood," &c.: "all erected in the same relative situations as on the plains of Waterloo." The battle then commences by "*Buonaparte* ordering *the troops on the left* to attack the wood and chateau of Hougomont!" The assault (of course) is "most furious and sanguinary," The walls of the gardens of Hougomont are "*loop-holed by the British troops*," and *every* means of defence adopted!" During the struggle, an interesting scene occurs.—The "*French cavalry*" make a "desperate rush, to surround the *Duke of Wellington!*" fortunately, they are "prevented by a quick movement of *our troops*," who form a diamond square, "which encompasses him, and baffles all their attempts." At this moment—the fight having lasted full seven minutes—victory begins to declare for the allies; as "*the French line*" is "making a quick movement *through the wood*" from "*the right of the hill*, the *Prussian flag* is suddenly seen waving!" the troops of *Bulow* "cover *the British:*" and "their *united forces*" (with incredible celerity) begin to put the French to the route!" The consequences of a single waver are such as might be expected. A "general attack of cavalry and infantry is made!" The enemy is forced to retreat in disorder! "And the whole becomes a *complete scene* of *havoc and slaughter;* during which various accidents occur—in particular that of an ammunition waggon blowing up! which is drawn *over*

the field in flames, by the terrified horses!" The ruin is now decisive. Buonaparte, *seeing* his attempt to recover his lost ground ineffectual, and his whole army in confusion, betakes himself to his chariot, and is seen *driving across the field, pursued by the British cavalry!* "Whole heaps of men and horses lie *expiring on the ensanguined plain!*" The chateau of Hougomont is in flames! And upon this terrible state of things the curtain falls: the whole "forming a terrific (but glorious) picture of the memorable 18th of June!" Immediately after the battle, Mr. Cooke "mounts his celebrated charger, Bucephalus;" and, "at full speed, rides up a perpendicular rock to the Temple of Fame, at the summit of the fire-work tower;" and "*there* deposits the British and French colours (as an emblem of amity) in the Temple of Concord!—*a feat uneqaalled in the annals of horsemanship!*" The "concert" commences "as soon as possible after the battle." The doors are "to be open at seven;" and the "admission" is 4*s*. The *affiche* contains nothing more that is entertaining or material—except the printer's name; but, for the entertainment, it is only justice to say that, since the sham fights at Acton and Hornsey by the "loyal London Volunteers," we don't recollect to have seen any thing so terrible or so true. Most of the characters in the military drama were admirably sustained. The Duke of Wellington, in particular, was so well hit off, that some of the visitors, from the country, believed that it was his Grace in person; and cried out—in allusion to the business of the Corn Bill—"Who moved the amendment?—Why don't you let us have a big loaf?" &c. &c.

When Mr. Waterton published his "Wanderings in South America," the story of his *riding upon the back* of a "cayman," or crocodile, in the operation of catching and killing the brute, was put down pretty generally as a "wandering" of the writer's fancy. The whole adventure, indeed—as a pleasant specimen of the Munchausen style—went, we believe, through pretty nearly every newspaper and periodical publication in England. As there is no feeling, however, more natural—so there is no effort more gratifying—to the mind of man, than scepticism; and certain it is, that the idea of "riding upon crocodiles," or, to speak more strictly, perhaps, of mounting upon their backs, as a measure of destroying them—the notion of executing this feat—whatever might have been the extent on which it was performed—was no invention of Mr. Waterton's—but was spoken of, and in print, fifty years before Mr. Waterton was born. Pococke, an Eastern traveller (of the last century), of undoubted character, who wrote his voyages in three folio volumes, in the year 1744, speaking of the crocodiles that infest the banks of the Nile, says that the following is an account which he received from the people of that country, of the manner of catching and killing them.

"They make some animal cry at a distance from the river, and when the crocodile comes out they thrust a spear into his body, to which a rope is tied (this is in fact a common harpoon). They then let him go into the water to spend himself, and afterwards drawing him out, run a poll into his mouth, and *jumping on his back*, tie his jaws together."

Now, Mr. Waterton's cayman, it will be remembered, was only ten feet and a half long—not much larger than a good sized sturgeon; so that Mr. W.'s mastering such an antagonist, after he was tied to a rope, and with a huge and barbed hook in his stomach, could hardly be an effort of very particular impossibility. Not to advert to the fact (nevertheless incontestible), that a man once upon the back of a crocodile, thirty feet long,

instead of ten, would, from the shape of the animal, so long as he could keep his seat (which, alarm apart, could not be very difficult), be as safe from any attack as if he were in the bowels of the earth.

We adverted a little way above to the "Notice to Mad Dogs," or dogs likely to go mad, published by the magistrates of Bow-street. The *Times* of Tuesday, the 26th instant, contains a sensible letter on the subject of precautions for preventing the hydrophobia, by a writer who calls himself "Medicus." This gentleman very justly observes that the practice commonly advised, of *muzzling* dogs during the hot weather, is likely, instead of doing good, to drive a great many dogs mad who would not otherwise become so. The dog does not (like the horse) perspire *through the skin* from the effects of heat; but the relief is obtained through the *mouth* —whence the habit which the dog has of hanging his tongue out, in hot weather (after very little exertion, and sometimes without any); as well as the free secretion of water, which may be observed at the same time, from the glands in the vicinity of the jaw. The practice of muzzling, therefore, which prevents the dog from relieving himself by opening the mouth and throat freely, and also prevents him from drinking continually, which he is inclined to do, is a course perfectly well calculated to worry him into fever; while in fact, it does *not* take away from him (every one conversant with the matter will be aware of this), the power to *bite*, where he is angry and disposed to do so. The remedy, or rather precaution against danger, which the writer in the *Times* points out, seems to us to be a far more just and efficacious one. He proposes that all dogs found wandering in the streets, *without collars* (bearing the owner's name, and place of abode)—say in the months of June, July, and August—shall, invariably, be taken up and destroyed, by officers appointed for the purpose; and that the owners of those dogs who are found abroad in the streets *with collars*, shall be fined in a fixed penalty for each offence of leaving them in that situation. It may appear, looking at the thing in the abstract, that this would be a harsh and a despotic law; but we have no doubt that it is one which would have very great efficacy in preventing the accidents which are constantly occurring from the bite of rabid animals; and we see no good reason why, under such circumstances, it should not be carried into execution. One of the "Pavement acts," only a few years since, put a stop, without the slightest scruple, to the practice of keeping pigs in the metropolis, and allowing them to run about the streets; a habit, the inconvenience of which was perfectly trivial, compared with that of which, in the present case, we seek to get rid, and where the animals prohibited had a sort of utility to be pleaded in their favour. An arrangement like that proposed, would not merely have the effect of protecting the lives of the public; but, inasmuch as it would thin the shoal of wretched dogs, which are reared by the lowest and most rascally part of the London population, for their sport and amusement, would in that second view become a circumstance of considerable amendment and advantage.

A furious struggle has been raised among the evening newspapers, by the exertion and speculating temper of the proprietors of *The Sun*; who have lately extended their paper nearly to as large a size as *The Times*; retained a regular body of reporters; and now publish "Second Editions" almost every evening, giving the debates in the House of Commons, &c. up even to seven or eight o'clock. At the Westminster dinner, about a month since, Sir Francis Burdett's speech—which he did not rise to deliver until after seven o'clock—was put into the honourable baronet's hand in print, in *The Sun*, at ten! and very well reported, by the way, into the

bargain. This system is threatening annihilation to all the second-rate London Evening Papers, which find their circulation chiefly in the country; and the leading ones are not likely to regard the contrivers of it with a particularly charitable eye.

An essay upon the subject of procuring "*subjects*" for the London schools of anatomy, with which we had absolutely proposed to visit our readers this month, must, for want of space, be put off—"like Dr. Drowsy's sermons," as Mrs. Hardcastle has it—"to some fitter opportunity." The matter was agitated in parliament, in the course of the last week, in a debate upon some measure proposed to regulate the arrangements and powers of the College of Surgeons; but we are afraid that none of the expedients suggested in the course of the discussion, are likely to be valuable in real practice. Mr. Peel's proposal for adding to the list of parties now liable by law to be dissected—(the persons who are executed for particular descriptions of felony)—the farther amount of all criminals, who, being convicted of such felonies, die in prison previous to their execution—this source of additional supply would hardly assist us much; inasmuch as the utmost it could afford would be about one supplementary subject in a century. The anatomising of people who chose to commit suicide, would—at the first blush—seem a more likely project than this; but then there is the objection—the offenders would get over that penalty, as they do over all the rest that attach to them, by the coroner's inquest finding verdicts that they were "insane." Giving up all the people who die in the hospitals to be anatomized, would be a proper course, and unobjectionable—for no people of any consequence die in hospitals? but, then, the rabble of this country are so obstinate and prejudiced, that, if they thought they were sure to be anatomized when they *came out* of the hospitals, they would die at home rather than *go into* them! One comfort is, that (unless our professors are abominably belied) we have the practical benefit of the cantanckerous rogues, without any law, already, Allowing people to sell their friends—(this was Sir Joseph Yorke's suggestion, if we recollect right)—but we are afraid that it would be considered as rather violating public feeling. Living relatives would differ whether or not a *sale* should take place; or there would be bills filed in the court of Chancery to decide which of several claimants was entitled to the proceeds. The *Times* proposition comes nearest to the mark—That all surgeons should, at their deaths, devise their own persons to the purposes of science. But then this would furnish grown male subjects only—we must have women and children; and such professors would hardly be induced to adopt the second branch of the arrangement suggested, and make a gift of the earthly tabernacles of their wives and children. So that, upon the whole (subject to more detailed consideration, in our next, or some following, number) we rather suspect that the matter—must remain as it is; *i. e.* that the surgical schools must still be supplied by robbery—there is less of general feeling violated by that course than there could be by any other;—and that the "resurrection-men" must continue to be punished when they are caught—not for having *stolen* the subjects found in their custody, but for having offended public decorum by not stealing them more secretly and discreetly. Provided always that, in the mean time any person willing to *bestow* himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures shall be competent to do so; and that his word, in *articulo mortis*, shall be taken as tantamount to a will and testament made to that purpose.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster, by Miss Roberts, 2 *vols.* 8vo. 1827.—The period which these well-written volumes embrace is certainly one of the most eventful and important of English history:—eventful, for it presents such thick-springing and surprising changes as almost mock description; and important, we add, because the results of those changes were of so enduring a character that the advantages of them are still felt by ourselves,—and long may they be enjoyed by posterity! The country for more than a century was split into hostile and heated factions, the alternate and frequent defeats of which broke a power which spell-bound its energies, and, by breaking that spell, developed the strength of the Commons, and drew them forth from obscurity. In these tumultuous days it was, when the imperious barons were conflicting for pre-eminence among themselves—when the magnificos of the land were engaged in intrigues and in struggles—when their home-concerns were of secondary consideration—when the great properties of the country were every year changing masters—and when every change, by shaking attachments, shook the authority of the possessors;—in these days it was that the Commons suddenly emerged, and rapidly—their vigour, left to its native expansion,—shot up into strength comparatively commanding. The new lords, strangers to their vassals, were, change after change, shorn of the rights of prescription; the old retainers lost their respect and devotion for them; from the wants or weakness of the one, the other wrested fresh privileges; and thus the successive embarrassments of the lord and the growing importance of the vassal enabled that vassal at once to secure his new privileges, and establish an independent power.

The power which, by the contentions of the great, the Commons thus successfully seized, they were wise enough never to let go again. They felt their importance, and naturally clung to it. The appetite grew by what it fed on; and, from that time forth, the great sunk and the little rose, till universal law spread and confirmed the rights of equality over the whole surface of society. To some we may seem, in our days, to be gradually returning under the sway of baronial dominion; but though it be true enough that the potent families of the country are sufficiently disposed to overawe legitimate authority, they can no longer carry that disposition into public practice. Violence would fail, for none will aid them; even influence, if foreseen, may perhaps be counteracted. A breath has made them, and a breath may unmake them. Nothing but the sword could have cut away the lords of the middle ages, and nothing but the sword of civil war—double-edged, effective either in triumph or defect—could have made a clear stage.

Of these turbulent times, so full of perplexing events, and many of them for ever inexplicable, has Miss Roberts ventured on the perilous task of giving another narrative. It was a task to tax the best powers of the best narrator; but the lady has not sunk under its dangers and difficulties. She possesses, indeed, the narrative "organs" very conspicuously. The tale, diversified and entangled as it is, she has unfolded with distinctness and effect. The story flows equably and agreeably—always full of animation, and occasionally exhibiting no inconsiderable vigour. There is no flagging, at all events, from beginning to end; nor know we of any Memoirs which bid fairer to be read, or better deserve to be read. Though putting herself in direct competition with more than one successful writer of historical memoirs, she will suffer from no comparison. Her's, too, it deserves to be considered, was a task of still greater difficulty than that of any of her predecessors. Miss Aikin, Miss Benger, Mrs. Thompson, each of them had one individual's character and reign to illustrate, with whom every thing and every body were more or less connected. There was thus an unity of object, and consequently more of a dramatic interest could be easily preserved. All bore naturally upon one point, or was with facility made to converge towards it. James, or Henry, or Mary were constantly before the writer, and formed the *point d'appui* of the story, and gave consistence and union to the whole. No such advantage could Miss Roberts, by possibility, possess. Her heroes and heroines are perpetually changing—the scenes incessantly shifting; she has seven several reigns to contemplate, besides nobles without number, all greater than their masters. Amidst such crowds, the first was likely to be forgotten before the last could be described. Nor were cotemporary materials so abundant, so minute, or so safely to be confided in. Of many once-conspicuous personages with whom she deals, little is known, and less of their motives of action; and, when effects are better known than their causes, the narrative is necessarily wrapt in obscurity, unless the imagination be allowed to fill up the gap; and the character of historical memoirs refuse that accommodating indulgence. She has made the best use of her abundant but imperfect materials, and ge-

nerally has consulted the dictates of a very sound understanding, and kept her imagination in check.

Assuredly Miss Roberts's performance is a very creditable one. It is not merely Hume's admirable sketch dilated; she has searched for herself. The British Museum has opened to her its precious stores; the Archæologia, possessing many curious articles, very ably discussed, and little known to the reading world, has been enlisted in her service; Mr. Nicholas has lent his aid in the battle of Azincourt; and Dr. Meyrick has drilled the fair writer in the mysteries of ancient armour, till he has impressed her with a deep sense of its pre-eminent importance, and taught her to talk of it with the zest of an antiquarian, and the skill of a knight-errant. The printed materials, accessible to every one, she has also diligently consulted, from the cotemporary chronicles of our own countrymen to the foreign memoirs of Froissart, de Comines, and Monstrelet. The Paston Papers also have furnished useful and unexpected information.

But though, acting with a laudable integrity, she has stuck close to her authorities, the very different aspect given to the circumstances of some events—we are not speaking generally—from what they have usually borne, will naturally excite some inquiry; and the result of such inquiry will sometimes shew the new version originating not in superior accuracy on her part, nor in the superior authority of her materials; but because, finding different representations, she has hastily adopted them, more on account of that very difference than because they were of higher value. Of this, her representation of Joan of Arc is a conspicuous instance.

"In the village of Domremi," says Hume, "near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl, of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc, who was servant in a small inn, and who, in that station, had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men-servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity; whether that she had met with no occasion to excite her genius, or that the unskilful eyes of those who conversed with her had not been able to discover her uncommon merit."

The Maid of Orleans (says Miss Roberts, giving the whole a touch of romance, and stripping it of its coarseness) was born at Domremi, a small hamlet situated between Neufchateau and Vaucoleurs, in Champagne; her youth was spent in tending sheep for her parents, who were poor and simple people. From the earliest age she had manifested great sweetness and gentleness of disposition, a taste for the beauties of nature, and the warmest and most unaffected piety. She shunned the joyous revel, the song and the dance, when all the village poured out its rustic throng into the street, and would retire to a holy edifice to chaunt hymns to the virgin. Constant in prayer, when her occupations did not permit her to attend the bell, which summoned her neighbours to church, she would kneel down and offer up her fervent orisons in the fields. At a short distance from Domremi there was a magnificent beech-tree, which had long been an object of veneration to the surrounding villagers. It was called the fairy-tree, and every year in the month of May, it was the custom for gay troops of the young of both sexes to hang wreathes of spring flowers on its boughs, and to dance beneath its luxuriant foliage to the music of their own voices: a fountain welled up beside it, and the bright waters and the green shade were reported to have been in elder times the sylvan haunts of fairies, who it was believed even now still lingered, though invisible, around the spot. This delicious place, and a small chapel dedicated to the virgin, called the Hermitage of St. Mary, often invited Joan to their solitudes, when her neighbours sought relaxation from toil in social converse with each other; and here at the age of thirteen she first gave the reins to an imagination, which shaped out glorious visions in the sun-beams, and heard voices in the sighing gales and rippling waters, &c.

Hume refers to Hall, Monstrelet, and Grafton; while Miss Roberts relies solely on the "Mém. de Jeanne d'Arc"—where the author's fancy was evidently in constant activity.

But with regard to a multitude of persons, Miss Roberts has been indefatigable; and her account of Sir John Holand, the elder uterine brother of Richard II.; of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; of Cardinal Beaufort, and Whittington and Walworth—are very agreeable results of her diligence. Sir John Falstolfe, particularly, of whom nothing would ever probably have been known, but for Shakspeare's use of his name—a circumstance which has long excited the curiosity of critics, and the Paston Papers have at last luckily gratified it. Owen Tudor, again: "Catherine of France, Henry V.'s widow," says Hume, "married, soon after his death, a Welch gentleman, Sir Owen Tudor, said to be descended from the ancient princes of that country: she bore him two sons, Edmund and Jasper, of whom the eldest was created Earl of Richmond, the second Earl of Pembroke." This is all Hume tells us.

Queen Catherine (says Miss Roberts) who with the characteristic gaiety of her country, mourned not long for her gallant and accomplished husband, suffered her admiration of the personal beauty of Owen Tudor, a simple Welch knight, to subdue the pride of birth; the fair and royal matron became the wife of a commoner, who had charmed her eyes at a ball: for it is said, that

' being a courtly and active gentleman, he was commanded once to dance before the queen, and in a turn, not being able to recover himself, fell into her lap as she sate on a little stool, with many of her ladies about her.'—Drayton's Epist. Sandford bears witness to the excellence of Catherine's taste in the selection of a husband thus singularly introduced; the person of Owen Tudor, he tells us, was so absolute in all the lineaments of his body that the only contemplation of it might make a queen forget all other circumstances. Three sons were the fruit of this union; the two, Edward and Jasper, were created Earls of Richmond and Pembroke, by their half-brother, with pre-eminence, says Fuller, to take place above all earls, for kings have absolute authority in dispensing honours; the younger entered into a religious community, and died a monk. After the death of Catherine, which happened in 1437, the government thought fit to punish the temerity—[we may be sure we have not the right story here]—of the bold knight, who had dared to match the hand of a queen, and Owen Tudor was committed to the Tower; but not of a disposition to submit tamely to confinement, the hardy Welchman, either by fraud or force, contrived to effect his escape. A cotemporary writer, in recording the prisoner's attempt, makes an assertion which goes far to disprove the ostentatious accounts so industriously circulated by Henry VII., and his partizans, respecting the royal descent of that monarch's paternal ancestor. The passage in the chronicle runs thus—' This same year one Oweyn, *no man of birth, neither of likelihood*, broke out of Newgate against night at searching time, through help of his priest, and went his way, hurting foule his keeper. The which Oweyn had privily wedded the Queen Catherine, and had three or four children by her, unweeting the common people, till that she was dead and buried.'

This is extracted from an Harleian MS., the author of which is entirely unknown, and therefore, historically, of little authority—perhaps a Yorkist; at all events, not well informed; for he talks of Newgate, instead of the Tower, and denies not only the birth, but the *beauty* of Owen—maliciously, it may seem. But the industrious spirit of the author of these volumes, which we warmly recommend, to our younger readers especially, is worthy of all praise.

Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—Richmond, very early in life, gave manifestations of an adventurous disposition. He was the son of a small farmer, and associated with the peasant boys and girls of his native village. A little damsel of about twelve or thirteen attracted his childish devotion; and as that young lady—pursuant, we suppose, to village custom—was already provided with an humble servant, of corresponding age, it soon became Richmond's sole and worthy employment to plague his unfortunate rival, and render him ridiculous in the eyes of the fair one. For this object, indefatigably and successfully pursued, he planned some manœuvres not unworthy his maturer years. These mischievous pranks coupled with the frequent rumours in the village of his intermeddling with the neighbouring orchards, operated upon his father's fears, and our hero was at length removed to school, in the hope, which fond parents are led to entertain for their comfort, that the prognostics afforded by the little darling of becoming a future rogue and vagabond, will quietly vanish, and the man belie the auguries of the boy.

Richmond, however, appeared by no means carved out for a thief. Oh no; the discriminations of character are most decided between the plunderer of orchards, fish-ponds, and preserves, and the pick-pocket or housebreaker; and though Richmond appeared on his entrance into life to partake of many of the qualities of the first, he did not at all share those of the second. Nor indeed was the poaching line of life his real bent, but rather a temporary expedient only, resulting from the untowardness of circumstances, which, when they decidedly thwart our instincts, induce us to *tack*, and to follow those pursuits, which may draw out our native powers in the best way fortune admits of. *His* talents and tendencies seemed to lie in ferreting out and balking other people's purposes and plans—sometimes in working on their follies, or virtues, or difficulties, for the sake of making them instruments in aiding his operations upon others; by dint of practice he acquired extreme facility in turning any given complexity of circumstances to account—following up his game through every sort of let or hindrance, gathering strength from defeat and discomfiture, and making his very failures bear him on, in the long run, towards final success.

He had some genius, but no application for science, and none for monotonous labour of any kind. His mind was active and various, and wanted objects to act upon, wide as the universe. One might have prophesied he would turn out a traveller. No; that was not the thing. Yet he took French leave of the counting-house desk at Liverpool, where his plodding parent had intended he should sit for some years, and set off to roam, he knew not whither, with a reckless companion. Destiny threw him among some strolling players; and while the scene was new, he swam in excitement, and was so fascinated by the prospect of the Thespian style of travelling through life, that he must needs introduce among the set, his little village-love, to whom his heart had still steadily turned. She was grown a beautiful young woman, and loved him with a deep sincerity. His enterprising character, aided by his frequent and assiduous, but stealthy attempts upon her affections, had done its

work. Her mind was completely withdrawn from sober views. The stolen meetings—the gentlemanly air of her admirer—the notoriety (unfavourable as it was) which he had gained in the village—the floating prospect of an unknown and beautiful world, free for their feet to wander over, free from parents' control, and unaccompanied by dull needle-work, or house-work, or the confinement of regular hours—the dresses—the compliments—the lights—the poetic fascinations of a theatre,—these were altogether far more than sufficient to bring the enthusiastic girl to his arms.

There is a good deal of very pleasing *naïveté* in the account of this connexion, and in the tender but light-hearted affection which he bore to this young woman from first to last—going about with her as a kind brother till they should be able to muster money enough to be married with. This, however, they could never accomplish; but, followed by the unrelenting law of poverty, which ever pursues a wandering life, were reduced to straits innumerable—thrown sometimes among gypsies, sometimes among thieves, and occasionally exposed to damp, and cold, and want. The delicate village lass was unequal to the sustainment of these hardships, and soon died—leaving an agreeable impression of her beauty and simplicity, unspoiled even by the very scum of human society among whom she had herded.

Our hero stands alone again. He leaves the stage, and goes a gypsying for a while, and engages that grave and respectable fraternity in a few rather dull pranks, quite at variance with gypsy dignity. Their society, however, turned out uncongenial—notwithstanding the vagabond life and reckless habits, which were quite in his way. His sphere of activity was not expansive enough. His spirit gasped to try its powers among all ranks of society; but what door was open for one whose days had been spent as his had been? One there was—and the master-key was within his reach—to lay open to his ken drawing-rooms, theatres, routs, courts, closets, studies, kitchens, boudoirs—aye, even the penetralia of human bosoms of all ages, ranks, sexes, and principles. The honest and the vile, the murderer, forger, child-stealer—lords and ladies—men and maids might all be made in turn to spread out their hearts, and expose the secret springs of action and courses of conduct for his peculiar gaze and study. He had only to become a Bow-street Officer, and prove himself able and zealous in his vocation. The requisites for such a post are not dissimilar to those of the statesman. A thorough knowledge of human nature, and of the worst part or parts of it is equally in demand for both. And probable it is, that an inaptitude for any specific branch of study, engrossive of the faculties, may be characteristic of each, while, at the same time, each must be gifted with a prompt acuteness of perception—a power of rapid and practical deduction—a talent for drawing out others—a seeming facility and pliability, and a real unrelentingness of purpose. The statesman's plans, however, stretch out to the end of life, while the catchpole looks only to bringing up his man before the magistrate; and is ready again to plunge into the thickets of a new entanglement—to unravel its details, and apply his acquired and native treasures of wisdom to new objects—which objects are extensive considered collectively, while separately viewed, their bearings are few, and the ultimate aim much more bounded.

So far as these volumes exhibit the habits, modes of thought, and ways of proceeding incident to the kind of life which the writer professes to depict, the whole possesses an air of probability; and the style of composition is for the most part in happy correspondence with the hero's life and character as he describes it. There is a smattering of learning exhibited—of fashionable slang—of worn-out plays—of vulgar songs—of mawkish romance,—with some just but rather heavy remarks upon the various classes of society, as they are beheld from his peculiar point of view—bearing a resemblance to Harriette Wilson's pert but pertinent observations, scattered up and down her book. Through a good deal of clumsiness, stupidity, and vulgarity, there is, however, enough of the romantic and vagabond-spirit infused into the story to render it decidedly agreeable, and sketches of character, we suspect, true enough to make it worth the reading.

Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the Court of Admiralty, Dublin, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*; 1827.—Sir Jonah Barrington is a gentleman of a good Irish family. He was born about 1760; educated at Dublin and the Temple; called to the Irish bar; early and and well introduced to common-law practice, and the leading business of a circuit; made king's counsel, with a fair prospect of professional honours, which honours were nipped in the budding by his kicking at the Union; and finally sunk into insignificance and the Admiralty judgeship.

This gentleman's name has been frequently mentioned as engaged in the writing of a History of the Union; and the long delay, never till now publicly accounted for, has given rise to reports, not often started in this country, of its suppression,

by the authority, open or covert, of the government. This report, it seems, as it was probable indeed it would, proves to be unfounded; the sole cause rests with the booksellers. Sir Jonah has been singularly unfortunate; three publishers, who undertook to produce his performance, have successively failed; and he has had some difficulty, first in discovering his lost or forgotten labours, and next, in recovering them. At last, however, they have been rescued from oblivion or peril, and are safely deposited in the hands of the most enterprising and successful publisher of the day—we need not add Mr. Colburn's. They are of considerable bulk, and will appear quickly in parts. We look forward to them with some impatience. We have much to learn about the Union—the author had singular opportunities; and being himself hostile to the measure, and suffering from it, and garrulous and indiscreet withal beyond all repression, he will tell all he knows, without sparing the contrivers or the executors of that disastrous scheme.

The sketches before us are of a gossipping rambling description, but frequently very amusing—better at all events, and more bearable than the theatrical memoirs with which we have of late been deluged. The author, though aiming at a dashing, off-hand, careless, rattling kind of manner—very unbecoming the dignity of any bench but the Irish—has more the air than the reality of the coxcomb, and is essentially of a serious and thoughtful turn—susceptible of grave impressions, and capable of observing the distinctions of human character, and of tracing the effects of political changes. He has some very decided opinions—many of them of a liberal and benevolent cast—with some, the mere result of unlicked prejudice. The Union, he thinks, and justly thinks, the ruin of Ireland—the fruitful parent of Absenteeism, and all its wide-spreading and depressing consequences. Before that fatal event Ireland was an Irishman's home; he lived on his estate, and knew his tenants, and his tenants knew him, respected him, loved him, and mutual kindness and intercourse prevailed. Coarse and intemperate indeed was the Irish landlord of old, but he was kind and a countryman; now he is refined, and careless, and a foreigner—and the poor are without their natural friends or protectors. Sir Jonah is no advocate for emancipation; but neither is he a partizan of orange violence. The book however is a book of anecdotes—not intended to inculcate opinions—it is full of persons, once more or less, for good or for ill, generally known in the political and legal world—most of them have long since quitted the scene; but some survive; and with respect to the survivors, Sir Jonah's indiscretion, to say the best of it, is very remarkable. His account of Sir Richard Musgrave—the orange fanatic of the days of the Union—but particularly the tale of Lady Musgrave, whatever an Irish court might think of it, would at least by an English one, be deemed a libel. *We* do not think it safe to quote.

Sir Jonah has been a duellist in his day, and duels seem to occupy much of the thoughts of his old age. We know not how many duels—remarkable ones too—he has detailed. They seem to fill at least a tenth of the pages. He gives the particulars of one especially between his younger brother and Captain Gillespie, afterwards General Gillespie, who was killed at the storming of Bengalore, and to whom a monument was built in Westminster Abbey. He tells the story with much indignation. His brother, not twenty years of age, and a Mr. McKenzie had quarrelled, and, as usual in Ireland, 'went out.' After firing four shots, young Barrington offered his hand to his antagonist. Gillespie, McKenzie's second, interfered, and said his friend *should not* be satisfied. Barrington persisted in his pacific intentions; Gillespie grew warm, and suddenly throwing his handkerchief towards Barrington, asked him if he dared take the other corner. The unhappy but high-spirited boy snatched the handkerchief, and at the same moment received Gillespie's ball through his heart. Gillespie was tried for the murder, but acquitted. His death in India, Sir Jonah regards as retributive. The cooler reader will see nothing but the results of the same impetuosity. He led the storming party at Bengalore, contrary to orders; he was repulsed; he knew the consequences of disobedience; he renewed the attack in desperation, took the fort, and fell. "Requiescat in pace," says Sir Jonah; "but never will I set my foot in Westminster Abbey!"

But more agreeable scenes abound in the volumes. One of Lord Redesdale's first dinners to the Irish bar may serve as a specimen. It is introduced by some anecdotes of Lord Norbury. Of him, the author says:—

> He had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew, who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at every thing; and failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) at one of the first dinners he gave to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar (of whom he was then quite ignorant) were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got

together some of his best bar remarks (for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive) to repeat to his company, as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining.

The first of his lordship's observations after dinner, was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants, which occur in the Welsh proper names. 'After much trial,' continued his lordship, 'I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other.'

Toler seemed delighted with this discovery; and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough—no laugh being gained on either side.

Lord Redesdale's next remark was—that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops.

'I see now, my lord,' said Toler, 'it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented.'

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent; until skaiting became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait, they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

'Ay, my lord,' said Toler, 'that's what we call blatheram-skate (nonsense) in Ireland.'

His lordship did not understand the thing at all; and, though extremely courteous, seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrett O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose, and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. 'Mr. Garrett O'Farrell,' said the chancellor solemnly, 'I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in county Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.'

'Yes, my lord,' said O'Farrell, 'we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.' His lordship said no more &c. &c.

I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett's *jeux d'esprit*. A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites*. 'Kites?' exclaimed Lord Redesdale—'kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities. I don't understand this statement at all Mr. Plunkett.'

'It is not expected that you should, my lord,' answered Plunkett; 'in England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites*; but in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind*.'

'I don't feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett,' said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

'Well, my lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning these birds of prey,' &c.

Before the year 1784 the judges were entirely dependent on the crown; and no English barrister, who could earn his bread and cheese at home, would accept a precarious offer in a strange county, and at a paltry salary. The bench was in consequence curiously manned with judges. Baron Mouckton is recorded as understanding *black* letter, and *red* wines, and being very much vino deditus (this is Sir Jonah's magpie style) he habitually described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice. Judge Boyd was another drunkard, eulogized by the newspapers for his singular tender-heartedness—so great was his humanity, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his lordship seldom failed to have "a drop in his eye."

I remember, says Barrington, a barrister being raised to the bench, who had been previously well known by the ingenious surname of Counsellor *Necessity*—because necessitas *non legem* habet; and certainly to do him no more than justice, he consistently merited the cognomen, after his elevation, as well as before.

Old Judge Henn (a very excellent character) was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers (arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject) repeatedly haranguing the court, and each most positively laying down the 'law of the case' in *direct* opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point.

How, gentleman, said judge Henn, how *can* I settle it between you? You, Sir, positively say the law is *one* way, and you, turning to the opposite party, as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris (to his registrar, who sat underneath) I knew what the law *really* was.'

'My lord,' replied Billy Harris most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance towards the bench—'if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure.'

'Then we'll *save the point*, Billy Harris,' exclaimed the judge.

A more modern Justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, absolutely said—'He thought it very clear, that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate *himself*.' The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable: 'Very true, my lord,' said he, 'very true! testators generally do secure life-interests to themselves. But in this case, I rather think your lordship takes the *will* for the *deed*.'

His parliamentary anecdotes, are often very good—though many of them are well known.

Mr. Egan (one of the roughest-looking persons possible) being at one time a supporter of govern-

ment, made virulent philippies, in the House of Commons, against the French Revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over-elegant withall,' &c. One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's, and amongst other absurdities, said in his paroxysm, that the right honourable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the house: indeed he almost thought he could already perceive it before him. (Hear him, hear him! echoed Sir Boyle Roche). Grattan good-humouredly replied, 'that the honourable member must have a sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing; but though, added Grattan, looking with his glass towards Egan, I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*.'

This Sir Boyle Roche—Egan's supporter—was eminently the butt and bull-maker of the House. His bulls are, however pretty well known—such as the one he made, when some one said the house had no right to load posterity with a debt.—'What, said he, and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity. Now I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this *still more* honourable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do any thing for *posterity*; for what has *posterity* done for *us*?'—Sir Boyle was puzzled by the roar of laughter which followed, and supposing the House had misunderstood him, he assured them, that by *posterity*, he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*.'—On another occasion—a bill for the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, we believe—'it would surely be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve the *remainder*.'

Another, of a somewhat different character—quite new to us—was made on the petition of Dennis M'Carthy, who had been Lord Lisle's postillion, and had been cast in an action of damages for crim. con. with his lady. Not being able to pay the excessive amount (£5,000) he lay in prison many years. And what, Mr. Speaker, said Sir Boyle, in presenting the petition, was this poor servant's crime? After all, sure, Mr Speaker, it was only *doing his master's business by his mistress's orders*; and is it not very hard to keep a poor servant in gaol for that which if he had not done he would have deserved a horse-whipping?' This way of putting the case had the desired effect—the fellow was released.

Sir Jonah professes over and over again to be very superstitious—by which he means, that he believes in the reality of ghosts; several stories are told, Irish like, some to invalidate and some to establish. One, a very laughable one, was the appearance to one David Lander, of a man, whom the said David knew to have been hanged. Being greatly alarmed, and thinking there was no better protection than a prayer—he endeavoured to recollect; but being unable to recal one, he started with the catechism—question and answer—What is your name? David. Who gave you that name? My godfathers, &c. &c.

Sir Jonah, however, and his lady, and his lady's maid—all three of them, heard a most unearthly voice, in the dead of the night, under their window, cry Rossmore! Rossmore! Rossmore!—and the first thing they learnt in the morning was Lord *Rossmore's death*, who had died at *half past two*, precisely the time he, his lady, and his lady's maid, heard the dread sound of Rossmore! Rosmore! Rossmore!

Vestigia Anglicana, or Illustrations of the more interesting and debatable Points of the History and Antiquities of England, from the earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor, by Stephen Reynolds Clarke, 2 vols. 8vo.; 1826.—Multitudes of bulky histories of our own country as we have, scarcely any one but Hume's is now ever glanced at, nor has been for the last half century. The consequence is a pretty general unacquaintedness with whatever is not to be found in his elegant volumes; and of the earlier periods those volumes confessedly present a mere outline—vigorous and effective no doubt, and adequate perhaps to the common purposes of the general reader, but productive of very little satisfaction to the more minute inquirer. The object of Mr. Clarke, then, is in some measure to fill up this outline—to furnish a supplementary volume or two, embracing the more important omissions of the national historian up to the accession of Henry VII.; and to this undertaking he has brought considerable industry, and some judgment. He professes to have gone, on all occasions, to the original sources of facts, and certainly characterises the several authorities with a discrimination and propriety, that shews some familiarity with them; but for any fresh information which his researches have discovered, he might almost as well have spared his labour. We assure him nothing new will strike the reader, who has any acquaintance with Mortimer, or Turner, or Henry, or the common "Chronicles." The general credulity of the authorities to which he appeals required the exercise not merely of sound judgment, but of severe criticism; and had they been thus dealt with, we should surely never have heard again of Boadicea's killing 70,000 Romans, nor of the Romans retaliating by the slaughter of 80,000 Britons; nor of Alfred's hanging up gold bracelets in the highway, secure

of their safety either from the virtue of the subject, or the vigilance of the police. It is however only in the earlier periods that he is so little scrupulous of receiving things just as he finds them;—but *numbers* at no period startle him—and he can coolly record, in the Crusades, the muster on the shores of the Bosphorus of 100,000 cavalry, and 600,000 infantry.

But though we have been rather interested by Mr. Clarke's book, and think it not wholly valueless, we can say nothing for the mode in which he has chosen to convey his communications. This mode is that of dialogue, and surely never were talkers more stupid and unawakening, and destitute of character than the three gentlemen, who sustain the part of dialogists, under the names of Author, Friend, and Pupil. The author makes the longest speeches; the friend, as behoves a friend, comes occasionally in aid; and the pupil puts questions, pertinent and impertinent, and draws conclusions sometimes correctly to spare the author, and sometimes incorrectly to give him the cue for fresh observation. But they might any of them change places at any time. The inducement to this round-about course was, it seems the advantage of digressing—an advantage that might have been secured in twenty more agreeable ways—few writers find any difficulty in this respect.

The whole period which he has surveyed he has split into eleven divisions, under the title of dissertations. In imitation, or as he phrases it, in adherence to a rule of the ancients, he plants the dialogists in some spot, calculated by its local history, to give a natural introduction to the discussion he contemplates. Thus, for the Britons, we find the talkers standing among the piles and ruins of Stonehenge; the origin and peculiarities of these constructions are minutely discussed; and after assigning them to the Britons, it becomes, of course, the most obvious thing in the world to talk of the Britons themselves. Dover Castle is a good position for the Romans; Barfreston Church, in Kent, for the Saxons; Canute's Tower, St. Edmondsbury, for the Danes; Colchester Castle for the Normans; the Temple Church, Salisbury Cathedral, Waltham Cross, Windsor Castle, King's College, and Crosby House, for successive periods of the history of the Plantagenets. The style of these several buildings enables the writer to speak of the changes in the progress of English architecture—nothing however but what is of everyday occurrence is to be looked for in this matter.

In the early account of the Saxons, we are treated with the whole story of the British Arthur, and Merlin, and Morgana, gathered professedly from Nennius and Geoffery of Monmouth; with sundry reasons for substantiating the actual existence of Arthur at least.

In Athelston's reign, we meet with Guy of Warwick, of whose existence, however, Mr. Clarke is very doubtful; but the "pupil" concludes that, as some *excavations* on the banks of the Avon are still called Guy's *Cliff*, no argument could invalidate, in that neighbourhood, the truth of the story—meaning, among other things, Guy's killing a dragon, a wild boar, the dun cow, and Colbrand the Danish giant. For our parts, we never heard in that neighbourhood of any thing but the cow and Colbrand; and of these the relics still exhibited imperatively silence incredulity itself.

About the same period follows a long account of St. Dunstan and the devil—a story which Hume delighted to particularise, and which therefore required no supplying; and Mr. Clarke has nothing fresh to communicate about them. But Mr. Clarke thinks very little of his engagement to confine himself to the supplying of what he terms Hume's deficiencies. Of Edward the Confessor he tells us, he was the first to touch for the king's evil—a fact mentioned by Hume. Mr. Clarke states, indeed, from Ailred's life of Edward, that the custom originated in a young woman's dreaming that she was cured of a scrofulous disease by the king's touching her. Edward's successors, he adds, regarded this privilege as a part of their estate, and went touching on till William, who refused the office; it was resumed by Anne; but her successor finally dropped it.

Speaking of Editha, Edward's wife, who was a sister of Harold's, and a woman of extraordinary vigour of intellect, one of the dialogists quotes from Ingulph:—

> I saw her, says Ingulph, many times in my childhood, when I went to visit my father, at that time employed in the palace: if she met me returning from school, she questioned me in the progress I had made in grammar and logic; and when she had entangled me by some subtle argument, she never failed to bestow upon me three or four crowns, and to order me some refreshment.

Of William the Conqueror, Mr. Clarke tells us, as Hume does, that he was the son of Harlotta, the daughter of a tanner at Falaise, *whose name*, he adds, on his own authority, *has since been so invidiously applied*. What say the etymologists to this? But William's courtship of the daughter of the Count of Flanders is of a very extraordinary description, and reminds us of Bennilong of New Holland:—

> The lady at first refused William's addresses, objecting that she would never marry a bastard; which giving great disgust to the lover, he lay wait for Matilda as she returned from mass at Bruges, and seizing her, tore her clothes, and both beat and

kicked her—pugnis, calcibus, calcaribus verberat. Having performed this feat, he rode off with impunity. The damsel of course took to her bed; but when interrogated by her father concerning the matter, such is the unaccountableness of ladies' tastes, she declared she would never have any other husband than the Duke of Normandy.

Mr. Clarke questions the story of the *Curfew*, because no writer speaks of it earlier than Polydore Virgil, in the time of Henry VIII. But this was a law of police, says Hume correctly, which William had previously established in Normandy. See Du Moulin, Hist. de Normandie, p. 160. The same law had place in Scotland. L. L. Burgor, cap. 86.

The monuments which remain of William Rufus, according to the historians, are the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and London Bridge.

William added, replies Mr. Clark, a spacious hall to the palace at Westminster, which remained three centuries; but the present structure was erected by Richard II. The account of the other edifices is not much more correct: the London Bridge constructed by William Rufus was of wood; the first stone bridge, consisting of nineteen arches, being begun by King John; and the "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame," as a truly learned and elegant poet most absurdly calls them, were commenced by the conqueror. The principal tower or keep, being injured by a violent storm, was repaired and completed by William Rufus; its modern casing is of the age of Charles the first.

Queen Eleanor's offer of the dagger or the bowl to poor Rosamond, vanishes at the touch of such criticism as depends upon contemporary and existing documents:—

The old chroniclers never allude to the tragical or violent death of Rosamond, further than by relating that the furious menaces of the queen produced such an effect upon her spirits, that she did not long survive. Her tomb being adorned with various pieces of sculpture—one of them a cup—probably an accidental ornament, might suggest the notion that she was poisoned.

At the same touch flies the romance of the queen of Edward the First sucking the poisoned wound of her husband.

Mr. Clarke produces from the Old Chronicles a curious account of Beckett's family:—

Beckett, the first man of English descent who, after the Roman Conquest, rose to any considerable preferment, was the son of Gilbert Beckett, a citizen of London, who, travelling into the Holy Land as a pilgrim, was taken prisoner, and became the slave of a Mahometan chief. In his captivity he had the fortune to acquire the affections of his master's daughter, who aided him to escape; but the lady, unable to endure the absence of her lover, speedily followed him. The only English words with which she was acquainted were London and Gilbert; and arriving in the metropolis, she ran from street to street, repeating Gilbert, Gilbert, to a deriding crowd. But true love, ever faithful to his votaries, at length directed her steps to Beckett's house: he received her with the utmost affection; and having married her, by the advice of six bishops, assembled at St. Paul's, she assumed the Christian faith, and was baptised by the name of Matilda, and became the mother of Thomas a Becket.

The most intolerable parts of the volumes are the details of Irish and Scotch kings; and the best and most agreeable his reviews of the original sources of our history, and his examinations of Shakspeare's historical plays. The internal evidences he produces that Falstaff's name was originally Oldcastle, but with no reference to Lord Cobham, and changed to Falstaff without reference to the wealthy knight of that name, are very satisfactory. His review of Macbeth, too—with the descent of the Stuarts from Bangro,—and, generally, his exhibitions of Shakspeare's complaisance to Elizabeth and James.

Of almost all the original writers of English history he has given apparently a very faithful account. We do not pretend ourselves to any very extensive acquaintance with them, but so far as we have at different times dipped into them, our conceptions correspond pretty closely with the author's estimate. He has given a very full, and we have no doubt an accurate account of the different collections of them from Parker's in 1547, to Gales in 1691, and Baron Maseres in 1807. But we have no complete and uniform collection—nothing like the Recueil des Histoires des Gauls et de la France,—though that is yet very far from complete—the 18th volume, folio, was published in 1822, and reaches only to the thirteenth century. A resolution passed the House of Commons about three or four years ago, recommending such a publication to the care of the government; and steps, it is said, have been taken for the accomplishment of this object. We only pray the publication may move at a quicker rate than the French one; and, above all things, be printed more for use than show—that is, at an approachable price.

Dramatic Scenes, by Miss Mitford; 1827.—Our general experience of similar attempts was little likely, we must confess, to make us sanguine with respect even to the particular instance of Miss Mitford. Besides most readers, we feel convinced, are conscious of a misgiving—almost an expectation of disappointment, on opening books of a miscellaneous character, whether those books be the productions of a single mind in its different moods, or the contributions of many. Few persons, in these days of universal authorship, are so ignorant of the process by which Genius effects her best productions, as not to know that strong conceptions have a tendency to dilate rather than contract their dimensions—that images crowd and accumulate by meditation—that the fancy and the feeling become microscopic; and

that the simplest incidents, which have once taken hold of a mind truly poetical, soon become the nucleus — the central point of gravitation, around which a world of thoughts and subordinate incidents begin to revolve. The inventive mind, whence all this universe of fancy arises, so loves to contemplate its own creation, that it will not and cannot, without painful efforts, disengage itself from the employment till the work be made a perfect whole. In plain terms, we mean, the powers of genuine inspiration are commonly thought to be competent to whole dramas at least; and a tacit persuasion exists in the minds of most people, that short productions of imagination are either the fruits of very inferior writers, or if they issue from the better kind, are only shreds and patches of their higher faculties—so intimately blended in human nature are the ideas of greatness of power and tenacity of object.

We were well pleased, therefore, to perceive that Miss Mitford—a favourite of ours confessedly—can effectually stir our hearts to any variety of emotion, even in the narrow compass of a single scene. Considering how much time is generally required before the matured, the hacknied, the world-worn reader can be brought into a state to be moved, no slight degree of power is evinced by a writer, who so rapidly tunes our minds to her own purposes. Her genius reminds us of the quality of machinery, where the less the time the greater the power.

We have no space to speak of each piece separately. "Cunegunda's vow" fixed our attention. The Duke of Mantua's speech, when describing his own wife, and contrasting her with Cunegunda, possesses the highest dramatic beauty. The "Bridal Eve" is full of the deepest and most touching tenderness—we recollect reading it in one of the New Year Souvenirs. But we must not forget "Fair Rosamond." The detail of her first interview with her royal seducer, as given by herself to one of her attendants, on that last fatal day, when they were expecting the king, and discovered too late that Queen Eleanor had penetrated into their asylum, is well worth extracting:—

Rosamond.—'Twill soon be even. Did I never tell thee
The story of his wooing? Listen, girl,
Sit here and listen. 'Twas a glorious day,
A glorious autumn day, as bright and clear
As this, the small white clouds now softly sailing
Along the deep blue sky, now fixed and still
As the light western breeze arose or sank,
By fits—a glorious day! I and my maids
Sat by the lakelet in my father's park,
Working as we do now, right merrily.
For young and innocent maids are in their nature
Gay as the larks above their heads. The scene
Was pleasant as the season, not a spot
Of the Lord Clifford's wide demesne could vie
With this in beauty. Woods on every side,
Ash, oak, and beech, sloped downward to the clear
And quiet waters, overhung by tufts
Of fern and hazel, and long wreaths of briars;
Only one little tufty bank was free.
From that rich underwood—there we sat bending
Over a tapestry loom, until we heard
A horn sound right above us, and espied
A hunter threading the rude path which wound
To our sequestered bower. Oh what a sight
It was! The managed steed, white as the foam
Of some huge torrent, fiery, hot, and wild,
Yet reined into a tameness by his bold
And graceful rider, winding with slow steps
His way 'mid those huge trees; now seen, now lost,
Now in bright sunshine, now in deepest shade;
The red autumnal tint of those old woods
Contrasting well the huntsman's snow-white steed
And garb of Lincoln green. No sign bore he
Of prince or king, save in the sovran grace
Of his majestic port, his noble brow,
His keen commanding eye. My maidens fled
Soon as they saw the stranger.

Mabel.—And thou, lady?

Rosamond.—Why I too thought to fly, but loitered on,
Collecting the bright silks and threads of gold,
Careful excuse that to myself I made
For lingering there till he approached; and then
When I in earnest turned to go, he stayed me
With such a smile and such a grace, and craved
My aid so piteously, for he had lost
Comrades, and hounds, and quarry, and himself
In that morn's chase, that I was fain to proffer
Guidance to our old castle.

Mabel.—He went with thee?

Rosamond.—No. At Lord Clifford's name he started.
—Mabel, shun thou the lover that shall start to hear
Thy father's name.—With slight excuse he rode
To seek his partners of the chase. But oft
From that day forth we met beside the lake;
And often, when November storms came fast,
Driving against the casement, I have wept
Drop for drop with the sky, if my dear father,
In his fond care, forbad his Rosamond
To brave the raging tempest; all my heart
Was in that bare damp wood, and on the bank
Of that dark water, where my lover stood
To wait my coming, patiently as sits
The nightingale beside his drooping mate.
How could I chuse but love him?

Mabel.—Didst thou know thy lover for a king?

Rosamond.—Not till my love had been confessed; then he in turn confessed
The fatal secret. What a coil of wild
And desperate passions broke within my heart—
Fear, shame, and pride, and anger, but true love
O'ermastered all; we fled, and I am here.

Mabel.—Alas!

Rosamond.—Nay, wherefore cry alas!—my father—
I must not think of him—out on thee, welch!
That sigh of thine hath saddened me, hath brought
Fond thoughts of days of old—the blessed days
When I was innocent and happy! Girl,

Thou hast a father, an old white-haired man,
Who loves thee. Leave him not, I charge thee, Mabel!
Bring not those white hairs to the grave with shame
For thy foul sin!

The Widow's Tales, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton; 1827.—We are glad to see Mr. Barton again—sure of finding good sentiments and sound sense in every line he writes. This little volume commences with the story of a shipwreck—no new subject to be sure—of a party of missionaries, with their wives and children, on their outward voyage. The entire crew and company of the vessel perish, with the single exception of one missionary's widow, who lives to tell the tale of destruction—a tale delivered with extreme simplicity, and in the true spirit, which we must suppose a missionary's wife to possess—standing aloof as missionaries must seem to do from the common ties and associations, that exert so strong a power over bosoms yet unwearied with the world and its concerns. She tells of the storm's rise, and growth, and fury, and devastation, and subsidence—of the few that lingered after the many that were overwhelmed, in a tone of monotonous melancholy—the constant concomitant of such as sternly resolve not to let their affections rest on any thing below. This melancholy becomes for a moment or two absolutely pathetic, when she describes the fate of the children struggling in violent and helpless terror against irresistible destruction; and, again, the condition of her husband, who dies, sustained in her arms that are scarcely able to support him the while on the fragment of the ship to which she clings. We will not mutilate the poem by an extract; for indeed there is not a passage that would appear with any advantage in an insulated state.

In another part of the volume are some verses, entitled "Sea-side Reverie," the language of which is more melodious than is usual with Mr. Barton; for though he writes easily, he certainly does not write musically. The piece is more unexceptionable too, than the rest of the smaller poems, from the entire absence of the phraseology of the conventicle, while, nevertheless, religion and poetry seem to reign with equal dominion over the soul of the writer. There is a pretty large class of readers who approve of the exclusive appropriation of poetry to religious topics. For ourselves, though we shall always be eager to do justice to Barton's gentle, devout, chaste, and truth-worshipping mind, yet, we confess, our taste, our longings, have a wider range—we think there is a time to be grave, and a time to be gay. He seems to contemplate the extended and complex universe in one single point of view only—taking to the very letter the religious advice of seeing God in all things—of reading death and the grave in stones and every thing; and thus he is obliged, like all who unnaturally and needlessly circumscribe their views, to employ the microscope for the purpose of enlarging his favourite points. And this is done too, to a degree painfully wearisome to such as would fain look about in every direction—imbibing all those beauties of the moral, intellectual, and physical world, of which we seem to be the free and natural heirs—an inheritance, for the relinquishment of which there appears to us to be no rational ground.

The Living and the Dead, by a Country Curate; 1827.—The scribblings of a Country Curate, relative mainly to certain ecclesiastics of some reputation, but jumbling occasionally the secular with the clerical, in a very odd manner—none of any worth to any soul breathing, unless it be in the single chance of their proving productive to the writer himself, who must not be supposed to throw out his panegyrics, nor even his censures, at random. Mr. Benson, the late Mr. Rennel, and Archdeacon Daubeny are covered with the froth of his laudations. The Dean of Salisbury is the dedicatee—"the able supporter"—the dedicator informs him and the world—"and eloquent advocate of our pure and *apostolical* (what does this mean?) church—happily combining energy in action with sobriety in precept, and pourtraying all that is glowing in piety, without the least leaven of fanatical zeal"—all which, for any thing we know, may be very true;—but of what value is anonymous evidence? To be sure the Dean—with a bishoprick in immediate prospect—will never be suffered to burst in ignorance.

But now and then, the writer encounters and disserts upon laymen and women. Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister "Grizzle," are met at table, and must both be shewn up—the brilliancy and majesty of surpassing genius—the subserviency and unenvying good-humour of contented inferority. Mrs. Baillie was exceedingly eloquent (how easy it is to use these fine words) upon divers topics; unluckily for us the writer is no "reporter," and we are left without a specimen. Some "professor" thought the Waverley novels would not go down to posterity; Mrs. Baillie thought they would; but on what grounds either of them thus opined, appears not; and of course, there is no judging from this quarter, whether they will or will not. Then comes Francis Jeffery in the scene; but he is a whig (by the way, a "whig" is now, it seems, according to an official declaration in the last *Edinburgh*, a go-between, neither more nor less), bilious to a mortal degree, mentally and bodily—"disappointed man" stamped in large characters upon every feature; his sneer, withering; his sarcasm, cutting: "let him," says the writer, in deep and solemn humility, "pride himself in both—there is no peace or harmony within." Poor Mr. Jeffery! could not you, Sir, transfuse, and thus dispose of a little of your superfluous bile?—or has this divine, think you, enough of his own?

Among other tittle-tattle, we have Lady Byron's conduct relative to my Lord's MS., and Mr. Moore's surrender of it, talked over again, with the strange and unwarrantable insinuation that the lady made the offer of indemnification to Mr. Moore, in full security it would not be accepted. The money, in the opinion of this meddling person, should have been settled on Master Russel (Moore's son), for whose benefit the MS., it is asserted, had been originally given; and then his papa could have have had no power to refuse. "Lady B. is rich—very rich, it seems; and the transaction says much for her pride, and little for her feeling." Now, manifestly, the writer knows no more of the matter than we do—his sole authority, the partial and suspicious intelligence of the public prints. How dares he then—with all his professions too—to judge of that lady's motives in this way? Is this in consistency with the wish, so piously expressed in the preface, that the volume may breathe no sentiment, which his spiritual avocations must condemn—contain no expression, which may appear hostile to the interests of true morality and true religion? Truly, to preach is one thing, and to practise another.

The Pioneers, by the Author of the Prairie, &c.; 1827.—A second edition of this tale,—very little known in this country, but written, as every body knows who attends to these matters, by the author of the Prairie, of which we gave a notice last month—has just appeared, and chronologically precedes it. The central parts of the State of New York, which now count nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, were, so recently as 1785, an untenanted wilderness. The prodigious transmutation, therefore, is in our own times, and distinctly traceable by living witnesses. The purpose of the author, in his own words, is to give some idea of the manner in which this magical change has been wrought, of the state of society which existed during the process of alteration, and of the means that were employed to effect it. The story is quite a subordinate matter, though always strictly subservient to this main purpose—to exhibit the progress of a 'clearing.'

One Marmaduke Temple, and the son of a Major Effingham, form an early intimacy at school. The Temples are quakers, and commercial people; the Effinghams military. The elder Effingham resigns his estate into his son's hands, and the first act of the son is to aid his early friend. He enables him to set up a house of business in Philadelphia, and himself becomes a sleeping and clandestine partner, to avoid shocking the prejudices of the father, who disdains the pedlar principles of trade. Under Temple's management the concern thrives to admiration, till the breaking out of the revolution. The Effinghams, before the battle of Lexington, quit the colony, but previously deposit in Temple's hands all their valuable effects and papers for security. Soon after, the war commenced in good earnest, and the friends take opposite sides—the Effinghams, of course, are loyalists. On the peace, at the sale of the loyalists' lands. Temple purchases Effingham's property, on very advantageous terms, and resolves to withdraw from business, and attend to the settlement of his newly acquired territory. To this place—the interior of the State of New York, he accordingly, in 1793, goes, accompanied by an only daughter, the heiress of all his property, armed with the authority of judge; and through his interest, a cousin of his is also invested with the office of sheriff. The great purpose of Temple is to introduce something like police into the wild district, to check the waste of trees, and deer, and game, and fish, which abundance generates among new settlers.

On the settlement were three conspicuous persons, an old Indian chief of the extinguished Delawares; a young man, called by the old chief the Young Eagle, and reported to have Delaware blood in him, and an old American, Natty, of Indian and independent habits. These are living apparently as hunters, and evidently consider Temple and his associates as usurpers. On his very first arrival, Temple, shooting at a buck, accidentally hits the Young Eagle in the shoulder, without any very serious consequences; and in concern for the injury he had thus unwittingly done him, he labours to conciliate, and finally succeeds in persuading him to come to his house. The young man is full of mystery and reserve. He proves to be a person of high intelligence and cultivation, and sufficiently haughty and ungracious, attributable apparently to his Indian blood; but he gets on for some time pretty harmoniously with the judge's family, and officiates as a sort of secretary—still, however, keeping up an extraordinary degree of intimacy with his old friends of the woods. With them, too, there is some mystery—nobody ever saw the inside of their wigwam, and a good deal of curiosity is of course excited.

In the mean while, the sheriff, who is of a bustling, fidgetty, disposition, is introducing measures of civilization — among others, that of the church service—and enforcing the observance of the laws of the United States, particularly those which prohibited the killing of deer in the breeding season. Old Natty, the American, of Indian habits, in contempt of this and all other laws, which are not, he conceives, made for the woods, kills a buck. A busy fellow gets scent of this—there were already lawyers on the settlement,—and a resolution is taken to make an example of Natty, and enforce the penalty. Just at this period Natty rescues the judge's daughter from the jaws of a panther, and, of course, makes her his friend for ever. The judge, in common consistency could not, on being appealed to, decline issuing a warrant to search Natty's hut for the forbidden venison; but Natty defends his

castle stoutly, and handles the busy-body informer, himself a magistrate, who also executed, for the nonce, the office of constable, pretty roughly; but eventually the case comes before the new court under two indictments; and Natty being found guilty of assaulting a magistrate, is sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The judge, on a principle of Roman justice, resists the appeals of his daughter, and his own feelings in favour of her preserver, but directs her to enable Natty to pay the fine. To the prison she flies; the old man refuses to accept assistance, and resolves to go and shoot beavers to make up the sum. He and a companion, an old sailor, in the judge's service, who, in the course of the story, furnishes some coarse but humorous scenes, and who had needlessly thrust himself into Natty's embarrassments, are preparing to break prison; and he begs here as the only favour he will accept, not to betray them, and to bring him, the next morning to a particular spot, a canister of powder. In his flight from the prison he is aided by the mysterious Young Eagle, who had previously shewn, in indignant terms, his contempt for what he conceived the judge's unfeeling conduct to Natty, and renounced his service. The next morning, in fulfilment of her engagement, Miss Temple goes to meet old Natty, when, suddenly, she finds herself wrapped in a circle of flame, and presently the youngster comes in sight. He is astounded at the sight—he himself had, it seems, kindled the flame, and now makes every attempt for her rescue. The fire strengthens and advances; the lady resigns herself to her inevitable fate; he makes a hurried and passionate declaration of his admiration of her, and refuses to despair. Just, however, as all hope, even with him, was vanishing, Natty appears, and with his usual promptitude rescues them both. The eclaircissement quickly follows. The youth's grandfather had been concealed in Natty's hut—for what purpose is not explicitly stated—he now comes forth, and proves to be the father of Temple's friend. That friend himself was dead, and Temple had believed the family extinct. Temple had, however, been honest, and in his will had given to his executors, in trust, one half of his estate for the Effinghams, should any survive. He now promptly resigns that portion of his property to the Young Eagle, who has not a drop of Delaware blood in him; he was Indian only by adoption; and the young lady can no longer resist. They are, of course, happy.

Though inferior, very decidedly, we think, to the Prairie, here are some capital scenes of description—such as the pigeon shooting, when the air is darkened by their numbers, and dragging the lake for fish; and the conflagration. The attempts at humour are of the Smollett cast, and not unsuccessful.

The Linguist, or Instructions in the French and German Languages, calculated to enable the Student to acquire a Knowledge of these two most useful Languages without the Assistance of a Master. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—These volumes were published some time ago in weekly numbers, and have been found to promote the purpose for which the indefatigable writer—Mr. Boileau, a man of considerable experience and success in teaching—destined them. For this reason, we willingly contribute, what we can to their publicity.

The plan upon which the author proceeds is to take a small portion—a fable, for instance, or a song—from some writer of established reputation, and translate it first into plain idiomatic English. Then, going over the whole again, step by step, he gives the exact meaning of each important word, and describes besides—if a substantive, its gender and number, with occasional notices relative to the gender of words of similar termination; if an adjective, its gender and number, what it agrees with, and why, with the reasons for deviations from general rules; if a pronoun, in like manner its gender and number, and mode of declension—and whether definite or indefinite; if a verb, its person, tense, mood, and conjugation; and if irregular, he partially conjugates it—adding the particular prepositions that usually accompany each verb.

Thus the present work possesses all the advantages of Mr. Hamilton's method, with the additional benefit of the free translation, which precedes the analysis of each piece—all idiomatic phrases being rendered there by English ones of corresponding import, with an explanation, besides, of the origin of such phrases, and of the figurative application, which time brings about in expressions, originally applicable only to objects of sense.

The first fable in the book is the Le Coq and La Perle of La Fontaine, the translation and analysis of which occupy about four pages. Then comes a German lesson, with the same view, and of the same length. Then French again, and so on, alternately—each succeeding portion exhibiting some peculiarity of the language unnoticed in the preceding lessons.

The work is the very thing of which hundreds of adult persons in the middle ranks of life stand in need. All the books in the world indeed will not communicate the pronunciation of a foreign language, and certainly not enough so to enable the student to speak it correctly; but the author, in his introduction, points out very sensibly several modes, by which, in the metropolis, those, who are really ardent in the pursuit may acquire a very tolerable French pronunciation, free of expense; and for the rest, the Linguist follows the only course, by which people arrived at maturity can bear to learn a lan-

guage—that is, by leading them gradually, through the medium of agreeable stories impressed upon the memory, up to the general principles of its grammar, instead of adopting the old process of keeping them for months among the cloudy heights of those principles, uncheered by any acquaintance with their familiar application.

The Spirit and Constitution of the Church, in their Relation to the general Welfare of the State, by the Rev. Charles Mackie, M.A., Rector of Quarley, Hants; 1827.—The "Church" is of course the hierarchy by law established. To demonstrate the utility of this venerable institution beyond all dispute, is the purpose of Mr. Mackie; but to judge of the validity of the demonstration, we must first glance slightly over his argument. He takes a long reach, and begins with a laborious confutation of a very senseless objection which he thinks it worth while to anticipate. First, does Christianity countenance the distinctions and gradations of society? Assuredly she does—Christianity and society have the same divine origin. Society cannot exist without some to rule, and some to be ruled—some to work, and some to be worked for. Inevitably, and if so designedly, some become rich and some poor. Therefore Christianity sanctions these inequalities of station, and shapes her directions in accordance. There are virtues for the rich, and virtues for the poor. She is no enemy, therefore, to civilization—none to the farthest heights of which our nature is capable; for, in favourable positions, progression in refinement is the course of nature; and Christianity springing from the author and source of nature, as was said, sanctions, and applauds, and accelerates the career of refinement.

Well, but looking to the records of history, has not the course of civilization been first to *culminate*, and then rapidly to decline; and what but the same cycle of events have we to expect? We have now risen to a height of refinement, perhaps beyond the point, which any nation the world ever saw has reached. May we not then—must we not expect a declension even more striking, and more rapid? No, says Mr. Mackie, with unhesitating confidence;—like causes produce indeed like effects; but like causes are not operating now; at least, if like causes are operating, another and a powerful cause is operating also, which must of course have a powerful influence on the complex effect. In the declensions, to which history refers us, the check, which Christianity, or rather the Church, for that is Mr. Mackie's point, presents, did not exist. The church then it is—consisting, as it does, of a myriad of most learned, most moral, most active, most influential persons—which spreads the conservative principle through the corruptible mass of society, and must for ever obstruct the ebbings of prosperity. The church then it is, which it is the paramount interest of society to support—the church, in its integrity, unentrenched upon in power, and privilege, and emolument.

To preserve this sacred institution in its most effective state is an object worthy, nay, demanding the most solicitous attention. It is the sheet-anchor of society; and on the strength and tenacity of its hold the wise statesman must wholly, and then he may securely, confide. But is it really the church of these happy realms, that is to work this salvation for us? Why, what is the characteristic of an efficient church? Is it not an order of men set apart for the service of religion, and not only a body so set apart, but a body consisting of different gradations of rank—of bishops and archbishops, priests and prebendaries, deacons and archdeacons—of persons calculated, some by their acquirements, and some by their purses, to influence every rank and station of life—bishops for the great, priests for the middle ranks, and curates for the poor? Does not the English church consist of these gradations—corresponding to the gradations of society; and if each be conservative of each, will not the whole be conservative of the whole? The thing is beyond dispute. Christianity demands a church—a church of gradations; such a church is the sole protection against the relapses of civilization; we have this protection—an efficient church, and so long, of course, as this church exists, we are insured against ruin. Let us guard it then as the apple of our eye—as the *sine qua non* of existence.

Now assuredly we are not the persons to deny the moral efficacy of the establishment, but we have long felt deeply the conviction, that this establishment—whatever might be its merits, and we are ready to allow them, in spite of all counter balances, to be great—was not so perfect as to admit of no possible amendment. In our simplicity, we had rashly supposed the inequalities of the church—looking at it as a body of teachers, all of equal pretensions, from all of whom certainly the same qualifications were demanded—were almost intolerable; we looked with a jealous eye on pluralities; and thought it hard, peculiarly hard, that no access to advancement existed, but through the gates of political influence, or private and family interest—especially when the doors of other professions were barred against the unsuccessful candidate for ecclesiastical distinctions. Little did we expect to find the tables turned upon us, as Mr.

Mackie turns them, and to find that these things, which we considered as defects, as corruptions, were all advantages, studied, foreseen, decided—the fruits of the highest and most comprehensive policy—the produce of the soundest wisdom. What is character, talent, learning, without money? Therefore we must have princes in the church with princely incomes, to enforce good morals among princes and nobles. We must have pluralities, or what free space will be left for the curates—the very order of curates would be extinguished—and then what would become of the populace? We must have men in the church with no hope or prospect of preferment, to preserve a large moral mass of moral influence, free of ambition, mingling among the poor—where there is no hope there can be no ambition. Close the gates of the bar and the senate against disappointed churchmen, and you keep them in the church, and compel them to throw their pearls before swine. All is then as it should be, and we are answered—Mr. Mackie is irresistible.

The short of the matter is, the book before us is written for the purpose of defending things as they are. The thought of innovation is manifestly horror to the writer, and he cannot but think it criminal and atrocious in others. As a matter of composition the book is wretchedly written, with such involved and complicated sentences, and such a load of verbiage, that frequently the reader will find himself obliged to go over the phrases three or four times before the sense has any chance of reaching his brain—and yet occasionally there are passages of considerable energy and vivacity. We look ourselves on mere style—except in works of imagination—as a matter of very inferior consideration: but we do like directness and intelligibleness. Take a slight specimen—merely as a curiosity:—

> Chap. V.—Of our national prosperity, as unattended by a degenerating influence, ascribed to the nature of our established church.—Wherever we must place the consummation of the wishes, which philanthropy has formed, being sanctioned by reason, and confirmed by revelation, from the brightness of the destiny that awaits our nature in the scene of their fulfilment, there comes a ray not only cheering to its more distant prospects, but which throws a light on all the intermediate portion of futurity, and renders us so prescient of its nature, that, assuming the alternative of contingent circumstances, we may, if so permitted to express it, see into the coming fortunes of our country almost with the clearness of prophetic eye.

This is manifestly a phraseology that indicates familiarity enough with the writings of the seventeenth century, but an absolute ignorance of the common style of expression of his contemporaries; and we may pretty safely conclude, from this fact alone, that his ignorance with respect to the actual state of society, and the prevailing opinions of the age, is equally complete.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 29.—Viscount Mahon and the Rev. C. Mayo were admitted Fellows of the Society, and the reading was commenced of a paper on the compounds of chromium, by Dr. Thompson.—April 5. The reading of the above paper was resumed and concluded. The principal object of it is to give an account of a singular compound of chromic acid and chlorine, discovered some years since by the author. In the investigation to which it gave rise, he was led to a more careful examination of the oxides of chromium than they had before undergone, and to a knowledge of their composition.—26. Dr. J. Blackman was admitted, and the Duke of Clarence elected a Fellow of the Society; and a paper was communicated from Professor Woodhouse, of Cambridge, on the derangement of certain transit instruments by the effects of temperature.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The weekly lectures at this society, during the past month, have been eminently attractive. On Wednesday, the 30th ultimo, Mr. Vigors, in an interesting and eloquent lecture, illustrated the affinities that connect the birds that feed by suction on vegetable juices. This lecture was honoured by the presence of a number of ladies distinguished for rank and elegance. On the 13th instant, Mr. Brookes concluded his scientific discourses on comparative anatomy, by demonstrating the thoracic and abdominal viscera of the ostrich. Various interesting and important facts were illustrated in this lecture, which Mr. B. concluded, by expressing his readiness to continue his observations whenever an opportunity might offer itself for promoting the views of the society. Mr. Vigors delivered the final lecture, for the present season, on the 20th instant, by continuing his remarks on the affinities of birds. Among the company assembled on the occasion, we may mention the prince of Musignano (Charles Lucian Buonaparte). Mr. Vigors, after addressing the meeting on the prospects of the society, and the increased success attending upon its plans, entered upon his immediate subject, by pointing out the characteristics that distinguished the five orders of birds, as described in a diagram, exhibited

for that purpose; viz., the perching birds, that take their food on trees; the gallinaceous birds, that feed exclusively on the ground; the wading birds, existing partially on land, and partially on water; the oceanic birds, those exclusively of the water; and the birds of prey that support themselves alike on trees and in the air. Of these, the gallinaceous birds formed the subject selected on this occasion for particular illustration; and Mr. V. clearly traced the leading affinities and analogies that connect the groupes of this order. A variety of interesting and beautiful specimens were exhibited, illustrative of the peculiar structure and character of these birds.

ASTRONOMICAL, GEOLOGICAL, HORTICULTURAL, AND LINNÆAN, SOCIETIES, &c.

To none of these societies have any communications of peculiar interest been made since our last, and for the insertion of their routine business, election of members, &c., we have not sufficient space; it affords us pleasure, however, to observe the zeal they manifest in cultivating the sciences they have respectively embraced; and feel confident, that so long as they pursue an honourable career, neither winking at the appropriation or employment of their funds for private purposes, nor jobbing as a body for the benefit of individuals, they will be regarded by the government as highly beneficial to the country, and be upheld by a generous public, who may be imposed upon for a short time by impudent pretension, when sanctioned by an ancient name, but eventually will distinguish between the real and sedulous friends of science, and those who, under pretence of upholding its purity, are betraying its interests.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, March 26.—M. M. C. Dupin and Girard delivered respectively some observations on M. Lamblardie's project, for the improving the navigation of the Seine. M. Girard opposed it; M. Dupin did not consider that sufficient evidence had been obtained to warrant a decisive conclusion on the subject. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire announced, that the ornithorynchi are oviparous, and lay their eggs in nests, into the description of which he entered, but postponed the consideration of the entire subject until he had verified his observations. A favourable report was delivered by M. Matthieu, and approved by the Academy, on a clock, of which water was the moving power, and which was invented by M. Blanc, of Grenoble. M. Dupetit Thouars read a memoir connected with the history of conifronstues. Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, correspondent member of the academy, presented his work on man, accompanied by a letter, addressed and which was read by, M. Cuvier.—April 2. M. M. Latieille and Dumeril reported on a notice of M. Lepellatier de St. Fargeau, relative to certain hybrid generations (*i. e.* resulting from the union of two different species), among the genus *Volucella* of Geoffroy, A favourable report was delivered by M. M. Cordier and Brudant, on a geological notice, by M. M. Dulcros and Roert, geographical engineers, respecting one portion of the department of the Bouches-du-Rhone. This was adopted by the academy. M. M. de Jonnès read some statistical observations on the civil life and domestic economy of the Romans at the beginning of the fourth century of the empire. Another notice was read by M. Giroux de Buzareingues, regarding some experiments on the re-production of domestic animals.—9. M. Lorane, of the Academy of Turin, communicated some meteorological observations made at Lombriasco during the year 1810. The minister of the interior having requested the academy to inquire into the facts connected with the death of Mr. Drake, who was bitten at Rouen by a rattle-snake, a report was made on the subject, and referred to a commission. M. Damoiseau read a memoir on the comet, of which the period is 3·75 years. It was observed successively in February and March 1826, by M. M. Biela, at Josephstadt (Bohemia), Gambart at Marseilles, and Clauzen at Altona; and according to their respective calculations, this was the comet which appeared in 1782 and in 1806: the ellipses calculated by M. Gambardt and Clauzen, leave no doubt on this subject. From the researches of M. Damoiseau, it appears that this comet will re-pass its perihelion the 27th November 1832 (27.4808), in which year also, Enke's comet of 1204 days will re-appear. As a further compliment to the memory of M. Laplace, M. Lagendie announced, in the name of the committee of geometry, that they would postpone for six months longer, the election of a successor to that great man.—16. M. Desgenettes proposed himself to the academy as an associate, in place of the late Duke de la Rochefoucault. A memoir was read by M. Cauchy, on the transformation of double integral functions, and on the integration of linear equations of partial differences; and another by M. Richard, entitled, "Monograph on the Orchideæ of the Islands of France and Bourbon."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Scientific Sensibility.—In the last number of the Philosophical Magazine, a letter is inserted from a Mr. Airy, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, complaining, that in the preceding number, Mr. Ivory had coupled his name with terms which have never before appeared "in the pages of that Magazine, or he will venture to say in those of any other scientific journal"—had assailed him with "opprobrious epithets," had "mentioned him in a gross manner," "attacked his character as a gentleman," and overwhelmed him with "a torrent of spleen." "On m'assassine," cries this worthy personage—why, as yet, they are not even whipping him! Thus stands the case. There are in the Philosophical Transactions for 1824, some papers of Mr. Ivory, on the attraction of spheroids—papers whose merit has been since acknowledged by the award of the first royal medal in the gift of that institution. Of one of the conditions of equilibrium given in these papers, Mr. Airy (in a memoir published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1826) remarks that "the reasoning upon which Mr. Ivory has founded the necessity of such a condition, appears to me altogether defective." M. Poisson, whose scientific attainments are assuredly beyond all doubt, had thought the same condition (though so entirely beneath Mr. Airy's consideration) as worthy of a profound and laborious investigation. Mr. Ivory, aware of the space which a Lucasian Professor of Mathematics must occupy in the eyes of the world, complains of Mr. Airy so "flippantly finding fault" with his law; and adds, "what a difference between the supercilious importance of the Cambridge Professor and the "candid expositions of M. Poisson." These are the observations which Mr. Airy denounces as "an offensive note," as "unhandsome treatment," as injurious to his "character as a gentleman," unparalleled in the annals of critical invective; "gross," "opprobrious," "a torrent of spleen," "unworthy of the respect which a gentleman ought to have for himself, as well as for any other who claims that title."

Were the author of this last tirade unknown, we should consider it merely as the splenetic effusion of a weak, vain, irritable, ordinary man, who was conscious of having given offence, and apprehensive of chastisement; but he is an official personage, and his advancement is the pledge of his ability.

Had Mr. Ivory hinted that the conditions which entered into the problem lay far beyond the grasp of Mr. Airy's comprehension; had he insinuated that, from the practice of dogmatizing to boys, he was not aware of the courtesy that was due to men; that, elate with the applause of an university, he had mistaken his character in the estimation of the world; and that an opinion delivered *e cathedrâ*, though extolled by youth, might be ridiculed by age; we should have understood and have partaken Mr. Airy's indignation—as it is, we only surmise that the nerves of a professor are of exquisite sensibility.

"I console myself," says Mr. Ivory, "because I know with the certainty of demonstration, that Mr. Airy's problem, admitting that any practical utility could be attached to it, is not solved, and that it cannot possibly be solved except by my theory, and indirectly with the help of that law, with which he (Mr. A.) so flippantly finds fault." "I console myself," replies Mr. Airy, "by thinking that Mr. Ivory has not reasoned with his usual accuracy upon a point which is somewhat abstruse, and by believing that my problem is solved (as far as such a problem can be solved) without the assistance of Mr. Ivory's equation." Here are wo opposite opinions, of which one is maintained by John Ivory, simply A.M., with nothing but his public character as a mathematician to uphold him; the other is supported by G. B. Airy, Esq., A.M. and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. Who can hesitate in determining the question? Why, it is three to one, and the very titles bring conviction. Beside, when we reflect on the annual Newtons whom Cambridge brings to light, when we see the recorded contempt in which Borda, and Biot, and Kater are held, by professors to whom practical knowledge belongs by intuition, there can be no room for doubt—to be professor in so wonderful a place—Lucasian professor—there is something imposing in the very sound; the spirit of academic philosophy rises before us—we see the wisdom, and the wig. A word or two as to professors. Let us suppose, then, by way of illustration, that there are five professorships, Astronomy, Botany, Divinity, Mathematics, and Mineralogy, and A, B, C, D, E, &c. resident members of the University, are desirous of sharing these places among them—the first step is to mystify the public with regard to their merits; so every place within their reach is made to re-echo their mutual praises. "You tickle me—I tickle you." Then to business; A. desires the botanical chair, but it is that of mineralogy, which is vacant; still, to the latter he is elected, because ultimately he may be transferred to the former; and so long as the appointment is but kept in "*the family*," the instruction of youth is only of secondary importance. Again, a professor of mathematics is required—among a host of candidates, of superior ability, B. and C. appear: it is clear that both cannot succeed—possibly both may be defeated—they coalesce: B. obtains the situation through the influence of C. united to his own, and with the understanding that when the chair of astronomy becomes vacant, his whole interest shall be assigned to C., who thus carries the place

without a question being raised as to the propriety of the appointment, or any proof required of his *practical* knowledge :—E. would make the professorship of geometry a ladder to the chair of divinity, and F. of chemistry a stepping-stone to something else, and so on ; " one foot in the stirrup, and I am soon in the saddle." What results from this system? Why, that local cabal, and petty intrigue, and boisterous pretension, and fatuous self-sufficiency prevail over modest and unassuming ability ; that men of honour and of real talent retire with disgust from a contest which degrades them ; that the title of professor is sneered at as synonymous with charlatan ; and that in the scientific annals of Europe, for the nineteenth century, England enrols such discoveries, as that Gregorian telescopes cannot be made of glass ; that the mean density of the earth exceeds that of gold ; and that the human body, even when in no state of unnatural excitement, evolves so much caloric as to derange the operation of a transit instrument.

French Achromatic Telescope.—The magnificent achromatic telescope which we noticed, some time since, as having been constructed by the late M. Fraunhoper for the observatory at Dorpat, has awakened a strong spirit of emulation in France ; and M. Cauchoix, a Parisian optician, has nearly completed an achromatic telescope, about nineteen feet focal length, and of twelve inches and three-quarters aperture, from some flint glass of the late M. Guinand. It is reported that some remarkable appearances have been observed with this instrument, in the ring of Saturn, by M. M. Arago and Mathieu, of the Royal Observatory at Paris ; an account of which will be published when they shall have been fully verified. Have they seen the phenomenon remarked last year by Captain Kater, *viz.* that the external ring consists of several concentric ones, of which an account appeared in this journal at the time?

Spiders.—To our readers in general, and to entomologists in particular, we conceive that the following instance of ingenuity in a spider, which was witnessed by the writer of this article, will not be uninteresting.— A web was observed to be tightly stretched across a garden path, about five feet in breadth, the reticulated portion occupying the centre, and one of the principal threads to which this part was attached, had a vertical direction ; upon examining in what manner this was fastened to the ground, it was found that the ingenious insect, instead of having permanently fixed it to the gravel path, had coiled it round a stone a little larger than its own body, and had raised this about a foot from the walk, where it was swinging in the air, giving the necessary degree of tension to the net-work of the web, but not affording a sufficient resistance to the wind to occasion its destruction.

Sugar from Melons.—To render France independent of the colonies for a supply of sugar, was a favourite object with Buonaparte, and the extraction of it from beet, in some measure justified his hopes : it would seem that, at the present time, the subject is not altogether overlooked by the chemists, as M. Payen has succeeded in extracting from one hundred parts of the juice of the melon, 1,6 of well crystallized sugar, possessing all the properties of that from the sugar-cane.

Bugs.—A sort of prejudice exists in England, in London especially, that while all old houses swarm with bugs, the newly-built ones are exempt from this execrable annoyance. Without stating the reverse to be the fact, it will be found, that in no part of the metropolis are these noxious insects to be met with in such abundance as in the new houses erected in the Regent's-park, into which they have been introduced in the American timber employed in their construction. On examining this timber, as it comes from the ship, it will be found that the bugs absolutely fill up the crevices. Could no prohibitory duties be laid upon their importation?

Steam Boilers.—In our last number, or in the one which preceded it, we gave an account of the various causes which had been assigned of the explosion of steam-boilers, by Mr. Perkins, in the London Journal of Arts, and by Mr. Taylor and others in the Philosophical Magazine ; in the number for June of the last mentioned work, Mr. Moore, of Bristol, has stated, that steam-engines have often exploded on their being stopped ; and that the immediate cause of explosion in these cases is, probably, an additional strain on the boiler from within, produced by the steam, which previously had a free passage, being prevented from escaping any where but at the safety valve ; the aperture of which, compared with the content of the cylinder into which the steam passed before, is very small. Mr. Moore also suggests, for the purpose of obviating accidents from such a cause, the application of a large valve on the tube adjacent to the part where the steam is prevented from passing to the engine.

Zoology.—No where is the difference resulting from the public museums being in the hands of government as in France, and of private individuals as in England, more apparent than in the Zoological collection in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. To this unrivalled collection, an American condor was added in the course of last year ; and, after great apprehension that it could not survive the winter, this, we believe, unique specimen, is in perfect health, and in full plumage.

Discovery of an ancient Monument in Sicily.—In constructing a bridge near Syracuse, and at some distance from the church of Saint John, where the ancient catacombs are found, an ancient stew or warm-bath has been discovered. It is in breadth 10 palms, about 8-5 feet English. In height, to the springing of the vault, 7 palms, about

6 feet English, and in length. 12 palms, or 10-31 feet English measure. The interior is ornamented with paintings; two children are represented on the roof, flowers and birds on the walls. The structure of the vaulted roof is extremely curious, it being composed of square channels interwoven with great skill. A door which has been discovered, has given rise to a hope, from the manner in which it is placed, that it leads to a suite of chambers and monuments, which may prove worthy of interest.

Egyptian Mummies.—An eminent French chemist, M. Julia Fontenelle, in a discourse, pronounced at the opening of an Egyptian Mummy in the Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne at Paris, has delivered an opinion regarding the cause of embalming in Egypt, which is worthy of attention: it is, that the Egyptians were led to it from physical necessity; and he supports this opinion by the following reasons. During four months of every year, the inundations of the Nile cover almost entirely the whole surface of Egypt which is under cultivation; it is, therefore, evident, that the villages, towns, and cities, must be placed in elevated situations. Now, if this country be examined at the epoch of its greatest prosperity, under the reign of Sesostris, it will be found, that for an extent of territory of about 2,250 square leagues, according to D'Anville, there would be a population of 6,222 per square league, which would allow in the whole 350,000 deaths per annum, reckoning, as usual, one death to forty living persons. These corpses must be gotten rid of either by burning or by interment; methods equally impracticable in Egypt, for they must be buried around the inhabited spots, or in those which were inundated by the Nile, and then the decomposition of these bodies, it must be evident, in affecting the purity of the air, would have been to the population at large, a source of destruction—as to the cremation of the dead, the insufficiency of wood would have been an insurmountable obstacle. A more available resource was open to the Egyptians—the soil of their beautiful country abounds in springs of natron (subcarbonate of soda), and as this substance is a perfect antiseptic, the inhabitants were naturally led to preserve with it the corpses of the dead. In support of the opinion that sanitary views alone were the cause of embalment down to the third century, before the Christian æra, when the practice was abandoned, the professor observes—that during the whole of this period, the plague was unknown in Egypt, where, according to the opinion of M. M. Desgenettes and Saverey, it is now endemic.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Reasons of the Laws of Moses, from the More Nevochim of Maimonides, with Notes, Dissertations, and a Life of the Author, by James Townley, D.D.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other Poems, by T. Hood.

A Translation of the Life and Writings of the German-Patriot and Poet, Koerner, with Engravings.

A Narrative of the Capture, Detention, and Ransom, of Charles Johnston, of Botetourt County, Virginia, who was made Prisoner by the Indians, on the River Ohio, in the year 1790, is nearly ready.

Lieut.-General the Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the late War in Spain and Portugal, is in the press.

Dr. Moseley is preparing for publication, a Dictionary of Latin Quantities; or, Prosodian's Guide to the different Quantities of every Syllable in the Latin Language; alphabetically arranged, with Authorities from the best Poets; to which is prefixed a Treatise on Prosody.

Mr. J. R. Young, Author of an Elementary Treatise on Algebra, will shortly publish Elements of Geometry, containing a New and Universal Treatise on the Doctrine of Proportion, together with Notes; in which are pointed out and corrected some important errors that have hitherto remained unnoticed in the writings of Geometers; also, an Examination of the various Theories of Parallel lines, that have been proposed by Legendre, Bertrand, Ivory, &c.

A new edition of the Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum; or a Synoptical Table of English Butterflies. With Directions for collecting and preserving them; the peculiar character of the Eggs, Caterpillars, and Chrysalises of each kind; and a minute Description of each Butterfly, with coloured Plates, is nearly ready.

A Series of Views in the Isle of Wight, illustrative of its Picturesque Scenery, Natural Curiosities, and Seats of Nobility and Gentry, is on the eve of publication, from Drawings made during the last Summer, by Mr. F. Calvert, accompanied with descriptions.

No. III. of Robson's "*Picturesque Views of English Cities*," containing eight Engravings of Lincoln, York, Canterbury, Oxford, Ely, Gloucester, Bath, and Peterborough, will be ready in a few days.

"The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy;" No. IV., to finish that Work, will be published in the ensuing month; and, at the same time, *Mr. Britton* announces his intention of *giving* to the Subscribers a volume of letter-press.

Now publishing, the History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Peterborough, illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Architectural

Details of that Edifice; including a History of the Abbey and See; an Architectural Description of the Church, Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops, and of other Eminent Persons connected with the Cathedral, by John Britton, F.S.A. F.R.S.L., and Member of several other Foreign and English Societies.

The pleasant History of Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthy Yeomen of the West, by the celebrated ballad-maker, Thomas Delany, will form the Third Part of Mr. W. J. Thom's early Prose Romances.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

FINE ARTS, &c.

A Series of Practical Instructions in Landscape-Painting in Water-Colours. By John Clark, complete in Four Parts. Illustrated by fifty-five Views from Nature, descriptive Objects, &c., mounted in imitation of Drawings. Price 6l. 6s. in a handsome box.

A Selection of Architectural and other Ornaments, Greek, Roman, and Italian; drawn from the Originals. By John Jenkins, and William Hoskins, Architects. Part I., price 6s. Super-royal folio, imperial paper, India proofs, 10s. 6d., to be completed in VIII. Parts.

No. XIX. of "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London," with eight Engravings.

Light's Views of Pompei. Part I. 4to. 10s. 6d. India paper 15s.

Horæ Poeticæ, or a Series of Verses, Original and Translated. By Thomas Smith. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Flora Australasica. By Robert Sweet. Coloured Plates. Part I. 3s.

The History and Antiquities of Peterborough Cathedral. By J. Britton. No. II. A third Number will finish this Cathedral, when the author commences on that of Gloucester.

Shaw's Antiquities of the Chapel at Luton Park. Folio. Part I. 15s. India paper. 30s.

The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; exemplified by a Series of Illustrations, with Descriptive Accounts of the House and Galleries of John Soane, Esq., Architect, &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. Thirty-three Engravings, and five Wood Cuts. 1 vol. medium 4to. 2 gs. Imperial 4to. 3 gs.

Six Sheets of a New Atlas of India. Being the Surveys of the Mountainous Districts. By Captains Hodgson, Herbert and Webb, and of Bundelcund, by Captain Franklin, on a Scale of Four Miles to an Inch. 2l. 8s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical. By Emma Roberts. 2 vols. 8vo. 26s. boards.

Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. In 5 vols. 8vo. With Portraits and other Plates. 3l. 10s. boards.

History of the Commonwealth of England, vol. 3. By William Godwin. 8vo.

Historical and Biographical Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Duke of York. By John Watkins, LL.D. 8vo. 14s. boards.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the Sixteenth Century. By Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Memoir of Agustine Vincent, Windsor Herald. By W. H. Nicolas, Esq., &c. 12mo. boards.

Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Orme's Memoirs of John Urquhart. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. boards.

Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. By the Hon. Agar Ellis. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

Memoirs of Lewis Holberg. Written by himself; with Introduction and Sequel. 18mo. 3s. 6d boards.

Memoirs of John Creighton, William Gifford, and Thomas Ellwood. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

The Life of John Wickliff; with an Appendix and List of his Works. 12mo. boards.

King Henry the Fourth, and his Times; being the first of a Series of Romances from Shakspeare. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 12s.

The Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and Dr. French Lawrence. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

A Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders. By Capt. Edward Boys, R.N. Post 8vo. With Views.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Quarterly Review. No. LXXI. price 6s.

The Westminster Review. No. XIV. price 6s.

The Citizen's Pocket Chronicle; containing a digested View of the History, Antiquity, and Temporal Government of the City of London, &c. &c. Royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Barrow's Dictionary of Facts and Knowledge. 12mo. 4s. bound.

The Northumberland House Book. 8vo. 11. 1s. boards.

Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science. By Thomas Morell. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Popular Political Economy. Four Lectures delivered at the London Mechanics' Institution. By Thomas Hodgskin. 12mo. 6s. boards.

The Students; or, Biography of Grecian Philosophers. Half-bound. 12mo. 6s.

Deacon's Law and Practice of Bankruptcy. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. boards.

The True Development of the Binomial Theorem; or more properly of its Base, the Monomial Theorem, by a purely Algebraical process. By Thomas Swinburne, and Rev. Thomas Tylecote. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Rules for the Aged. 12mo. 6s. boards.

A Treatise on Logic, on the Basis of Aldridge; with Illustrative Notes. 12mo. 5s. boards.

Speech of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on

his Retiring from Office, in the House of Commons, May 1, 1827. 2s.

A Practical Treatise on Banking; containing an Account of the London and Country Banks; exhibiting their System of Book-keeping, their Terms, Customs in regard to Bills of Exchange, Calculations, &c. 2s. 6d.

Budd on Infant Baptism. 12mo. 6s. bds.

Chess Problems; being a Selection of Original Positions, with others, extracted from the best Authors. 12mo. 6s. boards.

The Young Horsewoman's Compendium of the Modern Art of Riding. By Edward Stanley, of the Royal Artillery, with Plates. 10s. boards.

Bibliotheca Sussexiana; a Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices, of the Manuscripts and Printed Books in the Library of the Duke of Sussex. By T. J. Pettigrew. Vol. I. in two Parts. Imperial 8vo. 3l. 13s. 6d.

Physical and Metaphysical Hints for every Body. By E. Biher, Dr. Ph.

Hind's Trigonometry. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Reports on Justice in the West-Indies. 8vo. 14s. boards.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Vol. XV. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Wivel's Inquiry into Shakspeare's Portraits. 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.

Caledonian Horticultural Memoirs. Vol. IV. Part I. 8s. boards.

Scholastic Register. First half-yearly Part. 3s.

Selections from the Spectator. 12mo. 5s. boards.

Daniel's Meteorological Essays. Part II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

NOVELS, TALES &c.

High-ways and By-ways. Third Series. Tales of the Road-Side; picked up in the French Provinces, by a Walking Gentleman. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Reuben Apsley. By the Author of Brambletye House, &c. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

Hyde Nugent; a Tale of Fashionable Life. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. boards.

The Aylmers. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 7s. boards.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Vittoria Colonna; a Tale of Rome, in the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols. Fscp. 8vo. 18s. boards.

More Mornings at Bow Street; a new Collection of Humorous and Interesting Reports. By John Wight; with twenty-five Engravings, by Cruikshank. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Illustrations of the Passion of Love. 12mo. with Engravings. Vol I. 7s. 6d. boards.

The Quality Papers. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Elizabeth Evanshaw, the Sequel of Truth. 3 vols. 12mo. 8s. 6d. boards.

Absurdities: in Prose and Verse. Written and Illustrated by A. Crowquill. 12mo. 8s. 6d. boards.

Iu-Kiao-Li; or, the Two Fair Cousins. 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. boards.

Hamel; or, the Obeah Man. In 2 vols. Post 8vo. 18s. boards.

The Epicurean; a Tale. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 12mo. boards.

POETRY.

Specimen of Polish Poets. By John Bowring. 12mo. 8s. boards

Spence's Poetical Works. 5 vols. crown 8vo. 2l. boards.

The Christian Poet. Edited by James Montgomery, Esq. 12mo. 6s. boards.

The Age Reviewed; a Satirical Poem. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The First Twenty-eight Odes of Anacreon, in Greek, and in English; and in both languages in Prose, as well as in Verse; with copious variorum Notes, &c. By J. B. Roche, M.D. 8vo. 12s. boards.

The Press; a Poem. By Mr. M'Creery. Part II. 4to. 10s. 6d. boards.

Isaac Comnenus; a Play. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

The Draught of Immortality, and other Poems; with Cromwell, a Dramatic Sketch. By Henry Meredith Parker, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Novelle di G. Boccaccio; being a Selection from his Decameron, with English Notes, &c. By M. Santagnello. Crown 8vo. 7s. bds.

May Fair. In fscp. 8vo. 8s. boards.

SURGERY, MEDICINE, &c.

Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Diseases; illustrated with Cases and Engravings. By E. Harrison, M.D. Royal 8vo. 21s. boards.

Dr. Scudamore on Rheumatism. 8vo. 15s. boards.

Levison's Treatise on the Teeth and Gums. 8vo. 3s. boards.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

The Character and Conduct of the Apostles considered as an Evidence of Christianity, in eight Sermons; preached before the University of Oxford; being the Bampton Lecture for 1827. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Winslow's Instructions for Holy Orders. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Protestant Principles. 8vo. 15s. boards.

The Connection of Sacred and Profane History; from the Death of Joshua, to the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel. By Rev. Dr. Russell. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.

An Essay on the Philosophical Evidence of Christianity; or, the Credibility obtained to a Scriptural Revelation, from its coincidence with the Facts of Nature. By Rev. Renn D. Hampden. 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

Bishop Sherlock's Arguments against a Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. 3s. 6d.

Mereweather on the Church. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Colman's Sermons. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Immortality, or Annihilation. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

Cunningham's Morning Thoughts on St. Mark. 2s. 6d. boards.

Daubney's Vindication of Bishop Bull. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical, delivered in Essex-street Chapel. By Thomas Belsham. Vol. 2. 8vo. 10s 6d. boards.

Newcomb's Gospel Harmony. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Essay on Saving Faith. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

Bingham's Discourses. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

Five Years' in Buenos Ayres. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Alexander's Travels of Mirza Modena. 3vo. 9s. bds.

The Hon. F. De Roos's Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States; with Observations on the Maritime Resources of America, Emigration, &c. &c.

Travels in the Tunannee, Kooranko, and Soolima Countries, in Western Africa. By Major Alexander Gordon Laing. 8vo. 18s. boards.

Two Years in Ava. 8vo. 16s. boards.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed 1827.

To William John Hobson Hood, of Arundel-street, Strand, Lieut. R. N., for improvements on pumps or machinery for raising or forcing water, chiefly applicable to ships—Sealed 26th May; 6 months.

To George Burges, of Bagnigge Wells, Middlesex, Gent., for improvements in the construction of wheeled carriages, and wheels to be attached to the said carriages, or for other purposes—26th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Clarke, of Market Harborough, Leicester, carpet and worsted manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing carpets—26th May; 4 months.

To Malcolm Muir, of Glasgow, for machinery for preparing boards for flooring and other similar purposes—1st June; 2 months.

To John Were Clark, of Tiverton, for an improved mode of attaching, fixing, or searing the deed eyes to the channels and sides of ships or vessels—8th June; 6 months.

To Joseph Cliseld Daniell, of Stoke, Wilts, clothier, for improvements in preparing wire cords, and dressing woollen and other cloths—8th June; 6 months.

To Charles Phillips, Esq., of Rochester, Kent, Capt. R. N., for improvements on capstans—8th June; 6 months.

To Hugh Evans, of Great Surrey-street, Surrey, Lieut. Royal Marine Corps, and William Robert Hale King, of Snow Hill, London, Tin Plate Worker, for a new table apparatus to promote the ease, comfort, and economy of persons at sea, or on nautical excursions—12th June; 6 months.

To Thomas Don, of Lower James-street, Westminster, millwright, and Andrew Smith, of Wells-street, Oxford-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, builder, for methods of making and constructing shutters and blinds of iron or steel, or any other metals or compositions thereof, and improved methods of constructing and fixing shutters and blinds of iron or steel, or any other metals or materials, and methods of uniting in shutters the double properties of shutters and blinds—15th June; 2 months.

To Solomon Robinson, of Leeds, York, Flax Dresser, for improvements in machinery for hackling or dressing and clearing hemp, flax, and tow—16th June; 6 months.

To Lambert Dexter, of King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, London, Esq., for certain improvements in machinery for the purpose of spinning wool, cotton, and other fibrous substances—16th June; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in July 1813, *expire in the present month of July* 1827.

1. John Ambrose Stickell, Lambeth, for *an alarm and machinery for the discovery of depredators in a house or premises.*

3. Edward Thomason, Birmingham, for *improvements in the construction of whips.*

7. Robert Adams, London, for *an improved method of preparing blacking.*

14. John Millard, London, for *a method of manufacturing cotton wool free from mixture, into cloth, for the purpose of regulating perspiration.*

— John Clark, Bridgewater, for *a method of constructing beds, pillows, hammocks, cushions, &c.*

Alexander Moody, Southwark, for *a method of tanning and dressing white, buff, or losh leather.*

— William Godfrey Kneller, Croydon, for *a method of manufacturing verdigris of the same quality as what is called "French verdigris."*

— George Ferguson and Joseph Ashton, Carlisle, for *their improved light, elastic, water-proof hat, commonly called a beaver.*

19. Robert Pretyman, Ipswich, for *an improvement in the pan, touch-hole, and pan-cover of a gun-lock.*

23f John Lewis, Llanelly, for *his improvements in the art of smelting copper ore.*

— Charles James Mason, of Lane Delph, Staffordshire, for *a process for the improvement of the manufacture of English porcelain.*

— Frederick Kœnig, London, for *additional improvements on his method of printing by means of machinery.*

— Richard Perring, Stoke Damarel, Devon, for *his anchor made on new principles.*

31. Joseph Hamilton, Dublin, for *his new application of earths and other materials to useful purposes.*

— William Horrocks, Stockport, for *further improvements to a machine for weaving of cotton and other goods by hand, steam, &c.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE DUKE DE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The Duke de Rochefoucauld, long known as the Duke de Liancourt, a title which he derived from his estate in the Beauvais, was born in the year 1747. It was at the restoration of the monarchy that he took the title of Rochefoucauld, which had descended to him from his cousin, the Duke de Rochefoucauld d'Enville, who was assassinated at Gisors, in 1792. When the revolution began he was Grand Master of the Wardrobe to the King, an office previously held by his father, the Duke d'Estissac. In the Assembly of the States General he was one of the deputies for the noblesse, and was one of the early advocates of reform. At the time when the bastille was destroyed, he appears to have had great influence with the king. On the morning of the 15th of July, the bastille having been taken on the preceding evening, it was openly maintained that Louis XVI. ought to be compelled to descend from his throne. M. de Liancourt was, at this moment, in the presence of his unfortunate sovereign; and, fearing to behold his crown torn from him, and his life endangered, he prevailed on him to recal Neckar, and to remove the troops encamped in the neighbourhood of Paris and Versailles. The king did so, whether wisely or not it would be difficult, if not impossible, to determine.

In the same year M. de Liancourt pronounced a discourse in the Assembly, on the necessity of the royal *veto* against all legislative acts deemed by the King contrary to the interests of his people or of his crown. He contended also that the military in actual service ought not to be permitted to take part in the deliberations of the political clubs. Subsequently M. de Liancourt occupied himself chiefly in subjects connected with practical improvements in the condition of society. He was a member of the constitutional body termed the Feuillans. On the question of replacing the ancient academies by new institutions, he proposed a plan, differing but little from that of the National Institute, established in 1795.

In the affair of the 10th of August the Duke saved himself by flight—retired to England, and afterwards proceeded to America, where he remained till 1799. There he travelled much, applying himself closely to the study of American arts, agriculture, commerce, political economy, &c. After the 18th of Brumaire (19th of Nov. 1799,) he returned to France. The greater part of his estates had been confiscated and sold; but a large property was still in the possession of his wife in her own right, she, for the purpose of preserving it for the family, having obtained a divorce during the Duke's absence. M. de Liancourt fixed his residence in a part of his mansion that had escaped the fury of the populace, and established within it a cotton manufactory, which speedily attained considerable importance. He uniformly declined receiving employment from Buonaparte, who, notwithstanding, conferred on him the decorations of the Legion of Honour. He devoted himself exclusively to the concerns of his factory, from which the neighbouring poor derived constant employment and support.

It is chiefly owing to the Duke de Rochefoucauld that France has participated so extensively as she has done the benefit of vaccination. From his estate of Liancourt, into which he introduced this life-preserving art, it has spread to every part of the kingdom.

In 1814 the Duke was named by the King a Peer of France. During the government of the Hundred Days he protested, in his capacity of member of the Electoral College of the Oise, against the revolution of that period. On the second return of the King he was again named a member of the Chamber of Peers; in which, whenever he has spoken, he has evinced the firmest attachment to the principles of a constitutional monarchy. He was a zealous advocate of every improvement in the moral character of the poor; and he not long since announced to the Society for the Encouragement of Elementary Instruction, that he had established a school at Liancourt, according to the new and popular mode of teaching.

In the course of his life the Duke de Rochefoucauld published several valuable works, of which his "Travels in the United States" is the most important. He died on the 27th of March; his funeral was on the 30th. It was attended by some of the leading members of the Chamber of Peers, and of the Chamber of Deputies, and by a great number of other persons of distinction. The students of L'Ecole des Arts et Metiers of Chalons, of which the deceased had been Inspector General, assembled at the family hotel, and carried the body to the church of the Assumption, where the service was performed. On the question, however, of carrying the body from the church to the barrier of Clichy, a disgraceful disturbance occurred between the military escort and the students, in which several of the latter were wounded, and the coffin was thrown to the ground and rolled in the kennel. The commander of the escort has been strongly censured for this disturbance; and the King of France has been pleased to convey an expression of regret at the occurrence to the family of the deceased. Sterne, we apprehend, would not have said that they managed *such* affairs best in France.

DR. HAWKER.

The Rev. Dr. Hawker was born about the year 1753. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; and, for the long period of

fifty years previously to his decease, he had been vicar of the parish of Charles the Martyr, at Plymouth. He was one of those clergymen who assume the epithet of evangelical. He has always been conspicuous amongst his class; and numerous are the controversies in which he has, at different times, engaged with his brethren of the church.

Dr. Hawker had been for some time in a declining state. Aware, as it is said, of his approaching end, and urged by a wish once more to see his daughter, Mrs. Ball, who was confined by indisposition at Totness, he, contrary to the advice of his medical friends, went to that town, from Plymouth, about a fortnight before his death. His strength was greatly impaired by the journey; and, on reaching Ivy-bridge, on his way home, he felt the tide of life ebbing fast. "My time is drawing near," said he; "be quick—put on additional horses, or I shall not reach home alive!" In accordance with his wish, additional horses were put to the carriage; but, after proceeding for a short time at a rapid pace, his weakness so increased that it was found impracticable to travel faster than a walk. Reaching home, he partook of some refreshment, from which he derived a temporary revival of strength. In the course of the evening he called his family around him; and, having read and expounded to them the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from the 5th to the 12th verse, he said, "I shall not long be with you—I am leaving you—but God will still be with you." He had scarcely uttered these words, when he leaned back in his chair, and expired, as though he had fallen asleep, without a sigh; some time, indeed, elapsed before those who stood around him were aware that the spirit had departed. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon (April 6th) that he arrived at home, and at ten minutes before eight he died.

As a preacher, Dr. Hawker was exceedingly popular; and, in his occasional visits to the metropolis, he drew such crowded congregations that the limbs and lives of his auditory were frequently endangered. He was the founder of many charities; he was benignant and affectionate to all.

Dr. Hawker was the author of—Several sermons on the Divinity of Christ, 1792; Evidence of a Plenary Inspiration, 1793; Sermons on the Divinity and Operations of the Holy Ghost, 1794; Misericordia, 1795; Christian's Pocket Companion, 1797; Sermons, 1797; Youth's Catechism, 1798; Specimens of Preaching, 1801; Life of W. Coombes, 1802; his own Works, complete in 6 vols., 1805; Life and Writings of the Rev. H. Tanner, 1807; Two Letters to a Barrister, 1808; Letter to W. Hale, in Defence of the Female Penitentiary, 1810; the Bible, with a Commentary, 1816; the Poor Man's Commentary on the New Testament, 1816; &c.

MR. GILBERT BURNS.

Gilbert Burns was born about the year 1760. He was eighteen months younger than his brother Robert, Scotland's most gifted bard. With him he was early inured to toil, and rendered familiar with the hardships of the peasant's lot; like him, too, he was much subject to occasional depression of spirits, and from whatever cause, he had contracted a similar bend or stoop in the shoulders: his frame, like that of Robert, was cast in a manly and symmetrical mould. The profile of his countenance resembled that of his brother, and their phrenological developments are said to have been not dissimilar: the principal disparity lay in the form and expression of the eye, which in Gilbert, was fixed, sagacious, and steady—in Robert, almost always "in a fine phrenzy rolling."

Gilbert Burns was the archetype of his father, a very remarkable man: his piety was equally warm and sincere; and, in all the private relations of life, as an elder of the church, a husband, a father, a master, and a friend, he was pre-eminent. His writings want that variety, originality, and ease, which shine so conspicuously even in the prose works of the poet; but they have many redeeming points about them. His taste was as pure as his judgment was masculine. He has been heard to say, that the two most pleasurable moments of his life were—first, when he read Mackenzie's story of La Roche, and secondly, when Robert took him apart, at the breakfast or dinner hour, during harvest, and read to him, while seated on a barley sheaf, his MS. copy of the far-famed Cotter's Saturday Night.

When Robert Burns was invited by Dr. Blacklock to visit Edinburgh, Gilbert was struggling in the unthrifty farm of Mosgiel, and toiling late and early to keep a house over the heads of his aged mother and unprotected sisters. The poet's success was the first thing that stemmed the ebbing tide of his fortunes. On settling with Mr. Creech, in February 1788, he received, as the profits of his second publication, about £500; and, with that generosity which formed a part of his nature, he immediately presented Gilbert with nearly half of his whole wealth. Thus succoured, Gilbert married a Miss Breconridge, and removed to a better farm at Dinning, in Dumfriesshire. While there, he was recommended to Lady Blantyre, whose estates in East Lothian he subsequently managed for nearly a quarter of a century. He died at Grant's Braes, in the neighbourhood of Haddington, on one of the Blantyre farms, on the 8th of April. He had no fixed complaint; but, for several months preceding his dissolution, a gradual decay of nature had been apparent. It is probable that his death was accelerated by severe domestic afflictions; as, on the 4th of January, he lost a daughter, who had long been the pride of his family hearth; and, on the 26th of February following, his youngest son, a youth of great promise, died at Edinburgh, of typhus fever,

on the eve of his being licensed for the ministry. Mrs. Burns, who brought him a family of six sons and five daughters, of whom five sons and one daughter are living, survives.

It ought to be mentioned that the two hundred pounds which Robert Burns lent to his brother, in the year 1788, was not repaid till 1820. Gilbert was far from affluent; in early life he had to struggle even for existence; and, therefore, to know that his aged mother and one or two sisters, were properly supported, was, in the poet's eyes, a full acquittance of all claims. The children of Robert viewed the subject in the same light. In 1819, Gilbert Burns was invited by Messrs. Cadell and Davies, to revise a new edition of his brother's works; to supply whatever he found wanting, and correct whatever he thought amiss. He accepted the invitation; and, by appending much valuable matter to the late Dr. Currie's biography, he at once vindicated his brother's memory from many aspersions which had been cast upon it, and established his own credit as an author. On receiving payment for his labour, the first thing he did was, to balance accounts, to the uttermost farthing, with the widow and family of his deceased brother. The letter which accompanied the remittance of the money was, in the highest degree, creditable to his feelings.

MR. ROWLANDSON.

Thomas Rowlandson, an artist of no mean celebrity in his day, was born in the Old Jewry, in the month of July 1756. His father was a merchant. He was educated at Dr. Barrow's school, Soho Square. Amongst his school-fellows were Richard, son of the late Edmund Burke, Holman, the tragedian, &c. At an early period he gave indications of future talent, having drawn humorous caricatures of his master, and many of the boys in the school. In his sixteenth year he was sent to Paris, and was entered a student in one of the drawing academies there, where he made rapid advances in the study of the human figure. In the course of a residence of nearly two years, he not unfrequently indulged his talent of satirical portraiture. On his return to London, he resumed his studies at the Royal Academy, having been admitted on the list of students previously to his sojourn at Paris. Mr. John Banister, afterwards one of the first comic actors of the age, was one of his fellow-students, and a friendship commenced between them, which continued till the death of Rowlandson. His father having become embarrassed through manufacturing speculations, our young artist was, in a great measure, thrown upon his own resources before he reached the age of manhood. His aunt, however, (a Mademoiselle Chattelier, who had married his father's brother, Mr. Thomas Rowlandson) amply supplied him with money, and, at her death, she left him £7,000, besides other valuable property. Thus enabled to indulge his predilection for a joyous life, he mixed with high company, acquired an uncontrolable passion for gaming, and speedily dissipated the amount of more than one valuable legacy. He frequently played throughout a night and the next day; and once, according to his own statement, he continued at the gaming table nearly thirty-six hours, with the intervention only of the time for refreshment, which was supplied by a cold collation. Yet Rowlandson was scrupulously upright in all his pecuniary transactions, and ever avoided getting into debt. After having beggared himself, he has been known to return home to his professional studies, sit down coolly to produce a series of new designs, and to exclaim, with stoical philosophy, "I have played the fool; but (holding up his pencils) here is my resource."

Though the generality of his humorous and political etchings were coarse and slight, many of his early works were very carefully wrought; and his studies from the human figure, at the Royal Academy, were scarcely inferior to those of Mortimer. Dispatch was one of his great characteristics. Had he been systematic in his studies he might have become a great historical painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his successor in the presidential chair of the Royal Academy, have each declared that some of his drawings would have done honour to Rubens, or to any of the greatest masters of design of the old schools. His drawings for the Dance of Death, the Dance of Life, Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque, &c., made to illustrate the writings of the late Mr. Coombe, were sufficient to establish his graphic fame. They are, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand.

Mr. Rowlandson died at his chambers in the Adelphi, on Saturday, the 21st of April; and, on the Saturday following, his remains were followed to the grave by the two friends of his youth, Mr. Banister and Mr. Angelo, senior, and by his constant friend and employer, Mr. Ackermann.

LORD KIRCUDBRIGHT.

Sholto Henry M'Clellan, Lord Kircudbright, was born on the 15th of August 1771. He succeeded his father, John, the seventh lord, on the 24th of December, 1821. According to history, his lordship's family was anciently of great power, and heritable sheriffs of all Galloway, till the reign of James II. of Scotland. At one period its branches were so numerous, that there were in Galloway twelve knights of the name of M'Clellan, of whom Sir Patrick M'Clellan, tutor of Bombie, was the chief. Gilbert, one of his great grandsons, was one of the ancestors of Lord Kircudbright. His lordship was short in stature, and somewhat deformed in person. Though eccentric in manner, he possessed many good qualities. He had been travelling for the last two years, in the care of a servant, for the benefit of his health; and he was brought home to Raeberry Lodge, Southampton, in a state of extreme debility,

on the 13th of April. He died early on the morning of the 16th. His Lordship married in the year 1820, Miss Cantes, but left no issue. He was, consequently, succeeded by his brother, Camden Gray, the present lord, an officer in the guards.

LARIVE.

M Larive, the oldest, and one of the most celebrated of the French tragedians, was born at Rochelle, in the year 1749. He made his first theatrical appearance at Lyons, under the management of Madame Lobreau. In 1771 he went to Paris, where he appeared at the Theatre François, under the patronage of the celebrated Mademoselle Clairon. That lady regarded him as her *protégé*; but the public, indignant at the unqualified panegyric which she heaped upon him, estimated him below his real value. However, his fine person, and his powers of declamation, soon commanded applause; and, for many years, he stood upon a level with Le Kain.

At the commencement of the French revolution, many of the players, it is well known, were amongst the most active of the insurgents. Larive was not one of the exceptions; he appeared at the head of the electors of Paris, before the Constituent Assembly, with an address of adherence to the new system, and was admitted to the honours of the sitting. On the 12th of February, 1790, he made a present to the Marquess de la Fayette, of the chain which the Chevalier Bayard used to wear round his neck.

Larive quitted the theatre rather earlier than is usual with first-rate actors. By some his retirement was ascribed to the severe criticisms of Geoffroi; but it may more reasonably be assigned to the superior merits of Talma, who supplanted him in the estimation of the public, and successfully introduced on the French stage. Larive afterwards repaired to Naples, on the invitation of Joseph Buonaparte, by whom he was liberally rewarded. He was the author of Pyramus and Thisbe, Reflections on the Theatrical Art, a Course of Declamation, &c. He died lately at Montignon.

LORD FERRARS.

The Right Hon. Robert Shirley, seventh Earl Ferrars, Viscount Tamworth, Lord of the Honour of Chartley, fourth Baronet of England, and F.A.S., was born on the 7th of September, 1756. The family of Shirley is descended from Sewallis, whose residence, at the time of the conquest, was at Ettington, in the county of Warwick. His descendant, James of Ettington, first assumed the name of Shirley in the time of Henry III. Lord Ferrars was the eighteenth in lineal descent from prince Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of king Edward the Third, whose arms his lordship was entitled to quarter, as well as those of the intermediate illustrious houses of Bourchier and Devereux, Earls of Essex.

His Lordship's mother was Catherine, daughter of Rowland Cotton, of Etwald, in the county of Derby, Esq. He succeeded his father, Robert, the sixth earl, on the 18th of April, 1787; having previously married on the 13th of March, 1778, Elizabeth Prentise, by whom (who died in 1799) he had issue, Robert Sewallis, Viscount Tamworth, born in 1778, and died in 1824, without issue. The Viscount had married, in 1800, Sophia Caroline, daughter of Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Scarsdale.

Earl Ferrars married, secondly, in 1799, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wrightson Mundy, of Marsheaton, in Derbyshire. His Lordship died at Hastings on the 23d of May, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by the Hon. Washington Shirley, his only brother, now the eighth earl.

THE DUKE OF GORDON.

The territory of Gordon, in Berwickshire, anciently of great extent, was granted during the reign of David I. of Scotland, to an Anglo-Norman settler, who assumed from it the name of Gordon. In the reign of Robert I., Sir Adam de Gordon obtained a grant of the barony of Strathbogie, in the county of Atholl. His great great-grandson, Sir Adam Gordon of Huntley, was killed at Hamildon, in the year 1402, leaving an only daughter and heir, married to Alexander Seaton, second son of Sir William Seaton, of Seaton. These were the ancestors of the Dukes of Gordon. Alexander Seaton, Lord of Gordon, assumed the surname of Gordon, and was created in 1449-50, Earl of Huntley. George, the sixth earl, and sixth in lineal descent from Alexander, was, in 1599, created Marquess of Huntley. His great Grandson, the fourth Marquess, was created Duke of Gordon, in 1684. His great grandson,

Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, Marquess and Earl of Huntley, and Earl of Enzie, Viscount Inverness, Baron Gordon of Strathbogie, Lord of Badenach, Lochabar, Strathaven, Achindown, Bulmore, Gartley, and Kincardine;—Scots honours; Premier Marquess in Scotland, Earl of Norwich, Baron Beauchamp, of Bletshoe; Baron Mordaunt, of Turvey, county Bedford; and Baron Gordon, of Huntley, county Gloucester, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; K.T., F.R.S.; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Chancellor of King's College, Aberdeen; Lord Lieutenant, county Aberdeen; and Hereditary Keeper of Inverness Castle, was born in the year 1743. He succeeded his father, Cosmo George, the third duke, in 1752; and he married in 1767, Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., by whom he had issue:—1st, George, Marquess of Huntley, the present duke, born in 1770;—2d, Charlotte, married in 1789, Charles Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond;—3d, Madelina, married in 1789, Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart., and *secondly*, in 1805, Charles Palmer, of Lock-

ley Park, Berkshire, Esq.; —4th, Susan, married in 1793, William Montagu, fifth Duke of Manchester;—5th, Louisa, married in 1797, Charles, second Marquess Cornwallis; —6th, Georgiana, married in 1803, John, present and sixth Duke of Bedford;—and, 7th, Alexander, a captain in the 59th regt. of foot, who died in 1808.

Jane, Duchess of Gordon, distinguished by her beauty, talents, and gallantry, having died in the year 1812, the duke married, in 1820, a lady of the name of Christie; but, by her, who died in 1824, he had no issue. His Grace died at half-past ten, on the night of Sunday the 17th of June, at his residence in Mount Street, Berkeley Square. Notwithstanding his advanced period of life, his Grace was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and had been as far as Clapton Common only a few hours before he died.

George, his Grace's eldest son, and successor, the present duke, was summoned to the House of Lords, in 1807, as Baron Gordon of Huntley, in the county of Gloucester. He is a general in the army, and colonel of the 1st regt. of foot. He married in 1813, a daughter of Alexander Brodie, of Arne Hall, North Britain, Esq.

LORD DE TABLEY.

As a munificent patron of literature, and the Fine Arts, the death of Lord de Tabley, will be extensively and sincerely lamented. The ancient Cheshire family of Leicester, represented by his Lordship, derives its origin from Sir Nicholas Leicester Kirk, who was seneschal to Henry de Lacey, Earl of Lincoln and Constable of Leicester, in the reign of Edward I. and II. The family appears to have been seated at Tabley for many generations. Sir Peter Leicester, fourteenth in descent from Sir Nicholas, was created a baronet in the year 1660. Sir Peter's grandson, Sir Francis, had a daughter, and heiress, who married, as her second husband, Sir John Byrne, of Timogue, in Ireland, Bart. Her eldest son, Sir Peter, succeeded his father in the Irish baronetcy, and his maternal grandfather in the estate of Tabley. In the year 1744, he, by Act of Parliament, assumed the name of Leicester only. He married, in 1755, Catherine, third daughter, and co-heiress, of Sir William Fleming, of Ryddal, Bart. Of this marriage, John Fleming, late Lord de Tabley, was the fourth, and eldest surviving son.

Sir John was born on the 4th of April, 1762. Almost from infancy he was devoted by personal attachment, and by congeniality of mind and pursuits, to his present Majesty, by whom he was honoured by close and familiar intercourse. In early life he visited Italy, where he spent a considerable time with the late Francis, Duke of Bedford, in the cultivation of his taste for literature and the Fine Arts. This taste became almost a passion with him; and, it is not too much to say, that by his death, the English school of painting has lost one of its best friends. In the encouragement of painting, sculpture, and engraving, he was at once liberal, generous, and indefatigable. As a connoisseur, his judgment was correct—his taste exquisite; and, as a painter, he possessed great merit. His superb collection, formed at immense cost, was frequently opened for public inspection. Regarding it in a national light, it is anxiously to be hoped that this collection may not be dispersed.

It may be said of Lord de Tabley, that he was an elegant scholar, and a perfect gentleman. His manners were refined; and, in all the relations of life, he was an object of respect, esteem, and love. Nothing could surpass the delight of his domestic circle at Tabley.

Sir John Leicester married, in the year 1810, Georgiana Maria, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Cotton. In the year 1826, he was elevated to the peerage, by the title of Baron de Tabley, of Tabley House, in the county Palatine of Chester. His Lordship was colonel of his Majesty's regiment of Cheshire yeomanry.

By Lady de Tabley, whose beauty, kindness, and intelligence, diffused a charm over all who came within the sphere of her influence—of whom the exquisite portrait, as Hope, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, can never be forgotten—his Lordship has left two sons; George, his successor, born on the 28th of October, 1811; and William Henry, born on the 4th of July, 1813.

Lord de Tabley, who had endured a lingering and painful illness, since the 11th of December last, died at Tabley, on the 18th of June.

THE REV. MARK NOBLE.

The Rev. Mark Noble, F.A.S., a gentleman well known in the literary world, as an antiquary and historian, was rector of Barming, in Kent. Residing upon his living, his leisure allowed him to write and publish a variety of works, extremely valuable, from the indefatigable industry and research which they display. Regarding his productions as extremely useful for reference, we subjoin the following list:—Two Dissertations on the Mint and Coins of the Episcopal Palace of Durham, 4to. 1780;—Genealogical Histories of the present Royal Families of Europe, 8vo. 1781;—Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell, 2 vols. 8vo., 1781;—Memoirs of the House of Medici, 1797;—Lives of the English Regicides, 2 vols. 8vo., 1797;—History of the College of Arms, 4to., 1801;—Biographical Anecdotes of England, in continuation of Granger, 2 vols. 8vo., 1809.

Mr. Noble died on the 26th of May.

VOLTA.

This celebrated natural philosopher, who has just terminated his honourable career, was born at Como, in the month of February, 1745. At the period when his classical

studies were completed, his destination in life was undecided; but, after hesitating for some time between science and literature, he declared for the former, and soon became one of the most distinguished men of the age. His fame was established by two treatises, published respectively in the years 1769, and 1771. In 1774, he was appointed regent of the gymnasium of his native town. The University of Pavia, however, could not afford to part with so able a professor; and in 1779, he was called to the chair of physics, which he contrived to occupy till 1804. At length, through years of unremitting labour, his health was impaired, and he was compelled to relinquish teaching.

Volta did not marry till he had attained the age of fifty-one; but it is gratifying to know that he has left several sons, who are worthy of such a parent.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE temperature of the air during the last month has been happily moderated by refreshing showers, and a more genial season has seldom been witnessed in this country. Acute diseases have prevailed, as reasonably might have been anticipated; but, in point of extent and severity, they have fallen far short of the common average. Fever of the synoshal or inflammatory type has been met with, requiring a moderate use of the lancet, and frequent doses of active evacuants; but to the judicious employment of these means it has yielded, in almost all cases, with perfect readiness. No instances of a fatal termination to it have occurred under the Reporter's observation; and he can scarcely call to mind one case which has given him even momentary uneasiness. The blood which he has had occasion to see drawn during the period of time now under review, has not been generally or deeply buffy; and upon the whole it may be remarked, that the inflammatory complaints of the season have been mild and manageable. Hooping-cough still continues to shew itself. Measles has been common in different parts ot the town, and, within the last week, small-pox has taken the lead among the eruptive fevers. The tendency of warm weather to increase the proportion of exanthemata, and to aggravate their symptoms when arising from any other cause, is well known to all who are engaged in the practice of medicine; and the reason of this will readily suggest itself even to the unprofessional reader, in the strong determination of blood to the surface which warmth occasions. A curious illustration of this principle occurred within the last few days, in the Reporter's practice. A young gentleman, sixteen years of age, had an attack of fever, attended with sickness at stomach and pain of the back. These symptoms were relieved by the coming out of an eruption on the legs and knees, of the kind called *erythema nodosum*—a form of cutaneous disease seldom witnessed, except in females, and not very often even in them.

Affections of the head have prevailed to a considerable extent. Giddiness, lethargic sleepiness, and fulness of blood in the body generally, have been the leading symptoms. Such a state of disease is very general in London. It will be found in that portion of the population who are engaged in sedentary occupations, and whose circumstances of life admit of their indulging in the daily use of porter. This favourite beverage of the Londoners is not so harmless as they imagine. Great bodily exertion, indeed, carries it off by the skin, and considerably diminishes its evil tendencies; but to those whose occupations, though constant, are sedentary, especially to females engaged in needlework, a pint of porter taken daily will quickly prove the source of bad health. A plethoric state of the blood-vessels is its common result, which sometimes shews itself in the form of asthma and palpitation, but more usually in the characters of head affection just adverted to. In the relief of that most distressing symptom, giddiness, no means can be put in competition with cupping-glasses applied to the nape of the neck. Their effect is as certain as it is speedy; nor does it appear that repetition diminishes, in any sensible degree, the value of this useful remedy. The Reporter has now under his care an elderly man, who, for many years past, has been regularly cupped every three months for giddiness, and invariably with the same good effect.

Among the most severe complaints which the last month has produced may be ranked *gastropynia*—that painful state of the stomach, which is a frequent attendant on indigestion. It is described by patients as peculiarly distressing, rivetting their attention, and poisoning all the sources of their enjoyment. Some persons suffer from it whenever the stomach is, even in the slightest degree, disordered; while, in others, dyspepsia may go to a great extent without such a symptom ever developing itself. The causes of this peculiarity are difficult to unravel. The circumstance depends pri-

marily on the secretion of an acid or acrid matter by the stomach, which offends its delicate nerves. Absorbents and demulcents relieve this unpleasant feeling, and the subnitrate of bismuth is unquestionably a medicine of considerable efficacy in this condition of the stomach; but its permanent cure can only be effected by those means which restore the *tone* of the stomach, and which are available against every other form of dyspeptic ailment.

Several cases of neuralgia have lately come under the Reporter's care; not, indeed, in that aggravated form to which the term *tic douloureux* is appropriated, but in some of its lighter and less formidable grades. Of the benefit of tonics in this kind of disease, the Reporter can speak very favourably. The powder of the best crown bark, in doses of twelve grains, repeated three times a day, is very efficacious. The subcarbonate of iron also, as recommended by Mr. Hutchinson of Southwell, merits in an equal (perhaps even a superior) degree the confidence of the medical practitioner.

The Reporter cannot conclude without expressing the gratification he experienced from a visit, on the 6th of June last, to the Seaman's hospital-ship Grampus, moored off Greenwich for the accommodation of the numerous shipping in the Thames. The order and the cleanliness which prevailed in every part—the facility of admission—the attention which is paid to the peculiar habits of sailors—the simplicity of the practical regulations for the conduct of the establishment—the professional skill displayed in the treatment of the sick, and the content manifest in their countenances—all conspired to form a gratifying picture, highly creditable to Mr. Arnot, under whose superintendence the medical department of the hospital is placed. The scene would have been interesting, even to the common observer. On one side were seven or eight natives of the South Sea Islands, one of them most curiously and beautifully tattooed, suffering severely from the cold and changeableness of our climate. In a different part of the ship might be seen the slender but graceful form of the Hindu. Here was the true scurvy, and beside the bed a huge bowl of salad. The peculiarities in national manners were exemplified in the different modes of amusement which the convalescents were following. Such an institution deserves to be better known to the country at large; and it is in the hope of contributing to this desirable end, that the Reporter has ventured to exceed the usual limits to which his communication extends.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, June 25, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

REPORTS are still fortunately a mere recital of the prosperous state of the growing crops, the improved condition of live stock, and of the activity and forwardness of cultivation. To compare the present luxuriant deep-green and waving masses of vegetation upon the bosom of the earth with the withered, yellow, and scanty covering which gave it such a parched, dreary, and un-English appearance during the drought of last summer, forms a most delightful and exhilarating contrast. Not that the late proved the most mild, and, as might be supposed, genial spring; for the weather was subject to constant vicissitudes throughout, and the occasional prevalence of the east and north east winds could not fail to have, in a considerable degree, its usual effect on vegetation. But this effect was not so severe and excessive as it sometimes proves: the malignancy and force of the east wind was frequently tempered by an inclination to its southern side; and when the winds had continued so long in an easterly direction that the course of vegetation became impeded, and blight was obviously advancing, the vigilant and anxious cultivator of the soil, at his uprising, exulted to find that the wind had suddenly shifted to the genial west; the incipient blight was happily arrested in its course, and the healthful and growing state succeeded. These fortunate turns have not failed during the spring; and thus far have the crops escaped. From the

late frequency of the easterly winds, and the quantity of rain which has fallen, we may indulge the hope of a mild and fortunate blooming season for the wheat, and of exemption from excess in the summer rains.

Wheat, on the best lands, is said to be so rank and luxuriant, that, should it fail in grain, there will be no lack of straw. The lands, however, were so thoroughly pulverized and mellowed by the latter frost, that it may be well hoped they will be able to carry a heavy crop both of straw and corn. The Lent corn and pulse, universally, are said to have an appearance as promising as is expected in the most fruitful season. Partial complaints have been made of damage to the oats, from the grub and wire-worm; and it is to be regretted that we hear too much of foul tilths, and of crops of weeds equally luxuriant with the corn. This has always been a blot in the escutcheon of British agriculture. To make the most of land, surely it ought to be restricted to one, the profitable one, and not to be exhausted by a double crop; and, in rational probability, those farmers who are so extremely solicitous for wide drilling and cleaning their root crops, would not find their attention misapplied if directed also to their perhaps equally important crops of corn. Getting in all the root-crops is by this time finished, and most successfully; the breadths extensive, beyond all former experience —one of the best features in our present Husbandry. The high prices which butchers' meat has borne gives a full sanction to this extended culture. Indeed we are now in the state which the old French economists represented as the *acme* of national prosperity—exuberant plenty and high price. Some suspicious hints have reached us, respecting the number of labourers even yet unemployed, and on the parish lists. The weather has been thus far propitious to the hay harvest, and a heavy burden may be expected, with plentiful aftermath. The hops have suffered most from the north-east malady, but to what degree cannot be yet ascertained. The clip of wool has not been heavy; but the quality fully answers expectation, considering the difficulties and short keep of the past winter. Fat cattle, and fat things of all kinds, find extraordinary prices; and stores are improved in price, excepting where money and keep run short. More complaints since our last, of "the uncommon scarcity of money causing a stagnation in all country dealing." But this, however correct, must not be lugged into the hacknied subject of currency, with which it has no more connexion than with the lunar influences. There is money plenty, in both town and country, for those who can produce a title to it, which many an unfortunate farmer cannot. By accounts from the north, wool is at last making a start, although at a low price. Two of our Essex landed gentlemen, Mr. Tower and Mr. Westerne, have, as we conceive, rationally and meritoriously, persevered in the breeding and improvement of Merino sheep—two of which, the property of Mr. Westerne, have lately been slaughtered in London, of the weight of eleven stone, at three years old, the animals wearing their wool unshorn to that period. The weight of mutton obtained is probably of most consequence in the case, since length of staple is not the prime object in fine wool. Mr. Tower, with a sound judgment, has adopted the plan of winter sheltering and well feeding his Merino sheep —the mode, and the only mode, which has enabled the sheep-farmers of the Continent to excel us in the fineness of clothing-wool. This seems to have been so prolific a season for fruit, the grape more especially, and for all garden productions, that the tax of spring blight will not be felt. The metropolis was never more early or more plenteously supplied with every necessary. The horse markets are overdone with numbers —not, indeed, of good ones, which was never the case, even in England. The Corn

Bill has suffered an unexpected side-blow, the effect of which will be the introduction of a new bill. This proceeding is viewed by the people at large as an impolitic engrossing of the precious time of the legislature, so greatly in request for a multitude of the most important national objects.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 4d. —Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Pork, 5s. to 6s. —Lamb, 5s. to 6s. 4d.—Raw fat, 2s. 7d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 74s.—Barley, 44s. to 50s.—Oats, 21s. to 42s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 140s.—Clover ditto, 100s. to 150s.—Straw 38s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. to 36s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 18, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar Market continues brisk, and there is a good demand for Muscovadoes for town trade. The grocers have purchased freely during this last month, and the stock in the West-India Dock is considerably reduced. The prices of Jamaicas may be quoted at 46s. to 66s. per cwt.

Cotton.—The Cotton Market, both here and at Liverpool, continues very dull. Prices are nominal, and no sales of any consequence have been effected.

Coffee—Remains dull and heavy in the market, for want of orders from the Continent; and the home consumption, at this season of the year, is very dull; therefore, prices are nominal.

Rum, Hollands, and Brandy.—The former article is in demand, for *fine* old Jamaicas are worth 4s. per gallon; Leward Islands, 2s. 6d.; but Hollands and Brandy are dull of sale, and prices nominal.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow—Are without alteration in price; and sales continue very dull, particularly in Tallow.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 85.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort on the Main, 144½.—Petersburg, 9½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 21.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, 44½.—Lisbon, 58¾.—Oporto, 58½.—Gibraltar, 34.—Cadiz, 34.—Bilboa, 34.—Seville, 33¾.—Barcelona, 34.—Buenos Ayres, 43.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 295*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25*l.* 5*s.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 28*l.* 5*s.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,800*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 285*l.*—London Docks, 84*l.* 10*s.*—West-India, 200*l.* 10*s.*—East London Water Works, 123*l.* — Grand Junction, 63*l.*—West Middlesex, 66*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance.—1¼ *dis.*—Globe, 151*l.*—Guardian, 19*l.* 10*s.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 93*l.*—Gas-Light, Westminster Chartered Company, 61*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 165*l.*—British, 17½ *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 21st of May and the 21st of June 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ailsup, G. Holywell, Flintshire, maltster
Allan, J. Truro, Cornwall, tea-dealer
Barnes, T. Wittersham, Kent, linen-draper
Bowman, R. late of Boughton-Malherbe, Kent, grocer
Crofts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Buckinghamshire, paper-maker
Gregson, E. Habergamheaves, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
Harrison, H. Knutsford, Chester, merchant
Heill, G. Compton-street, Clerkenwell, baker
Randall, S. Ilminster, Somersetshire, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 119.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Bancks, C. Latebrook, Staffordshire, dealer. [Robinson and Co., Dudley; Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane
Bracewell. J. Liverpool, coal-merchant. [Foster, Liverpool; Jayes, Chancery-lane
Bailey, J. late of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, ironmonger. [Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Selwood, Horncastle
Berthon, J. late of Liverpool, merchant. [Hadfield and Co., Manchester; Hurd and Co., Temple
Bretton, H. Oxford-street, woollen-draper. [Phipps, Weaver's-hall, Basinghall-street
Brimmell, J. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, rope-manufacturer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham, Tewkesbury
Brockbank, J. junior, Whitehaven, Cumberland, spirit-dealer. [Falcon, Elm-court, Temple; Hodgson and Son, Whitehaven
Burridge, R. Chenies-street, Bedford-square, builder. [Beverley, Garden-court, Temple
Barnes, T. Wittersham, Isle of Oxney, Kent, linen-draper. [Hoar and Co., Maidstone; Egan and Co., Essex-street, Strand
Burgess, R. late of Rainham, Kent, brick-maker. [Gresham, Barnard's-inn, Holborn
Beswick, G. and I. Beckley, Dover-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keepers. [Gates, Lombard-street
Barham, J. T. Bread-street, Cheapside, lace-dealer. [Evans and Co., Gray's inn-square
Badnoll, R. Leek, Staffordshire, banker. [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
Bellchambers, E. Gloucester, printer. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Reed, Cheltenham
Baynard, E. Deptford, wine-merchant. [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn
Bidmead, W. Cheltenham, plasterer. [Packwood, Cheltenham; King, Hatton-garden
Cook, W. Exeter, saddler. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Northinghay, Exeter
Cleminson, J. Salford, rope-maker. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Thompson, Manchester
Cosserat, J. N. P. Torquay, Devonshire, money-scrivener. [Kitson, jun., Torquay; Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Collis, G. Romford, Essex, ironmonger. [Fairthorne and Co., King-street, Cheapside
Cross, G. Chalcroft-terrace, Lambeth, corn chandler. [Elgie, Old Jewry
Clarke, F. alias Clerk, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, butcher. [Worship, Great Yarmouth; Frances, New Boswell-court.
Cousins, S. W. Norton-falgate, linen-draper. [James, Bucklersbury.
Campion, J. Guisbrough, Yorkshire, grocer. [Lowe, Temple; Clarke, Guisbrough.
Cole, T. East Stonehouse, Plymouth, plumber. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court, Holborn
Croft, R. and S. Cheapside, lacemen. [Brooking and Co. Lombard-street
Demaine, J. Preston, draper. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Buckley, Manchester
Daniel, G. jun., Birmingham, merchant. [Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham
Davis, F and P. Woodnorth, Whitehaven, earthenware-manufacturers. [Perry, Whitehaven; Clennell, Staple-inn
Edwards, H. Cheltenham, brick-maker. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Whitley and Co., Cirencester.
English, F. Birmingham, draper. [Burman, Birmingham; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Finney, C. Derby, cabinet-maker. [Moulsey and Co., Derby; Fen and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.
Ford, J. Reading, Berkshire, bricklayer. [Bartlett, Reading; Ford, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Fox, G. R. Blackheath, merchant. [Swin and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Fenwick, T. Gateshead, Durham, woollen-draper. [Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Willis and Co., Gateshead.
Fernihough, J. Frognell, Staffordshire, timber-merchant. [Barber, Fetter lane; Brandon and Co., Cheadle
Fisher, J. Birmingham, draper. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Slater, Birmingham
Fairbotham, J. otherwise J. Fairbothams, Nafferton, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Scotchburn, Great Duffield
Greaves, W. H. New-court, Crutched-friars, druggist. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside
Gregory, J. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, grocer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Goddard J. and A. F. Cope, Walworth, sugar-refiners. [Lloyd, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn
Gunson, R. Bucklersbury, warehouseman. [Fowel and Co., Nicholas-lane
Garese, D. Hackney-road, merchant. [Bowman, Union-court, Broad-street
Graves, I. Richmond-place, East-street, Walworth, sugar-refiner. [Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Haldy, F. Craven-street, Strand, wine-merchant. [Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe
Hedges, C. Aldermanbury, warehouseman. [Thomas and Co, New Basinghall-street
Howell, T. and I. Howell, junior, Bath, upholsterers. [Jones, Crosby-square, Bishopsgate-street; Hellings, Bath
Hetherington, H. Kingsgate-street, Holborn, printer. [Green and Co., Sambroke-court, Basinghall-street
Hiller, F. I. Dover, Kent, builder. [Shipden and Co., Dover; Abbott and Co., Pecks-buildings, Temple
Haslem, J. Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, tripe-dresser. [Adlington and Co., London; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-moors
Hunt, — Blakenham Parva, Suffolk, lime-burner. [Rodwell and Co., Ipswich; Bridges and Co., Red-lion-square
Holling, J. Nether Knutsford, Chester, dealer. [Cole, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Dumville, Knutsford
Hay, E. W. Oxford-street, tobacconist. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster.
Jeffreys, I. Lambeth, ironmonger. [Webb and Co., Dean-street, Southwark
Jefferies, I. St. Phillip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, victualler. [Keene, Furnival's-inn; Frankis, Bristol
Jones, E. Compton-street, Soho, grocer. [Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street
Joyce, I. and I. Housman, Smith-street, Northampton-square, colour-manufacturers. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Jennings, J. W. Birmingham, factor. Norton and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Wills, Birmingham
Jackson, J. St. Swithin's-lane, shipowner. [Godmond, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Jones, E. W. Tewkesbury, Scrivener. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Beale, Upton-upon-Severn
Kenyon, J. Blackburn, glass dealer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Meredith, Birmingham

Kieran, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, butter-merchant. [Keene, Furnival's-inn
Leaker, G. F. Bristol, earthenware-dealer. [King, and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Cary and Co., Bristol
Latham, J. Liverpool, wine and spirit-merchant. [Jones, Liverpool; Jones, Pump-court, Temple
Loveland, W. Bermondsey, shipwright. [Whiting, London Bridge-foot, Southwark
Lee, J. Leicester, corn-dealer. [Milner and Co., Temple; Cape, Leicester
Lomax, J. Stockport, bookseller. [Back, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn; Newton and Co., Heaton-norris, near Stockport
Lloyd, A. Dolgelly, Merionethshire, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Williams, Shrewsbury.
Mera, J. L. Market-row, Oxford-market, victualler. [Turner, Clifford's-inn
Miller, W. late of Roehampton, Surrey, butcher. [Turner, Percy-street, Bedford-square
Morton, W. Great Carter-lane, Doctor's Commons, plumber. Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard
McIntyre, — Stockwell-park, Surrey, schoolmaster. [Ewington, Bond-court, Walbrook
Manington, T. Hastings, ironmonger. [Parker and Co., Sheffield; Bishop and Co., Hastings; Walter, Symonds-inn
Nightingale, E. Manchester, porter-dealer. [Atkinson, Manchester; Makinson and Co., Temple
Nightingale, E. and G. Worthy, Manchester, porter-dealers. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
Nathan, I. Wellington-place, Shepherd's-bush, music-seller. [King, Hatton-garden
Pullan, S. P. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. [Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Watson and Co., Liverpool
Plunkett, W. and I. Whitechapel-road, ironmonger. [Ashley and Co. Tokenhouse-yard
Pearson, T. Mitre-court, Fleet-street, wine-merchant, [Robinson, Walbrook
Parsons, W. Melksham, Wiltshire, rope-maker [Moule and Co., Melksham; Frowd and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Price, T. St. Clement's-lane, victualler, [Bean, Friar-street, Blackfriar's-road
Pinninger, W. and W. Pinninger, junior, Calne, Wiltshire, clothiers. [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn
Phillips, H. Stepney-house, Yorkshire, merchant. [Edmonds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn; Page, Scarborough
Phillips, G. Brighthelmstone, confectioner. [Freeman, Brighton; Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Pinnington, D. Queen-head-yard, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, horse-dealer. [Smith, New Clement's-inn Chambers
Pasheller, C. and I. Huntingdon, bankers. [Sweeting and Co., Huntingdon; Lowe and Co., Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane
Parkis, J. Regent-street, oilman. [Duncombe, Lyon's-inn
Paraguen, J. Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, baker. [Routledge, Furnival's-inn
Robinson, R. Hastings, Sussex, grocer. [Miller, Rye, Sussex; Miller, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Robson, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddler. [Pybus, Newcastle-upon Tyne; Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Rutherford, T. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, merchant. Burn, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn
Richards, G. Argoed, Monmouthshire, grocer. [Smith and Co., Red-lion-square; Franklyn, Bristol
Ross, G. and W. Hammond, Strand, wine-merchants. [Paterson and Co. Old Broad-street
Regnardin, A. Great Winchester-street, wine-merchant. [Ogle, Great Winchester-street
Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square; Smollenge, Cheltenham
Rose, W. Strand, music-seller. [Drawbridge, Arundel-street, Strand
Ralph, T. Crutched-friars, surgeon. [Fitzgerald and Son, Laurence Poultny-hill, Cannon-street
Rich, J. Lime-street, merchant. [Owen, Mark-lane
Redpath, C. Greenwich, Kent, builder. [Atkins and Co., Fox Ordinary-court, Lombard-street
Smith, S. Hastings, Sussex, innkeeper. [Kell, Battle; Ellis and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Stratford, D. W. Ripley, Derbyshire, grocer. [Hall, Alfreton; Hall and Co. New Boswell-court
Spooner, C. Chelsea, linen-draper. [Ewington, Bond-court, Walbrook
Strubell, R. East Moulsey, Surrey, carpenter. [Guy, Hampton-wick, Middlesex; and Kingston, Surrey
Smithers, I. H. Liverpool, provision-merchant. Mawdsley, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Sadler, J. Jermyn-street, wine merchant. [Score, Copthall-buildings
Salmon, W. Eltham, Kent, victualler. [Cookney, Bedford-row
Stockall, I. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. [Scarth, Lyon's-inn
Scholefield, W. Wardleworth, Rochdale, shopkeeper. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street
Smith, M. H. Little Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, stone-mason. [Burgoyne and Co., Duke-Street, Manchester-square
Tilston, T., Tilston, T. and I. Jones, Mold, Flintshire, ironfounders. [Roberts, Mold; Milne and Co., Temple
Tarralst, T. Bath, haberdasher. [Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street, Soho
Watlin, J. Leicester-place, Leicester-square, pianoforte maker. [Gangrave, Leicester-place, Leicester-square
Walke, A. and J. Sanders, King-street, Cheapside, victuallers. [Quallelt and Co., Prospect-row, Dockhead, Bermondsey
Waters, W. Luton, Bedfordshire, baker. [Aubrey, Tooke's-court, Chancery-lane; Willis, Luton
Wren, T. Preston, Lancashire, ironmonger. [Hurd and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple; Troughton and Co., Preston
Webb, J. Stroud, Gloucestershire, draper. [Green and Co., Sambroke-court, Basinghall-street
Woffall, W. C. Worcestershire, glove-manufacturer. [Holdsworth and Co. Worcester; White, Lincoln's-inn
Wortley, N. W. Uppingham, Rutlandshire, dealer. [Clowes and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple
Worrall, T. H. St. John's-street, West Smithfield, wine-merchant. [Hindmarch and Co., Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. I. H. Seymour, to the Prebend of St. Margaret's, Leicester.—Rev. T. H. Elwin, to the Rectory of East Barnet, Herts.—Rev. R. G. Harris, to the Rectory of Letterston, Pembroke.—Rev. J. Griffith, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. J. Morris, to be Domestic Chaplain to Lord Lynedock.—Rev. W. Levett, to be Sub-dean of York Cathedral.—Rev. E. T. Bidwell, to the Rectory of Orcheston, St. Mary, Wilts.—Rev. H. Roberts, to the Rectory of Baxterley, Warwick.—Rev. G. Evans, to the Vicarage of Potterspury, Northampton.—Rev. S. Vernon, to be Chancellor of the Church in York Cathedral.—Rev. I. C. Matchett, to the Vicarage of Catton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. H. Robertson, to the Church and Parish of Coldingham, Berwick.—Rev. T.

Brown, to the Chapel of Ease, Ivy Bridge, Devon.—Rev. J. Harries, to the Perpetual Curacy of Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Hughes, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Michael, Aberystwith.—Rev. D. Price, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llanfihangel Vechan.—Rev. J. Leach, to the Living of Tweedmouth, Durham.—Rev. W. Hewitt, to the Living of Ancroft, Durham.—Rev. Mr. Horne, to the Rectory of Hotham, York.—Right Rev. J. B. Jenkinson, Bishop of St. David's, to be Dean of Durham—Rev. W. Fisher, to be Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.—Rev. W. E Hony, to the Rectory of Baverstock, Wilts.—Rev. W. Hildyard, to be Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. Professor Scholefield, to be Official to the Archdeacon of Ely.—Rev. I. Todd, to be Chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. G. W. Brooks, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Leeds.—Rev. I. Russell, to a Prebend in Canterbury Cathedral.—Rev. R. Lucas, to the Rectory of Edith Weston, Rutland.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

May 28.—His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral inspected the Woolwich division of Royal Marines.

29.—His Royal Highness inspected the ships in the river.

— The Admiralty Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

31.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

June 1.—It was officially announced to a Court of Common Council, on the authority of the Home Secretary (Mr. S. Bourne), that His Majesty's health precluded him at present from receiving, on the throne, the address which the corporation had voted to him lately on the change of ministers.

4.—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, was celebrated at the King's Theatre, by the presentation of the rewards to the respective candidates. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex presided.

5.—Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, and Queen of Wirtemberg, landed safely at Greenwich, after an absence of nearly 30 years. She was escorted by the Life Guards from Greenwich to the palace of St. James's.

7.—His Majesty's message sent to the Parliament, announcing the expediency of providing for the expense of H.M.'s forces in Portugal.

7.—The English Roman Catholic Association held their annual meeting at the Crown and Anchor, but abstained from all attempts at urging their claims at present,

8.—The Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 33 were condemned to death, 109 sentenced to be transported, and 117 to imprisonment for various periods.

13.—At a Court of Common Council, an address was unanimously voted to the Queen of Wirtemberg, congratulating Her Majesty on her return to her native land.

20.—At a Court of Common Council, notice was received from the Queen of Wirtemberg, graciously acknowledging the address voted to Her Majesty; but declining to receive it in state, as her visit to England was solely of a private nature, and to see her family.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, E. C. Whinyates, esq., K. G. O., and Maior Royal Horse Artillery, to Miss S. Compton, sister to S. Compton, esq., M.P., Derby.—T. J. Owst, esq., to Mrs. Dearsley.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. C. B. Trevanion, esq., to Charlotte Trelawny, daughter of C. T. Brereton, esq., Shotwick-park, Cheshire.—At Kennington, E. Batten, esq., to Miss A. E. Withers.—At Mary-le-bone Church, Hon. Capt. A. Legge, brother to the Earl of Dartmouth, to Lady Anne Catherine Holroyd, sister to Lord Sheffield.—T. Welsh, esq., to Miss Wilson, late of Drury-lane Theatre.—In Stratton-street, Piccadilly, William de Vere Aubrey, Duke of St. Albans, to Harriet, widow of the late Thomas Coutts, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, G. Palmer, esq., to Miss E. C. Surtees.

DEATHS.

At Tunbridge Wells, Lady Lismore, relict of the late Lord Lismore, and daughter of the late Right Hon. John Ponsonby.—Mr. James, the able author of the "Naval History."—In Berner's-street, Mrs. Goodenough, wife of the Bishop of Carlisle.—At Colne Engaine, the Rev. Dr. Trollope, late upper grammar master of Christ's Hospital.—At Barming, the Rev. M. Noble, F.S.A., author of several literary, historical, and antiquarian productions; he had been rector of Barming upwards of 40 years.—In King-street, Covent-garden, Mr. C. Richardson; he was a collector of prints and documents illustrative of the university and county of Oxford; his collection is, we understand, very large and valuable, as is also his collection of papers relative to Covent-garden Theatre.—In Cadogan-place, Lady Selina Bathurst, sister to Earl Bathurst.—In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, 91, the Countess Dowager of Stamford and Warrington.—At Islington, 70, E. Hughes, esq.—In Seymour-place, the Right Hon. Lady Julian Warrender.—At Wickham, Admiral T. R. Shivers.—In Mansfield-street, the Marchioness of Waterford, widow of the late, and mother to the present Marquis of Waterford.—In Stafford-place, Miss Diana Gertrude.—In Stanhope-street, Rev. C. Anson, Archdeacon of Carlisle.—At Wimbledon, the Duchess of Somerset, sister to the Duke of Hamilton.—Mrs. Hart, wife of General Hart, M.P., and governor of Londonderry.—At Clonfert-house, 82, Susan, wife of the Bishop of Clonfert.—100, Mrs. Saxby, of Aylesbury.—In Surrey-street, J. Yates, esq.—In Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, the Duke of Gordon.—In Mount-street, 62, W. Martin, esq.—Viscount Chichester, infant son of the Earl and Countess of Belfast.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Malta, David Grant, esq., to Miss Emma Morice Raynsford.—At Charlottenburg, Prince Charles of Prussia, to the Princess Maria of Saxe-Weimar.—At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, W. G. Bicknell, esq., to Ann Elizabeth,

daughter of T. Stodel, esq., Consul of the United States of America, at Bordeaux.—At Rome, and afterwards at the Chapel of Lord Burghersh, at Florence, Count Ranghiasci Brancaleoni, to Sarah Matilda, daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, bart.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Sidney, New South Wales, Commodore Sir James Brisbane, late commander-in-chief in the East Indies.—At New York, 73, the Hon. Rufus King, late Ambassador from the United States to this country; and Henry Cruger, esq.; he had been representative in Parliament with Edmund Burke, for Bristol, from 1774 to 1780.—On the Lake of Geneva, J. B. Story, esq., of Woodborough-hall, Nottingham.—At Naples, the Marchioness of Abercorn, sister to the Earl of Arran.—At Tunis, her Highness Lilla Fatima, consort of the Bey; three days previous to her death she had been delivered of a prince, her fourteenth child; at her funeral 1,000 slaves received their liberty.—Lieut.-Col. R. C. Garnham, on board the Fairlie on his passage from Calcutta to the Cape; he was formerly Resident at the court of one of the native princes.—At Aleppo, of the plague, Hon. H. Anson, brother of Lord Anson.—At Falmouth, Jamaica, 140, Rebecca Fury, a black woman, whose age has been correctly traced from the deeds of her owners; she retained her reason to the last.—At Jersey, Lieut.-Col. Campbell, of the 58th regt.—At Chateau-dun, P. Hervé, esq., the founder of the National Benevolent Institution.—At Versailles, J. E. Lord, esq., of Tupton-hall, Derby.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Northumberland Institution for promoting the Fine Arts has been recently opened, and has displayed a variety of good pictures.

The Newcastle Sunday School Union Society held its anniversary meeting on Whit-Tuesday; when upwards of 3,000 children, and 300 teachers were present. By the report, it appeared that the society has under its fostering care 117 schools, 12,818 children, taught by 2,161 gratuitous teachers!!!

Friday, June 8, the Hylton Jolliffe steam-packet, arrived at Newcastle from London, being her first voyage. She left the metropolis on Wednesday morning at 7, and reached Shields at 5 on Friday morning. She has two engines of 100 horse-power, and is 300 tons burthen.

The railway from Witton to Stockton, a distance of 25 miles, was formed for the conveyance of coals, and such has been its effect in lowering the expence of carriage, that coals, which formerly sold at 18s. per ton, in Stockton, are now sold there for 8s. 6d. The railway passes through Darlington, which is at a distance of 12 miles from Stockton, and two coaches now travel the road daily, conveying great numbers of passengers, at the rate of a penny per mile each. These vehicles are the bodies of old six-inside coaches, placed upon new and lower wheels, fitted for the railway: they are drawn by a single horse, which often draws 20 to 30 passengers, at the rate of 10 miles an hour, with quite as much ease as a horse moves in a gig; indeed the traces are generally loose, and his principal effort is to maintain his speed.

On the 27th of May, a thunder-storm visited Newcastle, and the electric fluid struck the house of Mr. Swan, shattering the chimney, and passing (being conducted by the bell-wires) along the edge of the ceiling and a bed room beneath, leaving traces of its fiery progress in the tinged papering of the room. There were twelve persons in the house, none of whom were hurt. The lightning also struck a goose dead, which was swimming with others at the White-mare Pool, between Newcastle and Sunderland; its under jaw was split, and it was burnt down the belly.

A new Roman Catholic Chapel was opened at Durham on the 31st of May; and one at Darlington on the 29th.

Married.] At Cheter-le-street, E. Wylam, esq., to Miss Bird.—At Newcastle, Mr. Tulloch, to Miss Hirst.—At St. Helen's, Auckland, Mr. J. Quart, to Miss Routledge.

Died.] At Sunderland, 101, W. Geddes.—At Northallerton, Miss P. Gabrielli.—At Alnwick, 92, Mrs. Wilson.—At Glanton, 88, Mrs. B. Wake.—At Newcastle, 82, J. Thompson, esq.—At Gateshead, 76, Mrs. Randyll.—At Esh Loude, Rev. J. Yates, who for 40 years had been a zealous minister of the Roman Catholic religion.—At Birch's Nook, 101, Mr. J. Green.—At Ayton, near Stokesley, the Rev. W. Deason.

YORKSHIRE.

As an undoubted proof of the improvement which has recently taken place in the Sheffield trade, we are enabled to state, that the applications to the overseers for relief, have for some time past been rapidly decreasing, and in a late week only eight were applied for; whereas for some time past the average was eighty per week. We are likewise happy to state that trade is improving at Leeds also.

As two persons were lately walking along the shores of the Humber, in the township of Welwick, south-west of the church, they discovered, at the foot of the clay cliff, about 60 yards from the foot of the present bank, which is not a modern one, and 13 inches under the general surface, something like the corner of a wooden chest or coffin, which the tides had recently laid bare. Curiosity induced them, with much labour, to uncover it, when it proved to be a coffin of strong oak plank, which had been originally two inches think, well joined together, battened across both above and below in three places, and made double at the ends. It was a perfect parallelogram or long square, measuring 7 feet 1 inch long, and 1 foot 10 inches wide within—a space which the corpse seems to have fully occupied, as the bones of the skeleton extended very near the whole length. The skull (which is in the possession of a professional gentleman at Patrington), is large, and remarkably prominent about the eyebrows. About a

yard without the spot where the corpse had been deposited, is the site of an ancient bank, and it may be supposed that the body was buried when that bank was in existence; but at what period it is not easy to say. The teeth were good and perfect, and it is conjectured the person had been a man of middle age, and, from the strength and goodness of the coffin, to have been no ordinary personage. After a diligent search, nothing was found likely to lead to further discovery, and the remains, except the skull, were re-interred. Probably this is the site of the abbey of Burstall, part of which was standing not a century ago.

In the night of the 23d of May, three men entered the house of Mr. Shackellton, a lone mansion, at Greave, in the parish of Wadsworth, a wild and uncultivated part of the county of York. After having plundered the house, one of them shot Mr. Shackellton in the back, who almost immediately expired. They got off, and have not yet been apprehended.

At the review of the Yorkshire Hussars, on the 28th of May, upon Knavesmire, near York, the officers presented Lord Grantham, their commander, with a splendid piece of plate, of the value of £450, and weighing 300 ounces, as a mark of their respect and esteem.

A singular circumstance occurred at Mr. John Bulmer's, of Lane House, near Bedale, on Sunday last, the 10th June. A hive of bees cast for the third time within twelve days; and another swarm, which had lived during last summer in the bole of an old tree, cast upon the top of the tree, from whence they were safely brought down, the persons employed escaping without a single sting. It was curious to observe a new swarm of bees on the top of this tree, whilst there was an old swarm in the bole, and a duck sitting on her eggs at the bottom.

Married.] At Eastrington, J. Farrar, esq., to Miss E. Robinson.—At Rotherham, F. Holcombe, esq., to Miss Walker.—At York, Hugh Powell, esq., to Miss Wilkes; Hale Munro, esq., to Miss Mac Dowgall.—At Leeds, M. Langdale, esq., to Miss Barhill.—At Swine, J. Alderson, esq., to Miss Harrison.—At Northallerton, N. Smith, esq., to Miss Irvine.—At Sirsayingham, the Rev. C. Binns, to Miss Wildon.

Died.] At Redcar, J. Maddington, esq.—At York, M. Botterill, esq.—At Middlesmoor, the Rev. T. Lodge.—At Leeds, Mrs. Kirkley, and Mrs. Granger.—At Leeds, W. Petty, esq.—At York, 90, Mrs. Gelson; she received the sacrament at church in the morning, went home rather unwell, and died before eight o'clock in the evening.—At Lawley-hall, C. Norton, esq.—At Halifax, 91, Gamaliel Breary; he served in the army 33 years, and was at the battle of Minden: he had been a pensioner 26.—At Gisburn-park, Miss Lister, sister to Lady Ribblesdale.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

The disbursements of the public stock last year for the county of Salop, amounted to £10,406. 8s. 1d. in which £3,267. 5s. 8d. was charged for the Jail and House of Correction, and £2,329. 10s. 5d. for bridges and roads.

A petrifaction, resembling part of the trunk of a tree towards the butt, was recently found in the Moat Colliery, Tipton, Stafford. It measured in length 2 feet 4 inches, and in circumference 4 feet 10 inches, with the bark formed into coal; it was in nearly an upright position among the strata of ironstone, at the depth of upwards of 200 yards below the surface, and which, in the extraction of it was broken from the upper part of the trunk, which still remains in the earth. On the exposure of this fossil to the atmospheric air, the coal formed from the bark shivered from the trunk. The proprietors of the colliery mean to send it to the British Museum.

The new church at Bilston has recently been opened for public service, when nearly £300 was collected.

Married.] At Highley, T. Rose, esq., to Miss A. Evans.—At Ellesmere, the Rev. T. Golightly, to Miss F. Boydell.—At Dudley, Mr. Bloxedge, to Miss M. Bond.—At Bromfield, W. Lloyd, esq., to Miss Tench.—At Wolverhampton, B. Gardner, esq., to Miss Glover.

Died.] At Quinton-house, 93, A. Foley, esq.—At Pipe-gate, T. Latham, esq.—At Bridgnorth, 66, Mr. J. Pugh, supposed to be the heaviest man in the county, his weight being twenty score pounds; his body was borne to the grave by 16 men.—At the Wyle-cop, 86, Mrs. Hughes.—At Madeley, 75, W. Yonge, esq.—At Little Eaves, Bucknall, 105, Mr. W. Willett.

LANCASHIRE.

We are glad to state that the recent improvements in trade have not been confined to Manchester alone, but that they have extended to Wigan, Blackburn, Burnley, Colne, &c., where the weavers, we are informed, are all in full employ.

Died.] At Manchester, 84, I. Touchett, esq.—At Walton-hall, Liverpool, T. Leyland, esq., believed to be worth £1,500,000.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

A new workhouse, for the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, has been commenced.

The Methodists of the New Connexion, at Boston, have purchased a piece of ground for the site of a new, large, and commodious chapel.

The Primitive Methodists are erecting a chapel at New Radford.

By the annual report, recently made, of the Nottingham Auxiliary Missionary Society, it appears that the number of members on station of this society, amounts to 33,152; the receipts for last year to £45,380. 17s. 2d.; and that 12,000 children are educated in their schools.

Died.] At Mansfeld, 77, Mr. E. Clifton; 83, Mr. J. Shipham; 84, Mrs. Sykes.—At Nottingham, 83, Mr. Heron.—At Beeston, 81, Mrs. Goodall.—At Nottingham, 79, D. Love; he was well-known as a poet in his neighbourhood.

DERBY AND CHESTER.

By the abstract of the account of expenditure under the Derby improvement act, it appears that from March 31, 1826, to March 31, 1827, it amounted to the sum of £6,522. 6s. 2½d., out of which sum upwards of £3,500 were expended in foot-pavements, carriage-roads, scavengers and labourers, wages, watering and lighting the streets.

Married.] At Doveridge, F. B. Page, esq., to Miss M. Smith.

Died.] At Edge-hill, Chester, T. C. Dod, esq.—At Hulland, 74, T. Borough, esq.—At Spondon, 74, Mrs. Rowbotham.—85, W. Cox, esq., of Cullandhall, Derby.—At Tabley-hall, Lord de Tabley.—At Nantwich, 70, the Rev. J. Smith.—At Codnor-park, 81, C. Royston, esq.—At Little Brompton, 72, Mr. J. Hutchinson; he had been in the employ of Messrs. Smith and Co., of the Brompton Foundry, upwards of half a century.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Coal has lately been discovered on some land at Ibstock, within 12 miles of Leicester, and also on

Bagworth Heath, making the fourth discovery of this useful article which has been made in the same neighbourhood within the last few weeks. Lord Maynard's workmen have been employed in boring for more than twelve months, but their efforts were not crowned with success till the other day, when the gratifying fact was communicated to the neighbouring villages by the ringing of the bells of Thornton church. This discovery is an event of the first importance to the inhabitants, and must prove a great benefit to all classes, especially if a rail-road should be established for the purpose of conveyance: similar advantages would thus be felt here as those specified above in Northumberland and Durham.

Considerable activity, we are happy to say, prevails in the hosiery business at Leicester.

Died.] At Leicester, 85, N. Cooper, esq.; 50 years of which he held a commission in the Leicestershire Militia; and Miss Flint.—At Earl Shilton, Mr. Thorneloe.—81, Mr. W. Ellis, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

NORTHAMPTON.

Married.] At Isham, Mr. Manton, to Miss C. H. Norman.

Died.] At Kettering, 94, Mrs. Humphrey.—At Northampton, 62, Rev. J. Stoddart: for more than 30 years head-master of the grammar-school there.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The twelfth exhibition of the Ross Horticultural Society was of the most splendid description, and was attended by all the first families round the neighbourhood. The grand stand was covered with 300 geraniums (in full bloom) and greenhouse plants; 350 bottles were filled with beautiful tulips, besides a rich variety of other specimens of flowers.

The needle trade at Redditch, &c., we are happy to say, is on the improving state.

Died.] At Mansel-lacey, 87, Mr. W. Lloyd; 78, Mrs. Davies.—At Worcester, E. Long, esq.—At Hereford, Mrs. Ann Griffith.—At Stourbridge, 81, Mr. J. Dovey; he was the first person who introduced glass-cutting into Staffordshire.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A complete and most satisfactory trial was made last week of the improvements at the Old Passage Ferry. The steam-packet began crossing the Severn on Wednesday, and has already conveyed several thousand passengers, besides many hundred horses and carriages of all descriptions. The cattle, which have been unusually numerous at the Ferry, in consequence of the late fairs, were carried over in the proper boats for that purpose, and occasionally towed by the steam-vessel when required by the state of the wind and tide. The oldest inhabitant at Beachley does not remember so large a concourse at the Ferry. On Wednesday, also, the first direct coach was started between Chepstow and London. The Old Passage Ferry is now separated from the inns, and placed under the management of a respectable superintendant. The fares are reduced considerably; and the Directors of the Association publicly state, that they are ready to encourage all descriptions of conveyances on the roads communicating with the Ferry, and to accommodate the public in visiting Tintern-abbey, Wyndcliff, Piercefield, and the other celebrated attractions of the neighbourhood of Chepstow.

Married.] At Ragland, Mr. Allan to Miss Chambers.—At Stroud, Mr. Randall, to Miss Hogg.—At Clifton, the Hon. J. Southwell, to Miss M. Farmer.—At Cheltenham, A. H. Hinuber, esq., to Susanna Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Rupert George, bart.

Died.] At Coombhay, 86, Rev. E. Gardiner, rector of Tintern Parva.—At Stroud, Mrs. Sandys.—At Monmouth, Mr. Richards.—At Nailsworth, Mrs. Westley.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Oxford has now coaches to all parts of the kingdom; and great benefit has already arisen from the improvement of the hills and roads generally between London and Birmingham, and London and Cheltenham. The very great alterations made in Stokenchurch hill, that of Long Compton, and the whole line of road between London and Holyhead, have made it, in point of travelling, equal to any in the kingdom.

Married.] At Oxford, D. V. Durell, esq., to Miss M. Le Breton.—At Iffley, W. Cole, esq., to Miss Rebecca Wootten.—At Oxford, S. Miller, esq., to Miss Barry.

Died.] At Henley, 75, T. Theobald, of the Society of Friends.—At Coombe-lodge, 72, S. Gardiner, esq.—At Bampton, 87, Mrs. A. Johnson.—At Abingdon, Mrs. Badcock.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

A meeting of the inhabitants and visitors of Brighton has lately been held, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of rendering the method invented by Mr. Vallance, for the conveyance of passengers and goods by atmospheric pressure, beneficial to the town of Brighton; when, after the report was read, several resolutions were entered into, expressing their strong approbation of the plan, as being entitled to the most cordial support of the town.

Married.] At Clatford, H. Bosanquet, esq., to Miss Richards.

Died.] At Winchester, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Murray.

HERTS.

Two destructive fires have lately happened at Hemel Hempstead and Cottenham. At the former no lives were lost; but at the latter, a poor boy (W. Carrier) in attempting to save his clothes, was burnt to a mere cinder; and another poor man is suffering from the effects of the fire. It appears no insurance was made at Hemel Hempstead; but at Cottenham a large proportion of the property was ensured.

Died.] At Gadesbridge, Anne, wife of Sir Astley Cooper, bart.

ESSEX AND KENT.

The choice collection of tulips, belonging to the late Mr. Andrews, of Coggeshall, has lately been disposed of by public auction. The best bed of 80 rows (7 flowers in each) fetched £222; one row, in which was an extraordinary fine Louis 16th, sold for £19. 15s. The whole realized upwards of £300.

Lately, some workmen, employed in digging stone at Boughton-hall, near Maidstone, discovered bones and teeth of several animals, some of which were transmitted to the Geological Society. As they were found to be those of the hyena, considerable interest was in consequence excited, and it was determined that some of the Fellows should examine the quarry, as there seemed reason to conclude that a cave might be found

there like that of Kirkdale, in Yorkshire. Accordingly Dr. Buckland, Mr. Lyvell, and several other scientific gentlemen have visited Boughton, when it was discovered that the bones in question had been found in a fissure of the rock, which had evidently been filled up by diluvial action. The bones of at least two hyenas (of the extinct Kirkdale species), were found, together with the bones and teeth of the horse, rat, &c.; but the fissure extended so deeply in the solid rock, that it could not be traced to the bottom, and it will not be possible to ascertain whether it leads to a cave formerly inhabited by hyenas, or is merely a fissure filled up by the effects of deluge, until the quarry is considerably enlarged. The fact, however, of the bones of a race of extinct hyenas having been found so far southward is highly important, and we trust that, ere long, our own county, which the researches of one gentleman have proved to be so rich in the remains of a former world, will be found to rival the north in these more comparatively recent savage inhabitants of our island.

Married.] At Cheriton, Rev. F. Twistleton, to the Hon. Emily Wingfield, daughter of Viscount Powerscourt.—At Westerham, J. M. Leslie, esq., of Huntingdon, to Anna Sophia, daughter of Dr. Mackie, late of Southampton.

Died.] At Waltham Vicarage, Miss E. C. Clarke.—At Epping, 71, Mr. J. Butler.—At Harwich, the Rev. W. Whinfield.

CAMBRIDGE.

The South Level Act has received the Royal assent. The defective state of the rivers has been a subject of loud and general complaint for many years; they have been found equally ill adapted for the drainage of the country in the winter, as for the navigation in the summer. The leading object of the Act is the deepening and improving them, so as to afford to the navigators an uninterrupted passage at all seasons of the year, and at the same time to benefit the general drainage, by giving a free course for the waters, and lowering the surface against the banks, and other works of drainage. This is one of the greatest public improvements sought to be effected in this part of the country for many years.

Married.] At Barton-mill, Rev. C. Jenkin, to Miss E. M. Walker.—At Cambridge, Rev. R. M. White, to Miss A. Sadler.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Great rejoicings have taken place at Norwich in consequence of the bill for making that place a port having past; and amongst the various displays on the memorable occasion, during the procession, thirteen men and one woman, whose united ages amounted to 1,100 years, regaled themselves at one of the public-houses in a temperate way, as becoming their venerable situations, rejoicing to have lived to see such a day. The operations of the Norwich and Lowestoft Navigation Company will commence, it is understood, with the formation of the harbour at Lake Lothing.

A petition from the operatives of Norwich has been presented to the House of Commons, and ordered to be printed, praying the House to devise some means for settling by law the rate of wages in the city of Norwich.

A very alarming riot took place lately at Norwich, caused by the committal of several persons to gaol, for having destroyed looms, and committed other devastations at Ashwellthorpe. The calling in of the military, and the judicious arrangements of the mayor and police at length put an end to it; and several of the ringleaders were incarcerated.

A correspondent from Yarmouth says, the improvement our herring curers have manifested is so great, that they obtain the high prices in the Hamburgh market usually given to the Dutch fishermen, whose goods are now looked upon only as second best. Indeed the herring fishery of Great Britain has increased 850 per cent. in the last 16 years. This fact is obtained from the last year's report made to Parliament by the Commissioners for the Herring Fisheries, which states that in the year ending April, 1826, 379,233 barrels of white herrings were cured—being an increase of 31,500 barrels over the preceding year; and that the quantity exported was 217,073 barrels—being an increase in exportation in the same period of 15,056. In the year 1810 only 34,701 barrels were cured; the whole of which were sent out of the country.

By the fifteenth annual report recently made, it appears that during the last twelve months there have been opened in Norwich, 13 daily and 10 Sunday-schools, affording instruction to 1,600 children; the number of schools now in union with the society is 175, and the total of children 9,357!

Married.] F. K. Eagle, esq., of Lakenheath, to Miss S. A Blake, daughter of Sir James Blake, bart., of Langham.—At Chattisham, Rev. F. Calvert, to Miss S. Hicks.

Died.] At Framlingham, 86, Mrs. Buckingham.—At Yarmouth, 84, Mr. F. Brook; and, 77, Mr. J. Armstrong.—At Stradsett-hall, T. P. Bagge, esq.—At East Dereham, 72, Mr. W. Salter.—At Norwich, A. Browne, esq.—At Yarmouth, 74, Mr. W. Fisher.

DORSET AND WILTS.

Notwithstanding there is now as much cloth manufactured at Trowbridge as at any preceding period, yet there are 3,000 persons unemployed; and the poor-rates are extremely heavy: the farmers paying 20s. an acre.

Mr. Spence, of Wimborne, lately hearing a singular noise behind the wainscoat of one of his chambers, removed a small portion of it, and instantly a flight of bats rushed out, on which an attack was made; ninety of them were killed, and, it is imagined, nearly half as many escaped. The building is ancient, and once formed part of a religious house.

Sunday, June 10, a camp meeting was held in a field near Dunclift-hill, Shaftesbury, by 11 (8 men and 3 women) of the Primitive Christians, or Ranters; the number of persons assembled was supposed to be at least 2,000. A considerable subscription was made on the spot for the completion of their chapel at Enmore Green, which is nearly finished.

It is calculated that no less than 2,000 deer perished in Cranbourne Chase during the early months of this year; and if we add the probable number of 1,000 supposed to have strayed away, or been destroyed by various means of night-hunting, and in *necessary defence* of the farmers' and cottagers' produce in fields and gardens, there is reason to believe that the decrease of deer since last autumn is not less than 3,000!!!

Married.] At Kemble, Capt. Bentham, R.N., and Knight of St. Michael and Louis, to Emma Pelew Parker, niece of Lord Exmouth.

Died.] At Wells, Sir J. Galbraith, bart., of Dublin, formerly crown solicitor, and M.P.—At Lyme, Mrs. Ross.—At Devizes, Miss F. Elliott.—At Trowbridge, Mr. Buckpitt.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

On Whit-Monday and Tuesday, the Dissenters' Union School, of upwards of 1,000 children, and the National School of 800, were entertained with roast beef, plum-cakes, cyder, &c. &c., at Frome, after attending their respective services at meeting and church; 300 teachers attended on the part of the dissenters.

A subscription of £50 has been sent from Frome also, for the promoting religious knowledge in Ireland.

A collection of £30 was made at Bridgewater Church lately for their infirmary, after a sermon preached for the occasion.

Glastonbury Canal Bill having passed, will give immediate employment to the labouring classes of the neighbourhood; and a mass of population, amounting to upwards of 55,000, will be supplied with many of the necessaries of life at a less price than heretofore; an extensive market will be opened for the produce of the country round; and a barren uncultivated track will in a few years become highly productive land.

The new bridge from Teignmouth to Shaldon was opened June 4, with all due ceremony of procession, bands of music, feasting, &c.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church at Wiveliscombe, took place on June 6, when there was collected such a concourse of people as have scarcely ever assembled in that neighbourhood on any former occasion; and amongst the public dinners, the poor charity children were not forgot; the town was adorned with triumphal arches, festoons of laurel, roses, and other flowers.

Married.] At Bath, A. Corbet, esq., of Ynysymaengwyn, to Julia, youngest daughter of General Garstin.—R. Anstice, esq., Mayor of Bridgewater, to Miss Boys.—At Frome, Rev. E. Wilson, to Miss King.—At Bathwick, T. Allen, esq., to Mrs. M. A. Tolfrey.

Died.] At Sampford Courtenay, 72, Rev. W. Beauchamp; he had been rector of that parish 32 years.—At Shepton Mallet, *Lieutenant* J. Turner; he had been in H.M.'s service 57 years!!—At Stonehouse, 69, J. Kent, esq.—At Exeter, Mrs. Moore.—At Taunton, 86, Miss Ball.—At Lambridge-house, 88, Dr. Haygarth, F.R.S.—At Bradninch, Mr. Dewdeney.—Near Bath, Capt. Sausse, supposed to have been the last surviving officer engaged in Lord Rodney's celebrated action with Comte de Grasse.—At Sidmouth, 93, Mrs. May.—Mr. J. Heard, for 48 years parish clerk of Bickleigh.—At Branscombe, Rev. T. Puddicombe.

CORNWALL.

The deputation which was lately sent from this county, from the merchants and others interested in the pilchard fishery, had an audience with the President and Vice-president of the Board of Trade, accompanied and supported by the members for Devon and Cornwall, and several of the principal land-owners in the two counties. Though the deputation received no encouragement as to the success of the principal point of their petition—the renewal of the bounty on fish—yet the President held out hopes of something being done next year towards its more gradual reduction.

Died.] At Penzance, Mr. W. L. Matthews, architect; under the direction of Mr. Repton, he drew all the elevations of Regent-street, before a single house was removed; 77, J. Vigurs, esq.—At Towednack, 106, Mrs. Anne Martins.

WALES.

The annual district meeting of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists has been lately held at Carmarthen, when it appeared by the report that much good had been done through the medium of the printing-press and book-room established in North Wales. The congregations were exceedingly numerous throughout the meeting, which lasted several days. The number of members in their society in Wales is rapidly increasing, and now amounts to 7,000.

A Mariners' Church has been opened between Newport and Pilgwenlly, Monmouthshire; being the first place of worship erected in the principality for the accommodation of seamen.

A meeting has been held of the inhabitants of Bridgend and neighbourhood, for the purpose of forming a rail-road from the Duffryn-Llynir railroad to that town, when it was resolved that the capital should consist of £6,000, to be raised by subscription of 300 shares, at £20 each, and a committee formed to prepare a bill for next session of Parliament.

A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Swansea, for the formation of a Savings' Bank, when it was unanimously agreed to, and the Duke of Beaufort accepted the office of patron.

Married.] At Tenby, J. B Beasley, esq., to Miss H. M. Boater.—At Newport (Monmouth) Mr. Vennor, 84, to Miss Baker, 17.—At St. George's, W. Garnier, esq., to Miss S. Thistlethwaite.—At Llangirrig, near Llanidloes, Mr. E. Davies, 19, to Mrs. Thomas, 70, relict of the late Mr. R. Thomas, Tynymaes; she married Mr. Thomas 55 years ago, when 15 years old.

Died.] At Swansea, 71, Mrs. Wilkins.—At Lansamlet, 81, Mrs. Davies.—At Crickhowell, Mrs. G. Hood O'Neil.—At Nantyglo (Monmouth), Mrs. M. Bailey.—At Cardiff, 82, Mr. Willett.—At Lwyncwtta (Radnor), Mrs. E. Davies.—At Cowbridge, 75, Mr. W. Meredith.—Isabel, wife of W. Crawshay, esq., of Cyfartha-castle.—At Fynoncarradog, 78, Mr. J. Roberts.—At Neath, 87, Mrs. Miers.—At Pantglass, 97, Mr. W. Samuel.—At Syddin, 101, Mr. J. Reynor.

SCOTLAND.

The good effects resulting from the revival of trade are becoming more and more manifest, and extending farther among the working population of the suburbs. In Calton and Bridgeton, all the cotton-mills and power-weaving-mills, and, in general, public works of every kind, are fully employed; and as the weavers are also fully employed, very few idle persons are to be seen going about the streets; indeed, it is remarked in that neighbourhood, that, generally speaking, the great body of the population have not been so well employed for the last two years. This remark admits of an exception in the case of labourers, who have some difficulty in finding employment—the great number of persons who were employed at labouring work during the last year by the Relief Committee, having considerably lessened the demand for labourers, and exhausted the usual sources of labour in this department. It is also considerably lessened by the small number of buildings that are going on this season.

Died.] At Kirriemuir, 100, J. Macgregor; when, after the battle of Culloden, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino were concealed in the woods of Glantanner, he was employed in carrying them daily provisions.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of May to the 25th of June 1827.

May:	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	—	82⅜ ½	83⅛ ½	—	89½ ⅝	99⅜ 100	19 3-16 ⅛	245½	80p	52 53p	83½ ⅜
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	203¼ ¾	82½ ⅝	83⅛ ½	—	89½ ½	99⅜ 100	19⅛ 3-16	246½	83 84p	52 53p	83⅜ ⅝
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	203¾204½	83⅛ ⅜	83⅜ 84	89½ 90	89⅝ 90½	100 ⅜	19 3-16 5-16	—	82 70p	41 49p	83⅞ 84¼
31	204½	83 ⅜	—	89⅞	89⅝ 90	100⅜ ½	19¼ ⅜	246½247½	—	44 47p	84¼ ⅜
June											
1	203¾204	83⅜ ¾	—	90½	90⅜ ½	—	19⅜	—	82 86p	50 59p	84⅜ ¾
2	204	83½ ¾	—	—	90⅝ ⅝	—	19 5-16 7-16	—	—	44 50p	84⅜ ½
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	203¾204½	83½ ¾	—	90⅜	90⅜ ½	—	19 5-16 ⅜	249½	77 80p	48 50p	84⅜ ½
7	204 ¼	83⅝ ¾	—	90⅜	89⅞ 90⅛	—	19 5-16	—	78 79p	47 49p	84⅛ ½
8	203¾ ¼	83½ ⅝	—	90	89⅝ 90	—	19 ⅜	—	76 78p	46 48p	83⅞ 84⅛
9	204½	83⅝ ⅝	—	—	90⅜ ⅜	—	19 ⅜ 7-16	—	76 78p	45 47p	84⅜ ½
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	204¼ ¼	83⅞ 84	—	90⅜	90¼ ½	—	19 ⅜ 7-16	—	78p	45 46p	84⅜ ⅝
13	204 ¼	83½ 84	—	90⅜	90⅛ ¼	—	19 ⅜ 7-16	—	79 80p	44 46p	84¼ ⅜
14	204 ½	83⅞ 84⅛	—	90 ⅛	90¼ ⅜	—	19 7-16 ½	—	78p	45 47p	84⅜ ½
15	204¾205½	84¼ ½	—	90¼ ¾	90⅜ ¾	—	19½	—	80 82p	47 50p	84⅞ 85⅛
16	205 ½	84¼ ½	—	90⅝	90⅝ ¾	—	—	—	—	49 51p	84⅞ 85⅛
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	205¼ ¾	84⅜ 85	—	—	91⅜	—	19 5-16 9-16	—	—	50 51p	85⅜ ¾
19	205 ¼	84⅞ 85⅛	—	91⅜ ½	91⅜ ⅝	—	19⅝	—	84 85p	50 51p	85⅝ ⅞
20	—	83⅜ ¾	—	92	91⅜ 92¼	—	19 11-16 13-16	—	83 85p	50 51p	86⅛ ⅜
21	206 ½	85⅛ ⅞	—	92⅜	92¼ ⅜	—	19 ¾ 13-16	—	83p	50 51p	86⅝
22	—	85½ ¾	—	92	91⅞ 92¼	—	19 13-16 ¾	—	84 85p	50 52p	86⅛ ¼
23	206	85½ ⅝	—	92	91⅝ 92	—	19 11-16 13-16	—	86p	51 53p	85⅞ 86⅜
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	205½206	85½ ½	—	—	91⅞ 92	—	19 11-16 13 16	—	86p	52 54p	86 ½

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From May 20th to 19th June inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

May.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			63	70	53	29 93	29 94	77	76	E	W	Fair	Fine	Fine
21			60	72	55	30 00	30 03	73	74	NE	W	—	—	—
22			63	64	55	29 99	29 94	80	89	WSW	W	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
23	20		64	69	52	29 88	29 59	83	92	WSW	SW	—	—	Rain
24			57	60	45	29 31	29 27	87	88	W	WSW	—	Clo.	—
25	55	◑	52	60	48	29 24	29 28	90	87	W	SW	Rain	Rain	Clo.
26			53	64	49	29 33	29 41	90	87	SW	SW	—	Clo.	—
27	10		59	66	54	29 46	29 54	82	88	WSW	SSW	Fair	Rain	—
28			60	67	56	29 58	29 69	88	92	SW	SW	Clo.	Clo.	—
29			60	66	52	29 66	29 67	85	90	SW	SW	—	—	—
30			63	70	57	29 75	29 69	84	78	SW	SW	—	—	Fine
31			63	70	52	29 57	29 67	78	83	SSW	SW	—	Fair	—
June.														
1			55	66	52	29 57	29 68	88	73	SW	W	S.Rain	—	Clo.
2	12	◑	56	65	45	29 54	29 55	92	85	SSW	W	Rain	Rain	Fine
3			51	64	51	29 67	29 76	82	76	W	WSW	Fair	—	Clo.
4			56	66	54	29 78	29 85	76	78	W	WNW	—	—	—
5			59	62	48	29 75	29 50	78	82	SW	W	Clo.	—	—
6	10		54	61	49	29 53	29 75	82	76	WNW	NW	—	—	—
7			56	63	49	29 83	29 94	75	81	NNW	NE	Fair	Fair	Fine
8			54	68	52	30 07	30 16	80	76	NE	SE	—	Fine	—
9		○	63	70	54	30 18	30 18	75	77	E	NNE	—	—	—
10			60	71	51	30 18	30 11	77	73	NE	NE	—	—	—
11			60	73	53	30 06	30 02	71	79	NE	NE	—	—	—
12			59	73	53	30 01	30 03	76	82	NNE	NE	—	—	—
13			59	71	52	29 98	29 92	74	80	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
14			61	75	58	29 82	29 68	81	77	NE	ENE	—	—	S.Rain
15			59	69	60	29 64	29 63	92	88	E	S	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
16		◐	62	67	59	29 61	29 64	90	89	SSW	SE	—	—	—
17			67	74	60	29 69	29 78	85	79	W	SW	Fair	Fair	—
18			63	73	57	29 85	29 85	87	87	W	SW	—	Clo.	—
19			63	71	56	29 82	29 71	76	76	W	SW	—	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in one day was 2 inches 12-100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] AUGUST, 1827. [No. 20.

SKETCHES OF HAYTI.*

A MOMENT'S reflection cannot fail to excite astonishment, that the history of modern Hayti has been thus long disregarded. We say disregarded, because, most unquestionably, if there be one important part of the history of our own time on which the English reader in general is more ignorant than another, it is the transactions which have occurred in that island during the last thirty years. Barbarities, almost unprecedented, have been perpetrated; a new nation has started into existence, even within sight of our own colonies; has effected a total revolution in the most fertile of the West-India Islands; and still no record of its progress, acknowledged to be accurate, has yet appeared. We concur, therefore, in the opinion, that a good account of the internal condition of Hayti, written from personal observation, appears to be one of the greatest desiderata in modern geography;† and we are glad to find that in the *Sketches of Hayti*, an attempt has been made to supply something of the deficiency complained of. Before, however, we investigate the merits of Mr. Harvey's volume, it may be worth while to inquire what causes have operated during so long a period to continue the public in comparative ignorance, upon a subject which is highly interesting, both as it affects the great question of the abolition of negro slavery, and the security of our possessions in the West Indies. Has the torpor of the press been occasioned by some insuperable difficulty opposed to the acquirement of information? We apprehend not. Mr. Wilberforce and many other distinguished persons in this country have long been in correspondence with natives of Hayti, and English residents there, and have, from time to time, been supplied with a great mass of *mémoires pour*

* *Sketches of Hayti; from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.* By. H. W. HARVEY, of Queen's College, Cambridge, pp. 416. 8vo. London: Seeley and Son. 1827.

† Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

servir à l'histoire. Has it then proceeded from policy? We should answer, yes. There are two great contending parties, for such they really are, who are especially interested in the subject, the planters, and the most active of the abolitionists; and we believe that their silence has proceeded, not from a dearth of knowledge of the facts, but from the impracticability each party has experienced of giving to many of the occurrences that complexion which would forward its particular views. It is not to be supposed that the most enthusiastic abolitionists have avoided shuddering at the numerous wanton and atrocious cruelties which have been perpetrated by the negroes; nor can it be imagined that the planter would be so blind to his own interest as to invite the public discussion of the question, without the certainty of attaining an overwhelming triumph. His position was the defensive. If, indeed, the progress and the condition of Hayti had been referred to and enforced as an argument for the hasty abolition of slavery in our own West-India islands, then the planter might have appeared "ten thousand strong" by the use of the very same statements, which, if advanced without provocation, would have made him seem desirous, not so much of protecting his own property from destruction, as of advocating that horrid system of personal bondage, which in the abstract cannot be too bitterly condemned. Interest has, therefore, trammelled the parties who are most conversant with Hayti; and thus the details of its progress have not received that attention which they seem to require. It is true, that short occasional notices have been inserted in different periodical journals; and in addition to several publications in France,* an anonymous work was sent forth in Edinburgh in 1818, entitled "History of the Island of St. Domingo, from its discovery by Columbus to the present period;" still, nothing satisfactory has appeared; and as it is high time that the veil of mystery should be thrown aside, we agree with Mr. Harvey in thinking, "that any information, however imperfect, will at this time prove peculiarly acceptable."

The author informs us in his preface, that "the materials of the volume are principally derived from printed documents, procured in Hayti, and from short notes made during my residence there;" and he adds, "I beg to state most distinctly, that I undertake to furnish nothing more than brief and imperfect sketches of Hayti, such as, I hope, may be found interesting to general readers." The precaution taken in the last sentence, was not unnecessary; but we shall not quarrel with Mr. Harvey from the scantiness of his information. We regard his endeavour as likely to prove the precursor of many more, and as it is the first, so, in all probability, will it rank among the weakest.

The first revolt in Hayti occurred in August, 1791; but it is wrong to attribute it principally, as the volume before us does, "to the impolicy and injustice of the planters and colonists themselves." It was the work of the French revolutionists; and, from its commencement to its close, it exhibited an appalling picture of the influence of their diabolical machinations. The French system of colonization might have been bad, and, as it affected the wealth of the mother-country, it was most decidedly so. Its leading features were these:—The French planter generally looked upon his settle-

* As Gregoire, *de la Littérature des Nègres*, 1808; Guillernim, *Précis Historique des derniers Evénements de Saint Domingue*, 1811; Regis, *Mémoire Historique sur Touissaint L'Ouverture, suivi d'une Notice Historique sur Petion*, 1811; Civique de Gastine, *Histoire de la République de Haiti*, 1819, &c.

ment as his home, and oftener expended its proceeds in his new and adopted country, than stored them up carefully with a view of ultimately enjoying them in his native land. He seemed to have no intention to be an ephemeral visitor, and to amass wealth rapidly at the expense of negro life, in order that he might take his departure the more speedily. This is proved to have been the case, by the costly mansions erected, the money and labour expended in the cultivation of pleasure grounds, and the efforts made to give a permanency and attraction to the establishments, which should dissipate the remembrance of other scenes. Even to this day it is impossible to sail along the shores of the gulf of Hayti, without being struck with the wreck of his designs, and acknowledging that, before the hand of desolation had disfigured them, they must indeed have been beautiful. His intercourse with his slaves, especially with those about his person, was far more familiar than is that of the English colonist. It was, however, extremely badly regulated, for the negro was one moment treated as the companion of his master, and the next reminded that he was his slave. But this inconsistency was not peculiar to the French colonist, for it has formed a leading feature in the national character of France from time immemorial, and still exists in undiminished vigour. It was, nevertheless, the great vice of the system, and prepared the minds of the negroes for a change, although it cannot be said to have brought about that event.

Under this system it is evident that the French planter had a double motive to labour for the preservation of his estates; both his property and his home were at stake; but he found it impossible to withstand the intrigues of revolutionary France. Long previous to 1791, it was customary for free mulattoes and negroes, of whom there were many, to repair from St. Domingo to France, for the purpose of acquiring education, and when the National Assembly was not content with decreeing that "all men are born and continue free and equal as to their rights," but employed agents to inspirit the people of colour to act upon that doctrine, the planters thought it high time to endeavour to legislate for themselves. Upon this a society was formed in Paris, designated *Amis des Noirs*, and a just estimate may be made of its real character from the fact, that the abhorred Robespierre was one of its chief members. Immediate emancipation was the word; and an emissary, a mulatto, named Ogée, was despatched to St. Domingo, to light the torch of desolation. The colonists naturally refused to grant emancipation. Massacre and revenge soon commenced their horrid career, and crimes were perpetrated which surpassed the conception of even Robespierre himself. The most detestable of cruelties were practised by either party; but the planters necessarily endured the greatest miseries. The habits and constitution of the negroes gave them incalculable advantages; and, in addition, the planters found that those to whom, at other times, they would have appealed for support, their own countrymen, were ranged among their direst foes. It was, therefore, the French revolutionists, and not the planters, who occasioned the first commotions in St. Domingo; and the proceedings were stamped with that demon spirit which deluged France. If the following lines, which were written at the time, are destitute of poetic grace, they, at least, record the truth:

> "Still view in western climes death's palest horse
> With pestilence and slaughter mark his course;

While dusky tribes, with more than maniac rage,
Rending their brazen bonds, in war engage:
For France still burns to make, with dire intent,
'Hell and this world one realm—one continent.'"*

In September 1793, when the contest between the planters and negroes had arrived at the height, the English invaded the island. Thus alarmed, the colonists proclaimed freedom to the negroes, many of whom united with the French; and the English were compelled, by climate and reverses, to abandon their project in 1798. But the power of the colonists was now crushed—the greater part of their property was devastated—and Touissaint L'Ouverture, a free African, became civil and military chief. He appears to have been a man of virtue and ability; but his influence was of brief duration. The supremacy of France was disavowed; and, in 1802, an expedition, despatched by Buonaparte, and commanded by General Le Clerc, arrived off the island. It was conceived in villainy, conducted with shallow duplicity, and rendered worse than nugatory by imbecility. Touissaint was treacherously seized, and perished in a French dungeon; Le Clerc lost his life; and, after almost incredible atrocities had been committed by both parties, the French forces were finally expelled from the island in 1803. On the capture of Touissaint, Dessalines became chief; and a short account of his life and character will be the best comment that can be made on the state of Hayti during his supremacy. We select it from the volume before us, and are satisfied, from inquiries made in the island, that it is correct:—

"He was originally a slave of the lowest order, his master being himself a negro; and, while in that condition, he was remarkable chiefly for his strength and activity, an unconquerable obstinacy, and a low sort of cunning, not unusual among negroes. He joined in the early commotions, and soon became one of the most active in conducting the proceedings of the insurgents—one of the most daring, in proposing and carrying into effect schemes of the greatest hazard—and one of the most cruel and barbarous in his treatment of the planters and other whites who fell into his hands. He left no means untried in order to prevail on the negroes to abandon the service of their masters; and, having collected a considerable number into one body, placed himself at their head, and then caused them to lay waste the plantations, to destroy the mansions which had been erected on them, and to massacre their unprotected proprietors without distinction. After the declaration of freedom by the French, Dessalines joined their forces in endeavouring to expel the English. He engaged in this contest with his accustomed activity and fierceness, and his exertions were considered as an atonement for his previous misconduct. The service to which he was called during this period fitted him to act the firm and courageous part which he took, when the attempt was made to re-establish slavery. He turned a deaf ear to all the dictates of pity and humanity; and regarding the French as the relentless enemies of his race, he treated all who were so unfortunate as to fall into his hands with excessive rigour and barbarity. Previously to the seizure of Touissaint, he was second in command; and, on the removal of that distinguished negro from the island, he succeeded to his authority. For, although deficient in military skill, his zeal, activity, and courage supplied, in some measure, what he wanted in this respect, and, with his violent hatred of the French, rendered him the most popular of all the negro generals.

"On the expulsion of the French forces, a considerable number of residents remained at Cape François and the other towns of the colony; some from a vain hope of at least securing a part of their property, and others from having lost the opportunity of returning to Europe with the remains of the army. Shortly after the entrance of Dessalines at the Cape, he invited these men to continue in the

* Pursuits of Literature.

island, and assured them that their persons and property should be protected as long as they felt disposed to remain. The majority accepted this unexpected offer. But it soon appeared that Dessalines was as destitute of veracity as of forbearance or generosity. A few weeks only had elapsed, when he issued a proclamation of so inflammatory a nature as astonished even his own officers, and suddenly deprived the French residents of every hope. 'It is not enough,' he says, 'to have driven from our country the barbarians who, for ages, have stained it with our blood.—It is become necessary to ensure, by a last act of national authority, the permanent empire of liberty in the country which has given us birth. Those generals, who have conducted your struggles against tyranny, have not yet done. The French name still darkens our plains; every thing reminds us of the cruelties of that barbarous people.—What do I say? There still remain Frenchmen in our island.—When shall we be tired of breathing the same air with them? What have we in common with that bloody-minded people?—Citizens! men, women, young and old, cast round your eyes on every part of the island; seek there your wives, your husbands, your brothers, your sisters:—What did I say? Seek your children—your children at the breasts; what is become of them? Instead of those interesting victims, the affrighted eye sees only their assassins,—tigers still covered with their blood,—whose frightful presence upbraids you with your insensibility and slowness to avenge them. Why then do you delay to appease their manes?'

"Dessalines was not the man to rest in mere threats. Shortly after he issued the proclamation, he visited the towns in which the French lived, and put them to the most violent deaths, personally assisting in destroying them. At Cape François his proceedings were marked by the basest treachery. Having carefully marked the houses in which the helpless victims of his fury resided, as soon as the day was closed he proceeded, at the head of his savage band, to execute his dreadful purposes. This was a night of horrors. The negroes themselves, accustomed as they had been to scenes of blood, shuddered at this renewal of massacres.—But Dessalines soon ascertained that, notwithstanding the strictness of his orders and his search, several had escaped discovery. To these he now offered forgiveness and protection, provided they would publicly appear to receive his assurances. Many of them, hoping that some remains of sincerity might still exist in the heart of this savage, and knowing that at best their lives were in continual danger, appeared on the appointed spot at the time specified. He was waiting their arrival, surrounded by the companions of his cruelty;—when, instead of granting the promised protection, he caused them all to be shot.

"He now proceeded to take such steps as appeared to him necessary for the permanent establishment of his authority. The name of *Governor* of the Haytians he rejected, as indicating a degree of power more limited than that which he actually possessed. He determined, therefore, to assume the title of *Emperor*; and on declaring his intention, with little previous consultation either with his officers or the people, he was hailed as such by the army, and conducted by them to the house which now became his palace, amidst their applauses and apparent good wishes for a long and prosperous reign. His power was absolute; and it may easily be conceived in what manner and for what purposes he employed it. In the mean time, his employments were as trivial and absurd as his treatment of the people was impolitic and tyrannical. He was even delighted, when assuming some comic character, he endeavoured to represent it before his officers and the people. He was especially anxious to be considered an elegant and accomplished dancer, and would sometimes exhibit himself in public. At length his principal officers, convinced of his inability, disgusted at his follies, and wearied with his cruelties, resolved on cutting him off, and electing another chief in his stead."

De Vastey, the only writer Hayti has yet produced, denies that Christophe participated in the conspiracy against, and murder of, Dessalines; but he is no authority, for he was dependent upon Christophe; and had he written otherwise, his life would have been the penalty of his hardihood. Dessalines was destroyed in 1806; and two claimants of the first station speedily appeared, in Christophe, the Governor of Cape François, and Petion, the Governor of Port-au-Prince. The majority of Petion's officers

were mulattoes, while those of Christophe were negroes. The popularity of each leader in his own district was unrivalled; and after several years of irregular warfare, their strength being nearly balanced, a mutual cessation of hostilities took place, without union, truce, or treaty; and French Hayti was nearly equally divided between them. But the personal character of Christophe was far more influential than that of Petion. The former soon assumed the title of king, together with unlimited power; while the latter found it expedient to give to the provinces over which he ruled the name of a republic, and to adopt the title of president. Petion was a mulatto, and had been educated at the Military Academy at Paris. He had little of the ferocity which distinguished his rival. His mind was better regulated and better informed. He was more inclined to direct his attention to commerce than to war; but his power was of a precarious nature; he remembered the fate of his predecessor, and was incapable of instituting and enforcing such laws as were essential to the real improvement and prosperity of newly-liberated negroes. To a certain extent, however, his government was absolute. It could command the fate of an individual, although it could not venture to coerce or restrain the vicious as a body by any act of vigour. Christophe, on the other hand, though destitute of the acquirements possessed by Petion, had unbounded authority; and, as there is a peculiar interest attached to the fortunes of that extraordinary negro, and his conduct, both in reality and appearance, imparted their character to the proceedings in his dominions, a sketch of his history may be desirable.

The place of his birth has never been satisfactorily ascertained; but, notwithstanding Mr. Harvey's opinion that it was Grenada, we believe it to have been the island of St. Christophers, or St. Kitts. He is said to have been born a slave, and to have served for some time on board of a French man-of-war, in the capacity of *cook's-mate*. He was a stranger to Hayti, until a short time previous to the first revolt; when, according to the best information gained by assiduous inquiry, he was marker of a billiard-table in a coffee-house, which is still standing, and is close to the beach. It was kept by a Frenchwoman, who, in the day of desolation, is said to have been protected by her former servant. He was a perfect negro in appearance. His skin was very dark and coarse; his hair was short and woolly; his nose was broad and flat; his lips were large; his forehead was overhanging and scarred; and his eyes appeared strained and inflamed. His countenance was an index to the obstinacy and ferocity of his disposition; but still it possessed an expression of superiority which indicated that he was no common man. In person he was stout and powerful, and his deportment was free from that slothful motion which is often occasioned by the relaxing influence of a tropical climate. Education he had none. It was only when he became a general that he learned to sign his surname, and he had assumed the chief station before he had acquired the power of giving his entire signature. During the latter part of his life he conversed but little, especially before Europeans; and his reason is said to have been his own consciousness of the wretched *patois* in which he spoke. It was an almost unintelligible mixture of the French and English negro dialects, in their rudest forms. Throughout the revolution, Christophe was celebrated among the negroes, and dreaded by the French, from his incessant activity and daring courage. It was for himself, however, that he fought; and having acquired immense riches at the plunder of Cape François, and Dessalines being despatched, he found the consummation of his ambitious

hopes at hand. Although his authority was acknowledged only in a part of the island, he was crowned King of Hayti in June 1811. He at once created a nobility, consisting of no less than twelve dukes, fourteen counts, sixty-four barons, and forty chevaliers, "and surrounded himself with all the appendages of royalty."

"Vast sums of money were expended in support of an establishment such as Hayti had, in no period of its history, ever exhibited. The rich and splendid garments in which the sable monarch occasionally appeared on levee-days, and always on great and important occasions, could hardly be surpassed by those of the most wealthy and powerful rulers of civilized states. His palaces were prepared for his reception with all possible magnificence, and whatever the most unbounded passion for splendour could suggest was procured to decorate the habitations of—an uneducated negro. The number of his household corresponded with the magnificence of his palaces."

The "*Maison Militaire du Roi*" was on a no less pompous scale; and any one, merely judging from the "*Almanach Royale d'Hayti*," would have imagined that the arts and sciences, together with military splendour, commerce, and civilization, had attained the *acmé* of perfection. Christophe was now at the height of his popularity; but his severity increased daily, and his despotism soon became scarcely supportable. His aversion to the French continued so strong, that the schools he founded were all on the English system, and the use of the French language was discouraged as much as possible. He improved the discipline of his army, and formed several beneficial institutions; but it would be monstrous to suppose that the Haytians enjoyed liberty during the reign of Christophe. Every office and every individual in his dominions were entirely subject to his will. As a merchant, he claimed and possessed such peculiar advantages as raised him above the fear of competition; as a soldier, he was the colonel of all the principal regiments; as a judge he was supreme, for he modified or abrogated the decisions of the courts as he thought proper, while from his own decrees there was no appeal; and in the distribution of rewards and punishment, his injunctions were alone regarded. Those who possessed property, possessed it only by his sufferance or at his presentation; and even after he had made a gift, such was the extravagant extent of his power, that he could cancel his own act, however formally it had been declared. His power was, indeed, despotic, and he too often exercised it like a despot. Take, for example, the following facts; they occurred during the latter part of his reign, and at a time, therefore, when it might fairly have been expected, that the rights of individuals were at least beginning to be understood, if not fully appreciated:—

"The Duke of Marmalade, one of the most active and intelligent negroes in the Haytian court, was on one occasion charged with an important commission, and instructed in the manner of accomplishing it. He had no sooner entered on the business than he found that it might be more effectually and satisfactorily executed by varying in a few points from his master's instructions; and, either from inability or neglect, he ventured to do so, without previously obtaining his consent. Though he faithfully discharged the duty assigned to him, his omitting to follow the prescribed directions in every particular excited his majesty's highest displeasure; and he was instantly ordered to quit the palace, to leave the Cape the following morning, and to take up his abode in the citadel. Notwithstanding his being a duke, a member of the privy council, a knight of the order of St. Henry, and a general in the army, he was here compelled to associate with the workmen, and even to assist in their labour."

Again: the *Juges-de-Paix* of Gonaives having been guilty of injustice, by no means a rare occurrence in Hayti, the same punishment was inflicted on them; and Mr. Harvey further tells us:—

"Another circumstance, connected with the punishment of these men, was said to have taken place; but whether correctly or not, I am unable to determine. It was stated that Christophe caused them to sit round a room in his palace, and directed water to be poured on their heads till they were thoroughly drenched—frequently asking them, during this singular process, in the most sarcastic manner, *if their heads were yet cool?*"

But the restless and discontented disposition of his subjects, the nobles in particular, and the tyranny of Christophe, soon made a change desirable. His presence alone checked many from indulging in open disaffection; and, in 1820, on his being seized with apoplexy, and confined to his palace at Sans Souci—so named from its impenetrable situation—frequent consultations were held respecting his removal. While this was in agitation, the troops at St. Marc's murdered two of their officers, and Christophe ordered the ringleaders to be executed.

"On the arrival of these orders at the Cape, one of the more powerful barons, addressing his associates, said, 'What commands are these? Who has given him the right of condemning men to death, without ascertaining the nature and extent of their crime? And why shall we go, at his command, and cut the throats of our brethren? Let us rather go straight to Sans Souci, *and cut off the fellow's head.* We shall then be delivered from tyranny, and shall have no more mutinies among the soldiers.'—'If you are disposed that way,' answered the Duke of Marmalade, 'I am ready to join you; and we had better lose no time in carrying the design into effect. What say you?' added he, addressing the other officers; 'shall we collect the troops, and proceed to his palace? He has *nothing but his own guard to defend him.*"

The proposal was unanimously assented to, and measures were taken for carrying it into execution. Christophe's race was run. After receiving largesses, and swearing "to defend his person and authority '*jusqu'à la mort,*'" his own guards deserted him; and Christophe, finding himself thus abandoned, "seized one of the pistols with which he was always provided, and instantly shot himself through the head." His son was murdered, and, after some further violence and bloodshed, Cape François and its districts were united to the republic of Port-au-Prince.

Such is the outline of the history of Hayti, from the commencement of the commotions in 1791 up to the death of Christophe; and a view of the state of the two most important towns immediately previous to that event, will best shew what progress the Haytians had then made in freedom and civilization. To the picture given by Mr. Harvey of Cape François, we have no great objection, except its length; but to Port-au-Prince he appears almost a total stranger. We must, therefore, have recourse to some other source; and as the following notices, hitherto unpublished, were written on the spot, at the time Admiral Sir Home Popham visited the island, and are accurate as far as they go, they may suffice:—

"On landing at Cape François, I was struck with the dilapidated state of the town. It must once have been very handsome; but now the greater part is comparatively in ruins. The best range of buildings faces the sea, and in the upper part of the town there are some good houses. The great majority of the inhabitants are negroes; and I frequently met with that immeasurable vanity, threatening obstinacy, low cunning, and apparent destitution of superior intellect which are commonly attributed to that people. From what I could see, I should say that

slavery is abolished only in name. Instead of many masters possessing this part of the island, it is in the hands of one. I endeavoured to enter into conversation with several respecting their condition, privileges, &c.; but they all seemed restricted by apprehension; and I was reminded more than once of the old adage, that '*walls have ears.*' The discontent was evidently great. They either want the means, or have not the inclination to be generous. Christophe certainly provided a good house and a well-stored table for the admiral; carriages and horses were in attendance early in the morning, and in the evening, for the convenience of Sir Home and of his friends; and, under the direction of Baron de Dupuy, who had served with a pastrycook in America, the arrangements were decently made; but I saw no other attempt at hospitality. The soldiers act as the police, and execute the office with more than sufficient severity. The curfew law seems to have been heard of: for, unless upon express permission, all must be silent after 9 P. M.; and the guards, if I may judge by their insolence, consider the streets as their own property. Drunkenness is more frequent among the higher than the lower classes; but it can hardly be said to be a prevailing vice. The blacks of both sexes are extremely fond of dress and dancing. Their extravagance in the former is highly absurd, and the appearance of one of their balls is singular enough. It resembles a Christmas negro ball at Jamaica—with this exception—the dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, are real. There is a Lancastrian school, which is admirably conducted by an English master. Several of the children, on passing me with their satchels, exclaimed in broken English. '*God save Georgee tray! Long him liv!*' I saw Christophe enter the town, and the exhibition was striking. His dress appeared to be exactly the Windsor uniform, and he had a small star on his left breast. He had a numerous escort, rode rapidly, and, till he stopped and alighted, no one knew whither he was going. He acknowledged the salute of our officers with marked civility; but the natives were hardly permitted to see him. Commerce is most irregularly conducted, and every thing is very dear. Money is scarce; and the European and American merchants, of whom there are about thirty, have much difficulty in transacting business. They are frequently compelled to threaten or actually to have recourse to Christophe, to overcome the knavery of their customers.

"Port-au-Prince presents a different scene. Here the inhabitants have a wider scope. There is much greater activity in commerce, and the whites and mulattoes especially are far more numerous. The President Boyer possesses more power than Petion did during the latter part of his life, and his chief endeavour seems to be to enrich his treasury. Nor is he scrupulous about the means he employs. For instance, he has fixed a nominal value to his coin, which is full four times its intrinsic value. If you change a doubloon, or any other piece of money, you have to take this coin; and it being worthless any where else, you are glad to get rid of it. Morals here are extremely loose. Petty thieving is so common, that were it not for the soldiers, who here also act as police, it would be almost impossible for a stranger to escape without being pillaged. Provisions and goods in general are not so dear as at Cape François—the town is less dilapidated—and the neighbouring country is beautiful in the extreme. In both towns, religion is very little thought of. On the whole, these places are worth visiting from the peculiarity of their condition; but once seen, the traveller will be satisfied."

These descriptions are brief—but they are just. The dilapidated state of the towns may be accounted for, in a great measure, by the apprehensions which the Haytians entertained of invasion; but there are other appearances which cannot be so satisfactorily explained. Had a salutary system of policy been pursued, and had the negroes been rendered really sensible of the nature and value of liberty, the continual dread of foreign foes would rather have purified than have relaxed their morals. It is also remarkable that, notwithstanding all the advice, instruction, and assistance furnished from England and the United States of America, no code of intelligible and consistent laws had been adopted either in the republic or in Christophe's dominions. From the close of the revolution up to the

period of which we are speaking, the power of the chiefs was absolute. Every individual who aspired to do more than exist soon became sensible of the impediments which oppposed him. To the stranger, and even to the native, the interior was almost as a "sealed book." The European and American merchants felt the difficulties of their situation most keenly; but they consoled themselves, as they generally do in places where the principles of trade and civilization are not properly understood, with the expectation of realizing a profit proportionate to their annoyances; and their anticipations were sometimes fulfilled. Since this period, however, the condition and prospects of Hayti have altered. Her independence has been formally recognized by the mother country; and she is not the only land watered by the Atlantic which has recently assumed the title of a free state. Her natives have their right to liberty confirmed to them; but it still remains to be seen whether they set so just a value on the boon as to institute a permanent and well-regulated form of government. Hitherto they have only talked of freedom, and been subservient to those

> "That palter with us in a double sense—
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

The following Sketch, by Mr. Harvey, gives an idea of the manners of the black and coloured population :—

"I had just finished my breakfast, when a mulatto entered the room, introducing himself *sans cérémonie*, by announcing, 'Monsieur, je viens vous rendre visite;' —and before I could ask his name, or the object of his visit, he had seized a chair, seated himself by my side, and begun his discourse. It would afford a very imperfect idea of his speech, to describe it in general terms: it should have been heard, delivered as it was, with an unceasing rapidity, accompanied by the most violent gestures, and a continual change of position.

"Drawing near me, and looking full in my face, he commenced,—'Sir, I am exceedingly happy to see you at Cape Henry; for I like all Englishmen. I hope you purpose making a considerable stay in the island: you will, I assure you, find it extremely pleasant.' Then, endeavouring to look very shrewd, though unfortunately his countenance hardly admitted of that expression, he proceeded,—'Sir, I have seen a great part of the West Indies, but have found no place comparable to this. All the other islands are disgraced by slavery. Here, Sir,' with an air of triumph approaching to the ludicrous,—'here we are *all free and equal.* Our king, Sir,'—rising suddenly from his chair, and striking the table violently with an old cocked hat,—'he is one of the best, as well as one of the greatest of men. The whites in the other islands laugh at him; but,'—he continued, throwing his hat, apparently in great anger, to the farther corner of the room,—'if they knew him, they would find him a superior man to the very best of them. As a proof of this, Sir,'—resuming his seat, and placing his fore-finger in a parallel line with his nose, —'see what he has done: I have never been in Europe; but from all I can learn, you are not better governed there, than we are. Cape Henry, for example,—where will you find a place in which order so strikingly prevails? I have no doubt, Sir, you will be highly gratified with your visit.—In short,'—again rising, elevating his voice as he rose on his feet, and stretching forth his hand, as though about to deliver some weighty saying,—'in short, Sir, this is the country of liberty, and independence:—Our motto is, *La Liberté, ou la mort:* and destruction to those who shall ever lift the sword against us. And now, Sir,'—once more resuming his seat, speaking in a half-whispering tone, with a look of great self-satisfaction,—'let me congratulate you on your arrival.'"

Mr. Harvey gives some account of the interior of the island, and seems to think that the condition of the negroes has been materially improved

since the revolution; but his statements hardly bear him out. The reigns of Dessalines and Christophe were dreadful scourges; and up to the death of the latter, Hayti had derived no advantages which compensated for the years of horror and destruction she had groaned under. Circumstances favoured the revolution; the treachery and subsequent imbecility of France prevented her from resuming her authority; and, as ignorance predominated, the most ferocious became the most powerful. It is to be hoped that the scene will now change, although it must be confessed that, under the government of Boyer, the Haytians are more free in name than in reality. And when the wealth which many of them possess, and the commerce carried on, are spoken of, it should be remembered that the first was, in a great measure, drawn from the coffers of their former masters; while the latter is the produce of little more than the wreck of French industry. In 1791, the value of the exports was 5,371,593*l.*; and, in 1822, it is said to have been about 2,000,000*l.* The Haytians have hitherto done but little for themselves, and time only can shew what capabilities they really possess.

Of the style in which Mr. Harvey's volume is written, and of his reflections, we cannot speak in very high terms. In his reasoning he frequently contradicts himself, and not rarely arrives at conclusions in direct opposition to his premises and arguments. Nevertheless, his pages are not uninstructive nor uninteresting; and although the office of historian appears beyond his capability, his "Sketches" deserve perusal. He aims at impartiality, but is not always successful in observing it. Where, however, his statements are overcharged, the error is not difficult of detection; and, apparently from the author's desire to do justice, the bane almost invariably brings with it, or is followed by, the antidote.

"PAUVRE GENEVIÈVE:"

A CONTINENTAL ADVENTURE.

DURING a late visit to the Continent, I made it my object to pass by and inspect one of the most imposing and interesting, though not one of the largest chateaux, to be met with in France, which stands near the banks of the rapid Rhone, a few miles distant from the town of Pont-Saint-Esprit. It is built in the Gothic style of the seventeenth century, but has an air of greater antiquity. From the aspect of its towers, seen at a distance, as you enter a forest of primeval oaks connected with the domain,—besides its insulated situation, and the images rudely carved on its exterior, in imitation of

> "The brawny prophets, who, in robes so rich,
> At distance due possess the crisped niche,"—

it might be supposed to be a structure of the middle ages. By an aged domestic that I met with in keeping of the chateau, I was informed that the estate had not been occupied or visited for many years. Its former possessor having expatriated himself at the period of the Revolution, and dying abroad, the claim to the property fell into litigation, and had been but recently decided. I wandered a whole day, I remember, through its stately woods, traversed by glittering streamlets; after observing attentively its spacious halls and vaulted corridors, with an intricate maze of apartments hung with superb Flemish tapestry, whose depth and grandeur

reminded me so forcibly of those lordly times, for ever passed away from the world, which fancy delights to invest with such romantic reverence. The pleasure of the associations, however, which the appearances of the chateau were calculated to excite, was materially qualified in its tone by those moral conclusions, which the awful solitude that reigned throughout the edifice pressed upon my mind, in the triumph that time had obtained over the glory and grandeur of the past.

My object in visiting this chateau was for the satisfaction of a trifling curiosity, which I will account for in detailing an adventure connected with it, that befel a friend of mine some years since, and which I was informed of by himself.

In the year 1799, Eugene B——d, an officer in the French service, and a man of a lively as well as a generous and intrepid disposition, when on his way to visit a sick parent at Avignon, being fatigued with the diligence, which he had chosen as his conveyance, hired a horse within thirty miles of Pont-Saint-Esprit, with the intention of proceeding so far on horseback, and there resuming his seat in the lumbering vehicle. After pursuing the proper route, at a very leisurely pace, for the greatest part of the day, he unwittingly suffered his Rozinante to select his own path, and found himself at length, as the sun was descending, on the borders of a thick grove, and in a broken region, which exhibited no traces of a high road. He here paused for some minutes, shook off his reverie, examined his situation with an anxious eye, and then galloped forward at random, until, discovering neither house nor individual in the open country, he plunged into the wood. It was now twilight, and he began to entertain fears of being obliged to remain until morning under a canopy more suitable to the views and tastes of an astrologer, than to those of a hungry traveller, whose experience, as a soldier, of "lying out," had not endeared the practice to his fancy, although duty had rendered it familiar to him. He had not proceeded far in the entangled copse, when he descried, through the waving boughs of the forest-trees, the towers of the chateau in question; and in that direction he pushed vigorously on, so as speedily to reach the great lawn which stretches before the western front of the edifice, and to have as full a view of this side as the thickening shadows of the night would allow. No light appearing at any of the windows, he dismounted, fastened his horse to the shrubbery, and proceeding to the massy portal, which was just perceptible in the gloom of the scene, began to summon with his utmost strength, at its ponderous knocker, the inhabitants of the chateau (if any it contained) to speak with him. His first summons, which was long and loud, remaining unattended to, his hopes sank within him, as the hollow echo of the knocker died away in the halls of the chateau, that he should here meet with assistance; but, on attempting a second, it was not long before he distinguished the sound of voices and footsteps, and enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing from an elderly man, in the dress of a labourer, who carried a taper in his hand, and cautiously opened the smaller door in the middle of the archway, the inquiry, "What was wanted by the person without?" When our traveller explained his case, he was admitted at once, and saw himself in the midst of a group, consisting of several females and two or three men, of different ages, none of whom appeared to be above the condition of the upper peasantry. The oldest of the women, and apparently the superior, invited him, with a countenance of good-humoured civility, to enter the first apartment on the right, where she trusted he would

do them the honour to partake of a family supper, while one of the men present would lead his horse round to the stables in a distant part of the building. The whole party then followed her with the stranger, who had not long to wait before he was seated at a board covered with plain but palatable fare, and rendered doubly grateful by that easy, unaffected, alert hospitality which characterizes, in every part of France, the class to which his hosts belonged. They were the rustic tenants of a small part of the chateau, who were suffered, as is usual, to inhabit it free of rent, as a compensation for protecting it from depredation—the property being then in litigation between two families, owing to the death of its former possessor in England, as already stated.

Our traveller, though all his questions were answered readily and fully, could not but perceive a general gravity unusual at such repasts, and at intervals, indications of strong distress in the faces of some of the assemblage. As they conversed about the ravages committed on property in the course of the revolution, the depopulation of some of the neighbouring villages, and the butchery of numbers of the gentry, whom they had been accustomed to regard with reverence and love, and remembered as their guardians and benefactors, he ascribed to their melancholy recollections the appearances just mentioned. The weariness produced by the exercise of the day, united to an oppression of spirits, arising from the scene of horrors thus brought to his own memory, induced him to express a wish, rather early, to retire to the chamber which they might be pleased to allot him. His hostess immediately, and as if relieved by his suggestion, put a candle into the hands of one of the young men present, and directed that the gentleman should be shown to a room prepared for him in the other wing of this extensive edifice. He followed the man, whose physiognomy was too sluggish and unmeaning to invite any question, through long drawn passages, and ample saloons of high-pitched roofs, lined with fretted wood-work, until they reached a wide oaken stair-case leading to a gallery, with several chambers of the same exterior. Into one of these he was conducted, and found it provided with a crackling fire, and two large bedsteads, with closed curtains, made of that thick and coarser damask which was commonly so employed in the mansions of the seigneurs of the old regime. As soon as the guide had set down the candle, muttered his "*bon soir*," and left him, he closed the door, but without fastening it, and, undressing himself, put out his candle, and drawing back the curtains of the bed which was nearest the fire, only wide enough to admit his body, he took at once a fixed posture on his side towards the door. In the course of about twenty minutes, when his ideas began to cross each other, and all the images before his mind to mingle in confusion—a delightful state, as I have often experienced myself, after a long journey and a good supper—the deepening slumber was broken by a gentle noise like the cautious opening of the door. He retained his position, and dividing the curtains, merely so far as to perceive what passed, without being seen himself, he observed two young women enter the room, in the neat quaint attire of the female peasantry of the Rhone, one with a small basket, and the other with needle-work; and curiosity and surprise rendered him both motionless and silent, while they drew out the table, placed upon it what they carried, seated themselves near it, and stirred up the fire. This being done, one of the fair intruders took a part of the needle-work, and the other emptied softly a portion of the contents of the basket, which consisted of a couple of platters, knives and forks, a cold fowl, and some

fruit, with a small flask of wine. Then followed a smart conversation in an under-tone, of which the astonished traveller could catch enough to learn that they were far from suspecting any attentive ear to be by, and had made arrangements to perform a long, though a very comfortable vigil. His own eye-lids were too importunate to admit of this interruption, for more than a quarter of an hour after the regular dialogue had commenced; at length, overcome by a disposition to slumber, he turned in his place, so as to cause a rustling of the damask. One of the girls started, and stammered to the other, with a face of alarm, what had happened. He remained quiet as soon as he remarked this effect. They both gazed earnestly and fearfully at both beds, fixing their eyes, however, most attentively on the further one; but observing all to be still, they seemed to recover their confidence, and returned to their chat, though in a more subdued tone. Resolved upon making a further experiment, to ascertain the cause, if possible, of their untimely visit, he moved again; and when their eyes were again directed towards the curtains, with an expression of dismay, he opened them hastily, and protruded his head from the bed, cased in the long white night-cap, with which his hostess below had provided him.

In an instant, the women precipitated themselves from the chamber, and down the staircase, overturning the table and its contents in their flight, and making the vaulted gallery re-echo with their screams. His own astonishment was almost equal to what theirs might be supposed to be, and did not suffer him to fall back on his pillow. He rose, lighted the candle, which had been extinguished in the disaster of the table, collected the scattered provisions, and went to the chamber door, in order to know whether any thing more could be heard. But all was silent. Sensible of the difficulty of finding his way to the inhabited part of the castle, should he undertake to inquire further, and ascribing the affair to some mistake, which the affrighted damsels would discover as soon as they reached the other wing, he bolted the door, determined to prevent a recurrence of the interruption, and was about to retrace his steps to the bed, when he heard distinctly the noise of various persons tumultuously gaining the landing, and approaching the chamber. He turned, advanced to the door, and opened it, with the candle in his hand, and in the dishabille in which he had lain down.

As he presented himself, he saw the whole family group, with an addition to their number, struggling with each other, who should be, not foremost, but hindmost in their march, the two alarmists far in the back ground, and all in evident consternation. No sooner was the figure of my friend full in their view, than an universal cry of horror burst from their lips, and the whole party made a headlong retreat down the staircase. *One* only of their number pressed forward. This was a female, of strikingly handsome features, with an expression that spoke the operation of the strongest mingled emotions of terror, subdued grief, and the most wildly joyful expectation. She rushed on to catch him in her arms, crying out, "*Je veux le voir—Je veux l'embrasser—Il est revenu pour m'emmener avec lui!*" (I will see him—I will embrace him.—He has come back to take me away with him.) At the moment she had approached near enough to distinguish clearly his person and visage, she uttered a piercing shriek, with the exclamation—"*Ah! non, ce n'est pas lui,*" (ah, no, it is not him), tottered and fell, swooning, into the arms of two of the fugitives, whose concern for her had given them courage to

return, and who were too much engaged in extricating her from her position, to note themselves the common object of the panic. So interesting and extraordinary was her whole appearance, her mien so wild and ardent, the transition from sudden elated expectation to profound despair, so rapid and marked in her eye and accent, and so piteous in their entire expression, that the captain, as he assured me, was transfixed and absorbed by this incident, till the companions of the fair one had disappeared with her; and in the action of a moment, he was again left alone in complete silence and solitude. As soon as he was able to rally his thoughts, under the bewildering oppression of his conjectures, he resolved to explore the chamber, imagining that he might discover something which would serve as a clue to the singular part he was playing in the enigmatical drama of the night. The taper being still in his grasp, he looked narrowly into the corners and closets of the apartment, under the bedstead, and at length, approaching the further bed in the room, which had hitherto escaped his notice, he opened the curtains, and there witnessed what solved at once a part of the mystery. It was a *corpse!*—the dead body of a man, in a cap and shirt resembling his own, and placed near the wall on the bed; and the business of the fair intruders who had roused him from his slumber, it now readily occurred to him, was, according to the custom of the catholic church, that of watching by the dead body till morning.

My friend confessed to me that, familiar as his profession had rendered him with this exhibition of mortality, the spectacle, under such circumstances, startled and even momentarily affrighted him. The cause of the alarm of the household, on seeing him, was then apparent: his candles bearer had conducted him to the wrong chamber, and he had been taken either for a ghost, or the re-animated frame of the defunct. It occurred to him, after he had meditated a little, and began also to comprehend the conduct of the distressed female, that he would throw on his clothes, and endeavour to find his way to the lodging of the family in the chateau, for the purpose of a mutual explanation. He had, however, scarcely dressed himself, before the old peasant and his wife, followed by two or three men, ascended the stairs, and though still quaking with fear, had no difficulty in recognising him. They, at first, eagerly demanded his assistance in this awful emergency; but contriving to obtain silence, he immediately made known to them the true state of the matter. In the reciprocal éclaircissement which ensued, he learned that the unfortunate girl who had so strongly excited his sympathy, and so much increased his perplexity, was the niece—Geneviève—of the old pair, and the corpse, the remains of a young soldier to whom she was betrothed, who had died that morning in the chateau, of a sudden illness. The blundering rustic, commissioned to lead the stranger to the chamber designed for him, had selected the first apartment in the same gallery in which he saw the glare of a fire, and which happened to be the one where the dead body was deposited.

Our traveller retired as quickly as possible, from the earnest apologies of the worthy pair, to indulge his returning drowsiness in the right chamber. He slept soundly, notwithstanding his adventure—rose early; and, after partaking of a homely but wholesome meal, mounted his horse, and under their instruction gained the turnpike of Pont Saint-Esprit; learning, however, before his departure, with unfeigned regret, that the bereaved niece had passed the night in alternate stupor and phrenzy. A few months afterwards, on his return from Avignon, he was told by the master of an inn, in the neighbourhood of the chateau, where he stopped to refresh, that the

poor girl, Geneviève (whom he could not fail to remember, as well as the whole night scene) had survived her lover but a very short time, and was interred in the same grave with him, in the cemetery of a village, which lay at a little distance from the chateau. He was informed that she had become so disordered in her fancy, as to be unable to comprehend the explanation given, and to imbibe the strange and horrible impression, that the spirit of her lover had indeed moved from the bed, but being offended with her, had, on her approach, taken an unknown form, in order to escape her embrace and her intimacy. Her dying exclamation was to this effect:—"Dear Isidore, since in life you would not know me, perhaps in another world our spirits may be reconciled, and our loves re-united!"

Such was the account that my friend gave me of his singular adventure at the chateau in question; describing it to me, at the same time, as a structure worthy of inspecting, if ever chance led me in that direction. Three years since, on returning through the south of France, from the confluence of the Rhone, I found myself in the neighbourhood of Pont Saint-Esprit, and that name recalling the above circumstance to my mind, I resolved to pay the chateau du Vergney a visit. Twenty-five years had then passed away since the period of my friend's demanding its hospitable shelter for the night; but I had still sufficient curiosity to inquire of the old domestic, who conducted me over the domain, some particulars relative to the above occurrence. He, however, being the servant of another family, and having been but recently placed in care of the chateau, could give me no information; but my inquiries having been luckily made in the hearing of a dark-eyed lively girl, who had come to him on a message from a neighbouring farm-house, who, it appears, had heard her mother relate the circumstance a thousand times, with the most fascinating alacrity of manner she offered to gratify the object of my wishes, by conducting me over the fields to the church-yard, where the lovers had been interred, in the way to her own home. I need not here digress into any panegyric upon women, particularly young ones; and more particularly those who have dark eyes, delightful spirits, and obliging manners—suffice it that I felt the necessary gratefulness for the kind attentions of the fair little French girl, and she seemed amply repaid for her trouble in the pleasure she had occasioned me.

Our path lay through a few fields, and down a slight hill into the village of ———, whose name I forget. The church-yard in question lay at the side of it, adjoining a venerable dilapidated building, which had the appearance of an abbey. The lovers' grave was a little to the right of the foot-path which ran through it. I followed my fair conductor a few steps, and paused to decipher the inscription on a stone which she pointed to;—having been but rudely and slightly engraved, a great deal of it, from the effects of the weather, was effaced, or indistinct; but at the bottom the two words were singularly legible of "*Pauvre Geneviève!*" B.

ON DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THOSE people who are uncomfortable in themselves are disagreeable to others. I do not here mean to speak of persons who offend intentionally, or are obnoxious to dislike from some palpable defect of mind or body, ugliness, pride, ill-humour, &c.,—but of those who are disagreeable in spite of themselves, and, as it might appear, with almost every qualification to recommend them to others. This want of success is owing chiefly to something in what is called their *manner;* and this again has its foundation in a certain cross-grained and unsociable state of feeling on their part, which influences us, perhaps, without our distinctly adverting to it. The mind is a finer instrument than we sometimes suppose it, and is not only swayed by overt acts and tangible proofs, but has an instinctive feeling of the air of truth. We find many individuals in whose company we pass our time, and have no particular fault to find with their understandings or character, and yet we are never thoroughly satisfied with them: the reason will turn out to be, upon examination, that they are never thoroughly satisfied with themselves, but uneasy and out of sorts all the time; and this makes us uneasy with them, without our reflecting on, or being able to discover the cause.

Thus, for instance, we meet with persons who do us a number of kindnesses, who shew us every mark of respect and good-will, who are friendly and serviceable,—and yet we do not feel grateful to them after all. We reproach ourselves with this as caprice or insensibility, and try to get the better of it; but there is something in their way of doing things that prevents us from feeling cordial or sincerely obliged to them. We think them very worthy people, and would be glad of an opportunity to do them a good turn if it were in our power; but we cannot get beyond this: the utmost we can do is to save appearances, and not come to an open rupture with them. The truth is, in all such cases, we do not sympathize (as we ought) with them, because they do not sympathize (as they ought) with us. They have done what they did from a sense of duty in a cold dry manner, or from a meddlesome busy-body humour; or to shew their superiority over us, or to patronize our infirmity; or they have dropped some hint by the way, or blundered upon some topic they should not, and have shewn, by one means or other, that they were occupied with any thing but the pleasure they were affording us, or a delicate attention to our feelings. Such persons may be styled *friendly grievances.* They are commonly people of low spirits and disappointed views, who see the discouraging side of human life, and, with the best intentions in the world, contrive to make every thing they have to do with uncomfortable. They are alive to your distress, and take pains to remove it; but they have no satisfaction in the gaiety and ease they have communicated, and are on the *look-out* for some new occasion of signalizing their zeal; nor are they backward to insinuate that you will soon have need of their assistance, to guard you against running into fresh difficulties, or to extricate you from them. From large benevolence of soul and "discourse of reason, looking before and after," they are continually reminding you of something that has gone wrong in time past, or that may do so in that which is to come, and are surprised that their awkward hints, sly inuendos, blunt questions, and solemn features do not excite all the complacency and mutual good understanding in you which it is intended that they should. When they make themselves miserable on your account, it is hard that you will not lend them your

countenance and support. This deplorable humour of theirs does not hit any one else. They are useful, but not agreeable people; they may assist you in your affairs, but they depress and tyrannize over your feelings. When they have made you happy, they will not let you be so—have no enjoyment of the good they have done—will on no account part with their melancholy and desponding tone—and, by their mawkish insensibility and doleful grimaces, throw a damp over the triumph they are called upon to celebrate. They would keep in hot water, that they may help you out of it. They will nurse you in a fit of sickness (congenial sufferers!)—arbitrate a lawsuit for you, and embroil you deeper—procure you a loan of money;—but all the while they are only delighted with rubbing the sore place, and casting the colour of your mental or other disorders. "The whole need not a physician;" and, being once placed at ease and comfort, they have no farther use for you as subjects for their singular beneficence, and you are not sorry to be quit of their tiresome interference. The old proverb, *A friend in need is a friend indeed*, is not verified in them. The class of persons here spoken of are the very reverse of *summer-friends*, who court you in prosperity, flatter your vanity, are the humble servants of your follies, never see or allude to any thing wrong, minister to your gaiety, smooth over every difficulty, and, with the slightest approach of misfortune or of any thing unpleasant, take French leave:—

> "As when in prime of June a burnished fly,
> Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
> Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
> Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
> Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
> And oft he sips their bowl, or nearly drowned,
> He thence recovering drives their beds among,
> And scares their tender sleep with trump profound;
> Then out again he flies to wing his mazy round."
>
> THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

However we may despise such triflers, yet we regret them more than those well-meaning friends on whom a dull melancholy vapour hangs, that drags them and every one about them to the ground.

Again, there are those who might be very agreeable people, if they had but spirit to be so; but there is a narrow, unaspiring, under-bred tone in all they say or do. They have great sense and information—abound in a knowledge of character—have a fund of anecdote—are unexceptionable in manners and appearance—and yet we cannot make up our minds to like them: we are not glad to see them, nor sorry when they go away. Our familiarity with them, however great, wants the principle of cement, which is a certain appearance of frank cordiality and social enjoyment. They have no pleasure in the subjects of their own thoughts, and therefore can communicate none to others. There is a dry, husky, grating manner—a pettiness of detail—a tenaciousness of particulars, however trifling or unpleasant—a disposition to cavil—an aversion to enlarged and liberal views of things—in short, a hard, painful, unbending *matter-of-factness*, from which the spirit and effect are banished, and the letter only is attended to, which makes it impossible to sympathize with their discourse. To make conversation interesting or agreeable, there is required either the habitual tone of good company, which gives a favourable colouring to every thing—or the warmth and enthusiasm of genius, which, though it may occasionally offend or be thrown off its guard, makes amends by its rapturous flights, and flings a glancing light upon all things. The literal and *dogged*

style of conversation resembles that of a French picture, or its mechanical fidelity is like evidence given in a court of justice, or a police report.

From the literal to the plain-spoken, the transition is easy. The most efficient weapon of offence is truth. Those who deal in dry and repulsive matters-of-fact, tire out their friends; those who blurt out hard and home truths, make themselves mortal enemies wherever they come. There are your blunt, honest creatures, who omit no opportunity of letting you know their minds, and are sure to tell you all the ill, and conceal all the good they hear of you. They would not flatter you for the world, and to caution you against the malice of others, they think the province of a friend. This is not candour, but impudence; and yet they think it odd you are not charmed with their unreserved communicativeness of disposition. Gossips and tale-bearers, on the contrary, who supply the *tittle-tattle* of the neighbourhood, flatter you to your face, and laugh at you behind your back, are welcome and agreeable guests in all companies. Though you know it will be your turn next, yet for the sake of the immediate gratification, you are contented to pay your share of the public tax upon character, and are better pleased with the falsehoods that never reach your ears, than with the truths that others (less complaisant and more sincere) utter to your face—so short-sighted and willing to be imposed upon is our self-love! There is a man, who has the air of not being convinced without an argument: you avoid him as if he were a lion in your path. There is another, who asks you fifty questions as to the commonest things you advance: you would sooner pardon a fellow who held a pistol to your breast and demanded your money. No one regards a turnpike-keeper, or a custom-house officer, with a friendly eye: he who stops you in an excursion of fancy, or ransacks the articles of your belief obstinately and churlishly, to distinguish the spurious from the genuine, is still more your foe. These inquisitors and cross-examiners upon system make ten enemies for every controversy in which they engage. The world dread nothing so much as being convinced of their errors. In doing them this piece of service, you make war equally on their prejudices, their interests, their pride, and indolence. You not only set up for a superiority of understanding over them, which they hate, but you deprive them of their ordinary grounds of action, their topics of discourse, of their confidence in themselves, and those to whom they have been accustomed to look up for instruction and advice. It is making children of them. You unhinge all their established opinions and trains of thought; and after leaving them in this listless, vacant, unsettled state—dissatisfied with their own notions and shocked at yours—you expect them to court and be delighted with your company, because, forsooth, you have only expressed your sincere and conscientious convictions. Mankind are not deceived by professsions, unless they choose. They think that this pill of true doctrine, however it may be gilded over, is full of gall and bitterness to them; and, again, it is a maxim of which the vulgar are firmly persuaded, that plain-speaking (as it is called) is, nine parts in ten, spleen and self-opinion; and the other part, perhaps, honesty. Those who will not abate an inch in argument, and are always seeking to recover the wind of you, are, in the eye of the world, disagreeable, unconscionable people, who ought to be *sent to Coventry*, or left to wrangle by themselves. No persons, however, are more averse to contradiction than these same dogmatists. What shews our susceptibility on this point is, that there is no flattery so adroit or effectual as that of implicit assent. Anyone, however mean his capacity or ill-

qualified to judge, who gives way to all our sentiments, and never seems to think but as we do, is indeed an *alter idem*—another self; and we admit without scruple into our entire confidence, "yea, into our heart of heart."

It is the same in books. Those which, under the disguise of plain-speaking, vent paradoxes, and set their faces against the common-sense of mankind, are neither "the volumes

——"that enrich the shops,
That pass with approbation through the land;"

nor, I fear, can it be added,—

"That bring their authors an immortal fame."

They excite a clamour and opposition at first, and are in general soon consigned to oblivion. Even if the opinions are in the end adopted, the authors gain little by it, and their names remain in their original obloquy; for the public will own no obligations to such ungracious benefactors. In like manner, there are many books written in a very delightful vein, though with little in them, and that are accordingly popular. Their principle is to please, and not to offend; and they succeed in both objects. We are contented with the deference shewn to our feelings for the time, and grant a truce both to wit and wisdom. The "courteous reader" and the good-natured author are well matched in this instance, and find their account in mutual tenderness and forbearance to each other's infirmities. I am not sure that Walton's Angler is not a book of this last description—

"That dallies with the innocence of thought,
Like the old age."

Hobbes and Mandeville are in the opposite extreme, and have met with a correspondent fate. The Tatler and Spectator are in the golden mean, carry instruction as far as it can go without shocking, and give the most exquisite pleasure without one particle of pain. "*Desire to please, and you will infallibly please,*" is a maxim equally applicable to the study or the drawing-room. Thus also we see actors of very small pretensions, and who have scarce any other merit than that of being on good terms with themselves, and in high good humour with their parts (though they hardly understand a word of them), who are universal favourites with the audience. Others, who are masters of their art, and in whom no slip or flaw can be detected, you have no pleasure in seeing, from something dry, repulsive, and unconciliating in their manner; and you almost hate the very mention of their names, as an unavailing appeal to your candid decision in their favour, and as taxing you with injustice for refusing it.

We may observe persons who seem to take a peculiar delight in the *disagreeable*. They catch all sorts of uncouth tones and gestures, the manners and dialect of clowns and hoydens, and aim at vulgarity as desperately as others ape gentility. [This is what is often understood by a *love of low life.*] They say the most unwarrantable things, without meaning or feeling what they say. What startles or shocks other people, is to them a sport—an amusing excitement—a fillip to their constitutions; and from the bluntness of their perceptions, and a certain wilfulness of spirit, not being able to enter into the refined and agreeable, they make a merit of despising every thing of the kind. Masculine women, for example, are those who, not being distinguished by the charms and delicacy of the sex, affect a superiority over it by throwing aside all decorum. We

also find another class, who continually do and say what they ought not, and what they do not intend, and who are governed almost entirely by an instinct of absurdity. Owing to a perversity of imagination or irritability of nerve, the idea that a thing is improper acts as a provocation to it: the fear of committing a blunder is so strong, that in their agitation they *bolt* out whatever is uppermost in their minds, before they are aware of the consequence. The dread of something wrong haunts and rivets their attention to it; and an uneasy, morbid apprehensiveness of temper takes away their self-possession, and hurries them into the very mistakes they are most anxious to avoid.

If we look about us, and ask who are the agreeable and disagreeable people in the world, we shall see that it does not depend on their virtues or vices—their understanding or stupidity—but as much on the degree of pleasure or pain they seem to feel in ordinary social intercourse. What signify all the good qualities any one possesses, if he is none the better for them himself? If the cause is so delightful, the effect ought to be so too. We enjoy a friend's society only in proportion as he is satisfied with ours. Even wit, however it may startle, is only agreeable as it is sheathed in good-humour. There are a kind of *intellectual stammerers*, who are delivered of their good things with pain and effort; and consequently what costs them such evident uneasiness does not impart unmixed delight to the bystanders. There are those, on the contrary, whose sallies cost them nothing—who abound in a flow of pleasantry and good humour; and we float down the stream with them carelessly and triumphantly,—

"Wit at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow."

Perhaps it may be said of English wit in general, that it too much resembles pointed lead: after all, there is something heavy and dull in it! The race of small wits are not the least agreeable people in the world. They have their little joke to themselves, enjoy it, and do not set up any preposterous pretensions to thwart the current of our self-love. Toad-eating is accounted a thriving profession; and a *butt*, according to the Spectator, is a highly useful member of society—as one who takes whatever is said of him in good part, and as necessary to conduct off the spleen and superfluous petulance of the company. Opposed to these are the swaggering bullies—the licensed wits—the free-thinkers—the loud talkers, who, in the jockey phrase, have *lost their mouths*, and cannot be reined in by any regard to decency or common-sense. The more obnoxious the subject, the more are they charmed with it, converting their want of feeling into a proof of superiority to vulgar prejudice and squeamish affectation. But there is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as of the body. There are some objects that shock the sense, and cannot with propriety be mentioned: there are naked truths that offend the mind, and ought to be kept out of sight as much as possible. For human nature cannot bear to be too hardly pressed upon. One of these cynical truisms, when brought forward to the world, may be forgiven as a slip of the pen: a succession of them, denoting a deliberate purpose and *malice prepense*, must ruin any writer. Lord Byron had got into an irregular course of these a little before his death—seemed desirous, in imitation of Mr. Shelley, to run the gauntlet of public obloquy—and, at the same time, wishing to screen himself from the censure he defied, dedicated his Cain to Sir Walter Scott—a pretty godfather to such a bantling!

Some persons are of so teazing and fidgetty a turn of mind, that they do

not give you a moment's rest. Every thing goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valetudinary habit of body: they are out of sorts with every thing, and of course their ill-humour and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of rain or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have every thing their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument—who knit their brows and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and every body else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract proposition, they trample on every courtesey and decency of behaviour; and though, perhaps, they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of these Quixotic declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

There are persons who cannot make friends. Who are they? Those who cannot be friends. It is not the want of understanding or good-nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of: on the contrary, they have probably many points of attraction; but they have one that neutralizes all these—they care nothing about you, and are neither the better nor worse for what you think of them. They manifest no joy at your approach; and when you leave them, it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you. This is not sullenness, nor indifference, nor absence of mind; but they are intent solely on their own thoughts, and you are merely one of the subjects they exercise them upon. They live in society as in a solitude; and, however their brain works, their pulse beats neither faster nor slower for the common accidents of life. There is, therefore, something cold and repulsive in the air that is about them—like that of marble. In a word, they are *modern philosophers*; and the modern philosopher is what the pedant was of old—a being who lives in a world of his own, and has no correspondence with this. It is not that such persons have not done you services—you acknowledge it; it is not that they have said severe things of you—you submit to it as a necessary evil:

but it is the cool manner in which the whole is done that annoys you—the speculating upon you, as if you were nobody—the regarding you, with a view to an experiment *in corpore vili*—the principle of dissection—the determination to spare no blemishes—to cut you down to your real standard;—in short, the utter absence of the partiality of friendship, the blind enthusiasm of affection, or the delicacy of common decency, that whether they "hew you as a carcase fit for hounds, or carve you as a dish fit for the gods," the operation on your feelings and your sense of obligation is just the same; and, whether they are demons or angels in themselves, you wish them equally *at the devil!*

Other persons of worth and sense give way to mere violence of temperament (with which the understanding has nothing to do)—are burnt up with a perpetual fury—repel and throw you to a distance by their restless, whirling motion—so that you dare not go near them, or feel as uneasy in their company as if you stood on the edge of a volcano. They have their *tempora mollia fandi;* but then what a stir may you not expect the next moment! Nothing is less inviting or less comfortable than this state of uncertainty and apprehension. Then there are those who never approach you without the most alarming advice or information, telling you that you are in a dying way, or that your affairs are on the point of ruin, by way of disburthening their consciences; and others, who give you to understand much the same thing as a good joke, out of sheer impertinence, constitutional vivacity, and want of something to say. All these, it must be confessed, are disagreeable people; and you repay their over-anxiety or total forgetfulness of you, by a determination to cut them as speedily as possible. We meet with instances of persons who overpower you by a sort of boisterous mirth and rude animal spirits, with whose ordinary state of excitement it is as impossible to keep up as with that of any one really intoxicated; and with others who seem scarce alive—who take no pleasure or interest in any thing—who are born to exemplify the maxim,

> "Not to admire is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, or to keep them so,"—

and whose mawkish insensibility or sullen scorn are equally annoying. In general, all people brought up in remote country-places, where life is crude and harsh—all sectaries—all partisans of a losing cause, are discontented and disagreeable. Commend me above all to the Westminster School of Reform, whose blood runs as cold in their veins as the torpedo's, and whose touch jars like it. Catholics are, upon the whole, more amiable than Protestants—foreigners than English people. Among ourselves, the Scotch, as a nation, are particularly disagreeable. They hate every appearance of comfort themselves, and refuse it to others. Their climate, their religion, and their habits are equally averse to pleasure. Their manners are either distinguished by a fawning sycophancy (to gain their own ends, and conceal their natural defects), that makes one sick; or by a morose unbending callousness, that makes one shudder. I had forgot to mention two other descriptions of persons who fall under the scope of this essay:—those who take up a subject, and run on with it interminably, without knowing whether their hearers care one word about it, or in the least minding what reception their oratory meets with—these are pretty generally voted *bores* (mostly German ones);—and others, who may be designated as practical paradox-mongers—who discard the "milk of human kindness," and an attention to common observances, from all their actions, as effeminate and puling—

who wear a white hat as a mark of superior understanding, and carry home a handkerchief-full of mushrooms in the top of it as an original discovery——who give you craw-fish for supper instead of lobsters; seek their company in a garret, and over a gin-bottle, to avoid the imputation of affecting genteel society; and discard them after a term of years, and warn others against them, as being *honest fellows*, which is thought a vulgar prejudice. This is carrying the harsh and repulsive even beyond the disagreeable—to the hateful. Such persons are generally people of common-place understandings, obtuse feelings, and inordinate vanity. They are formidable if they get you in their power—otherwise, they are only to be laughed at.

There are a vast number who are disagreeable from meanness of spirit, from downright insolence, from slovenliness of dress or disgusting tricks, from folly or ignorance: but these causes are positive moral or physical defects, and I only meant to speak of that repulsiveness of manners which arises from want of tact and sympathy with others. So far of friendship: a word, if I durst, of love. Gallantry to women (the sure road to their favour) is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes—a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself, as being able to contribute towards it. The slightest indifference with regard to them, or distrust of yourself, are equally fatal. The amiable is the voluptuous in looks, manner, or words. No face that exhibits this kind of expression—whether lively or serious, obvious or suppressed, will be thought ugly—no address, awkward—no lover who approaches every woman he meets as his mistress, will be unsuccessful. Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

To please universally, we must be pleased with ourselves and others. There should be a tinge of the coxcomb, an oil of self-complacency, an anticipation of success—there should be no gloom, no moroseness, no shyness—in short, there should be very little of an Englishman, and a good deal of a Frenchman. But though, I believe, this is the receipt, we are none the nearer making use of it. It is impossible for those who are naturally disagreeable ever to become otherwise. This is some consolation, as it may save a world of useless pains and anxiety. "*Desire to please, and you will infallibly please,*" is a true maxim; but it does not follow that it is in the power of all to practise it. A vain man, who thinks he is endeavouring to please, is only endeavouring to shine, and is still farther from the mark. An irritable man, who puts a check upon himself, only grows dull, and loses spirit to be any thing. Good temper and a happy spirit (which are the indispensable requisites) can no more be commanded than good health or good looks; and though the plain and sickly need not distort their features, and may abstain from success, this is all they can do. The utmost a disagreeable person can do is to hope to be less disagreeable than with care and study he might become, and to pass unnoticed in society. With this negative character he should be contented, and may build his fame and happiness on other things.

I will conclude with a character of men who neither please nor aspire to please anybody, and who can come in nowhere so properly as at the fag-end of an essay:—I mean that class of discontented but amusing persons, who are infatuated with their own ill success, and reduced to despair by a lucky turn in their favour. While all goes well, they are *like fish out of water*. They have no reliance on or sympathy with their good fortune, and look upon it as a momentary delusion. Let a doubt be thrown on the question, and they begin to be full of lively apprehensions again: let all

their hopes vanish, and they feel themselves on firm ground once more. From want of spirit or of habit, their imaginations cannot rise above the low ground of humility—cannot reflect the gay, flaunting tints of the fancy—flag and droop into despondency—and can neither indulge the expectation, nor employ the means of success. Even when it is within their reach, they dare not lay hands upon it; and shrink from unlooked-for bursts of prosperity, as something of which they are both ashamed and unworthy. The class of *croakers* here spoken of are less delighted at other people's misfortunes than their own. Their neighbours may have some pretensions—they have none. Querulous complaints and anticipations of pleasure are the food on which they live; and they at last acquire a passion for that which is the favourite theme of their thoughts, and can no more do without it than without the pinch of snuff with which they season their conversation, and enliven the pauses of their daily prognostics. W. H.

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

To me how welcome are these vernal airs
Which bid long drooping nature bloom again,
For now in thought I tread my native plain,
And transient hope breaks through the cloud of cares,
Which years have wrapped around me, and repairs
In one bright moment half the wreck which time
Hath made of my enjoyments—ere my prime
I have been left without one breast that shares
With me a kindred feeling—but to-day
Nature seems full of social sympathies,
Twining around the heart a thousand ties,
And chacing all its loneliness away.—
I of creation seem a part once more,
While the glad spirit diffuses itself o'er,
And mingles with its kindred purities.
Mountain and valley, sun, and flower, and breeze,
Seem with fresh health impregnated, as if
The angel of life, with healing in his wings,
Had flown to day o'er all created things,
Making the reign of death and sorrow brief,
And pouring pleasure thro' a thousand springs.
For every wounded heart there flows a balm—
E'en sickly hues forsake the pallid cheek,
And half affection's anxious cares grow calm
At the bright promises these symptoms speak.
And shall I droop while all things round me flourish?
While even the very weed (which now is seen
Lifting itself, so stately and so green,
Above the earth) Heaven sends its breath to nourish—
Shall I not own to the bland influence,
And drink the health its healing powers dispense?
I have—and find my energies restored,
The brightness of my spirit which was blenched,
The ray which many clouds so long had quenched,
Revive again—and all that I deplored
As gone for ever, marshal thick around—
Poetic dreams and visions of delight,
Even forms which the dark grave long hid from sight,
Visit me spiritually pure and bright,
And I can smile to feel my long-lost peace is found. R. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF NAUFRAGUS.*

THERE are men enough in the world, and more than enough, whose written lives would make admirable romances, if it were not that few persons are able, and still fewer perhaps entirely willing, truly to relate all the adventure or misadventure which occurs to them; but, in despite of this difficulty, the sort of work (half historical, half fabulous) best described, perhaps, as "Personal narrative," which was begun by the military writers among our neighbours, the French, has lately been growing very popular in England. Among ourselves, however, as in France, it will have been observed, that most of the "adventures," and "experiences," and "eventful lives," have been those of soldiers; there has appeared hardly any thing in the same way from men connected with the sea. We have had the "journals" of serjeants and of private soldiers—very curious and valuable, as affording the best insight into the condition, and the only means of insight into the feelings and opinions of men in that situation of life; but we have never had the "log-book" (at least we do not recollect any such publication) of a fore-mast sailor, or of a boatswain. This open ground in our light literature, the book before us is extremely well calculated to fill up. The want of such a work for some years past, indeed, has something surprised us, since the blank is not at all to be attributed to any lack of interest in the subject. A sailor's life is not perhaps a pleasant one; but even landsmen will believe that it can scarcely be a life wanting in incident or excitation; and, for ourselves, we must decidedly deny the truth—whatever may be the wit—of Johnson's observation—that a ship "is a prison," in which you have the chance of being drowned. The distinguishing feature of a prison is, that the inhabitant of it is fixed in one place: its secondary attributes are, that he is scantily furnished, in all probability, with light and air, and that he is shut out from that which alone renders life endurable—the possibility of *event:* it is his misery to be so secure, that even the accidents and vexations which enliven existence, cannot reach him. Now the passenger who stands upon the deck of a noble vessel, which is dashing through a free and open element, faster than a horse can gallop, from one country to another, and who enjoys the free exercise of his limbs through the whole course of his travel, with the advantage of pretty nearly every convenience that man's necessities require at hand, and provided for his use—this man is scarcely so much "the inhabitant of a prison, with the chance of being drowned," as the tenant of the doctor's favourite vehicle, a post-chaise, is the occupant of a prison, with the chance of being overturned. Leaving this "unsavoury simile," however—which Johnson had probably been sea-sick for four days, or becalmed somewhere, when he hit upon—and which, indeed, as a simile, would be good for nothing if it were like—it is impossible that the life of a constant traveller, who has but a plank, at the best of times, between himself and destruction, and who averages an hourly liability to some situation of extreme peril, from which his own skill and activity alone can preserve him as part of his account in trade—it is impossible that the life of a man so professionally engaged, can be one of mere dulness or fatuity. On the contrary, the converse of this proposition will be found to be the fact: to be competent to the conduct of a vessel, a

* The Life and Adventures of Naufragus. Smith and Elder, London. 1 vol. 8vo.

sailor must be a man of some scientific acquirement; his hourly security depends only upon habits of the most acute observation—although confined, perhaps, within a somewhat limited sphere; and the records of some of the earlier voyages of the private traders to the coasts of India and Africa, not to speak of those who carried their commercial speculations to Mexico and Peru, display a spirit of enterprise, and a variety of incident, which, however, disfigured by traits of injustice, and even of barbarity, render them among the most interesting narratives that our literature affords. The author of the present work, as will appear in the course of our notice, writes from the experience of a sea life, passed chiefly on the coasts of India—a ground with which he is familiar in a very extraordinary degree; but his book contains the incidents and changes of a life, which, his profession apart, would, by no means, have been devoid of interest; and develops some facts and principles, which (to others than young men thrown upon the world in search of a livelihood) may not be without their utility. The preface states, that the narrative—names of parties, of course excepted—may be considered as founded strictly on fact; and, from the internal evidence, even in this book-making age, our decided belief is that it is so.

Naufragus [this title, of course, is assumed] is the son of a London merchant, who, after possessing considerable wealth, ends by becoming unfortunate in trade; and at an early age finds the somewhat stinted charity of an "uncle"—a gentleman of large fortune, who has married his father's sister—pretty nearly his only dependence. After passing two or three years miserably at a Yorkshire school, he is sent to sea, at fourteen, as midshipman, on board an Indiaman—a situation of very abundant general discomfort; and, being recommended by his relative—according to the usage made and provided in the cases of children who are the objects of bounty—as "a lad who had nothing to look for,"—and who, therefore, was "not to be spared," but to be "made a sailor of," &c.—he is so harshly treated on board, that his patience fails; and, on his second voyage at Pulo Penang, he gives his last dollar to a boatman to convey him secretly on shore, and quits his ship. (It might be a nice point for the admiralty judges, perhaps, whether it ought to be written down "desertion.")

"On the morrow the ship was to leave Pulo-Penang: the morrow then was to form an epoch in my life; my prospects were to change, possibly not for the better, since I was about to enter on a wide world, unknowing and unknown: driven to an act of such desperate resource, by the brutality of an enemy on the one hand, and on the other, by the inadvertence of my natural protector. During the night I slept but little, racked as I was with scorpion anxiety, and dreaming of appalling dangers; but the morning rays relieved me, and I then began my preparations by packing up my clothes, dressing myself, and pocketing all the treasure I had to begin the world with, and that was—one dollar."

"At six in the evening I was ready: I went down on the gun-deck, and exchanged a farewell with Smith, who, actuated by friendship most sincere, invoked many a blessing on my head. The hoarse voice of my persecutor, bawling 'Naufragus!' summoned me before him. I surveyed him steadily, and with a calm look, though conscious that I stood before him whom I should never cease to execrate as the man who drove me friendless on the world—'What!' said he; 'dressed so smart!—going on shore, I suppose? [ironically]. Here—give this receipt to the boatman who brought the cask of lime-juice, and tell him he may go.'"

"The shade of evening had but just spread round the vessel, when I went on deck; a fall of rain, with a distant roll of thunder, and a heavy gust of wind

from the shore, indicated an approaching storm. I hurried into the boat, and giving the receipt to the boatman, who was a Mahommedan, I desired him to shove me on shore, putting into his hand my all—the dollar, which worked a talismanic effect; for in five minutes I was, for the first time in my life, on the shore of Prince-of-Wales Island."

"The feeling of sailors on leaving their floating home, to which habit has reconciled them, has been often the subject of remark: thus, I once heard the sailors of a ship called the Mary, when she was in flames in the river Hooghly, exclaim, with the greatest tenderness, as they abandoned her to her fate—'Farewell, Mary!—poor old ship!—good by, old girl!'' and some of them were seen to shed tears: and even I could not help, when the boat was conveying me on shore, taking a silent farewell of my ship—but especially of my friend Smith and the captain, both of whom I much esteemed—'Here I am,' said I to myself, when I touched the shore, 'left, with all the world before me; and be thou, kind Providence, my guide!' "

The writer is, evidently (we should say), not an *author by profession*. He decidedly, indeed, wants the capabilities to sustain such a character. But, on this very account, the effect of some points in his narrative, is immensely increased.

The details of his school experience, and of his sufferings afterwards, on board the India ship, are given with the earnestness—here and there with the somewhat *unreasonableness*—which distinguishes a man who pleads his own cause. His description of his being sent for from school by his uncle, who looks at him for some time without saying a word, and then, at the same moment, dispatches a note off to a slopseller's, to get him fitted out with "necessaries," and sends him away ten miles into the country to wish his father and mother good-bye, will, at once, stamp the veracity of the tale with most of the "orphan nephews" that may happen to read it. After quitting his ship, he wanders in the woods of Pulo Penang for near three days, watching occasionally from a high hill, until he sees the vessel leave the port, and being amused, in the meantime—all which is described with great *naïveté*—at the tricks of the monkeys and the snakes, while almost starving for want of some better food than cocoa-nuts, and wild pine-apples. At length, to his great relief, the ship actually gets under weigh, and "stands out by degrees," until she becomes "a mere speck in the horizon;" and now, being wholly destitute and friendless, he takes a course which none but a boy would have heart to take, but which nevertheless was not unlikely—as turned out to be the fact in the event—to prove successful:—

"Seeing a man in the dress of a native following me very closely, I ventured to ask him if he spoke English?—'Yes, my lord.'—'Well,' said I, 'tell me who is the greatest English merchant in Penang—I mean the richest'—'Ogilvie, sahib.'—'Good again,' I replied. 'Now then, my friend, pray take me to Mr. Ogilvie's house.' In a short time I was ushered into a princely mansion, and soon in the presence of Ogilvie, sahib, (or Mr. Ogilvie). I addressed him, saying that I presumed to call on him as a British merchant, to acquaint him with the step which I had taken, and the causes which had led me to adopt a scheme so desperate; and ended my tale, by requesting that he would either give me, or procure for me, employment on shore, in any industrious occupation; at the same time assuring him, that his aid would be found not to have been misplaced. He seemed perfectly astonished; and it was some time before he replied—'Young gentleman, I feel much for the unprotected state in which you are placed in this settlement; and, if I may judge from your appearance, you would not abuse any aid which I could afford you: but, indeed, you cannot remain in this island—the governor himself could not permit you to remain here: but if you will call—but no—here he comes—here he comes.' "

" The entrance of a stout short man, with a good-natured face, arrested the harangue of Mr. Ogilvie, who rose up and shook his friend by the hand most heartily.—' Captain Lambert,' resumed Mr. Ogilvie, ' here is a young midshipman, who has left his ship from ill treatment, it appears, and who wants employment: can't you take him with you as second mate? You want one, I understand.'—' The very thing, Ogilvie ; and,' said Lambert, turning to me, ' you shall find good usage with me, however you may have been treated on board the Indiamen : I know well enough what they are, young gentleman.' "

" I assured him my endeavours should not be wanting to prove myself deserving of any encouragement I should receive. To Mr. Ogilvie I expressed my grateful thanks, and, pointing to blackee, who had introduced me to his presence, I expressed my regret at not having it in my power to reward him. The captain told me to go on board the brig Jane, and, with his compliments to the mate, to request him to receive me.—' You'll find,' he said, ' the Jane's boat at the jetty stairs ;' and added—' I will take care of blackee.' "

" Upon this I retired, thanking God in my heart for this interposition in my behalf, and in a few minutes was on board the Jane, but almost famished, having fasted nearly four days, and without any clothes except those I had on ; for, on inquiry at the British hotel for my box, I found that it had not been forwarded, doubtless in consequence of my friend Smith's want of opportunity."

" The first object that struck me on my arrival on board, was the odd appearance of the chief mate, whose name was Tassit : he wore a red cap, a full pair of silk sleeping trowsers, and a white jacket : his countenance was equally remarkable—a visage of dark complexion, with thick bushy whiskers, and long mustachios, high cheek bones, and large black eyes : he was a half-cast, or creole, of Bengal, but educated in England. Scarcely had I made my bow to this original, when a loud, confused jabber, proceeding from the main hold, of ' *Marrega ! marrega !*' attracted our notice ; and, on looking down the hatchway, I beheld three or four lascars, with billets of wood, crushing a huge centipede, which twirled its long, elastic body round and round, in agony and rage, until killed. The jabber of the black sailors, and their naval costume, together with the heat of the hold, and the smell of the pepper and betel-nut, of which the cargo consisted, produced on my mind an impression unlike any I had ever before felt."

" All hands were busy receiving cargo, which we were to leave at Malacca for some China ship expected there ; and all possible haste was made to sail immediately. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I went on board, and at five Tassit very civilly asked me down to tea. I readily obeyed the summons, and followed him to the cabin. There I found the leg and wing of a cold fowl, toast, biscuits, butter, a piece of cold ham, and a smoking tea-kettle in the hands of a lascar. Down I sat, opposite to my new friend Tassit, and began upon the fowl and ham, which soon disappeared ; the toast and tea also vanished, and with equal celerity, Tassit all the while ministering to my wants with much patience and good-nature ; and when I afterwards told him that that meal was the only one I had had for four days, he laughed immoderately ; but suddenly checking himself, said, in a serious tone—' By all that's wonderful, I thought you would have killed yourself !' "

" After tea, we chatted until eight, and I understood that my pay was to be eighty sicca rupees (£10) per month. This was, indeed, agreeable news, and, at Tassit's suggestion, I went to bed at ten ; but scarcely had I got into a comfortable doze, when I was roused up to assist in getting the brig under weigh. This was done in about an hour ; and with a full moon to light us, we sailed down the Southern Channel. The captain had not yet come on board, so it was agreed that I should take the morning watch, from four to eight, and to bed I went again."

In this new situation, Naufragus prospers. European officers are scarce ; and the knowledge which he has acquired at school, and on board the East-Indiaman—and to which the rough usage which he received had perhaps (though we hold it a perilous mode of instruction) something contributed—now stands him in good stead. With Captain Lambert he sails, on a coasting voyage, through the Straits of Malacca,

and towards the port called Pulo Lingin, to exchange dollars and broad-cloth for slabs of block tin; and the circumstances that arise out of this barter afford a curious view of the mode of dealing used, as well as of the personal dangers incurred, by the East-India "country traders."

"In about three weeks we reached Pulo Lingin. The lofty peak so called, as seen from the deck of our little bark, on a clear day, had a grand and imposing effect. We had not been long at anchor, before a canoe came alongside, with four Arabian chiefs, magnificently apparelled. The captain, suspecting them to be pirates in disguise, gave orders that the door of a cabin, in which was a large chest of treasure should be locked. They said that they came merely to see the captain and the ship. Being received on board, they scrutinized, with rather suspicious minuteness, every thing within their view. On coming to the cabin where the treasure was concealed, and finding the door locked, they expressed great anxiety to have it opened. The captain, whose presence of mind never forsook him, called to the *Cas-a-ab* for the key, telling them in Arabic 'there was only a poor Christian lying there, who had died the day before,' upon which they turned aside with symptoms of disgust, at the idea of seeing a Christian corpse, and precipitately returned on deck. One of the Arabs eyed me with expressive earnestness; which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, for a European lad had seldom, if ever, been seen in that part of the globe before. I was not more than fourteen years of age, with the glow of health on my cheek, and with long curly hair, as white as flax. The Arab then entered into conversation with the captain, expressing (as I afterwards learnt, to my no small astonishment) a wish to purchase me—nay, ventured so far, as to offer three hundred dollars for me. On being told that I was not for sale, he appeared much surprised, expressing, indeed, his wonder that the captain could refuse so large a sum for so young a boy; but endeavouring to account for the refusal, by observing—'He is perhaps some young prince, or a high cast Englishman, I suppose;' and after shewing off some consequential native airs, left us. No sooner were our visitors clear off, than the captain ordered all the small arms, and the four six-pounders, to be loaded, in readiness for an attack that night. No attack, however, was made, and the captain and myself went on shore the next morning.

"We first paid our visit to the king, or rajah of Lingin, who was seated, cross-legged, on a cane mat, in a large hut. We were not suffered to approach his august presence without taking off our shoes and stockings, and were ordered not to advance nearer to his majesty's person than fifteen feet. The captain and I now sat down cross-legged, on a mat facing the king. He was an overgrown savage-looking Malay, with fat cheeks, a short flat chin, and a large mouth, down the corners of which ran the juice of the betel-nut, of a deep red colour, which gave him an appearance, at least in my eye, both terrifying and disgusting. We were surrounded on all sides by Malays, armed each with a crease, or dagger, probably poisoned, and whose countenances were marked with a ferocity quite in keeping with the rest of the scene. The captain broke silence by a flattering encomium on the king's improved looks, since last he saw him, and requested his acceptance of some costly and choice presents, which were produced. His majesty having accepted them, made some inquiries respecting me; he first admired the colour of my hair, then asked how many brothers I had—how old I was—and if I would like to stop in his dominions? and seemed quite pleased with my complimentary answers. Upon my expressing some surprise at seeing an organ in a corner of the room, he beckoned to one of his attendants to play it. A more villainous compound of harsh sounds I never before heard, but they seemed to please the Malay monarch mightily. He then ordered a flute to be brought me, which, as well as the organ, had doubtless been given him by some European, who well knew their use. I immediately received it, and, still, in a sitting posture, played a few notes, to the surprise of the king and all the motley assembly."

The course of trading, indeed, in Malacca—like that of "true love" in Europe—"never,' we believe, "does run smooth." At Pulo Minto, the next port which the navigators make, a more fierce dispute arises as to the delivery of some property upon which "advances" have been

made, and one which threatens loss of dollars, as well as of blood, to the European interest:—

"We were on the point of departure, and, as we thought, had but to deliver over to the Malays a bale of piece goods, and five hundred dollars, due to them, when, to our dismay, we missed twenty-eight slabs of tin, represented to have been actually shipped on the preceding day, but which, as we afterwards found, had been very adroitly concealed by the Malays in the sand on the beach. No sooner had our captain made this discovery, than he ordered Tassit to go on shore immediately, and tell the Malay, that if the property was not given up, he would not only keep possession of the bale of piece goods, and the five hundred dollars, but report the case to the supreme government; and I was appointed to accompany Tassit. On rowing ashore, poor Tassit became more and more thoughtful, until a deep sigh would escape him, with—'Well, God knows how it will all end!' In the mean time, the brig got under weigh, and stood in shore as near as she could, her guns 'grinning horribly,' and the captain pacing the deck, with evident anxiety. We found the beach lined with Malays, and as our little boat crossed the surf, the countenance of Tassit assumed a most discouraging aspect. This, however, did not much intimidate me, for, armed as we were, each with two loaded pistols and a cutlass, I thought our boat's crew a match for them.

"It was about four o'clock in the evening, when the gentle surf bore our boat on the sand, and Tassit, with an unwilling step, landed; that instant, a number of Malays seized and hurried him to a hut on the beach, and there surrounded him, making use of all the outrageous epithets in broken English and Malay, and using the most violent gesticulations of defiance and derision imaginable; one drawing a crease across Tassit's cheek, others forming a ring, and seating him on a mat in the midst of them. At that instant, I, who with the boat's crew had followed him, came into the ring to speak to one of the chiefs, and to endeavour to release my mate: 'Look! my dear Naufragus, behold!' ejaculated Tassit, 'what a dangerous situation has the rashness of our captain placed me in!' He said this in a voice, and with a manner so deplorable, and at the same time so irresistibly droll, that I could not refrain from laughing, although there were, at that moment, twenty drawn daggers at our breasts. I comforted Tassit as well as I could, and told the Malays I would go on board, and make known to the captain their demands.—'Iss, tell im,' said one of the chiefs, 'he not pay my dollar, not give my bale of piece goods, I cut away this man's throat.' At this poor Tassit turned up the whites of his eyes, bellowing after me—'My dear Naufragus, make haste, or I shall be lost to you for ever. I made my boat's crew row with all their might, till, in a few minutes, I got on board. Never shall I forget the violent rage of the captain, when I told him what the Malays had done; he was as mad as the roaring sea—'Ah!' said he, 'if you could but have unfurled the union jack, I would have settled the business in an instant, but that was impossible. Go on shore, Naufragus; tell the Malays that I hoist my nation's ensign; shew it to them; tell them, if they insult that flag, by keeping a British subject prisoner, my countrymen will come and blow the town to atoms: tell them, too, I will have my twenty-eight slabs of tin.'"

Fortunately, a couple of balls fired from the ship, in aid of this second mission, produced the necessary effect: the twenty-eight slabs of tin are restored, and Tassit returns on board—the captain assuring Signor Tassit, that, "if his throat had been cut, he would have taken a signal revenge for the same." Tassit, however, appeared inclined to say with Othello, "'Tis better as it is!"

The first view of Calcutta—to which he next sails—seems to have overpowered the senses of Naufragus (in the way of admiration) altogether. Even London sinks in the comparison. We venture a few disjointed paragraphs, that may give some idea of the enthusiastic approbation of the traveller; reminding our readers, that Calcutta was the first great city he had ever beheld out of England, and that he was not yet twenty years of age:—

"As evening drew to a close, we saw the 'Company's Gardens' to our left; and on our right 'Garden-Reach.' All at once, a scene of magic splendour, which took possession of my senses, burst upon my view, and astonished me: the gorgeous palaces, which were no more than the garden-houses of civil and military officers, and merchants, were on a scale of magnificence totally unexpected by me; never had I beheld, nor have I ever since beheld, the habitations of men so intensely grand and imposing: the banks of the river, for a distance of three or four miles, were studded with palaces, disposed in an irregular line, some of them having each a peristyle of twenty-four columns, producing an inconceivably striking effect; and the landscape seemed to vie in richness with the buildings."

"Tassit now proposed half an hour's recreation on shore, to which I joyfully acceded, being anxious to tread the land of Bengal. Scarcely had I time to look about me, on our landing, before my attention was arrested by a female form, of the middle stature, who walked by us with an air of elegance and dignity which surprised me. She was withal exceedingly lovely, and possessed, I thought, the finest form I had ever seen, set off to great advantage by her native dress, a fold of fine calico thrown loosely round her, yet gently compressing her waist, so as to display her shape to the utmost possible advantage; one end of the calico was fastened with a pin to her jet-black hair; her ears were ornamented with large ear-rings, and a profusion of trinkets; her fingers covered with rings, and her wrists with bangles; while her feet, and finely proportioned ancles, were left bare. The intensity of my gaze so far attracted her notice, that, to my delight, she smiled, but disappeared almost at the same instant. With ecstacy I turned to Tassit.—'Ah, my dear friend, did you behold that angelic figure?—tell me, what was she?—a native princess—perhaps the heiress of this princely mansion? I am sure she must be a being of some superior order.'—'Naufragus,' interrupted Tassit, 'you are young—have not yet entered the third age, that age which a poet of your country pronounces to be as baneful to youth as sunken rocks to mariners: no, Naufragus, she is no princess—nor is she the heiress of yonder palace—no, nor a being of a superior order, as you vainly imagine; but start not, she is neither more nor less than a *metrannee*."*

"If I was pleased at the external appearance of the city, as seen from the river, how much was my expectation surpassed on beholding its interior! The superb buildings, the bustle of industry, the creaking of hackeries, or carts drawn by bullocks, the jostling of innumerable palanquins, the jabbering of the Bengallees and palanquin-bearers, the novelty of their dress (nothing but a fold of white calico thrown loosely over the body, and on the head a turban)—altogether composed a scene which so enchanted my imagination, that I could hardly divest myself of the idea that I was in fairy land; but my reverie was not long undisturbed, its charm being dissolved by a constant attendance at the side of my palanquin of importunate venders of books, sandal-wood boxes, bows and arrows, fans made of peacocks' feathers, and oriental curiosities.

"We alighted at the house of Tassit's friend, a Mr. Wetzler, who received him with open arms, and welcomed me most cordially, as his friend.—'But where, where is my Sarsnee?' said Tassit. A pair of folding-doors then flew open, and a very lovely brunette appeared, and threw her arms very affectionately round Tassit's neck. She was a sister of Mr. Wetzler's, and I heartily congratulated my friend on the prospect he had of possessing such a treasure. I wish I could gratify my readers by setting off Tassit's person and features to advantage; but in this respect he was inferior to the charming woman whom he had chosen for his wife. His good sense, however, and the excellence of his heart, made him entirely worthy of her, and she loved him with an ardour seldom equalled.

"As soon as the two lovers had exchanged caresses, and mutual congratulations began to give way to sober conversation, we sat down to a table richly spread with eastern and European delicacies, currees, hams, turkeys, and mellow East-India Madeira. These are things well calculated to promote cheerfulness and good humour; but we did not require any stimulus.

---

* "A female domestic employed to sweep the house. They are usually of the lowest cast, denominated 'pariahs.'"

"My attention was almost wholly engrossed with the contemplation of the princely room we were dining in; it was open on every side, and had a large verandah, and extensive casements, shaded by venetians; the floor was of marble, the walls were decorated with glass wall-shades, chandeliers, and pictures; a punkah,* suspended from the ceiling, fanned us overhead, while a native at each corner of the table moved to and fro a large hand punkah, made of the leaves of the toddy tree, the end of which was fixed in a wooden socket, and the hookah emitted odoriferous spicy gales; crowds of Bengallee servants were in attendance. So enchanted were my senses, that I could not help observing to Tassit, that, much as I had heard of eastern luxury, the reality surpassed even the imagination.—'Yes, Naufragus,' resumed Tassit, 'the luxury is certainly great, but it soon cloys; and then, my friend, the mind has not, as in England, any means of renovating its exhausted powers; the very climate tends but to smother energy, and lull the soul into a state of indolence and languor; and all the luxury which captivates your young imagination, affords not that substantial happiness, which, in your free and happy country, is enjoyed by a rustic at his homely board.'"

At this period of the narrative, the author's feelings as a man—quite as much as his adventures as a sailor—come into play. But he does justice to the characters of his relatives, even when he fancies himself ill-used by them. He goes to England; but, finding an ill reception from his family, and no prospect of aid, contrives to obtain letters as a "free mariner," and returns to India: sailing, on this (his third) voyage, in the first instance for Ceylon; where he again engages himself as mate of a coast trader, and soon acquires money to attempt a little "trading" of his own.

The purchase of a small vessel, through the agency of a *dubash*, or broker, and the business of fitting it up and obtaining freight, introduce some humorous notices of the habits and character of the native dealers of Calcutta. Naufragus, after some consideration, agrees that his purchase shall be a brig; and desires "Moodoosooden Chetarjee" to look out for one, the price of which should not exceed 500*l*.

"Moodoosooden Chetarjee was, as I before said, a sedate-looking youth; his gait and manner had even an air of sanctity, much heightened by his dress, a garment of fine linen folded loosely over him, and hanging down to his sandaled feet, his turban being of rich muslin. On his entrance he would make his *salam* by raising his hands, in a graceful curve, to his forehead, touching it three times.—'Well, Moodoosooden,' I would exclaim, 'what news this morning?'—[With emphasis.]—'All the best news, my lord!'—'What is it, Moodoosooden?'—'Nothing, my lord!' This odd reply at first gave disappointment to inspired hopes; and it was not until I got used to Moodoosooden's manner, that I could suppress the curiosity which his mode of answering was calculated to excite. In general, indeed, as may well be imagined, the natives puzzle Europeans, fresh from their native soil.

"One evening, Moodoosooden entered with a bearer† behind him, carrying a superb brass-mounted mahogany writing-desk, and requested my acceptance of it. Having presented it, he said he had succeeded in selecting a brig just then for sale, which he thought would suit me.—'She was,' he added, 'registered at one hundred and twenty-five tons, Chittagong built; her price four thousand rupees (five hundred pounds), and was then lying in the river Hooghly. I have besides, my lord,' resumed Moodoosooden, 'engaged a rich freight for you for Madras, Pondicherry, and Ceylon, the produce of which,' he added, 'will more than defray the cost and outfit of the vessel and crew.'—'Well, Moodoosooden, this is good news; to-morrow morning I will go with you to see the vessel.'—'But that,' Moodoosooden rejoined,' 'is not all; I have secured you a good syrang‡ and tyndal'‖—

* "A board, about twelve feet in length, three in width, and one inch in thickness, richly gilded and papered. It is fastened by ropes to the roof or ceiling, and kept in motion by means of a line attached to its centre, and pulled by a person who sits in a corner of the room."

† "A palanquin-bearer, or menial. ‡ Boatswain. ‖ His mate.

'Stay, Moodoosooden,' I replied; 'first, let us purchase the vessel, then secure the crew.' To the propriety of this Moodoosooden assented, observing—'He was sure I should be a very rich man, for my fingers were unusually long.'

"Having engaged an experienced surveyor to accompany me, we repaired together on board the brig, and Moodoosooden joined us at gun-fire* the following morning. The vessel, on examination, being found well calculated, in every respect, for an eastern trader, an attorney was engaged to inspect the title-deeds, and draw the deed of sale. Having paid the purchase-money, I engaged my freight, and commenced receiving cargo the same week, with all the energy and spirit which the novelty of the undertaking could inspire me with. Night and day all on board was a scene of bustle and activity; we were taking in ballast, laying mats round the sides, and at the bottom of the hold; receiving rice, wheat, and bale goods, and stowing them away. Continually were we surrounded by paunchways,† until the brig was laden up to the very beams, and could receive no more. The freight paid at Calcutta cleared the cost and outfit of the vessel, as well as four months' advance to the crew, which consisted of two Portuguese secunnies,‡ one syrang, who was a mussulman, two tyndals (Mahommedans), and sixteen lascars,§ of different castes. An European officer would, I considered, entail on me an expense beyond what my means were likely to afford, and on that account I declined receiving one: I was therefore the only European on board. My next object was to get the vessel insured. I found that, as she had only *one deck*, she could not be insured 'free of average,' but 'against risk' only; consequently, if she should be *totally lost*, I should recover, but not in the case of damage. I tried to reverse this usage, and to get her insured 'free of average,' but in vain: it was impossible under any premium. Nothing discouraged, I supplied myself with a good chronometer, (a quadrant I had), a chart of the Indian Ocean, Horsburgh's Directory, with a compass or two; and thus equipped, I obtained my port-clearance, and received on board my pilot. All being now ready for sea, Moodoosooden Chetarjee, whose exertions on this occasion merited my warmest praise, received, with apparent satisfaction, a present of one hundred rupees, and accompanied me to the ghaut (or landing-place), invoking the blessings of the Prophet on my head, and praying that he would make me very rich."

Notwithstanding the "weight of responsibility" attached to the command of a ship at sea, which he describes with some truth to be "so oppressive to the mind as scarcely to be conceived by those who have not felt it," our author arrives safely in the harbour of Madras. The process of landing, however, at that part, is not always to be quite so safely effected.

"The difficulty and, not unfrequently, the danger of landing at Madras are great, from the tremendous surf, which, gathering strength as it approaches the beach, breaks, at the distance of a mile, and in boisterous weather, even a mile and a half, from the shore. Boats of a particular construction, called masoolah boats, are made expressly for this service; the parts connecting the sides and bottom of which are *sewed* together with coir‖ yarn, not a nail being used. They are thus well adapted to their purpose, yielding to the violent shocks which they receive, both at sea and on touching ground. They are each about fifteen feet long, and seven wide, and manned by six Indians and a steersman. No sooner were we in the midst of the surf, than on looking behind, I saw a tremendous sea advancing, rising to a height which astonished me, and gaining strength every moment: before us appearances were equally threatening. We were soon overtaken by the wave behind, which lifted us up on its bosom to an immense height, roaring and sending us onward with the swiftness of lightning; the Indians jabbering all the while, as if they were alarmed—'*Yeal-hee, yeal-hee! yeal-hee, yeal-hee!*'¶ This

* "i. e. At day-light."
† Boats for the conveyance of cargo.
‡ "Quarter-masters.
§ Sailors."

‖ "Coir, so called, is the husk of the cocoa-nut, which being cleaned, leaves nothing but fibres, that are made into rope, which is used as that of hemp, and in the dry season is little inferior.

¶ Words of encouragement, similar to our "hurrah!"

scene, terrific as it was, proved to the steersman but the scene of his 'vocation;' and he did not forget the reward in prospect, but asked for a *box*, or present. This was perhaps his policy; he thought, that at such a moment, I could not refuse him. Another tremendous sea followed, lifting us up still higher, and impelling us forward with great velocity, until the fore part of the boat took the ground; she then swiftly wheeled round on her beam-ends. Then it is that the danger is most imminent, for the next sea almost instantly striking the side of the boat, perhaps upsets it, when it not unfrequently happens that one or two lives are lost. In our case, the boat, when struck, turned very nearly over; but being, though a young man, an old sailor, I held on by the weather gun-whale, until successive seas threw her 'high and dry' on the beach. Palanquins without number were ready to receive me, and stepping into one, I was in a few minutes at the Navy Hotel.' "

The residence at Madras introduces us to a lively account (which is resumed in another part of the volume) of the jugglers, snake-dancers, &c. of India. We leave our readers to find this out in the book for themselves; premising that it will repay their trouble. From Madras the author sails, with new freight, to Pondicherry, and from thence to Columbo in Ceylon, and thence to the Isle of France—making money rapidly—and marrying a young lady—and describing his ground, both by sea and land, occasionally with great spirit, all the way. In this prosperous state, he writes home to England, recommending that his brother should come out to India; a measure which, he says, he afterwards had deep cause to regret, though he meant it well at the time. He was now, however, in a train to perceive that every thing in the world went well, and rather to doubt whether his own previous annoyances had not arisen out of some mistake.

"My table (he says) being amply supplied with mutton and poultry, hams, wines, and liqueurs, how often would I inwardly rejoice when I compared my own successes and happy state with the condition of others! Nay I almost imagined that the loud complaints of poverty and misfortune were the outcry of the idle and dissolute alone; and came to the conclusion, that no art could be more easily acquired than that of becoming rich."

The whole of the wood scenery of India is described as of exquisite beauty. The Cingalese believes that it was in Ceylon that the Garden of Eden originally stood; and go so far as to shew in one place—"the print of Adam's foot!" The writer occasionally speaks too of the "curry" cookery, like a man who could distinguish between *eating* and the mere animal process of *swallowing food.* Some notices occur of the danger to be looked for from serpents, however, and tigers; and it is stated to be remarkable, that in India a tiger will never carry off a European when he can get a native;"—a circumstance of etiquette, which the "natives" probably would feel at least as much "honoured in the breach as in the observance."

"Fortune, however—like a looking-glass—is constant to no man;" and the term of the prosperity of Naufragus was at this time approaching. The beauty of the India seas affords no warrant to the voyager that it may not be his fate to be swallowed up in them; and a single hurricane was fated to destroy all the fruits of the industry of Naufragus. From Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where he had married, having taken in fresh freight, and with his wife on board, our author sails to the coast of Sumatra, where he invests his whole fortune in a cargo of sugar to carry to Bengal, by which a large profit—a hundred or a hundred and fifty per cent.—is to be made. One or two singular accidents occur immediately on his quitting Tappanooly—the harbour where he had loaded—which

might have alarmed a man who was superstitious enough to believe in evil omens.

"On the morning previous to our departure, we were concerned to find that our boat, the only one we had possessed, had disappeared during the night: having been fastened by a rope to the stern, we concluded it must have been stolen. We were the more chagrined at this, because there was no possibility of procuring another at Tappanooly; and to sail without one, was at least a hazardous undertaking. After bidding farewell to Mr. Prince, who kindly loaded us with presents of fruit, we set sail for Hindoostan, with a pleasant breeze in our favour. We had not however proceeded far, scarcely indeed having cleared the land, before the wind began to fall off; and a strong current setting against us, we came, as we supposed, to an anchor for the night, about two miles distant from the shore, which was lined with a formidable nest of breakers; and after paying out eight fathoms of cable, squaring the yards, and setting the watch, we retired to rest. Scarcely had the midnight hour passed, all on board being asleep, except Thomson, who had just relieved one of the secunnies on the watch, when I was awoke by the voice of the former bawling down the companion—'Captain Naufragus! Captain Naufragus! we're out at sea, sir!'—'Indeed! how can that be?' True, however, it proved. Not a vestige of land did the moon gratify our gazing eyes withal, and we concluded that our cable must have been cut by the rocky bottom. I deeply lamented losing my anchor, so soon after my boat, and directed the lascars to haul in the slack of the cable; they did so; but instead of the cable's end making its appearance, a check was felt, which prevented their getting any more in. The serang then went over the bows to ascertain the cause, and discovered the anchor suspended by the buoy-rope; it had got entangled in the fore-chains, without having reached the bottom at all; consequently, while supposing ourselves to be safe at anchor, we were, in fact, at the mercy of the winds; but fortunate it was for us the wind was not from the sea, as in that case we must of course been blown on the rocks: as it was, I was delighted at recovering my anchor, and finding the whole property safe, as also our lives. By the next morning, we regained our situation on the coast, but the wind still failed us, and continued to fail for a whole week, so that we made but little way. At length a breeze sprang up, which wafted us onwards, sixty or seventy miles, and died away again, leaving us once more becalmed; and I began to suspect that, so far as the elements were concerned, my good fortune had deserted me. On the morning of the tenth day from our departure, I was again awakened by Thomson—'Captain Naufragus!'—'Hulloa!'—'Here is our boat; she is come back, and is just beneath our bows.'—'The deuce she is!' and true enough, there she lay, within ten yards ahead, as if expecting and waiting for us; but of her six oars, four were missing: glad enough, however, were we to see our old acquaintance, and she was soon hoisted up to her birth at the stern."

A third accident happens beyond this: a sailor falls overboard, and is drowned; and certainly, if a belief in ill omens had existed in any naval man on board, that which followed would have stamped it as prophetic. On a sudden, while the sun is "setting with even more than its usual brilliancy, and leaving its path marked with streaks of gold,

"A bird hovered over our heads, and suddenly alighted on our taffrail: it was one of 'Mother Cary's chickens,' which by mariners are considered as harbingers of ill, and generally of a furious storm. At a warning of this kind I did not then feel disposed to take alarm; but there were other warnings not to be slighted—the horizon to the east presented the extraordinary appearance of a black cloud in the shape of a bow, with its convex towards the sea, and which kept its singular shape and position unchanged, until nightfall. For the period too of twenty minutes after the setting of the sun, the clouds to the north-west continued of the colour of blood: but that which most attracted our observation was, to us, a remarkable phenomenon—the sea immediately around us, and as far as the eye could discern by the light of the moon, appeared, for about forty minutes, of a perfectly milk white. We were visited by two more chickens of Mother Cary, both of which

sought refuge, with our first visitor, on the mainmast. We sounded, but found no bottom at a hundred fathoms: a bucket of the water was then drawn up, the surface of which was apparently covered with innumerable sparks of fire—an effect said to be caused by the animalculæ which abound in sea-water: it is at all times common, but the sparks are not in general so numerous, nor of such magnitude as were those which then presented themselves. The hand too, being dipped in the water, and immediately withdrawn, thousands of them would seem to adhere to it. A dismal hollow breeze, which, as the night drew on, howled through our rigging, and infused into us all a sombre, melancholy feeling, increased by gathering clouds, and the altogether portentous state of the atmosphere and elements, ushered in the first watch, which was to be kept by Thomson.

"About eight o'clock, loud claps of thunder, each in kind resembling a screech, or the blast of a trumpet, rather than the rumbling sound of thunder in Europe, burst over our heads, and were succeeded by vivid flashes of forked lightning. We now made every necessary preparation for a storm, by striking the top-gallant-masts, with their yards, close reefing the topsails and foresail, bending the storm-staysail, and battening down the main hatch, over which two tarpaulins were nailed, for the better preservation of the cargo. We observed innumerable shoals of fishes, the motions of which appeared to be more than usually vivid and redundant.

"At twelve o'clock, on my taking charge of the deck, the scene bore a character widely different from that which it presented but three hours before. We now sailed under close-reefed maintopsail, and foresail. The sea ran high; our bark laboured hard, and pitched desperately, and the waves lashed her sides with fury, and were evidently increasing in force and size. Over head nothing was to be seen but huge travelling clouds, called by sailors the 'scud,' which hurried onwards with the fleetness of the eagle in her flight. Now and then the moon, then in her second quarter, would shew her disc for an instant, but be quickly obscured; or a star of 'paly' light, peep out, and also disappear. The well was sounded, but the vessel did not yet make more water than what might be expected in such a sea; we however kept the pumps going at intervals, in order to prevent the cargo from sustaining damage. The wind now increased, and the waves rose higher: about two o'clock *a. m.* the weather maintopsail-sheet gave way; the sail then split to ribbons, and before we could clue it up, was completely blown away from the bolt-rope. The foresail was then furled, not without great difficulty, and imminent hazard to the seamen, the storm staysail alone withstanding the mighty wind, which seemed to gain strength every half-hour, while the sea, in frightful sublimity; towered to an incredible height, frequently making a complete breach over our deck.

"At four *a. m.* I was relieved by Thomson, who at daylight apprized me that the maintopmast was sprung, and that the gale was increasing. Scarcely had I gone on deck, when a tremendous sea struck us a little 'abaft the beam,' carrying every thing before it, and washing overboard hencoops, cables, water-casks, and indeed every moveable article on the deck. Thomson, almost by miracle, escaped being lost; but having, in common with the lascars, taken the precaution to lash a rope round his waist, we were able, by its means, to extricate him from danger; at the same time the vessel made an appalling lurch, lying down on her beam-ends, in which position she remained for the space of two minutes, when the maintopmast, followed by the foretopmast, went by the board, with a dreadful crash; she then righted; and we were all immediately engaged in going aloft, and with hatchets cutting away the wreck, each of us being lashed with a rope round the waist; ropes were also fastened across the deck, in parallel lines, to hold on by; for such was the violence of the vessel's motion, that without such assistance it would have been impossible to stand. As for my Virginia, she was in her cot, hearing all that was going forward on deck,—sensible of her danger, and a prey to the apprehension of meeting a death similar to that of her prototype, and equally dreadful.

"A drizzling shower now came on, and having continued for some time, was at length succeeded by heavy rain, which having been converted into sleet, was carried in flakes swiftly along the tops of the towering mountains of sea; while the cold sensibly affected the already exhausted lascars, at once disinclining them from exertion, and incapacitating them from making any; some of them even sat down

like inanimate statues, with a fixed stare, and a deathlike hue upon their countenances: the most afflicting circumstance was, their being destitute of warm clothing, which they had neglected to provide themselves with, as they ought to have done, out of the four months' advance they received in Calcutta. All that I could spare was given to Thomson; but unable to endure the sight of their misery, I distributed among them many articles which I could ill spare,—sheets, shirts, and blankets; except one of the latter, which I had reserved as a provision against any further extreme of suffering which might yet await us. There was one poor lascar, a simple inoffensive youth, about nineteen, who was an object of the liveliest commiseration: he was nearly naked, and in that state had been continually drenched by the sea and rain, during the whole of the day and night; he was holding his hands up to heaven in a supplicating attitude, and shaking in an aguish fit; the tears fell in torrents down his cheeks, while he uttered his plaints in loud and piercing lamentations: unable, at last, to witness his misery any longer, I rushed down to my cabin—'Can you, Virginia, spare me this blanket, without feeling the cold too much yourself?—it is to save the life of a fellow-creature.'—'Yes, take it; but stay with me, or, under the horrors I feel, I shall die in this cabin, and alone. I know we must perish, and why not die together?' I entreated her to support herself with all the fortitude she could collect, urged the impossibility of my keeping her company, as every moment called for my assistance; and assuring her there was no real danger, I hurried on deck with the blanket, and wrapped the poor wretch in its folds. I thought he would have worshipped me.

This miserable condition needs but one circumstance to increase its distress: at one in the morning, on the fifth morning of the hurricane, it is found that there are five feet water in the hold.

"It was about four o'clock, on the fifth morning that I ventured into my cabin, to repose myself on my cot until daylight, more with the persuasion that my presence would inspire Virginia with fresh hopes, and, in consequence, better spirits, than that the storm had in the least abated, or that the peril had become less imminent. At six, Thomson, whom I had left in charge of the deck, aroused me by bawling, in a voice necessarily raised to the highest pitch, to make itself heard amidst the howling, or rather screaming of the elements—'Naufragus!' I instantly jumped up, without waiting any specific communication, and, on reaching the deck, found the pumps at work, and was informed that we had five feet water in the hold, and that the water was gaining upon us fast, notwithstanding the pumps had been kept constantly going.—'Well,' said Thomson, in a low tone, not to be heard by the crew, 'we'll do our best, as long as she floats, but that cannot now be much longer—it's all over with us, depend upon it!' There was no time for argument: the pumps were now the chief object of our attention; and Thomson and myself, with the secunnies, plied them incessantly, until we were ready to drop down with fatigue.

"In a short time we found that the water brought up by the pumps bore a brownish colour, and, on tasting it, that it was sweet; so that it was evident we were pumping up the sugar, which being contained in baskets, was but ill protected against water. Such is the fondness for life, that on the appearance of any sudden or immediate cause of dissolution, any consideration unconnected with the paramount one of preservation, is set at nought; thus, although I was sensible that my valuable cargo was momentarily diminishing, and my property wasting away, I then felt no disposition to regret my loss, the powers of my mind, and the affections of my heart, being all engaged on higher objects.

"Those lascars who could at all be brought to the pumps, were in so wretched and debilitated a state, as to require constant reliefs. For one day and two nights, except a few short intervals, Thomson and myself, with the secunnies, were at the pumps: at the end of that time, our hands were blistered to such a degree, that the skin having peeled off, the raw flesh appeared; our arms, thighs, and legs, were so dreadfully swelled, and our loins in such tormenting pain, as to make it impossible for us to continue the exertion, without suffering extreme agony; and nothing but the melancholy conviction that we must continue our labour, or perish, could possibly have sustained us under such hardships—hardships, however,

which we had the heartfelt satisfaction to find, were so far from being useless, that on perusing the sounding-rod, when pulled up from the well (which we did under feelings of extreme anxiety and eagerness), we were convinced that the water did not gain upon us. Our spirits, however, received no encouragement from the appearance of the elements; the clouds were black and frowning, and all around still bore a threatening appearance, the hurricane indeed having rather increased than in the slightest degree abated.

"The circumstance of our having on board so perishable and light a cargo as soft sugar, it is remarkable, was the very means of our preservation. Had it consisted of almost any other article, either of pepper or of dead wood, we must inevitably have perished. To have thrown overboard any heavy cargo, would, from the constant and heavy breaches which the sea made over us, have been impossible. Neither could the masts have been cut away, for the purpose of lightening the vessel, in consequence of the imbecile condition of the crew; a recourse to so hazardous a measure would, under our circumstances, most likely have proved the cause of our destruction. As it was, from constant pumping for three days, we found our vessel as light and buoyant as a cork, and, with the exception of the baskets in which the sugar had been stowed, as empty as when I first purchased her.

"Night approached, bringing with it additional horrors. The secunnies, who had hitherto borne their hardships with admirable fortitude, now began to droop, and to express a violent inclination for more rum, although as much had been given them as they could possibly bear; indeed, rum, with dough, half-baked, had formed their only sustenance during the whole period of our sufferings. As for the pumps, we were now so lightened, they did not require to be worked at all; but the greatest dread we laboured under was from the dangerous condition of the main and fore masts, that tottered to and fro, threatening to go by the board every minute. Before the hour of sunset, a large bird, called the albatross, with wings the length of four to five feet each, skimmed along the surface of the waves, close to and around us: this inspired the crew with hopes, as they supposed it to be a good omen. It remained hovering near our unfortunate wreck for some minutes, until it alighted on the waves, where it was seen riding perfectly at ease, and with the majesty of a fine large swan, now on the summit of a tremendous mountain of waters, and now in the ravines of a wide and deep abyss. At length darkness once more encompassed us around, and seemed to shut us out from even a ray of hope; the desponding few, whose senses were still left them, apparently felt with more acuteness than before, the desperation and horrors of their condition. At the hour of eight *p. m.* however, the wind suddenly changed from south-east to south-west, and soon appeared to be dying away. At this happy circumstance, whereby a prospect of deliverance from the very depths of despair was opened to us, the feelings manifested by the crew were as singular as they were various; some shouted for joy—some cried—others muttered prayers—while a few were still despondent, presenting wild and savage-looking features, and seeming to regret that the billows had not swallowed them up."

Life, however, is pretty nearly the only property with which the travellers do escape; and from this moment the tide of success appears to have deserted the bark of Naufragus. The toils and sufferings of his voyage bring on an attack of "deafness," from which he never recovers, and which unfits him for the sea; and the whole wreck of his vessel and cargo sells for a sum under 400*l.* In the mean time, "the trade to the East-Indies had been thrown open," and the high profits were not to be made, nor the high wages to be obtained, any longer. Freights had gone down from 24*l.*, 26*l.*, and 30*l.* per ton, to 19*l.*, 16*l.*, 12*l.*, and 7*l.*; and European sailors, being in plenty, were of course no longer in request. His fortunes after this are various, but never highly prosperous. For some time he resides in the interior of the country, at Chandernagore; and the account which he gives of the various scenes and wonders which he beheld here—the legends, creed, and ceremonies of the natives—is vivid and interesting; but our

limits compel us to pass it over. The story of his connexion with his false friend Dennison, too, though a painful one, is very simply and unaffectedly told; as well as the incident of his seeing the "apparition"—a delusion not at all wonderful (even supposing the appearance *not* to have been really the *living man* that it seemed to be, and *no* "apparition")—in the then inflamed and harassed condition of his mind; and as to which he may plead, at least, that he is not the first man of creditable intellect by many, who believes that he has seen a ghost; although some other men of creditable intellect may believe that the first believers may have been mistaken.

From Chandernagore, we proceed to Batavia—the "princely and luxuriant city," as the traveller calls it—but "the most unhealthy in the universe." The country seats about it are "superb"—the gardens "tastefully laid out"—the "roads are on a scale to astonish an European fresh from his native soil;" but—"a fever carries off a whole family in a morning, and they are buried in the evening." This is unlucky; and, moreover, those whom the fevers do not carry off are carried off by the tigers. In this new situation, as before, the author goes on to relate all that he heard, and describe all that he saw, easily and colloquially. Quitting the ship in which he sails, at the mouth of a river about two miles from the town of palaces and fevers,—

"On entering the river, a Javanese on horseback, who was waiting for us on its bank, threw us a rope, which being fastened to the bow of our boat, he trotted off, towing us along at a rapid rate, until we reached the city. I then landed, followed by a lascar, carrying my trunk, my thirty dollars being wrapped carefully in paper, and placed with extraordinary precaution in my pocket. The first human beings I beheld were European soldiers, and their appearance instantly warned me of the unhealthiness of the spot I had landed in. They looked more like skeletons than men:—each the 'grim tyrant' personified; and on the visage they bore a pale yellow tinge, which, together with the 'lack-lustre eye' sunk deep in the socket, gave them an appearance, absolutely appalling: I involuntarily shuddered at the sight of them, reflecting on the probability of my soon being in the same state. To these crawling emblems of death, however, I advanced, and requested to know the direction to a tavern. The vacant stare—the shrug of the shoulders—brought to mind the singular predicament which Goldsmith must have found himself on his arrival in Holland to teach the natives English, on discovering that he must first learn to speak Dutch.

"Onward, however, I advanced, until at length I beheld before me, to my infinite delight, a sign, 'The Dutchman's Head,' suspended in front of a splendid hotel; thither I bent my steps, and found the landlord seated in front of the house, and he invited me, (to my agreeable surprise in broken English), to 'volk in.' My primary object was to agree for my board; this was soon settled, at the rate of three dollars per day; a sum, however, which placed my little stock of cash in jeopardy of soon disappearing altogether. Having placed my trunk in a bedroom allotted to me, and discharged the lascar who carried it, I strolled into the billiard-room, the dining-room, and coffee-room, all of them on a scale of splendid magnificence, and full of Dutchmen, one Englishman only, besides myself, being in the hotel, and he, I understood, labouring under a derangement of intellect. Observing a number of Dutchmen standing in an ante-room, waiting for the welcome announcement of 'dinner,' I bent my steps thither, in the hope of meeting with one who could speak English; nor was I disappointed; a middle-aged military officer accosted me, and in broken English, inquired as to the then state of Europe; then spoke of Buonaparte, and informed me that he himself had fought and bled on the field of 'Vaterloo;' speaking of which, he observed—'De Duke of Vellington's army was all in confusion: de Duke vas all in de wrong! and he vould lose de battle, if von vary clever Hollander had not come in de vay, and told him vat to do: if it vas not for dis man—dis very clever man,

Vanderbenholderstein, de Duke of Vellington would have lost every ting in de vorld!' At that instant dinner was announced, and I bent my steps towards the dining-room, marvelling greatly at the profound wisdom of the said *Vanderbenholderstein*, but still more that I had never before heard mention even of his name."

A tavern riot occurs here, which is laughably related; but we like the quarrels of the little French landlord at Serampore, Monsieur Darlow, better:—

"This singular character was so very irascible, as to be continually fighting, chiefly with Englishmen. In one of his contests, which were usually pugilistic, he had the ill luck to lose his right eye, and in another, the whole of his front teeth; but still he remained as untameable as the hyæna; and seldom did he leave his billiard-room when any English officers were there, without having to endure the inconvenience of a temporary loss of his other eye. On these occasions he was not idle in his execrations of the '*diable Anglais!*' in which he indulged until his recovery was complete, when he would content himself by seizing the first opportunity of having another set-to, and, in all probability, a fresh beating. His disputes usually arose from espousing the cause of Napoleon, of whom he was an ardent admirer. To me, however, he was remarkably assiduous, from the circumstance of my having a French lady for my wife; but not unfrequently would I find him beginning on his weak point—politics, and then Napoleon; and when he did so, as I knew his real temperament so well from report, I did not feel at all disposed to argue the matter. When he found I did not dispute, or contradict his rhapsodies, he was in an ecstacy of joy; and hugging me in his arms with all the fervour of a polar bear, declared—'I was, be Gar, de best Anglais dat he ever before see—a very proper Anglais! and dat he would give me is leetel finger,' holding it up at the same time, 'vit all de pleasure in de vorld!' Telling him I did not require such abundant proofs of his regard as that which he proposed, but would prefer a bottle of his claret, he immediately ran down stairs, soon returning with one under each arm, and one in each hand; the contents of which always proved so delicious, that I have sat enjoying myself very contentedly, while he began upon the achievements of Napoleon, the whole of which he used to rehearse from the beginning of his career, to the end, speaking very loud, in broken English, and with a volubility that produced an effect extremely ludicrous. To all his discourse I listened attentively, nodding occasionally a sort of affirmation, and with as much patience as if I had been in the hands of my hairdresser. At last, however, his wife supposing, from the noise he made, and guessing also from the subject of his dialogue, that he was going to fight, gently tapped at the door, and in a shrill tone of voice called out, *Monsieur D.!* These mellifluous tones no sooner saluted the sensitive ear of Monsieur, than he started, paused, and turning suddenly pale, rose up; and after apologizing for his abrupt departure, at the same time reminding me of the precise situation in which he left Napoleon, he glided quickly down stairs. I afterwards understood that he actually lived in constant terror of this lady (his wife), a little delicate Hindoo girl, and the only person in Serampore who could manage him. I was not sorry for having got rid of my troublesome companion; but reserving what remained of the wine for another occasion, I retired to rest."

The cup, however, of the afflictions of Naufragus is not yet full. Failing in his expectations of employment at Batavia, he sails for Padang, where he arrives—as he had arrived at Pulo Penang, seven years before—with *one* dollar in his possession!—but, less fortunate now than on the former occasion, he brings one possession beyond his single coin along with him—the very *fever* which has struck him with so much horror in Batavia, and which in six weeks reduces him to the verge of the grave. To tell the story in his own words—he had found a friend, who was ready to assist him; his situation had been considered and canvassed; and the words of his patron were, "Cheer up, Naufragus! *Nil desperandum*, and all may yet be well."

"I was about to reply, when a cold aguish fit set my teeth chattering. I found, too soon, it was the Batavia fever, the latent cause of which I had unconsciously brought with me from that pestilential place, and which had now broken out upon me. Endtfield instantly hired a bungalow, and procured me every requisite assistance; but, for the space of six weeks, I was totally unconscious of surrounding objects. The only sensation I was susceptible of, was that of burning with thirst, and being stretched on a mossy bank beneath a waterfall, gaping wide to catch a drop to cool my parched tongue,—but the tormenting liquid rolling down, turned aside, and still deceived me. My constitution got the better of the disease, and the first day I was able to walk, I attempted to reach the habitation of my friend Endtfield; but, on my way, a Malay horseman, at full speed, knocked me down, and galloping over me, continued his course. The natives flocked round, and assisted me with the feelings of true Samaritans; but so great was the injury I had sustained, that it was not until the expiration of another month, that I could again venture abroad, when my appearance exactly resembled that of the Europeans I had first seen on landing at Batavia."

At this point, the great length to which our review has gone compels us to quit Naufragus; who, after a series of disappointments and miseries, suddenly and unexpectedly acquires a competence—(not, he informs us, from any kindness on the part of his relations)—upon which he is content to live in England, and tempt fortune and the sea no more.

Whoever he is, and who he is, we don't at all know: he has written a very curious and interesting work—which, moreover, he very unpretendingly prints in one volume—while works of not a tithe of its value walk about the world in three. There are some errors in the descriptions which he gives of places and objects, and some statements he has taken too hastily upon trust; but the wonder rather is, in such a multiplicity of transactions as he records, that he should have kept his account so evenly as he has done. Our decided belief is, that the relation is a genuine one: there are facts contained in it which an author, making a book, would not have introduced; and some even which a man who was varnishing a real tale would perhaps have been inclined to suppress. Over a great deal of entertaining matter we have been obliged entirely to pass; but the accounts of the chase of the elephant and the tiger—of the impostures of the Indian magicians—of the marriage-ceremonies of the Hindoos—of the victims left to perish in the Hooghly—the tales of Kishen Doss—"The Story of the Skull"—"The Deaf Indians"—and "The Sailor of all Work"—with many other notices, to which want of space prevents our even referring, will be found acceptable to readers of all tastes and classes. On the whole, we consider the book to be one which, as it becomes known, will certainly be popular. It contains a great deal of information relative to India—mixed, as we have before observed, with some error, but never with offence—and always given in a style that pleases, because it is easy and unpretending. It is a book particularly suited to be put into the hands of young persons; they will derive a great deal of instruction from it, and will be very nearly as much amused as in reading Robinson Crusoe.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. VIII.

Our Maying.

As party produces party, and festival brings forth festival in higher life, so one scene of rural festivity is pretty sure to be followed by another. The boy's cricket-match at Whitsuntide, which was won most triumphantly by our parish, and luckily passed off without giving cause for a coroner's inquest, or indeed without injury of any sort, except the demolition of Amos Stokes's new straw-hat, the crown of which (Amos's head being fortunately at a distance), was fairly struck out by the cricket-ball; this match produced one between our eleven and the players of the neighbouring hamlet of Whitley; and being patronized by the young lord of the manor and several of the gentry round, and followed by jumping in sacks, riding donkey-races, grinning through horse-collars, and other diversions more renowned for their antiquity than their elegance, gave such general satisfaction, that it was resolved to hold a Maying in full form in Whitley-wood.

Now this wood of our's happens to be a common of twenty acres, with three trees on it, and the Maying was fixed to be held between hay-time and harvest; but "what's in a name?" Whitley-wood is a beautiful piece of green sward, surrounded on three sides by fields and farm-houses, and cottages, and woody uplands, and on the other by a fine park; and the May house was erected, and the May-games held in the beginning of July; the very season of leaves and roses, when the days are at the longest, and the weather at the finest, and the whole world is longing to get out of doors. Moreover, the whole festival was aided, not impeded, by the gentlemen amateurs, headed by that very genial person, our young lord of the manor; whilst the business part of the affair was confided to the well-known diligence, zeal, activity, and intelligence of that most popular of village landlords, mine host of the Rose. How could a Maying fail under such auspices? Every body expected more sunshine and more fun, more flowers and more laughing, than ever was known at a rustic merry-making—and really, considering the manner in which expectation had been raised, the quantity of disappointment has been astonishingly small.

Landlord Brown, the master of the revels, and our very good neighbour, is a portly, bustling man, of five-and-forty, or thereabout, with a hale, jovial visage, a merry eye, and pleasant smile, and a general air of good-fellowship. This last qualification, whilst it serves greatly to recommend his ale, is apt to mislead superficial observers, who generally account him a sort of slenderer Boniface, and imagine that, like that renowned hero of the spiggot, Master Brown eats, drinks, and sleeps on his own anno domini. They were never more mistaken in their lives; no soberer man than Master Brown within twenty miles! Except for the good of the house, he no more thinks of drinking beer, than a grocer of eating figs. To be sure when the jug lags he will take a hearty pull, first by way of example, and to set the good ale a going. But, in general, he trusts to subtler and more delicate modes of quickening its circulation. A good song, a good story, a merry jest, a hearty laugh, and a most winning habit of assentation; these are his implements. There is not a better companion, or a more judicious listener in the county. His pliability is asto-

nishing. He shall say yes to twenty different opinions on the same subject, within the hour; and so honest and cordial does his agreement seem, that no one of his customers, whether drunk or sober, ever dreams of doubting his sincerity. The hottest conflict of politics never puzzled him: Whig or Tory, he was both, or either—"the happy Mercutio, that curses both houses." Add to this gift of conformity, a cheerful, easy temper, an alacrity of attention, a zealous desire to please, which gives to his duties, as a landlord, all the grace of hospitality, and a perpetual civility and kindness, even when he has nothing to gain by them; and no one can wonder at Master Brown's popularity.

After his good wife's death, this popularity began to extend itself in a remarkable manner amongst the females of the neighbourhood; smitten with his portly person, his smooth, oily manner, and a certain, soft, earnest whispering voice, which he generally assumes when addressing one of the fairer sex, and which seems to make his very "how d'ye do" confidential and complimentary. Moreover, it was thought that the good landlord was well to do in the world, and though Betsey and Letty were good little girls, quick, civil, and active, yet, poor things, what could such young girls know of a house like the Rose? All would go to rack and ruin without the eye of a mistress? Master Brown must look out for a wife. So thought the whole female world, and, apparently, Master Brown began to think so himself.

The first fair one to whom his attention was directed, was a rosy, pretty widow, a pastry-cook of the next town, who arrived in our village on a visit to her cousin, the baker, for the purpose of giving confectionary lessons to his wife. Nothing was ever so hot as that courtship. During the week that the lady of pie-crust staid, her lover almost lived in the oven. One would have thought that he was learning to make the cream-tarts without pepper, by which Bedreddin Hassan regained his state and his princess. It would be a most suitable match, as all the parish agreed; the widow, for as pretty as she was, and one shan't often see a pleasanter, open countenance, or a sweeter smile, being within ten years as old as her suitor, and having had two husbands already. A most proper and suitable match, said every body; and when our landlord carried her back to B. in his new-painted green cart, all the village agreed that they were gone to be married, and the ringers were just setting up a peal, when Master Brown returned alone, single, crest-fallen, dejected; the bells stopped of themselves, and we heard no more of the pretty pastry-cook. For three months after that rebuff, mine host, albeit not addicted to aversions, testified an equal dislike to women and bracelets, widows and plum-cake. Even poor Alice Taylor, whose travelling basket of lolly-pops and gingerbread he had whilome patronized, was forbidden the house; and not a bun or a biscuit could be had at the Rose, for love or money.

The fit, however, wore off in time; and he began again to follow the advice of his neighbours, and to look out for a wife, up street and down; whilst at each extremity a fair object presented herself, from neither of whom had he the slightest reason to dread a repetition of the repulse which he had experienced from the blooming widow. The down-street lady was a widow also, the portly, comely relict of our drunken village blacksmith, who, in spite of her joy at her first husband's death, and an old spite at mine host of the Rose, to whose good ale and good company she was wont to ascribe most of the observations of the deceased, began to

find her shop, her journeymen, and her eight children (six unruly obstreperous pickles of boys, and two tomboys of girls), rather more than a lone woman could manage, and to sigh for a help-mate to ease her of her cares, collect the boys at night, see the girls to school of a morning, break the large imps of running away to revels and fairs, and the smaller fry of birds'-nesting and orchard-robbing, and bear a part in the lectures and chastisements, which she deemed necessary to preserve the young rebels from the bad end which she predicted to them twenty times a day. Master Brown was the coadjutor on whom she had inwardly pitched; and, accordingly, she threw out broad hints to that effect, every time she encountered him, which, in the course of her search for boys and girls, who were sure to be missing at school-time and bed-time, happened pretty often; and Mr. Brown was far too gallant and too much in the habit of assenting to listen unmoved; for really the widow was a fine tall, comely woman; and the whispers, and smiles, and hand-pressings, when they happened to meet, were becoming very tender; and his admonitions and head-shakings, addressed to the young crew (who, nevertheless, all liked him) quite fatherly. This was his down-street flame.

The rival lady was Miss Lydia Day, the carpenter's sister, a slim, upright maiden, not remarkable for beauty, and not quite so young as she had been, who, on inheriting a small annuity from the mistress with whom she had spent the best of her days, retired to her native village to live on her means. A genteel, demure, quiet personage, was Miss Lydia Day; much addicted to snuff and green tea, and not averse from a little gentle scandal—for the rest, a good sort of woman, and *un très-bon parti* for Master Brown, who seemed to consider it a profitable speculation, and made love to her whenever she happened to come into his head, which, it must be confessed, was hardly so often as her merits and her annuity deserved. Loveless as he was, he had no lack of encouragement to complain of—for she "to hear would seriously incline," and put on her best silk, and her best simper, and lighted up her faded complexion into something approaching to a blush, whenever he came to visit her. And this was Master Brown's up-street love.

So stood affairs at the Rose when the day of the Maying arrived; and the double flirtation, which, however dexterously managed, must have been, sometimes, one would think, rather inconvenient to the enamorato, proved on this occasion extremely useful. Both the fair ladies contributed her aid to the festival; Miss Lydia by tying up sentimental garlands for the May-house, and scolding the carpenters into diligence in the erection of the booths; the widow by giving her whole bevy of boys and girls a holiday, and turning them loose on the neighbourhood to collect flowers as they could. Very useful auxiliaries were these light foragers; they scoured the country far and near—irresistible mendicants! pardonable thieves! coming to no harm, poor children, except that little George got a black eye in tumbling from the top of an acacia tree at the park, and that Sam (he's a sad pickle is Sam!) narrowly escaped a horse-whipping from the head gardener at the hall, who detected a bonnet of his new rhododendron, the only plant in the county, forming the very crown and centre of the May-pole. Little harm did they do, poor children, with all their pilfery; and when they returned, covered with their flowery loads, like the May-day figure called "Jack of the Green," they worked at the garlands and the May-houses, as none but children ever do work, putting all their young life and their untiring spirit of noise and motion into their

pleasant labour. Oh, the din of that building! Talk of the Tower of Babel! that was a quiet piece of masonry compared to the May-house of Whitley Wood, with its walls of leaves and flowers—and its canvass booths at either end for refreshments and musicians. Never was known more joyous note of preparation.

The morning rose more quietly—I had almost said more dully—and promised ill for the *fête*. The sky was gloomy, the wind cold, and the green filled as slowly as a balloon seems to do when one is watching it. The entertainments of the day were to begin with a cricket-match (two elevens to be chosen on the ground), and the wickets pitched at twelve o'clock precisely. Twelve o'clock came, but no cricketers—except, indeed, some two or three punctual and impatient gentlemen; one o'clock came, and brought no other reinforcement than two or three more of our young Etonians and Wyckhamites—less punctual than their precursors, but not a whit less impatient. Very provoking, certainly—but not very uncommon. Your country cricketer, the peasant, the mere rustic, does love, on these occasions, to keep his betters waiting, to shew his power; and when we consider that it is the one solitary opportunity in which importance can be felt and vanity gratified, we must acknowledge it to be perfectly in human nature that a few airs should be shewn. Accordingly, our best players held aloof. Tom Copes would not come to the ground; Joel Brown came, indeed, but would not play; Samuel Long coquetted—he would and he would not. Very provoking, certainly! Then two young farmers, a tall brother and a short, Hampshire men, cricketers born, whose good-humour and love of the game rendered them sure cards, had been compelled to go on business—the one, ten miles south—the other, fifteen north—that very morning. No playing without the Goddards! No sign of either of them on the B—— road or the F——. Most intolerably provoking, beyond a doubt! Master Brown tried his best coaxing and his best double on the recusant players; but all in vain. In short, there was great danger of the match going off altogether; when, about two o'clock, Amos Stokes, who was there with the crown of his straw hat sewed in wrong side outward—new thatched, as it were—and who had been set to watch the B—— highway, gave notice that something was coming as tall as the Maypole—which something turning out to be the long Goddard and his brother approaching at the same moment in the opposite direction, hope, gaiety, and good-humour revived again; and two elevens, including Amos and another urchin of his calibre, were formed on the spot.

I never saw a prettier match. The gentlemen, the Goddards, and the boys being equally divided, the strength and luck of the parties were so well balanced, that it produced quite a neck-and-neck race, won only by two notches. Amos was completely the hero of the day, standing out half of his side, and getting five notches at one hit. His side lost—but so many of his opponents gave him their ribbons (have not I said that Master Brown bestowed a set of ribbons?), that the straw hat was quite covered with purple trophies; and Amos, stalking about the ground, with a sly and awkward vanity, looked with his decorations like the sole conqueror—the Alexander or Napoleon of the day. The boy did not speak a word; but every now and then he displayed a set of huge white teeth in a grin of inexpressible delight. By far the happiest and proudest personage of that Maying was Amos Stokes.

By the time the cricket-match was over, the world began to be gay at

Whitley-wood. Carts and gigs, and horses and carriages, and people of all sorts, arrived from all quarters; and, lastly, the "blessed sun himself" made his appearance, adding a triple lustre to the scene. Fiddlers, ballad-singers, cake-baskets—Punch—Master Frost, crying cherries—a Frenchman with dancing dogs—a Bavarian woman selling brooms—half-a-dozen stalls with fruit and frippery—and twenty noisy games of quoits, and bowls, and ninepins—boys throwing at boxes—girls playing at ball—gave to the assemblage the bustle, clatter, and gaiety of a Dutch fair, as one sees it in Teniers' pictures. Plenty of drinking and smoking on the green—plenty of eating in the booths: the gentlemen cricketers, at one end, dining off a round of beef, which made the table totter—the players, at the other, supping off a gammon of bacon—Amos Stokes crammed at both—and Landlord Brown passing and bustling every where with an activity that seemed to confer upon him the gift of ubiquity, assisted by the little light-footed maidens, his daughters, all smiles and curtsies, and by a pretty black-eyed young woman—name unknown—with whom, even in the midst of his hurry, he found time, as it seemed to me, for a little philandering. What would the widow and Miss Lydia have said? But they remained in happy ignorance—the one drinking tea in most decorous primness in a distant marquée, disliking to mingle with so mixed an assembly, —the other in full chase after the most unlucky of all her urchins, the boy called Sam, who had gotten into a *démêlé* with a showman, in consequence of mimicking the wooden gentleman Punch, and his wife Judy—thus, as the showman observed, bringing his exhibition into disrepute.

Meanwhile, the band struck up in the May-house, and the dance, after a little demur, was fairly set afloat—an honest English country dance—(there had been some danger of waltzing and quadrilling)—with ladies and gentlemen at the top, and country lads and lasses at the bottom; a pleasant mixture of cordial kindness on the one hand, and pleased respect on the other. It was droll though to see the beplumed and beflowered French hats, the silks and the furbelows sailing and rustling amidst the straw bonnets and cotton gowns of the humbler dancers; and not less so to catch a glimpse of the little lame clerk, shabbier than ever, peeping through the canvass opening of the booth, with a grin of ineffable delight over the shoulder of our vicar's pretty wife. Really, considering that Susan Green and Jem Tanner were standing together at that moment at the top of the set, so deeply engaged in making love that they forgot where they ought to begin, and that the little clerk must have seen them, I cannot help taking his grin for a favourable omen to those faithful lovers.

Well, the dance finished, the sun went down, and we departed. The Maying is over, the booths carried away, and the May-house demolished. Every thing has fallen into its old position, except the love affairs of Landlord Brown. The pretty lass with the black eyes, who first made her appearance at Whitley-wood, is actually staying at the Rose Inn, on a visit to his daughters; and the village talk goes that she is to be the mistress of that thriving hostelry, and the wife of its master; and both her rivals are jealous, after their several fashions—the widow in the tantrums, the maiden in the dumps. Nobody knows exactly who the black-eyed damsel may be,—but she's young, and pretty, and civil, and modest; and, without intending to depreciate the merits of either of her competitors, I cannot help thinking that our good neighbour has shewn his taste. M.

THE CABINET NOVEL.

I.

Tory Land.

Tory Land used to be situate between fifty-one and fifty-two degrees of north latitude, and quoted its meridian from its own capital. It was a cheerful little island, with plenty of ships and seamen, which its best rulers took particular pains to encourage. I was born in it, and as I advanced in years, found (as may be supposed) that it was very thickly peopled by Tories, whence, indeed, the name originated. Yet, as far as relates to me, I am the last person who would desire a prominent place in the narratives which follow; and as the Duke of Wellington observed in the House of Lords, would never adventure myself at the head of affairs. But I am dragged in here to give a sort of identity to the place, and a colouring to the representations designed. This having done, *exeo*, like Wall, in the Midsummer Night's Dream—

> "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so,
> And being done, thus Wall away doth go."

A few years ago, after the general riot which took place in Europe, for fear of a Corsican, who proposed to engross an infinitely larger share of the world than he was entitled to, there lived and flourished a most smooth and subtle minister. He was the very carnation of courts and drawing-rooms, and was wont to attend all the great meetings of those kings and emperors who were kind enough to point out the particular states which belonged to each of their contemporaries, and to suggest the most acceptable method of enjoying them—whether he was repaid merely by *bijouteries* for the pains he took in making his countrymen known to the most elevated and sanctified of the earth, or reaped a glorious harvest of applause from his fellow-citizens, cannot now be remembered; for, to hasten on, he had one day the misfortune to hurt his throat, by which he was laid aside, and soon forgotten. The Lord Wilderness was another great minister of the day. He was an exceedingly learned lawyer, but so irresolute, that he seldom came to a decision upon any subject. Sometimes, however, all the suitor's money would be in danger of evaporating, and this being duly manifested, might produce an occasional determination. An everlasting calculator, with a long Dutch name, formed another grand pillar of Tory Land: he had the care of the exchequer—a sort of sinecure by the way—but his mode of catering by ways and means, shewed him in the light of a very industrious leech.* The nominal chief of these great personages was a man who need not have lived so far back as the days of Chaucer, to have been in mortal peril, as a very wight and wizard. He and his disciples were for ever dwelling upon rents, values, population, and labour; and very zealous they were to afford the world a new science before they died. Well—things went on passing strangely, sometimes there was a cry for bread in the land, sometimes provisions were abundant; and then other people cried out, till accident brought a new actor on the stage, who was destined, on a sudden, to perform the principal character: yet he was no Tory-lander, though he was born in the Tory

* He was by far too witty a man, who denominated the process of raising government money—ways and means.

country; but he had such a cunning way with him, that his commonest household words would draw down thunders of approbation. One would think that his tongue had been tipped with silver, so brilliant was his fluency, and that it was anointed with honey, so sweet were his accents. This person, who had managed to make fourteen thousand pounds in Portugal in a year, more truly than will ever be made there again by one man, found himself adulated, homaged, and fawned upon by all ranks, insomuch that there went forth a serious apprehension lest the land should lose its name.

There was, moreover, a remarkably ticklish subject, which hindered the counsellors from being so unanimous as those could have wished who desired to hold their places in perpetuity; and according to the well-known language of the press, upon that matter, there was a division in the cabinet.....Before tailors made leather-breeches quite so strong as they do at present—some three or four hundred years ago it was—a few unfortunates, who declined agreeing with the religion of the times, were very improperly destroyed in Smithfield by fire; and it is not less remarkable than true, that the wisest ministers of Tory Land have ever had this lamentable conflagration before their eyes. The particular religionists who occasioned these burnings, were never since permitted to sit in the great councils of the kingdom; and whenever it was proposed to allow them that privilege, these *ignes fatui* were always remembered against them as keenly as though a new faggot pile was in the act of being kindled. The Right Honourable George Thundergust, the last minister spoken of, considered this a very unpleasant and unbecoming prejudice, so much so, that he felt an anxiety to undertake the chief toils of the government himself, in order to promote so laudable an undertaking. But as it had always been understood, that the minds of all the great officers were quite free upon this question, nothing decisive took place till a very serious illness overcame the chief counsellor, and then it was that the brittleness of the Tory cabinet became painfully manifest; indeed, it threatened to shiver in pieces, and then—"My native land—good night."

II.

"The Dog's a Whig."—Johnson.

George Thundergust—*solus.*

Most fortunate!—let me congratulate myself:—but a very few years since and, my carriages and wine being sold, I was about to try a distant burning clime, where death, in the shape of cholera morbus, might ere long have blasted my condition. Now, to bask in the sunshine of royal favour, the joy of the people, the hope of my country—the thought is overpowering. That was a lucky whim which seized poor Derriton, when he pierced his artery; after that, they could'nt do any thing without me, nor can they now. And whatever the ignorant public or calumniating press may say, I have the merit of consistency. What? at the French Revolution did I not write that celebrated sapphic, the Knife Grinder. "Greedy Knife Grinder, whither dost thou wander?" And have I not always set my face against unsightly inroads on the constitution? Do I not denounce Parliamentary Reform? Do I not repel the ridiculous phantaises of ballot and universal suffrage? I went to Portugal, and in the moment of her distress, I have moved the mighty legions of my country to her aid;

and I am right in my bold uncompromising policy. Have I coveted office? When that unfortunate exquisite woman was brought before a whole nation to bear her terrible ordeal, I acted as my heart dictated, and left my place upon it. But I was courted back again; that genius which gave me rank and estimation in my boyish days, among my beloved Etonian-co-mates, was the talisman which demanded and ensured my triumph. By that power I tame the fury of multitudes, repel the autocrat scorner, and delight the careless listener. Thus it is, that, well crammed, I discuss the more subtle questions of the state, whether they be on currencies, on trade, or on population. And now—but softly—true it is that I have promoted her ladyship's child, but these men of Tory Land—they dwell like fierce animals sternly and angrily in their dens—who shall root them out? It were far better to shew a mind to act in concert with them, and catch them tripping afterwards. Yet will I meet the business like a man, and yield the point, if they will content themselves to serve under me. Will they consent to that?—to obey me, who, by my single talent, have surmounted wealth, prejudice, and power? It will be seen.

[*Allons* George Thundergust.

III.

[From the Court Circular of No-Man's-Land, lately called Tory-Land.]

The Lord Wilderness visited Mr. Antipope yesterday.

The Right Hon. George Thundergust had an audience of a Great Personage yesterday, which lasted nearly an hour.

Sir Francis Burr, Mr. Sergeant Shufflebottom, and Mr. Ecarlat visited Mr. Thundergust on Tuesday.

Mr. Thundergust was seen riding in Jacobus Park yesterday morning as early as six o'clock.

Sir Thomas Leathers arrived in town yesterday.

Lies of the Day.

"A lying press."—Cobbett.

It is rumoured that an order for an immense quantity of leather breeches has been given by many persons who are apprehensive of fire.

The Duke of Generales is certainly to be at the head of the Administration.

It is said that a certain Attorney General is to be Master of the Rolls.

Many persons are said to have declined great posts which have been offered to them.

IV.

———"Dux fœmina facti."—Virgil.
———"Ehem!"—Dr. Pangloss.

Scene—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting*.

1*st Gent.*—Just from the west-end; and let me tell you that Thundergust is prime minister.

2*nd Gent.*—The talk in the city has been that the Marquis of Whigchief was to be premier. For mine own part, I expected no less.

1*st Gent.*—You mean then what has happened; what can we do without the women?

2*nd Gent.*—And our country-women have shewn themselves very able of late, in their choice of governors.

1*st Gent.*—The other ministers go out now?

2*nd Gent.*—Surely they will serve under their new lord?

1*st Gent.*—You may take my word, they will do no such violence to themselves; their's is no policy for this day; and if they can distress Thundergust, they will do it. They differ *toto cœlo* from the principles which actuate that great man.

2*nd Gent.*—Lord Wilderness will never resign, rely on it.

1*st Gent.*—I should not be surprised if he did.

2*nd Gent.*—Impossible! But see who runs this way!

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3*rd Gent.*—Well, my friends, they have all turned out.

2*nd Gent.*—What, all the cabinet?

3*rd Gent.*—All, except two or three, and contrary to the wishes of the highest individual of the realm.

1*st Gent.*—Whatever difference of feeling they may have on certain subjects, I think it is rather too bad to desert their colleague at this very perilous time. But come, let us adjourn to the restaurateur, and talk the matter over.

V.

Correspondence in High Life.

No. 1.

My Dearest Duke of Generales: *April* —, 18—.

It has been the pleasure of the greatest Personage whom we know to entrust me with the care of forming an administration upon the ancient understanding, unworthy as I am of such unbounded confidence. For your pre-eminent talents and singular judgment I entertain a respect, which induces me without delay to supplicate very earnestly that you will continue to assist the crown with your great abilities.

I remain, my dear Duke,
Your very faithful servant,
George Thundergust.

No. 2.

My Dear Mr. Thundergust:

The wonder and admiration which your predominant attainments have excited cannot be justly depictured; you are, in fact, the eighth marvel of the world, if your eloquence, your address, your classic learning be weighed for an instant. I am not surprised at the high distinction which has been assigned you of forming an administration upon the ancient understanding; but before I give my final decision, may I be permitted to inquire the name of the chief cabinet minister?

I remain, my dear Thundergust,
Your's, very faithfully,
Generales.

No. 3.

My dear Duke of Generales:

I most ardently hope, from the attachment which all your colleagues bear towards you, that your determination will be favourable to the request

which has been made. It is not, however, the intention of the great individual I alluded to in my last note to depart from the usual course pursued upon these occasions.

I am the person upon whom the choice has fallen—quite undeserving as I necessarily must be of so high a promotion—and

I remain, my dear Duke,
Your's, very faithfully,
GEORGE THUNDERGUST.

No. 4.

My dear Mr. Thundergust,

Although all who know your surprising powers must almost worship their fortunate possessor, yet, as I am quite assured that the political objects you intend patronising are quite incompatible with the career I have proposed myself, I must decline to act with you upon any occasion; and I sincerely regret my inability to benefit my country, or oblige my Sovereign in this respect.

I remain, dear Mr. Thundergust,
Very faithfully your's,
GENERALES.

VI.

THE SOIRÉE.

"A—a—a—Sir Michael," said Richard L'Elegant, of Mount's Cottage, at my Lady Cunningtongue's party—"a—who is our new premier, that is to say, a—what is he? any body we know?"—"Why," returned the person to whom this was addressed, "every body knows George Thundergust." "The son of a wine merchant"—"Oh!"—"They made out Wolsey to be the son of a butcher, and Thomas Cromwell a descendant of the same trade, with much the like veracity," said an elderly man, who happened to overhear, and thought it becoming to take up the conversation.—He then passed on—"Who is that?" inquired L'Elegant, of his *tête-à-tête* acquaintance.—"I don't know," was the answer.—"A—he looks like a man who never opened a general post letter in his life—ha!"—"But, L'Elegant—the premier—he is a connection of the Duke of Oporto; I was a schoolfellow of his eldest son, the poor man who died; and he told me that his uncle, Thundergust, would, most assuredly, be at the head of every thing, and this was five and twenty years ago."

"A charming person that Thundergust, upon my soul; my dear," said the Countess St. Elio to Lady Laura, "the soul and saviour of the country, beyond a doubt."—"Poor Lord Wilderness!" returned the Lady Laura; "Poor jackanapes, my dear; hear what my Lady Cunningtongue will say of him." At these words a most reverend person near uttered a very deep sigh.—"Aye, there now—there is a——fellow preaching about learning and integrity."—"If—a—what is that?" said L'Elegant, who had lounged to the spot—"Nothing that we have any concern with, Marplot," returned the lady, and she flirted off.

"He must be kept up to the mark," said a dignified woman, in a half whisper, to a gentleman, with just sufficient jocosity to denote a grandee; "highly irritated you see, and circumbendibus no part of his family doctrine—very wrong of these big wigs to desert Rex—mind that, mind that."—"But I don't know whether we are right in going such lengths—the liberal policy of the country—the temper of the times"—and she touched the

nobleman's buttonhole.—"George is an inimitable person—a most shrewd clever being—[the Lord High Navigator was announced]—only these—— people who are so hot about the poverty."—"A few more gudgeons and ——."—"Hish! hish!—stupid—we're overheard."—"No, we're no said the peer, with the most horrible consciousness, at the time, that the room was a whispering gallery.—"A—a—what is that," said L'Elegant, strolling up.—"Then I'm sure all is safe," said my lady, "or that busy fellow would have found it out." He was soon rumped, and the evening stole away with much *éclat.*

VII.

GLEE.

"We'll all get drunk together."—*Old Glee.*

Lord WILDERNESS, Mr. ANTIPOPE, *&c. &c.*

1.

Antipope.—The days have got too mellow
For us, my good Chancellor;
To wit, the lost umbrella !*
Sing heigh, sing ho, sing heigh.

CHORUS *(pointing to each other).*
You're a Tory fellow—
And you're a Tory fellow—
And you're a Tory fellow—
Sing, *&c.*

So we'll all go out together—
We'll all go out together—
We'll all go out together:
Sing, *&c.*

2.

Generales.—I wish some Colonello
Would mildly please to tell her
She'll kill the good Chancellor:
Sing, *&c.*

And you're a Tory fellow, *&c.*

So we'll all, *&c.*

3.

Antipope.—Blue's better now than yellow:
Generales.—I wish he was in —ll O!
Lord W.—I'll go roar and bellow;
Sing heigh, *&c.*

But you're a Tory fellow, *&c.*

And we'll all go out together, *&c.*

---

* The recovering one's umbrella from the officer of a certain great place is in a fair way of being deemed a breach of privilege.

VIII.

Extracts from a Sermon,

Preached at St. Peter's Parish, by the Rev. DOMITIAN DRIBBLE, LL.D. F.R.S.A.S. S.A. L.S. H.S., Rector of Pillar-cum-Steeple; Vicar of Twaddle Town; Perpetual Curate of St. All Good; Evening Lecturer at St. Everlasting's, Old Road; Alternate Morning Preacher at Lazy Lazar House; Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl Capital; Member of all the Philosophical Societies at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Brethren, I earnestly exhort you to give heed to my sayings. The pulpit is not a place for mere religious instruction: it is meet that we occasionally address you on the subjects of a good government and wise politics. We live in most dangerous and unknown times, amidst shoals and quicksands. We can scarce trust our nearest neighbour, or our dearest friend. But we have a constitution handed down to us by our ancestors, whose purity and excellence we ought ever to hold inviolate. Against innovation of any kind, my friends, let us hold up our hands. When the axe is once put to the tree, how know we but that it will fall—aye, and very suddenly? You have visionaries in your houses, in your parishes, in your country at large; they are of all men the most desperate, and most to be eschewed. Nay, but for the liberality of our church, I would scarcely say that they were within the protection of our sacred rites. My friends, beware of them. Let me not astonish you; but I tell you that the people whom it is proposed to introduce into our legislative assemblies are men to be suspected. I would almost look down to their feet, lest I kept company with a cloven emissary.

Think, my hearers, of that misfortune which has deprived us of our best and most established counsellors—how will not the sons of anarchy rejoice! Our land will become a Babel—each doing that which he thinks right in the wickedness of his heart. Already I see the encroaching papacy stamp upon our sacred shrines! Already I behold the Smithfield fires kindled—our most honoured pastors martyred—and our ecclesiastical liberty extinguished! Wretched, wretched day! You will have a petition left to-morrow in the vestry of your parish, against these rude removals of our ancient land-marks. Go, my brethen—go to a man—and sign your testimony, that the constitution of church and state, as by law established, may remain unimpaired.

IX.

Dialogue.

Mr. Hodge Hock, *and his Companion*, John Old Bull.

Old B.—What are we going to sign, Hodge?

Hodge.—Dom if I know. Parson said as how we ought to sign; I'm no great scolard, neither.

Old B.—I won't sign what I don't know, if you won't.

Hodge.—Parson be angry, John. Howsomever, it is an odd fancy. I think our parson loves the loaves as well as any one; for he has got several plural—latities.

Old B.—Plural—latities! Um!

Hodge.—Ah, and he loves change too, when it comes to do him good; for d'ye mind how he bothered the vestry till they built him a new church in the parish, and then he got his son made parson on it.

Old B.—Ah, but what d'ye think of the ministry, Hodge?

Hodge.—What do I think of the ministry? Why, I think they be all pretty much alike. But what d'ye think of them rum letters in the *Observer*, between George Thundergust and the great Duke?

Old B.—What of them?

Hodge.—What of them! Why, if I didn't like my master, d'ye think I should go about with all that flummery, and make him believe as I'd like to serve him all the days of my life?

Old B.—Ah, ah! But that is the way, man, with them quality-folk. It is what they call genteel, d'ye see.

Hodge.—And what language they give each other at that great meeting there! I could talk as well as that—I can abuse as well as any o'em.

Old B.—Aye, that you can, Hodge—but that there's a way of doing that too, d'ye see.

Hodge.—Well, I shall never have such an opinion of them big gentry again.

Old B.—You forget Jemmy Jumps's song, Hodge—

> "Sure an honour much greater no mortal can know,
> Than receive from a prince both a word and a blow."

Hodge.—That mought do well enow for the last century; but we know more now a vast deal. [*They come to the Vestry.*

Churchwarden.—Come, gentlemen—come in and sign.

Hodge.—We've been a-thinking, your honour, as we won't sign anything as we doesn't know nothing about.

Churchwarden.—You rogue, I'll tell your rector what a pretty Protestant you are.

Hodge.—O Lord!—Sir—don't tell the rector. Give me the pen.

Churchwarden.—What's this? Oh! "Hodge Horlay—his mark."—Very well—you may go about your business.

X.

Dialogue.

Chaplain Pounce, *and the* Marquis of Derriton.

Chaplain.—Your Lordship seems warm.

Marquis.—No man shall put me down—no living soul should dare to control my speech.

Chaplain.—I'm fearful that your Lordship's agitation may affect your health.

Marquis.—Tell me, doctor—now honestly—do you think I went too far?

Chaplain.—I confess, my Lord, your Lordship was rather warmer than usual; but it is a long time since Sacrament Sunday; and there are excuses for your Lordship's zeal and energies on behalf of your country.

Marquis.—Then you really believe, Pounce, that I said too much?

Chaplain.—Moderation, my Lord, is the lot of few. Perhaps, in your Lordship's case, it might have been even blameable; but not having been present, I cannot form any very accurate judgment.

Marquis.—Pounce, I hate your creamy, slipslop, flattering ways; I care for no man on earth; I shall give that living I talked to you about to Zachariah All-Lengths, I think.

Chaplain.—Pray, my Lord, don't be angry. I think the good of the country must justify any expression. Besides, your Lordship was not intemperate.

Marquis.—Yes, Mr. Pounce, I was intemperate; and I asked your opinion whether I was right or not.

Chaplain.—Why, my Lord, as far as Christian feeling is concerned——

Marquis.—Pshaw! Mr. Pounce! [*Exit with some violence.*

XI.

Sapphics.

"Story—God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."—*Knife-grinder.*

1.

Story—why bless you, I have one to tell, Sir,
Of ruined chiefs and cabinets deserted,
And of one George—*qui micat inter omnes**—
Actor of all work.

2.

Down, Tory down, thou minister dejected—
Sensitive, trifling baby of the last age!
People for change are clamorous, and eager
For a reformer.

3.

And beware you too, Protestant, my friend, who
Lord'st it in wealth, and pomp, and pride, and High Church;
May be you'll bend, and homage sadly pay th' Arch-
Bishop of All Souls.

4.

Johnny, d've think, you'll get a jolly change in
Parliament? Pray now, do ye really think so?
Principle—and virtue—are they all to thrive now?
John, you've a gullet!

5.

Fishes, and loaves, and novelties so tasty,
Kindle great zeal in such as are without them;
But let 'em eat, and see how easy all's for-
-got in a giffey.

6.

Counsellors take as many fees as ever;
Clergymen their tithes very smoothly finger.
Gentlemen, much joy of the New, I wish you,
Administration.

---

* *Micat inter omnes*—or My Cat—means eclipsing every body.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THERE has been very little beyond "Domestic intelligence" for public curiosity to lay itself out upon, during the last month; and even that information has not been of a very decidedly original or interesting character. The lovers of the horrible have had a "Murder," at Huntingdon; but the scene lay over-far off; our London sympathy, as to "police" cases, seldom extends farther than the twelve miles limit of the two-penny post. And the action of Mrs. Scott against the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, revived the affair of Mrs. Bligh and Mr. Wellesley; but of that the people believed they knew all the *facts* before, and they never care to be troubled with the argument. Foreign news, and state affairs in general, have been hardly more lively. The letters from Portugal contain nothing but long explanations as to which of the royal asses in *that* country is entitled to the supreme rule—a matter about which the people of *this* country care entirely nothing. The treaty of the European powers with reference to Greece, has been published; but the people of Greece—like those of Ireland—have been so long in the habit of being ill used, that a sort of feeling rather obtains as if—it was "all right" that they should be so—or at least that they must be used to it. Some changes have taken place in our home administration; but they are not important, as they constitute no change from the principles of the newly adjusted system. And public questions generally are as completely lost sight of, until the next session of parliament, as if, until that period arrived, the country had no interest in them.

"*March*" *of Impertinence.*—Every soul that one meets with in society now-a-days, seems to be only intent upon perpetrating some coxcombry that has not yet been committed by other people! There is nothing on earth that Mr. and Mrs. Fig will not do—even to the parting with their precious money—to get the start in absurdity of Mr. and Mrs. Wick. Thus the last impertinence of making a mystery of "leap frog," and fetching "professors" from Switzerland and Germany to teach it—it is not enough to tack this folly, as a "science," to the education of boys, or "hobadehoys"—where, nevertheless, one would think it was sufficiently ridiculous? but the same precious mountebankery is trying to work its way into female schools, under the high sounding denomination of "Female Gymnastics," or "Calisthenics;" and we have an overflowing of at least half a dozen "treatises" in octavo, with tom-boy figures in mad attitudes, stuck in pictures in the front, assuring the world—*ex uno disce omnes*—we take that before us (the publication of "Signor Voarino") which is perhaps among the least absurd—that "*nine tenths* of the diseases under which females suffer are brought about by *want of exercise*"—that "this is *proved* by the superior health, &c. of females of the *labouring* classes, to whom *illness is comparatively unknown*"—that nothing is so common as to see, in the same family, "the *boys* ruddy, healthy, and vigorous, the *girls* pale, sickly, and languid," &c. &c.—together with an endless outpouring of more of the same sort of Bedlamite trash, extracted piece meal out of medical books, written for the circumstances that existed half a century ago, at a time when some mischief perhaps was done in the bringing up of young girls, by a superfluous devotion to the study of sewing samplers, and embroidering hearth rugs; but which devotion, with

many other of the whims and fancies of our grandfathers and grandmothers, has long since been out of date, and disused, and forgotten."

As regards the application of this foolery to boys' schools, perhaps it is not worth talking about. Those who think it necessary to pay for having their sons taught to turn head over heels, probably, if they did not employ their money in that way, would apply it to some other purpose equally useless—perhaps have "professors" to teach the "young gentlemen," after their small clothes had been put down in order that they should be whipped, the fittest and readiest manner of buttoning them up again. But the quackery of attempting to extend the same description of humbug to female schools, is mischievous as well as impertinent; and people who do happen to possess a single particle of brains, ought to resist it—in plainer terms, to kick it out of doors.

By what process, for example, it would be pleasant to know, did Signor Voarino discover—"That the *labouring* classes of society are superior in general health and bodily conformation to those of a more fortunate position in life?" Or how, supposing him to be even as guiltless of science as those who would listen to him must be of common sense—how is it that he has contrived to keep himself ignorant that the fact is directly *the reverse?* and that any thing like "labour," or violent exertion—more especially when resorted to *at an early age*—tends directly to the deformity and distortion of the human frame, rather than to its improvement? One would think there was nobody that walked about the streets of town with his eyes open could fail to have perceived, that almost every species of labour, and *every* species in which *children* are employed—produces, instead of improvement, its peculiar and distinctive deformity. That bakers are knock-kneed; butchers round-shouldered; post boys diminutive; chimney sweepers (who begin their exertions the youngest) crooked and dislocated in every limb, almost without an exception; and the tumblers and jugglers, who perform feats of activity at shews and fairs, the most ricketty and unhealthy people in the community. The labour which females perform, being of a more varied character, does less mischief; while the garb which they wear, prevents any deformity of shape from being so readily perceived; but where is it that we find handsome limbs or well formed figures among the females who live by hard labour?—or who in his senses, in this country, or, as a result of bodily labour, in any country, would think of looking for such a thing?

But the best answer, as far as science is concerned, to this description of rubbish, appears in Mr. Shaw's paper [the surgeon of Middlesex Hospital] on "Gymnastics," published in the last number of the Quarterly Journal of Science and Literature; and as the essay (which is of considerable length) has abundant entertainment as well as instruction to secure, from whoever once takes it up, an entire reading for itself, we shall venture to fortify ourselves with a few paragraphs from its pages.

Mr. Shaw begin his argument by a reference to the known effect of early exertion upon labouring animals.

"The bad effects of working a young *horse* too early, and so as to call for occasional violent exertion, are so generally known, that a valuable animal is seldom put to a trial of its powers before it has attained *its full growth*. But *children*, and especially those of the poor, are often put upon tasks beyond their natural powers; and the *bad consequences* are soon apparent; for children who are thus treated, seldom grow up vigorously, but are *stinted in their growth*, and often

have some *bodily defect*, or the elasticity and tone of their muscles are lost, long before the period at which they would have attained their full strength."

In Portugal and Spain, where the lower classes of people are compelled to work their ponies and mules very early, and the load is not drawn, but carried upon the back, the animal is constantly seen walking with the back of the fetlock joint almost resting upon the ground.

"When muscles are *gradually* increased in strength, the ligaments become strong in proportion; but the ligaments are as likely to be *hurt* from the muscles being *suddenly* called into violent action, and at an early age, as by any accidental twist or strain. They are in this way liable to become *spongy* and *relaxed*, so as to produce *weakness*, or a condition similar to the joints of a young horse which has been galloped hard, or obliged to take great leaps, before he has acquired his full strength. Indeed there is much resemblance in the condition of a joint with the ligaments strained, to that of a horse which is broken down or hard galloped. Small bunyons or ganglions, which are similar to what the farrier calls wind-galls, are sometimes found about the ankle joints of delicate girls, who have over exerted themselves in dancing."

We have seen the same affection upon the wrists of girls, who were the pupils of professional musicians, and passed a great portion of their time in practising the piano-forte.

"If any exercise, however good, be continued for a long time, and regularly repeated while a young person is growing, certain ligaments may become *unnaturally lengthened and elastic*. As for example, we may observe, that in the bolero dance upon the stage, some of the performers can nearly touch the floor with the inner ankle, which no person with a fine and strongly formed ankle can do.

"The ligaments of the foot, and especially the lateral ligaments of the ankle, become so unnaturally *long*, that the foot may be turned in every direction as easily as the hand. The bad consequences resulting from this looseness of the joints, do not appear when the performer is dancing, or strutting along the stage; but the effect is quite obvious when the dancers are walking in the street, for then, while attempting to walk naturally, they have a shuffling gait. This is particularly the case with *old dancers* who have retired from the stage; for the muscles having by disuse lost their tone, the bad effects of lengthening and straining the ligaments are then distinctly marked. Indeed these evils are not confined to a peculiarity of gait, for the feet of almost every opera dancer are *deformed*; and even some of the dancers, while in full vigour and most admired, are actually *lame*. This seems a bold assertion; but, if a high instep be important to a well-formed foot, these dancers' feet are deformed; for, with few exceptions, they are quite *flat*; and that they are lame cannot be denied, as they have, almost all, a *halt* in their gait."

We rather doubt whether the disposition which the ancles of girls have (too generally) to bend inwards, does not often proceed from a less violent operation of the same cause. But the fact is, that all the lament about a "want of exertion," and "superior advantage of labour—as females are educated now—is miserable nonsense: the milliner's girls of London, who sew muslin for fourteen hours a day, in shops and back rooms, are pretty nearly the finest women in Europe; and the girls who work at farming labour in the country—both here and in France—notwithstanding the superiority of the atmosphere in which they live—are uniformly among the homeliest and the most clumsy. And, even assuming a greater quantity of exercise to be desirable than girls at school actually take,—where is the necessity for making the taking exercise a "science?" Where is

the value of such senseless gibberish as what here follows—even after we admit that it is beneficial that a girl should run upon a grass plat?

"First Exercise.—*Movements of the Arms.*—At the word ATTENTION, the pupil must lay *the left hand* on *the chest*, the thumb and fore finger *spread*, and the three others *shut*; the *right* arm is to be turned *behind the back*; she must *afterwards* bring it in *front*, and *extend it* at the height of the shoulder; then *turn it* behind again, *changing* hands, the *right* on the *chest*, and the *left* arm is to perform the *same movement* as *the right*; she must do the *same* with the right and left *alternately*, and lastly with *both together!!*"

What human creature can discover any meaning or utility in this, or in the trash that follows?

"Tenth Exercise.—*High Step complicated.*—The pupil placed with the heels on a line, the body erect, and the arms a-kimbo, must execute this by *hopping* twice on the toes of the *left foot*, *raising* the right leg *sideways* as *high* as possible; then *hopping* twice on the *right foot*, raising the *left leg* in the same manner, she must bring the heels on a line; the *same* is to be done by *raising* the *right* leg *forward* and the *left behind*; and by a *double hop* change legs, bringing the *left before* and the *right behind*; then return to the *walking pace*. This exercise is to be performed *without stopping!!*"

With a hundred and fifty pages more of mountebankery about—"Simple pace jumping"—"Forward and Backward"—"Skipping, and touching behind"—"Crossing legs in place"—"Zig-zag step"—"High step"—"Double step"—"Galloping pace"—and "Flying round!"

There can be no doubt that children, left to themselves, and with opportunity for exercise allowed to them, will always be inclined to take as much exercise as is necessary or advantageous for their health; but the fact is, that the whole system of our "Female Boarding School" education—excepting that followed in the very highest class of establishments, which are about as one to twenty in the whole number—is of the very worst possible description. A wretched and insufficient stipend only is charged for the (*censé*) maintenance of the children, and for all the useful or necessary instruction which is to be afforded to them; the consequence being that they are ill fed, ill lodged, and their health, or moral guidance—except so far as consists, for the first, in their being dragged along the dusty streets or roads, in ranks, for what is called a "walk," three times a week; and for the second, carried twice to church—they go and return, and that of course is all that can be desired—on a Sunday; and the subsistence of the mistress—for "subsistence" it is barely—she gets no profit—is made out of her per centage upon the teaching of a long list of useless and affected "accomplishments," of which the nominal learners, notoriously, never acquire even the first rudiments, but which serve to extract some species of payment from the parents' pockets which otherwise could not be obtained—by setting up their vanity and insolence in opposition to their avarice and rapacity.

Here is, for example—"At Birch Grove"—crammed among the soap manufactories at Clerkenwell—or among the new buildings, where not a breath of air is to be obtained since the "improvements," were made, in the Regent's Park—"a limited number of young ladies are received"—who are "boarded, and instructed in English, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work, for *twenty-two guineas* per annum!" Here is all that the creatures need learn, and a great deal more than, properly and completely, they do learn, offered, with maintenance and lodging—to "young ladies,"

for a little more than half the charge per head that would give entertainment to an equal number of scullery-maids! And, directly afterwards, comes upon us a list of charges of double the same amount, for fopperies, of which the students never acquire half so much as a parrot gets of languages by living three months in Paris.—"Music, six guineas per annum!"—"Dancing, six guineas per annum!"—"French, six guineas per annum!"—"Drawing, six guineas per annum!" Here is more than the price of all the meat and drink, including the honest reading and writing, summed up already! And we have not got a word in yet about—"Italian, six guineas!"—"Use of the Globes" (Lord defend us!) six guineas!" or "Fancy works," or "Elocution," or "Singing," or a hundred more enormities, which we absolutely have not paper to enumerate—not including the newest novelty of "Calisthenics!" with a note at the end of the advertisement, that "any young lady, the daughter of a *butcher* or *tallow-chandler*, will find an advantage in coming to learn all these fine things, as the parents will be dealt with to supply the establishment!"

"Good Christian women!" as *Duretete*, in the play, says,—Do forbear these absurdities!

The escape of the atrocious culprit, Sheen, upon "a point of form," from the indictment for the murder of his infant child, has excited a good deal of discussion in the country, and some dissatisfaction. We think the dissatisfaction is unfounded. Sheen is acquitted, not on account of any verbal or technical error apparent in the pleadings in his case, but simply because there has been an omission on the part of his prosecutors to bring forward that evidence which was necessary to convict him. The culprit stands charged before the court with having killed a particular individual—A. B. This is the charge that he is brought into court to meet. If the evidence then does not shew that he *has* killed this individual A. B., that charge fails; we cannot convict the prisoner of having killed A. B., because we have evidence that he has killed Y. Z. This is the history of Sheen's first indictment. The second falls to the ground; because, if it is to be supported, it must be supported by evidence which *might* have been tendered under the first; and because if it were competent to go on re-indicting a man, and adding fresh evidence, from time to time, for one and the same offence, that practice would speedily become an engine of the most atrocious oppression and tyranny.

Still it is a strange, and a horrible consideration, that a man known to be a murderer, and one of the most savage character, should be walking about at large—perfectly secure from molestation or punishment!

A curious instance, too, of the difference of feeling which prevails, as to the necessity for this extreme nicety of proof, where the question is not one of life and death, but of property only, appears in a case in the Court of Common Pleas a few days subsequent to the first trial of Sheen. A tobacconist in the Borough, being prosecuted under a particular act of parliament, for sending out a pound of segars without the payment of a stamp, pleaded that the statute spoke of "a pound of tobacco"—and therefore he was not guilty; for that the segars were *not* a pound of tobacco; every *segar* had a *straw* in it; so that the weight of tobacco was not equal to a pound. The judge in this cause, summed up against the dealer, and told the jury that a pound of segars must be taken to be a pound of tobacco; a *dictum* which seems a little

surprising; for certainly, to be taken to be so, they must have been taken to be what it was shewn that they were not. The jury, however, who probably had the nice distinction taken in Sheen's case immediately before their minds, refused this interpretation of his lordship, and acquitted the defendant.

The first volume of the French General Foy's posthumous work, the "History of the War in the Peninsula," from which we gave several extracts in our Magazine two Numbers back, has been published in the course of the last month, and will lead to some sharp recrimination between the "liberals" of the two countries. The General, who courted English society, and paid great attention, and seeming respect, to English institutions during his life, appears, in this book, published after his death, to have abused them most unsparingly. The whole work, however, it is but fair to admit, bears marks of having been written with extraordinary carelessness, as well as haste; and the author, over and over again, involves himself in wild assertions, and even self-contradictions, which the most moderate share of caution would have enabled him to avoid. For instance, in the latter part of his work, treating of the condition of Spain, and of the character of the Prince of Peace, the *same* page (page 396) contains the two following very irreconcilable paragraphs.

Speaking of the country, the general says:—

"Of all the great European nations, *Spain* is that in which there still exists the *largest* portion of those *morals* and *habits of private life*, which are *the basis of public virtue*."

This is the assertion. Now we will give the general's instance of the fact. He is describing the conduct of the "Prince of the Peace," —who, in this most "moral" country, was already—to begin—the *avowed paramour of the queen*, and the *husband*, at the same time, of *the king's niece*, Maria Theresa de Bourbon. But, besides this, the author goes on telling us:—

"He *lived publicly* with Donna Peppa Tudo, by whom he had two children, and whom he made Countess of Castellapel. He married another of his mistresses *to his uncle*, a major in the army. Public report too, accused him of having before been privately wedded, and consequently of having *committed the crime of bigamy*, when he received the hand of a grand-daughter of Louis the XIVth.!!!"

And yet it is in the "most moral country of Europe," that, for a long term of years, this pleasant person was first minister! It is not that M. Foy could ever think, or mean to say, that in a country where anything like free or moral feeling existed, such a man's power could have be tolerated for a week; but that he is habitually very careless of the effect, both of the terms and of the assertions which he uses.

A riotous sort of Masquerading festival, which was got up some days since in the King's Bench prison, and checked (upon symptoms of contumacy displayed by certain of the merry-makers) by the summary process of calling in "the aid of the military" on the part of the marshal, has set all the people that are confined in prisons throughout London, in arms about "the liberty of the subject!" Whether there was a necessity for having recourse to the aid of the military on this occasion—that is to say, whether the application of the civil power might not have been sufficient to accomplish the object desired—may, perhaps, be a subject for question; but, as regards the merits of the parties in the case who complain, we

take it to be quite clear that the keeper of a prison—subject, of course, to responsibility if he errs—so long as he continues in office, is entitled to implicit obedience from the parties in his custody; and it is equally clear that the power of the marshal, in the present case, was resisted and defied. There is no necessity for going at all into the merits or demerits of the merry-making in question. It might be—as it is said to have been—perfectly decent, and sober, and harmless; and if it was so, it was very unlike the revels which take place in prisons ingeneral, and those of the King's Bench in particular. But, at least, it appears to be agreed, that the marshal did not exercise his authority to put a stop to it very pettishly or hastily, for he did not interfere until the third day; and it is scarcely two months ago since the keeper of another debtors' gaol—Whitecross-street prison—was most severely and justly censured, for having *failed* to check a filthy and disgraceful riot—perfectly sober and regular, no doubt, in the view of all the parties concerned in it—but in which one prisoner, if our memory does not deceive us—an old and infirm man—probably not given to revelling—was so unfortunate as to lose his life.

This affair of the King's Bench, however, is over, and would scarcely be worth noticing, if it were not that it has elicited a great number of very pathetic protests and declaration from the inhabitants of various debtors' prisons in the metropolis, who are pleased to treat themselves as an extremely ill-used set of persons, in being subjected to confinement, and to suppose that the occasional condemnation which some writers and politicians have given to the system of imprisonment for debt, proceeds out of compassion for their sufferings, or at least, from a sympathy upon *their account*. Now this is a great mistake, and the sooner it were set right the better. Who the particular indebted gentlemen concerned, or damnified, in this late proceeding of Mr. Marshal Jones's are, we don't at all know; and, perhaps, it will leave us more at liberty, if we dismiss their personal claims entirely, and forbear to inquire. But the fact is that there is, in the situation of the great mass of persons who are imprisoned for debt—as in that of the majority of the parties to whom they are indebted—very little ground for sympathy on one side or the other; and the only object of those persons who have advocated the getting rid of the system of confinement for debt, has been to get rid of a system which produces evil, rather than advantage, to the *common welfare*.

The stock inhabitants of prisons, in general, however dignified by red slippers and laced coats, or adorned by mustachios and expertness in playing rackets, are—with exceptions of course, but with exceptions which are very few in number—the locusts or caterpillars of the commonwealth—people of idle and pilfering habits, and of depraved moral character. Mitigated as the law of imprisonment for debt now is in principle, and still more in practice, the cases must be very few in which an honest man can be compelled to remain in gaol. The Insolvent Court, and the bankrupt laws, afford the means of speedy and certain freedom to every debtor who is disposed to satisfy his creditors by giving up his property—or shewing that he has no property to give up—and whose course has been anything short of that of a professional swindler. No honest man, who has encountered misfortunes in trade, or whose carelessness out of trade (although reprehensibly) has led him merely to out-run his income, can be detained in prison. On the contrary, knaves who have incurred debts upon debts, which they knew they had no moral prospect—not the most

distant—of paying; an dspendthrifts who become "traders," or assume the title for a week, merely to be enabled to liberate themselves from their obligations by an act of bankruptcy; are set free, by course of law, every day. It is therefore, only those who either possess property, which they prefer enjoying in prison, to paying the obligations which they have contracted; or fellows whose constant course of life it is, to obtain the property of others by every means short of those which would place their lives in danger, and who are afraid to meet the inquiry of an Insolvent court, or the punishment that it would apportion—these are the only persons who can be placed under the necessity of spending any considerable length of time in the King's Bench. That this should be the state of things, as regards the quality of the people who live in prisons, there can be no question; and the slightest examination will shew that it *is* the state. Let any one look at the locality called the "Rules of the Bench," in St. George's-fields, and say if there is a vicinity in London, in which vice, disorder, dirt, and idleness, and every quality that is contrary to usefulness and respectability in society, are so distinctly apparent. The people whom you meet in the "Rules" look like no other people in town. The quarter displays a strange mixture of the fopperies of Bond-street, with the filth and larcenous aspect of St. Giles's; and, in point-of-fact, whether with reference to riot and brawl, or to common robbery and plunder, it is notorious that there is not a suburb about London after nightfall, so dangerous, to pass through.

It is not, therefore, that the punishment of imprisonment is very harshly or cruelly inflicted upon persons like these. Or perhaps that their confinement, or non-confinement—for the sake of the immediate parties concerned—is much worth caring about: for the fact is, that between the confin*ers* and the confin*ed*—debtor and creditor—there is seldom a great deal of substantial justice (of justice in which the interests of *society* are concerned) to do. Three fourths of the debt—let the fact be inquired into—for which persons are now lying in the gaols of the King's Bench, the Fleet, and Whitecross-street—will be found to be debt contracted, not for the *necessaries* of life, even although indulged in at a rate beyond that which the circumstances of the debtor would authorise, but for sheer impudent, vagabond luxuries and impertinences.—For articles of needless and often senseless cost—for the accounts of horse-dealers—tailors—coach-makers—hotel-keepers—wine-merchants—jewellers—and gun-makers—for commodities which the venders utter at a profit, with which the course of fair trade has no feeling in common, and the prices of which the law, in the ordinary course of its arrangements, will permit them to recover, but will not travel out of its way to assist them in doing so. A gun-maker, who sells a gun (to a fool) for sixty guineas, which should be sold for twenty—a tailor, or a toyman, who parts with his wares to noodles, whom he knows cannot pay for them, in the hope that some one else, who takes interest in the fate of the ninny, will; these dealers, generally, whose cupidity makes them sometimes run into traps, when they think they are only going to bait them, are a sort of persons whom justice will not arm with any extra violent authority for the recovery of their claims—although it may have very little sympathy for the fate of those who stand within the scope of their danger. But the view which politicians have taken—in some instances—has been this—The great mass of the people who want to *confine* debtors in our prisons, are worth considering very little; the debtors themselves

who are *confined* are not worth considering at all; but still it is inexpedient to uphold and continue a system which sets even two rogues constantly together by the ears; and ends always in leaving one of them rather more a useless, unproducing, burthensome, vicious, consuming canker upon the community than it found him.

If there were ten thousand prisoners confined in the various debtors' prisons of England, the whole list *would produce nothing*, and must be *maintained* by the labour and capital of *somebody*. A number of idle, and probably depraved persons are brought together, in a state of living, and society, which perfectly well suits their inclinations; to form an eyesore to good taste and judgment, and an ill example to all about them; and to be supported in idleness and merriment by the labour of *some* of the more industrious members of the community more industrious than themselves! Now this is wrong; and it is to get rid of this state of arrangement, which is wrong—and not atall to assist, or sympathise, with the generality of rogues who happen to be shut up in prisons—that some legislators have been desirous to abolish the practice entirely of imprisonment for debt.

Except so far as it may go to induce persons to pay their obligations, who would not otherwise be compelled to discharge them, although they possess the means, the practice is one which cannot operate beneficially for society. As a punishment for having contracted debts which the party cannot discharge, it is objectionable—not merely because it will operate unequally, but because, if it does operate, it must operate unfairly. It will press heavily upon the poor debtor, who has not money to purchase the "Rules of the Bench," and the rest of the exemptions; and is a feather to the more fortunate rogue, who can levy contributions upon his friends, or who has plundered sufficiently to be able to carry into prison with him the means of alleviating its inconvenience.

How far it may be possible to devise any method which shall secure to the creditor—meritorious or otherwise—the same control over his debtor's property, under a new system, which he has now (slight as it is), by being enabled to lock up his person, it would occupy us at present too long to determine. But we have not a doubt that any act which at once took away the power of imprisonment for debt altogether, would be viewed with the *most* alarm by the *least* respectable part of society; and least of all, with satisfaction by the description of persons—careless or dishonest—who now make three in four of the inhabitants of our gaols; because it would cut off, or abate most materially, their chance of obtaining credit. In this view, therefore, we should be pleased to see an end to the system of imprisonment; but for any sympathy with the great mass of debtors, we cannot justly lay claim to it. We have heard persons talk of "the hardship of making a man suffer the same punishment for the *misfortune* of being in debt, that we inflict upon a felon!"—but certainly never without suspecting that the moral criminality of the debtor, is, at least ten times in twenty, the greater of the two. A poor wretch who, pressed by want, steals a piece of cloth from a mercer's counter—this man is treated as a felon, and (necessarily) transported for a term of years, or perhaps for life. A rogue who is not suffering under privation, but has sufficient means to command the outward semblance of wealth and respectability, lives in luxury, for which he knows he has not the means of paying; and, having used every description of fraud and misrepresentation, without the pale

which would bring him within the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey, speaks of himself as a hardly-used person by confinement, and talks of the "*casualties* from which no man is exempt!" The truth is, both parties have committed a robbery; but the last, by his position in society, has been able to do it *à meilleur marché*.

Prisoners, although faulty, should recieve all such means of air and exercise as their confinement will admit; and in all those advantages our King's Bench prison—to say the least of it—is liberal. But gaols are not places for revels or masquerades; or at least not places in which any claim can be set up as a matter of right to the enjoyment of them; and the immunities afforded by the King's Bench prison, in particular, are stretched very far already; it will not be for the advantage of those who occupy it to provoke their discussion. For the necessity, in the late dispute, of calling in the military—that is a point, perhaps, as far as it goes, which may admit of doubt. But for the instant visitation of force, which the marshal applied to the persons of those who resisted his commands—it is necessary, that, in places to which men certainly are not sent for their merits, some ready and decisive means should be at hand of controlling the refractory.

Of all the qualities with which a traveller in foreign countries requires to be gifted, a temperament of extreme caution is unquestionably the most valuable. It saves a man's leading his readers into error very often, and sometimes it keeps him out of error himself. For example—of the importance of the endowment, by the want of it—all our late readers of books about South America, will be familiar with the *biscacho;* an animal about as large as a badger, which burrows in the vast plains of the Pampas, for the particular purpose, it should seem, of rendering the riding on horses back there, very especially difficult and unsafe. One recent voyager, however, Captain Andrews, seeing these creatures in such abundance, and never conceiving that they could exist for no end but to make holes for horses to get their feet into, was amazed at the stupidity of the natives, that they did not catch them to roast and eat. Being desirous, therefore, of some little variety at his table, in a country which afforded scarcely any flesh meat beyond lean beef, the captain determined to secure a *bon bouche* out of the neglected biscachos, and, with a good deal of trouble, obtained his wish.—

"With some difficulty (he says) after many trials in vain, by stealing behind trees and banks, I *succeeded* in killing one of these animals, which in size and weight was at least equivalent to a couple of our largest rabbits. The flesh was *delicious eating!* and would be highly esteemed in England, though *here* they turned up their noses disdainfully at it."

Now the captain's surprise at the disgust of South American noses to any dish that he found so delicate, may not, perhaps, be astonishing; but still the natives had a reason (of their own) it would appear, for the dislike;—or may have had—judging from a notice touching and concerning the murder of a courier, contained in the pages of Captain Andrews's cotemporary voyager among the Pampas, Captain Head. This last traveller came, in a remote locality, upon the bodies of two men who had been murdered by the "salteadores" or robbers—a courier and a postilion—and left, with their horses, which were also killed, and a dog that was with them, on the spot where they were destroyed. And he says, in the course of a rather impresssve description of the scene—

"Close to us there was a well, into which the salteadores had thrown all the bodies—first the courier and postilion, then the dog, and then the horses. The carcasses" (they had been drawn again out of the well by some passing travellers) "lay before us. They were nearly *eaten up* by the eagles and *biscachos*. The dog had not been touched; he was a very large one," &c. &c.

South America is certainly a dangerous country for a stranger to indulge his gastronomic propensities in. This discovery of Captain Andrews's of the excellent fitness for a dinner service of the *biscacho*, was even more unlucky than the breakfast made in the same region by Mr. Miers—a particularly "delicious" one Mr. M. describes it—upon a quantity of delicate "*veal* sausages," which turned out to have been *made out of part of an old mule*.

Another "Gymnastic" disquisition—in the shape of a description of a "Gymnastic festival," held in imitation of "the Greeks and Romans," at the "Sir Hugh Middleton Tea Gardens," by Sadler's Wells—appears in the *Examiner* newspaper, of Sunday, the 22d instant. It is recorded that some of the "gymnasts" leaped most admirably with poles; clearing—(now God pardon this reporter)—twice their own height!" and that they were "*crowned*" by some "young ladies," "whose names the writer is not fortunate enough to be acquainted with," &c. &c.

Now, the only consolation we feel in this narrative, is that the evil, if it must happen, happens in good time and place. There has been a parliamentary commission on the state of the Lunatic asylums lately sitting, and the scene of action—Sadler's Wells—is not far from Hoxton and St. Luke's. But what a wonder it is that while we have people brought from foreign parts to teach us here in England, how to put one leg before the other—that so many other material branches of domestic education—such as combing our heads and blowing our noses, for instance—should go on being neglected! Surely the science of Shaving ought not to be left, as it is, to be acquired, absolutely and entirely, *au naturel!* What an opportunity is lost to some (that might be) instructor! and what advantage to the public which should learn! What lectures might not be delivered at a mechanic's institute, on the subject—say of weekly, or of third day shaving! And what heads of chapters might be made of it in a treatise—"Of opening the razor!" "of shutting it again!" "of stropping!" "of soap and water generally!" "of shaving by the straight stroke!" "of the diagonal stroke!" "of passing a pimple!" "of cutting, with the use of sticking-plaister!" Decidedly there ought to be a professorship of "shaving" in the Gower-street University.

The first effect of competition, in most trades, is to raise the quality of the articles produced, and to diminish the price. Very soon after, however, we begin to lower the quality—and the price—both together. The object of every man who wants to *sell*, is to keep down the *nominal* cost of what he offers. The degree to which this kind of delusion—no matter how coarse—operates with the multitude, might be deemed incredible, if we did not see people every day complaining that they have bought articles of *gold*, at a price under that which they know to be the worth of *silver*. In fact, there is a very general, though tacit agreement, as it were, running through society, to keep calling our guinea, a "guinea," even while both giver and receiver know perfectly well that it is clipped, and sweated down below twelve shillings. Our wine bottle is called a "quart:" and if it holds a pint and a half, it is a reasonably

good one. The size of the measures of ginger beer, soda water, &c.—trifling as the original cost of these compositions must be—has also been silently lowered by the dealers within the last year. And a correspondent of the *Times* takes notice—with great truth—of another little piece of jugglery—even the baskets called "pottles," which the gardeners sell their fruit in, have been considerably reduced in capacity during the present summer. There is a semblance (more indeed than a reality) of petty fraud about this system, which is not pleasant. The style of France has more shew of fairness and liberality. Whatever the traveller pays for, he may pay highly for it, but he receives it in proportion. The waiter who pours out your *tasse de caffé* fills the saucer half full, as well as the cup: and the glass of *liqueur* is not merely brimmed to overflowing, but a certain quantity is always, and almost ostentatiously, spilled upon the plate to waste. But the guilt of "short measure," we regret to say, has extended itself in England, even beyond the traders. We have seen Champagne glasses of late—and that in the houses of respectable persons—that were a shame to be drank out of!—That's base! and shews a most pitiful economy in the host that uses it.

An unlucky Beginning.—A steam carriage upon a "new construction," which has been long in preparation by two engineers, Messrs. Burstall and Hill, was considered a few days since entirely completed, and brought out (to destroy the "occupation" of hackney coach horses for ever), by way of experiment, opposite New Bedlam, in the Westminster Road. Unluckily, almost at the very moment that it was brought into the street, it blew up; tossed a boy who was riding it (the only passenger) into the air; wounded the engineer in the thigh; and slightly scalded an immense crowd of persons who, probably, having nothing better to do, were assembled to look at it. The name of *Burstall* seems almost ominous for a manufacturer of steam boilers: but the newspaper that notices this accident, adds that the projectors are "still sanguine of success."

A party of liberal and wealthy individuals have set on foot a subscription for the relief of Mr. Haydon, the painter, who among other attributes of genius, unfortunately possesses that of being very much too careless and inattentive to his personal and pecuniary affairs. We have never agreed with Mr. Haydon that he has been an ill-used man, because the public did not buy his pictures; because we thought that the same remedy was open to him which belongs to other people—if the public did not like the ware which he produced, it was his business—if he wanted the money of the public—to produce some article which it should like. There has been a custom, however, and an honourable and a humane one, among those who can afford to themselves the luxury of benevolence, to look with an eye of excuse upon the eccentricities of talent; and Mr. Haydon is confined in a prison, with a numerous and helpless family dependent upon him for support.

"Doing" the Mosquitoes.—Mr. Cunningham, in his "letters from New South Wales," says—

"The South-Sea islanders clear their cabins of mosquitoes at night in a very simple way. They dim the light of their lamp by holding a calabash over it, and walk two or three times slowly round the room with it in their hand. The mosquitoes collect quickly about the light, when the bearer thereof slips gently out of doors, puffs out the lamp, and jumps back into the apartment, shutting quickly the door after him, and leaving thus all the troublesome guests *on the outside*."

Mutatis Mutandis,—Would it not be possible for persons troubled with fleas in hot weather in Europe, to get rid of their annoyance by some sort of process analogous to this? People who live in England—even those who live in Edinburgh, and in London—have no idea of the real horror of being bitten by fleas. We have been attacked in a Spanish *posada* in such force as to have been absolutely compelled—and in foul weather too—to evacuate the dwelling. We had a servant once, indeed, that took it upon his "corporal oath" that he felt himself bitten through the upper leather of a strong jack boot. The black ants, which swarm occasionally in the Spanish cottages and farm-houses, are desperate enemies to deal with; but these may be kept off by the precaution of placing the feet of the table or bench on which you sleep in pans or saucers of water; by which, as by a wet moat, the besieging army is kept off, or drowned. But this won't do with the fleas, who leap—higher than the "gymnasts" of the *Examiner*—and without "poles"—coming literally, *per saltum*, to the attainment of their ravenous intent. In the long rooms, that have five or six beds in a row, they jump thirty feet at a time, from one victim to another. So that, if it were possible in any way to do any thing—suppose by getting a spaniel dog to the foot of one's mattress for twenty minutes, and then suddenly turning him out?—We think the South Sea suggestion may be turned to some account, with consideration.

An ill name, or any thing that approaches to an ill name—when once we have it—sticks to a nation almost as inveterately as it does to an individual. We can't go back to the time (it is so long since) past, nor see a prospect of its re-appearance in the future, when England was, or shall be, any thing but the country of bears, and France that of macaronies. General Foy, in the year 1826, after coolly narrating, as matters of course, ten thousand enormities daily committed by the French, characterizes the *English* as "cruel in their diversions;"—"devoted to the rude exercises which distinguished their barbarous ancestors;"—and "incapable of making any distinction between the huzza! with which they greet a commander in the field, and that which they utter when a boxer strikes a successful blow in the prize-ring. *En revanche*—taking the vengeance, however, a century beforehand—in the year 1745, a challenge, dated from Broughton's Amphitheatre, and sent by that hero to a boxer of the name of Smallwood, adds the following sneer at the bottom of the bill of fare for the day.—"N. B. As this contest is likely to be rendered terrible with blood and bruises, all *Frenchmen* are desired to come *fortified with a proper quantity of hartshorn.*"

Returning a Civility.—The dispute which the *titles in partibus* raised between some of the French marshals and the German nobility, a short while back, seems to have been forgotten. But some writer, we recollect, at the time (we are not quite sure that it was not ourselves) advised the settling the difficulty by a series of counter creations, and that the continental powers—Austria, Prussia, and others—should create some of their chief generals "Duke of Paris"—"Prince of Versailles"—"Marquis of the Loire," &c. &c. This course, indeed, it appears, or one analogous in principle to it, was actually taken once by a Spanish prince (of more humour than Spaniards are usually supposed to possess) by way of returning, (or quizzing) an honour conferred upon him by the Pope, who was the first great dispenser of titles in the clouds. "The Infant Don Sancho, son of Alfonzo

of Castille," says an old historian, "being in the year 1630, at Rome, Pope Boniface, by way of marking his estimation of the Prince's visit, and of his great qualities, created him "King of Egypt." The Infant was not aware of the compliment intended to be paid to him; and only learned it by hearing the sound of the trumpets, and of the populace shouting, when the heralds made the proclamation. Upon which, inquiring what was the reason of so much noise abroad, and being told that it was the order of the Pope, who had caused his Highness to be proclaimed "King of Egypt."—"Well, we must not be outdone in courtesy," he replied, turning to his own herald.—"Do you go forth, in return, and proclaim his Holiness, Caliph of Bagdad!"

A horrible mischance befell an actor at one of the smaller theatres of Paris, in the representation of a new melo-drama, in the course of the last week. The performer in question, though not destitute of intellect, is particularly unfortunate in his physiognomy; and he had to play the character of a *Sultan*, who in the course of the piece reads a letter, in which he finds the news of some great calamity. Unluckily, the author at this juncture had put into the mouth of the chief *Sultana*, who is present, and has to exhibit great sympathy for the trouble of her consort; the words—"*Sire! vous changez de visage?*" The words, addressed to any other man, would have been perfectly harmless; but to M. P.—, the personal application was irresistible; and—"*Eh laisser le faire!*" exclaimed, at the same moment, *two* wags from the pit. There was an end of all hopes for the author—as well as for the actor—of serious attention that night.

Convict Wit.—In the towns of Botany-bay, it may be supposed, from the nature of the population, that robberies are not unfrequent. There is *one* street, however, "Goulburn-street"—in the map of the town of Sidney, which is pointed out to strangers as "remarkable, from the fact, that no burglary ever was committed in it! Upon examination, the traveller is informed of the cause of this mystery—which is, that the street in question does not contain *any houses:* it being, like many streets in the towns of the colony, and of America—a street only in *anticipation.*

New books have been more lively than public events during the last month. Voyages and travels have poured in upon us in profusion, and some have been entertaining and instructive. General Foy's work—though not very flattering to English feelings—is, in many points, a spirited and an interesting production. Captain Andrews's South America—somewhat similar to that of Captain Head—is a book not without information. And Mr. Cunningham's "Two Year's in New South Wales," though the author states his facts (as it seems to us) sometimes upon rather slender authority, is the best book of general information that has been written upon that interesting country, and one which will be popular.

Equivocal Evidence.—Speaking of the extremely salubrious climate of New South Wales, and the advantages attending a settlement in different parts of it, Mr. Cunningham says—"No better proof can be given of the healthfulness of Bathurst, than that there was but one *natural* death in it up to the year 1826, in twelve years." Considering the peculiar circumstances of the locality, one feels it just *possible* that something more than the *healthfulness of Bathurst* may be wrapped up in the fact here stated. Indeed, it is a singular apparent disposition of events—if one were disposed to be superstitious—to fulfil a well-known, thoughnot uni-

formly trusted, proverb—that Mr. Cunningham, in two other places bears witness to the extraordinary freedom of the "government settlers" from ordinary hazards of bodily harm.—"No ship," he says, "was ever yet *lost* that went out with convicts to New South Wales!" And again—"In four voyages," he observes, "that he made, personally, he has carried out six hundred convicts, male and female, without ever losing (*by sickness*) a single individual!"

A curious admission, and one which, though it was unavoidable, will grate, we suspect, a good deal upon the ears of our scientific countrymen, was made a few days since at a meeting of the United Mexican Mining Company, held at the London Tavern. The Chairman of the Company declared, upon the authority of the last reports received from South America,—that the *superiority* which we expected our "English knowledge" to give us in mining affairs over the ignorance of the Mexicans, could no *longer* rationally be expected. That, in truth, there was scarcely *any* part of the business of mining in which we could materially improve upon the old South American system. That the mines of the Company were placed, now, in every case—as the best means of making them productive—under the guidance and administration of *native Mexicans*. And that the chief real advantage which the Company might look to possess over the people of the country, would lie—not in the superiority of English skill, but in the employment of English capital. It is something to have any point of advantage at all; but this is a terrible blow—to be convicted of not knowing more about what was fit and suitable in Mexico, than the Mexicans themselves!

A German newspaper contains a strange account—avouched with as much apparent accuracy almost as those which concerned the mermaids lately seen off our own coast, or the sea-serpent that visits the shores of America—of a conversion lately worked upon the morals of a famous robber, by a supernatural visitation in the forest of Wildeshausen. The hero of the tale, whose name is Conrad Braunsvelt, but who was better known by the cognomen of "The Woodsman," was drinking one evening at a small inn on the borders of the forest of Wildeshausen, when a traveller, well mounted, and carrying a portmanteau on his horse behind him, came up by the road which runs from the direction of Hanover. The stranger, after inquiring if he could be accommodated with a bed, led his horse away to the stable, and in doing this, left his portmanteau upon a bench within the house—which Conrad immediately, as a preliminary measure, tried the weight of. He had just discovered that the valise was unusually heavy, when the return of the traveller compelled him to desist; but his curiosity, without any farther effort, was not long ungratified; for the stranger soon opened it before him, as it seemed, to take out some articles which were necessary for his use at night; and displayed in the process several large bags—larger almost than the machine would have seemed able to contain—which were evidently full of gold or silver money. The cupidity of Conrad was excited by this view, and he would gladly have at once secured the prize even at the hazard of a personal struggle with the stranger; but the people of the inn (according to his account afterwards) were such as would have expected a portion of the spoil. For this reason, although unwillingly, and trusting himself to sleep little, lest by any chance the prey should escape him, he abandoned his design of robbery, for that night; and on the next morning, having learned which way

the stranger travelled—for the latter exhibited no suspicions or apprehension of those about him, but spoke freely of his intended road, though he never mentioned any thing of the charge he carried—having ascertained this fact, he allowed the rider to depart, and after a short time, followed by a shorter track through the forest, which was practicable only to persons on foot, and which would enable him, had he even started later, easily to overtake the mounted traveller. Now, knowing that his nearer road saved, as has been noticed, full a league of ground, the "Woodsman" moved on slowly; and accounted that, when he reached the point at which they were to meet, he should still have some time to wait for the stranger; on emerging, however, into the high road, he found him to his surprise *already* approaching; and, what was still more extraordinary, mounted upon a *black* horse, when that on which he had left the inn, had certainly seemed to be a brown. The portmanteau, however, which was all that Conrad looked to, was still behind the traveller, and on he came riding as if nothing at all was the matter: the "Woodsman" never hung back, or staid to reflect, but levelled his rifle, and called upon him to "Stand and deliver," or his next moment was his last. The traveller upon this pulled up his horse with an air of great coolness; and, looking upon Conrad, said something, which, as the robber since says, he verily believes was—"That he hoped he had not kept him *waiting!*"—or words to that purpose; but he was too busy at the time to pay much attention to discourse. "Do you know who it is you are going to rob though?" asked the stranger, addressing the "Woodsman," directly. "Not I," replied the latter, boldly: "but, if you were der Dyvel himself, descend from that horse, and deliver the bags of money that you have on you, or you shall die!" Upon this, the black rider said no more; but dismounted quietly, although he had pistols in his holsters; and Conrad, immediately taking the portmanteau from the horse's back, was so eager to be sure of the contents, that he drew his knife, and cut the fastenings on the spot. In the meantime, the traveller might have fallen upon him unawares, and to advantage, but the "Woodsman" endeavoured to keep an eye upon him, while he went on forcing the valixe open as well he could. At length the straps were all cut, and the robber thrust his hands in eagerly, making sure to find the bags which he had seen the preceding evening, for he had distinctly felt them from the outside. But, when he drew out his hands, there was in one only a *halter*, and in the other a piece of brass in the shape of a *gibbet!* And, at the same moment, a gripe was laid upon his arm; and a deep low voice, which seemed to be close beside him, pronounced the words—"*This shall be thy fate!*" When he turned round in horror and consternation, the horse, and the rider, and the portmanteau, all were gone; and he found himself within a few paces of the inn door which he had quitted in the morning, with the halter and the brass gibbet still remaining in his hand. The narrative states farther, that this horrible rencontre so affected Conrad Braunsvelt that he forthwith delivered himself up to the rangers of the forest, and was sent to Cassel to await the pleasure of the Grand Duke. He is now confined in an asylum for repentant criminals, desirous of being restored to society; and his miraculous warning is noted in the records of the institution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; containing his Speeches in Parliament, Official Correspondence, &c.; by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A. M. 2 *vols.* 4*to.*—Looking back upon the commanding talents of the Earl of Chatham as we do with deep respect, we scarcely think any farther details of his life were called for, even if farther details were really within our reach. But when, in fact, nothing farther seems obtainable, this new attempt, though his former biographers were but anonymous ones, or mere collectors of anecdotes, must appear to most persons quite superfluous. Though a successful minister, his reign was of short duration; and if his political life was a long one, his efforts were, by much the greater part, spent in opposing the measures of the crown; and such efforts, though never perhaps without their influence, leave behind them few permanent or tangible traces. Lord Chatham's best fame—at least his fame most generally recognized in our days—rests on his eloquent and perhaps unrivalled speeches; and they have been long collected and justly appreciated. All that the present writer has been able to add of novelty is his official correspondence with the French and Spanish ambassadors, and the governors and commanders in America. The narrative is, however, a very respectable one. The ability of the writer is pretty much of the same calibre with that of Mr. Archdeacon Coxe; and his books will very conveniently and properly range on the same shelf with Marlborough and Walpole.

The volumes before us contain all the printed speeches interwoven in the narrative. The reader will recollect that, in 1738, about three years after Mr. Pitt came into Parliament, the Commons forbade the publication of their debates. They continued, however, to be given in the periodicals of the day—the Gentleman's Magazine and the London—under anagrams and Roman names. Of these, many were written by Dr. Johnson, and might or might not have been heard by him. Anything like accuracy nobody will expect, who recollects the doctor's own declaration, that he was resolved the Whig-dogs should not have the best of it. The Whigs were then in power; and Mr. Pitt, though himself a Whig, yet acting at the time with Tories and Jacobites, had of course the benefit of the doctor's Tory resolution. From these trustworthy sources are again re-printed Mr. Pitt's speeches up to 1751, excepting the outlines of some from 1743 to 1745, preserved by the Hon. P. Yorke. The speeches from 1751 to 1760 are taken from Horace Walpole's Memoirs; and very animated and characteristic sketches they are. The remainder—the most eloquent and most memorable—are extracted from the Parliamentary History, of which many appeared originally in Almon's Anecdotes of Lord Chatham's Life, and some were reported by the late Sir Philip Francis. Sir Philip's are by far the best; and by that standard has Mr. Thackeray corrected the phraseology of the rest, where it appeared to him too vulgar or too extravagant. Mr. Thackeray defends himself on the ground that he has done no more than "modern reporters do, who clothe the thoughts of the most inaccurate speaker in grammatical language."

To glance over Lord Chatham's career may bring upon ourselves the complaint we have just made of superfluousness; but glances, brief as ours, are not without their use. They freshen the memory at a small expense: and by bringing together all into the narrowest compass, and condensing the several objects, facilitate comprehension and assist comparison; and thus pave the way for more correct judgments, and occasionally lead to new and useful deductions.—Allons! then.

He was born, in 1708, of a good but not an opulent family—educated at Eton—and resided at Oxford a short time without taking a degree. What became of him for some years after quitting Oxford, is not known. In 1735 he came into Parliament, representative of Old Sarum, by his brother's appointment, and immediately joined the ranks of Opposition. About the same time, he obtained a cornetcy in the Blues. His family connexions, which were very numerous, were all Whigs. Though Walpole was a Whig, and headed a Whig ministry, there were of course many disappointed persons of that party, and these were headed by the heir apparent. Mr. Pitt was groom of the chamber to the prince. His opposition to Walpole was not merely unceasing, but vehement and galling; and Walpole took the unmanly revenge of depriving him of his commission, which naturally infused a little venom in the after-struggle. On Walpole's unwilling retirement, Pitt was one of the most strenuous in urging an inquiry. He was one of the committee of secresy, and even voted for the bill of indemnity to protect the witnesses against the fallen minister; because, says Mr. Thackeray, by way of palliation, "he believed the truth of the charges against the minister."

Against Walpole's successor, Lord Car-

teret, Pitt was equally violent; but when the Pelhams came in, we find him the silent approver, or the talking advocate, of the very measures which, under their predecessors, he had so loudly condemned. To what are we to attribute this change? To connexion, to be sure—not patriotism. The Pelhams were his friends; and soon after, in 1746, they made him paymaster of the forces. Mr. Thackeray labours hard, if not to disprove the inconsistence, at least to justify it. What are the charges?—First, his acquiescing in the continental measures—the Hanover politics—under the Pelhams, which he denounced under their predecessors. And what the defence? Why, Mr. Pelham, it seems, himself disapproved of the system, but was unable to prevent it. What better, then, could Mr. Pitt do than follow so experienced a guide?—The second charge was his anxiety—though none of its objects had been gained—to put an end to the war, into which he had been among the most eager to precipitate the nation. The justification is, that we were unable to enforce our claims, just as they were; and, therefore, it became a wise statesman to "advise peace."—The third was his defence of an extended standing army; to which it might perhaps justly be said, that the peril into which the nation had been recently thrown by the invasion and rapid advance of the Pretender's son, proved such an extension to be imperative. But the fact is, that Mr. Pitt was of an ardent and impetuous temperament, and of course often overshot his mark. In arguing a point, he did not always—or rather never—stop at the limit of cool propriety; and, therefore, all his life long he was exposing himself to the charge of verbal, and frequently of essential contradictions.

As paymaster of the forces, he was pure in his trust, and refused to soil his fingers with the dirty tricks of office. It had been usual—often to the injury of the public service—to keep £100,000 on hand, which sum was vested in government securities, and put into the paymaster's pocket £3,000 or £4,000 a year; and, besides this, he received one-half per cent. upon subsidies. Of neither of these perquisites did Mr. Pitt avail himself; and subsidies were pretty frequent and considerable in his time.

On Pelham's death great confusion followed. Pitt was personally offensive to the king, and gained nothing immediately by the changes. The Duke of Newcastle, Pelham's brother, became chief; and Pitt, whose temper could not long brook the slight, quickly quarrelled with him, and lost the paymastership. Now followed a deadly struggle for superiority. Fox was in office, but with little influence; Newcastle's government was unfortunate—the loss of Minorca filled the nation with complaints. To escape the growing odium, Fox suddenly threw up, and endeavoured to effect a coalition with Pitt; but his overtures were treated with contempt. There was personal pique in this. Fox had once meanly disavowed to the king any communion with Pitt, and Pitt was not a man who could forget it. Besides, he knew Fox's close connexion with the Duke of Cumberland, whose influence was overpowering; and he must thus be subordinate; and, at all events, he did not choose to owe anything to Fox. Thus deserted by Fox and his friends, Newcastle made an effort to unite again with Pitt; but with him also Pitt had his revenge to take, and he haughtily and peremptorily refused even to confer. The duke's resignation followed; and, in November 1756, Mr. Pitt, with some of his friends, came in, in spite of the king, secretary of state.

But short was this his first triumph. He was surrounded by difficulties. He had neither the confidence of the crown, nor the friendship of many of its servants; nor had he always temper to conciliate, though his observance of the king was even servile; when unable to stand, he refused to be seated in the presence, and actually kneeled on a stool while receiving the king's communications. Nothing, however, daunted him—neither the cruel torments of the gout, with which he was afflicted through the whole winter—nor the calumnies of Fox and Newcastle—nor the intrigues of his associates—nor the alienation of the king—nor the disastrous condition of public affairs. His first object was to provide for the security of America; and the measures he took were of the most active and decisive kind. But Germany was the main point; and he was often twitted with his German measures. Maria-Theresa considered her interests betrayed by England at the peace of Westphalia, and was now in alliance with France, and Prussia with England. The Duke of Cumberland's influence was silently paramount. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Germany, and stipulated, on his departure, for the dismissal of Pitt. In April accordingly Pitt was dismissed, but only within three little months to return in undisputed triumph.

Never was minister more popular or perhaps more deservedly so. The new ministry was a coalition of Pitt, Newcastle, and Fox; but Pitt had at last got the upper-hand of his rivals and foes, and he kept it for a time, though not without the full exertion of his might. His was the master-mind, and managed all: he even deprived the Admiralty (Lord Anson) of the correspondence.

But we must draw in our sketch. For

the next four years—the years of his glory—or at least till the accession of George III. and the ill-boding influence of Lord Bute, Pitt was the idol of the nation; but, by the end of 1761, he was no longer able to resist the overpowering weight of the favourite. He retired on a pension of 3,000*l.*, and a peerage for his wife. For a month or two, he was assailed with every species of virulence and malignity, and upbraided with the cry of pensioner and apostate; but the tide of public favour quickly began to flow again; and joining, soon after, in the mayor's procession, he was hailed by the people with the warmest tokens of affection and admiration, as the man who alone deserved the confidence of the nation, and could alone restore its renown on the Continent.

Lord Bute, in his turn, was soon compelled to quit the helm, but retained all his private influence. He invited Pitt to negociate; and interviews and discussions with the king followed, which were, however, suddenly broken off; and the Bedford and Grenville ministry, under the secret auspices of Bute, was made up—quickly again to give way to the Rockingham. The Rockingham ministry proved unyielding and unaccommodating, and the favourite had no better resource at last than to suffer Mr. Pitt to come in on his own terms. This advantage—either resenting the treatment he had met with, or conscious of superior power and popularity—he did not use with much temper; he carried himself not only haughtily, but at times insolently; and consulting his caprices, or at least his predilections, more than his own power, or their merits, he filled his offices with a set of persons so utterly unconnected and uncongenial with each other, that even he, in his best strength, would never have been able to bind them together. He himself took the privy seal, with the title of Earl of Chatham. But his health utterly failed him, and his spirits sank within him—till, at last, he was compelled to send the king a verbal reply to a letter, that his majesty must seek advice elsewhere, for he was no longer able to give it.

The Grafton and North administrations followed in succession. Lord Chatham no more returned to office; but, on the recovery of better health, he resumed his parliamentary attendance, though with frequent interruptions from relapses till his death, and never was more eloquent, energetic, respected, and truly respectable. He took an active part against the Commons in the case of Wilkes, and condemned the ministry with all the severity of his invective for taxing America—making a very nice distinction, which could not hold, between legislating and taxing. He insisted upon the right of England to make laws for her colonies, but not to impose taxes; and when the government charged the Americans with aiming at independence, he strenuously declared that, if it were so, he would strip the shirt from his back to oppose them. Yet when that independence in 1776 was actually proclaimed, he was their apologist, and an advocate for peace. But again, in 1778, when America was supported by France, we find him as resolute for prosecuting the war. This, indeed, was his last noble effort: he fainted in the house from exertion, and died a few weeks after.

The author's attempts to apologize for what he manifestly feels to be an alarming inconsistency in Lord Chatham's conduct, with regard to America, might very well have been spared. To the ministry who imposed the tax he was in opposition. That ministry taxed the unrepresented, and of course offered an obvious point of attack. The distinction he made between legislating and taxing was merely rhetorical—it served the purposes of debate; or, if we suppose him to have been convinced by his own distinction, we may conclude his sound sense soon detected the fallacy; and as to his language on the subject of independence, doubtless long before that independence was proclaimed, he felt it to be one thing to speak in anticipation of an event, and another when that event actually occurs. But when the colonies linked themselves with foreigners, they became national enemies; the honour and safety of the country were at stake, and they were at all events to be resisted.

Of the general execution of the biography, we have before spoken; and we may add, that, though there is little vigour of thought in the work, the tone is generally fair and moderate, and the language felicitous enough. Superfluous expressions of loyalty occur, and here and there, with excessive admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and, in the dedication, of Mr. Peel, who seems, in his estimate, at least equal to Lord Chatham; and now and then appear devout phrases, just to mark the writer's profession. Lord Chatham is said to have died with the resignation which is the peculiar characteristic of a christian—the mere language surely of habit, or of want of observation. A disposition frequently peeps out to give facts and opinions the full weight and advantage of his own authority. For instance, speaking of Chatham's quick eye, and speculating on his career had he pursued the profession of a soldier, he adds, in a note,—"*It is my opinion*, that no man who does not possess eminent quickness of sight is capable of becoming a perfect general.—History shews many errors of the most fatal description, which have resulted from a defect in this organ. Tallard from this

cause committed a tremendous oversight in the battle of Blenheim; and *all men know* that the eagle-eye of the Duke of Wellington has given great effect to his other astonishing military powers."

Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826, *by Lieut. the Hon. Frederic Fitzgerald de Roos, R.N.* 1827.—Mr. de Roos is a young man, a lieutenant in the navy. He was on the Halifax station in May 1826; and his "kind friend," Admiral Lake, gave him a month's leave of absence. What should he do with it? He hesitates between the Falls of Niagara, and a visit to the cities and dock-yards of the United States; and determines on the latter. He sails in a packet for New York, where he stays only one night, and pushes on, the next morning, for Washington, by Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., making his way by stages and steam-boats. At Washington, his first point are the dock-yards—an area of about forty acres, and much of it unoccupied—and finds only two frigates on the slips, and a smaller vessel afloat; looks over the works, but the whole falls far below his expectations, after hearing so much of American superiority in naval matters; perambulates the town, and is amazed at American want of foresight—to build a metropolis in a spot possessing neither facilities for commerce, nor fertility for agriculture; canvasses the subjects which occupied Congress the previous session; and speculates on the probable duration of the republic. In the evening he goes to the French ambassador's tea-party—meets with a number of pretty women—does not like their drawl, but thinks they matched their European entertainers in dress, beauty, and conversation. The women of the southern states, he says, are generally pale; but this paleness is regarded by the possessors as a mark of high breeding. The manners of the highest classes he considers to be those of the middling classes of England; but, as he proceeds, particularly at Boston, the women improve upon him, not only in manners, but in beauty—he is quite a connoisseur in beauty—and ultimately he is more than half disposed to be pleased with the very drawl that at first so much offended him. Major Denham, we remember, got to admire the jetty skins of the Africans, and more than once caught himself exclaiming, "What a charming girl!"

After babbling a little about the glorious capture of Washington, and our humbling the pride of America—and quoting a speech of some Indians then at Washington, soliciting from the President the restoration of some lands, and deprecating the institution of schools among them, on the ground that the Great Spirit never meant red men should read and write, or they would have been before-hand with the whites—Mr. de Roos returns to Baltimore. This he thinks the prettiest town in the Union. The port is chiefly frequented by the French; and the ladies—he never forgets the ladies — consequently dress in the Parisian taste—or style, rather, we suppose. Here he dines at the same table with Mr. Carrol, the grandfather of the Marchioness of Wellesley, and now the sole survivor of those who signed the original deed of independence;—visits the docks, of course, where he sees a schooner building for the purpose of smuggling on the China coast, in which every thing was sacrificed to swiftness—the loveliest vessel he ever beheld. In the yards he meets with a builder, who had a book of drafts of all the fast-sailing schooners built at Baltimore, which had so much puzzled our cruizers, he says, during the war. "It was the very thing," he adds, "I wanted; but, after an hour spent in entreaty, I could not induce him to part with one leaf of the precious volume. Though provoked at his refusal, I could not help admiring the public spirit which dictated his conduct; for the offer I made him must have been tempting to a person in his station of life." Bless thee, Master de Roos! hast thou been told that honour and honesty are nowhere to be found but among the "honourable?"

Quitting Baltimore, on his return to New York, he stops at Philadelphia, where, in the docks, he sees the Pennsylvania, a three-decker, said by the Americans to be the largest vessel in the world. But the lieutenant believes her scantling to be very nearly the same as that of our Nelson. She mounts 135 guns. Speaking of the size of the American ships, he takes the opportunity of correcting an erroneous opinion very prevalent:—

The Americans (he says) call such ships as the Pennsylvania seventy-fours, which, at first sight, and to one unacquainted with the reason, bears the appearance of intentional deception. But this is explained by the peculiar wording of the Act of Congress, by which a fund was voted for the gradual increase of the American navy. In it the largest vessels were described as seventy-fours; but great latitude being allowed to the commissioners of the navy, they built them on a much more extended scale. The only official mode of registering these is as seventy-fours; but, for all purposes of comparison, they must be classed according to the guns which they actually carry; and in this light they are considered by all liberal Americans.

From the dock-yards he goes to the annual picture exhibition, and had an opportunity, he says, of judging of the American taste in that department of the fine arts.

But, alas! they have none—positively none! There were two or three works of the old masters, belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and a picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, by David; the rest

were wretched copies of the modern English historical school, diversified by a display of various portraits, one worse than the other, chiefly of florid citizens in white neckcloths, and coats with bright metal buttons. We were much surprised that so trumpery an exhibition should be an object of admiration in Philadelphia, which is one of the most polished and enlightened cities in the United States.

Arrived at New York, he was most hospitably received—staying there several days. If the men were rough and coarse, he found them also cordial, frank, and open; no liars, as they are represented; a little inquisitive perhaps, and sometimes impertinent. But the women were charming—so easy and natural—and their conversation and demeanour marked by the strictest propriety. His friends take him to the episcopal church—the fashionable place of worship—to shew him, he says, the principal inhabitants. Upon this he takes occasion to remark, with an "I am sorry to say," that, in America, religion seems, as far as he has observed, to form but a secondary consideration.—The reader recollects how much the lieutenant has seen of America. When at New York, he could have been but *two* Sundays on shore.—"The laxity of their notions upon this subject," he proceeds to say, "may perhaps be attributable to the circumstance, peculiar to the United States—that of their not having an established religion. One of the highest offices," he adds, "is filled by an Unitarian; and so unlimited is religious toleration in this country, that all American citizens are eligible to that exalted station, whether Christian, Jew, or Mahometan:"—all which evidently does not square with his prepossessions; but his extreme youth may very well excuse this flippant and confident prattle.

Before leaving New York, he surveys the dock-yards, admires the Ohio carrying 102 guns, &c., and then discusses the state of the American navy generally. The sum of his doctrines, backed by the arguments of one Mr. Haliburton, an American, who had just written a pamphlet on the subject, is, that America *can never become a great naval power*—the chief reasons of which are, that she already finds a difficulty in manning her navy, and that, while the population increases, the line of coast cannot increase; and, besides, the new settlements are all remote from the coast, and foreign from naval habits.

From New York he embarks for Boston, furnished—to beguile the way—with a copy of "Woodstock," which had been printed (he says), and sold, in forty-eight hours after the arrival of the English edition: the price was 3s. 3d. At Albany he got into a stage, which was to reach Boston, 160 miles, in three days—a wretched vehicle, without springs; the roads rough—the passengers equally so—and accommodation, particularly for sleeping, abominable. Arrived at last, he was amply compensated for his miserable journey by the hospitality of the place, and the beauty of the ladies—the Lancashire witches of America;—rosy cheeks now come again—and dark eyes, we suppose.

From Boston he embarks in an English steam-packet for St. John's, New Brunswick, and is happy to find himself once more under British colours; takes a peep at St. John's; misses the packet, which crosses the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, in Nova Scotia; but gets a passage in a schooner, and narrowly escapes being wrecked. At Windsor he is delighted to meet with British customs again; and has his eggs and bacon by himself, snug, in a comfortable clean parlour—so different from the *tables d'hôte* of America. From Windsor he has but forty-five miles to go to Halifax, and here finishes his journey and leave of absence.

But now to see the luck of some men! He had debated between the dock-yards of America, and the Falls of Niagara. Had he chosen the Falls, he had probably never seen New York, Boston, or the ladies. Very soon after his return, in the course of service, he went up the St. Lawrence, in his Majesty's ship Jupiter, as far as Quebec; from which place his "kind friend," the admiral, made a party to the Falls, and in which he was included. Of these now well-known Falls, he has given an animated and distinct description. But we have no space to accompany him farther, and can only quote his account of what is called an ice-boat, which he saw on the shores of one of the Canada lakes:—

It is about twenty-three feet in length, resting on three skates; one attached to each end of a long cross-bar, fixed under the fore part; and the remaining one to the bottom of the rudder, which supports the stern of the vessel. Her mast and sail are similar to those of a common boat. Being placed on the ice when the lake is sufficiently frozen over, she is brought into play. Her properties are wonderful, and her motion is fearfully rapid. She can not only sail before the wind, but is actually capable of beating to windward. It requires an experienced hand to manage her, particularly in backing, as her extreme velocity renders the least motion of the rudder of the utmost consequence. A friend of mine, a lieutenant in the navy, assured me that he himself last year had gone a distance of twenty-three miles in an hour; and he knew an instance of an ice-boat having crossed from York to Fort Niagara (a distance of forty miles) in little more than three-quarters of an hour. This will be readily believed, when we reflect on the velocity which such a vessel must acquire when driven on skates before a gale of wind. These boats are necessarily peculiar to the lakes of Canada.

Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself; comprising a complete Journal of his Negociations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland, with Selections from his Diary whilst Agent to the Irish Catholics, Edited by his son W. T. W. Tone. *2 vols. 8vo.;* 1827.—Rebel and traitor as the failure of his attempts has stampt on the name of Tone, among Irishmen he has still all the merits and splendour of the victim of patriotism; and unquestionably the facts were these—the land of his birth was confessedly ill-governed, and three-fourths of his countrymen deprived of the rights of citizens; he attempted to rescue them from the galling thraldom; and perished in the enterprize. Before he entered upon the bold undertaking, he seized the opportunity of telling his own story. He had a right to do so; his family had the same right to publish it; and the story well deserves the attention of every considerate Englishman. Ireland is where she was—not worse governed perhaps, but certainly not better satisfied; similar causes produce similar effects, and Ireland is full of inflammable spirit.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was born in Dublin in the year 1763, the son of a coach-maker. Both father and mother were pretty much like other people, but they were the parents of four sons and a daughter, not one of whom, according to his account, were like other people—all of them possessed by a wild spirit of adventure, which, though it now and then governs an individual, rarely rules a whole family, women and all. Of the boys, two fell in asserting the independence of their country; another rose into command among the native powers of India, and the youngest, before he was sixteen, had voyaged twice to Portugal, and several times crossed the Atlantic; and the girl was the zealous promoter of Wolfe's most perilous resolves. Wolfe proving a sharp lad, his parents left no stone unturned to give him an education. Trinity College and a fellowship were in their eyes the summit of glory, and a fellow accordingly Theobald was to be made. He had a different bent; he had been dazzled by the reviews and parades of the park, and panted for a red-coat. To college, however, he was compelled to go, and in spite of sundry outbreaks, and frequent interruptions, he took his degree with some distinction; but unluckily disqualified for his fellowship, by marrying, just before his degree, a beautiful girl, without casting one thought apparently upon how they were to live. The friends of the young lady were quickly reconciled to what could not be remedied; and he was despatched to London—to the Temple, to be Lord Chancellor in due time. The law, however, was his detestation. Without knowing any thing of the matter, he determined it to be an illiberal and intolerable pursuit. The crazy state of his finances besides, instead of rouzing him to extraordinary exertion, disabled him. He could not control or concentrate his thoughts to dogged study, and nothing but dogged study he knew would make a lawyer. But though law books disgusted him, others seduced him; and were at once a source of amusement, and sometimes of profit. In the course of two years he actually made £50 by reviewing; and in conjunction with two friends wrote a burlesque novel, which nobody read.

While waiting for his "call" to the bar, a scheme suggested itself to his active mind for founding military colonies in the South Sea Islands, to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her in time of war. He drew up a memorial of his plan for Mr. Pitt, and with his own hands presented it to the porter in Downing-street. Of this plan, however, nor of subsequent applications, did Mr. Pitt take any notice; and the disappointment in this Wolfe's first essay in politics, sunk deep in him; he made a sort of vow, that if ever he had the opportunity, he would make Mr. Pitt repent of the contumely; and recording the fact in his Memoirs, when he was contemplating the actual invasion of Ireland with a foreign force, he adds,—"fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution."

At the end of two years he returned to Dublin, with about as much knowledge of law as of necromancy; assumed the foolish gown and wig, as he foolishly calls them, went the circuit, and almost cleared his expences. But encouraging as the prospect unexpectedly seemed, politics had got close hold of him, and politics of a pretty vehement character too. He longed for distinction, and looked about him for matter for a pamphlet. The year before had been established the Whig Club; and though the sentiments of its members fell far short of his views, yet as far as they went he approved of them, and a pamphlet accordingly was put forth, "reviewing the last session of parliament." This drew some compliments from the club, and admission; and moreover led to some intercourse with the underlings of the party, and an occasional recognition from the leaders. Promises of employment were made, and hints were given that the Ponsonbys were potent people—though then out of power, they might one day be in; and with two and twenty seats at their control, one of them might by chance

fall into his hands. A brief was forthwith given him; but month after month elapsing without farther communication, he grew weary of waiting; and besides, his mind was more and more *illuminating* on the subject of politics; he began to look upon the Whig-club with contempt—peddling, as they were, about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil. An opportunity soon occurred of venting these illuminations of his. A war with Spain seemed probable, and a pamphlet was quickly produced, to prove that Ireland was not bound by a declaration of war, but might and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for neutrality. The publisher was alarmed at his own temerity, and hastened to suppress the book, for which, says Tone, declaratively or optatively, his own gods damn him.

But before the commotion excited by the Nootka Sound business subsided, Tone recollected his old scheme for a military colony in the South Seas; and now forwarded it to the Duke of Richmond, who, in a matter which did not concern his own department, could only undertake to deliver and recommend it to Lord Grenville, from whom was received a very civil letter commending the plan, but declining the execution of it, as circumstances had rendered it unnecessary. Again he vows, as in the case of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville should repent of it, "and perhaps," as before he adds, "the minister may one day wish he had sent me to the South Seas."

Now came burning on the French Revolution, and the minds of Irishmen were heated red hot by it. The nation was divided into Aristocrats and Democrats. Tone was of course a democrat, and with such sentiments openly avowed, all hopes of business in the courts were renounced. Politics occupied him solely. At this period also the Catholic Question began to attract public notice. The Belfast Volunteers wished, on some occasion or other, to come forward with a declaration relative to the Catholics, and Tone was requested to write one. This declaration it was that fixed his attention more particularly on the condition of his country, and on the practicability of amending it. His principle was soon decided on. To break the connection with England became the ultimate object; and to unite the people, and to substitute the common name of Irishman for protestant, catholic, and dissenter, the immediate means. These views were brought forward in a pamphlet entitled an "Argument in Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," in which he laboured to shew that catholics and dissenters had a common interest, and a common enemy. The members of the establishment were of course impenetrable. The performance was warmly applauded; the Belfast Volunteers elected him an honorary member of their corps; and he was invited to Belfast to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen. On his return, in conjunction with his friend Russel, and Napper Tandy, a club of the same kind was instituted at Dublin. The Dublin club rose rapidly into importance, and Tone was soon ousted of his pretensions to influence by more significant and stirring persons. They quickly drew the attention of the government, and Tandy, the secretary, was ordered into custody. The club was in a critical position. Tone bestirred himself; persuaded Hamilton Rowan to take the chair, and offered himself to act as pro-secretary. The members rallied, and ground was gained rather than lost by the check.

The Catholic Committee also were now recovering from the shock they had sustained by the desertion of the aristocracy—the secession of the sixty-eight. A general representation of the Catholics was organized, consisting of two members from every county and considerable town, who assembled at Dublin; and by this assembly was Tone chosen to fill the place left vacant by Burke's son. As agent and assistant secretary, with a salary of £200 a year, Tone gave himself up soul and body to the duties of his new office, and was undoubtedly mainly instrumental in getting the Relief-bill of 1793 carried—that bill, which, but for the Whigs, might have been complete, securing not only to the poor the right of electing members, but to the rich the right of being elected. The disappointed Catholics were enraged at the treachery of their friends and the trickery of their enemies. The United Irishmen—whose object was separation from England—availed themselves of this feeling; all but actual violence in the field quickly followed; and Rowan, Butler, and Bond were tried and imprisoned.

Soon after these events (1794) one Jackson was arrested for high treason. This fellow was commissioned by the French government to sound the people of Ireland; the popular leaders hesitated to commit themselves with a stranger by replying directly to his overtures; but Tone, with his usual ardour, volunteered to risk the peril of conveying their wishes to the French government. He did not however go. Jackson, whose purposes had been known to the government at home even before he landed, and who had been suffered to go on, making rebels rather than detecting them, was arrested. He had confided to Tone the objects of his mission, and Tone was known to have had intercourse with him. He was accordingly called upon to give evidence; he refused; and to save his own neck com-

promised with the government to quit the country.

In 1795, therefore, he gathered up his all, and proceeded with his family to America, but with a fixed resolution to solicit *foreign aid* for his country. He thought himself free to do so. His unwilling exile he considered as an acquittal for his offence, and himself at liberty to do his best for what he regarded as the welfare of Ireland. In America he lost no time in gaining an interview with the French Ambassador. At first he was coldly received, but at the end of some months, was even urged by the ambassador to go to France, and communicate with the government. To France he accordingly went, and landed on the 1st January 1796, where, without knowing one human being, he set seriously about persuading the French government to undertake the liberation of Ireland, and succeeded in persuading them. The diary presents the detail of his negociations—his progress from the clerks of the Foreign Office to De la Croix at the head of it—his interview with Carnot, one of the Directory—with Clarke, with Hoche. The alternate hopes and fears, the promises, and delays, and disappointments, and changes of purpose, were enough to drive any man but Tone to final despair. Through the whole period too he had no communication whatever with Ireland, and knew not with any truth how matters were going there. At last, in December, nearly a twelvemonth after his arrival, a force of from 12,000 to 15,000 were embarked, commanded by Hoche and Grouchy, under whom Tone held the rank of adjutant-general. The winds were unfavourable; the ships were separated; and Grouchy with about half the original force appeared off Bantry Bay, and was himself disposed to land, but was deterred by his officers; and thus were all Tone's hopes and labours baffled. Attached to Hoche, he still accompanied him, on his return, as adjutant-general, in his command on the Sambre and Meuse, and was with him till his death. Of this revolutionary commander, he speak in terms of affection and admiration. When the second attempt upon Ireland was preparing at the Texel, Hoche, though eager for distinction, yielded to Daendels, the Dutch commander. To this second expedition, Hoche's death, which occurred while it was preparing, put a stop; or perhaps that object was designedly merged in the grander one of invading England by the *armée d'Angleterre*, to be commanded by Bonaparte.

By this time numerous agents from Ireland were in Paris, and Tone was comparatively forgotten. The rebellion in Ireland in the mean while had actually commenced, and a new stimulus was thus given to the French government. A resolution was suddenly taken to fit out a third expedition; and, about the beginning of July 1798, Tone was summoned to consult on the plans. Small detachments were to be sent from different parts; and Humbert was already at Rochelle with 1,000, Hardy at Brest with 3,000, and Kilmaine was to have 9,000 in reserve. The attempt was at last made without previous concert; Humbert, impatient of delay, and urged by the Irish agents, set sail, and landed his small force in an obscure corner of the island, where, instead of calling the people to arms, he amused himself with drilling the peasantry, and enjoying the insidious hospitality of the Bishop of Killala, till he was surrounded and defeated. Before the news of his failure reached France, Hardy (about the end of September) had sailed, and with him was Tone, again holding the rank of adjutant-general. After contending with contrary winds, on the 10th of October they arrived off Loch Swilley. They were instantly signalized, and the next morning were attacked by Sir J. B. Warren's squadron. After a sharp engagement, Tone fell into the hands of the victors. Though never in the English service, he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged—pleading in vain his claim to be treated as a French officer. On the eve of the day appointed for his execution, he cut his own throat, but so unskilfully that he lingered for a week.

The diary is written very carelessly, but occasionally with great vigour. It is full of interest, and, to many readers, will be full of novelty. It bears marks of the truest sincerity and unquenchable ardour. Mixed up with the whole is a good deal of coarseness, which might as well have been omitted. The man's invincible energy—his resolution and perseverance—his fond affection for his family—his devotion to his country, claim no little share of our respect, however desperate, or rash, or unjustifiable we may deem his purpose.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Turkey, also in the Sea of Azof, and of the Black Sea; by Geo. Matt. Jones, Capt. R. N. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1827.—The author of these volumes, Capt. Geo. M. Jones, as we learn from the preface, very early in life entered the naval service; and after having been constantly—it does not appear how long—employed till 1818, was at last advanced to the rank of post-captain—the object, it seems, of his most ardent ambition and exertions—and then laid upon the shelf. This leisure, thus desirably or undesirably befalling him, he was of too roaming a disposition to idle away at home; and therefore resolved—not to idle it away abroad—but

to take a cruise by land, as he could no longer at sea. The navy and its interests were however still uppermost in his heart, and a visit to the sea-ports was determined on—to gain, he says, professional knowledge, to view the interior of places, the outside of which he had often contemplated in blockading service, and to enjoy, on shore, and in peace, the society of officers, whom he had known only in war and at sea.

In the details of his tour, he professes to state nothing but the results of actual experience. For scientific researches he had neither time nor means—which, being interpreted, signifies, it may be supposed, no acquaintance with them. To scientific readers therefore he does not address himself; and those who are in search of general knowledge and information—these are the Captain's words—may say that they have them much better and more copiously from the travellers who have preceded him—particularizing the "learned and elegant" Dr. Clarke, the "accurate" De Boisgetin, Dr. James, Mr. Hobhouse, Mrs. Guthrie, and the "justly celebrated" Pallas. To this he can only plead—what is no plea at all, but a sound reason for sparing his own labour—"little was left for him to glean." But seizing upon this chance metaphor of his, he tells us that no field is so well cleared but by diligence and attention a sheaf may be collected. A *sheaf* accordingly—not a few straggling ears—he presents to his readers in these two portly octavos. This brilliant figure clings to his fancy, and bothers him a little; he refuses to let go his hold of it, though manifestly he knows not what to do with it—the struggle is perfectly ludicrous—but at last he babbles something about gratitude to his learned predecessors for dropping *blades* for the benefit of after-comers, affirming, at the same time, modestly but firmly, that whatever they have thus benignantly dropped, he has not failed to gather; and then, oddly enough, he adds more thanks for what he has *taken*, which, as it was done without consent of the parties, must plainly be a felonious taking. By degrees he comes to a sounder—so far as it is a truer—reason;—"many years (says he) have elapsed since most of the above tourists published, and we know how greatly the features of a country, and the character of a people, may alter in the course of a quarter of a century."

To write a preface requires more tact and wariness than the greater part of scribblers possess. A preface usually concerns self; and to run into absurdity upon that subject is one of the easiest things in the world; it is a rock on which thousands wreck their little barks, and Captain Jones — whatever may be his skill on his own seas—was not seaman enough to clear it. He has a profound veneration for monarchs — domestic and foreign. The late Emperor Alexander, and his amiable consort, were personages, he firmly believes—on very slight evidence plainly—for greatness and goodness never surpassed, and to their condescensions himself and a brother of his were greatly indebted. To the Emperor Nicholas also he feels "immense obligation;" and for what does the reader suppose? Why, had it not been for his personal kindness, he and the aforesaid brother—never having been presented—would have been absolutely cut off from all the court fêtes, and even from public notice, till the Emperor's return from Verona, which was only a few days before their departure from St. Petersburg. This personal kindness of the reigning emperor fills him with a fervour of admiration and devotion, and he trusts he may be allowed to say, without being charged with flattery, that he appears to him to possess every requisite quality to form a great prince; and moreover to express a "sincere hope," that the said Nicholas may reign, for ever and ever, we believe, over his delighted slaves. As to the requisite qualities of a great prince, Captain Jones has probably thought little about them; and he will doubtless be surprised to be told, that a "sincere hope" requires explanation.

But to turn to the tour, the reader will find a plain and not altogether unattractive description of the countries he travels through — superior certainly to the auguries of the preface. He lands at Calais, and scampers through Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, Liege, Cologne, Hanover, &c. &c. to Hamburg, where he stops to breathe a little. He has a word or two for all the intermediate places. At Ypres, he tells us, diaper was first manufactured, and the name is itself a corruption of Ypres. At Tournay is made the Brussels carpeting. At Ostend, the lower class of females are very ugly; but at Dinant he met with a pretty girl—the first he had seen since he left England. At Ghent—a place built upon twenty-six islands, and connected by 300 bridges — Charles the Fifth, he tells us, was born, who used to say of Paris, he could put it in his Gand, alluding to the French name for Ghent, and to its standing on more ground than Paris. At Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited La Salle de Banque, or licensed gaming-house:—

> The great room (he says) is one of the most elegant in structure I have seen. Every description of gambling is carried on, under the protection of government; and I could not help admiring an ordinance to the following purport:—
>
> "The city having, from time immemorial, derived great benefit from a gambling-house, we, in

our parental goodness, permit it to be opened from May till August—the months that foreigners generally resort to the city for the benefit of the waters. But this indulgence is not to have any bad effect upon the morals of the citizens; and the police are to turn out anybody whom they suspect not to be able to afford to lose money.—FREDERICK."

At Aix-la-Chapelle also he stops, not in his tour, but in his narrative, to take a retrospect of the Netherlands, the kingdom of which, he states, according to the treaty of Vienna, comprises Holland, and its dependencies, Belgium and Flanders, with a population of 5,500,000. Every subject of the king, without any distinction of religious opinions, enjoys equal rights, both civil and political, and is equally eligible to all employments and honours whatever. The Hollanders are nearly to a man Protestants, and the Belgian Catholics. The crown is hereditary. The States-general consists of two chambers—representative of the nation. The upper chamber is composed of not less than forty or more than sixty, named by the king for life; and each receives 3,000 florins annually to defray his travelling expenses. The other chamber consists of 110 members, elected by the states of the provinces. They are elected for three years, and one-third retire annually, but are re eligible immediately. The members receive 2,500 florins. The session is held alternately at Hague and at Brussels:—

The Belgians pretend to hold the Dutch in great contempt, and a rooted antipathy has long subsisted between the two countries; to which is now added a jealousy, which views with a jaundiced eye every mark of distinction bestowed by the king, and calls for, on the part of his majesty, an exercise of his discretion and firmness.

The government no doubt has enough to do to balance matters between them. The writer professes himself an advocate for toleration, and admires this principle in the Belgium constitution; but he has some doubts of its conciliating properties proving of any use. He has some obscure notion, that by and by expences will be demanded for the support of the fortresses on the French frontier, and that then the Belgians will kick, and being Catholics, will unite with the French, who are Catholics too.

The book improves as it goes on. In his way to Copenhagen, he passes through Eutin, the paternal property of the Duke of Oldenburg, contained in a circumference of twenty miles.

There is a very neat, small palace, beautifully situated upon the side of a lake. It appears that the inhabitants of this district are contented and happy; they have few imposts—every body is well dressed—and there are no beggars.

Of Copenhagen he says,—

The city within the last thirty years has suffered dreadfully: first, in 1795, by a fire, which consumed nearly one-third of it—fortunately the worst part—since which it has been greatly embellished; so that, as with our own capital, perhaps good has arisen from evil. But I fear no such consolatory reflection can proceed from the second suffering—occasioned by our bombardment in 1807. From all I can observe, a deep-rooted enmity against England has taken possession of the minds of the inhabitants, which nothing but her downfal can ever eradicate; nor is the attack of 1801 at all forgotten. Every care is taken to keep alive the sense of the severe injury inflicted upon their national pride in both instances. In the former case, I almost admire the national spirit which continues to feel it, because circumstances, which more powerful nations were unable to control, obliged her to throw herself into the arms of either France or England; and the latter could not have permanently protected her from the grasp of the former. She may therefore be said to have been forced into that unnatural alliance—an alliance which ultimately cost her the two brightest jewels of her crown—Norway, and her navy—and, indeed, almost her existence as an independent state.

Near Konigsberg he visited Labrafoss, a celebrated fall:—

At the lower part of which the spray is so great, that between noon and four o'clock, when the sun is out, an uninterrupted rainbow is formed—a phenomenon, said by the Norwegians to be met with only there and at Naples. We were fortunate in the day, and did not fail to enter the rainbow.

Speaking of Norway, as to the late annexation of it to Sweden, he says,—

When dispassionately viewed, it must be allowed to be the most advantageous union that could have happened for the Norwegians. But the manner in which it was conducted has hurt their national pride; and they vent all their spleen on England, because, they say, the most heroic courage, which they were about to display in defence of their independence, was rendered useless by starvation, brought on by our blockading squadron—but for which they would have defied the whole force of Sweden and Denmark.

We do manage admirably, in gaining the hatred of our neighbours:—

Norway may still be said, with the exception of being governed by a Swedish viceroy, to be perfectly independent of Sweden, except for offices of mutual benefit; as the Norwegians possess the constitution which they had framed for themselves; and as they have steadily resisted some alterations proposed by the king. This constitution is very democratic, and is framed with such a jealousy of aristocracy, that, although there are only about three noble families in the country (we believe only two), yet, after the death of the present possessors of the titles, and of any son born before the date of it, the titles are to become obsolete.

The following remarks are worth attending to:—

Until our late (I fear impolitic acts) for the protection of the Canadian timber trade, it was to England that the Norwegians looked for the necessaries or the superfluities of life: and the truth of

this observation is strongly marked by the fact, that in every house you enter the furniture and appurtenances, which are not new, are invariably English; while all which bear the stamp of recent acquisition are as invariably German or French. The duties on Norwegian timber are now made so high, in order to protect the Canada trade, that it is quite impossible for the Norwegians to find a sale in our markets; and these imposts are consequently impolitic, because they drive the Norwegian to seek, from other countries, where he can sell his timber, those articles for which he before looked exclusively to England; added to which, this system weakens the attachment which they have invariably felt towards us. The population of Norway is stated at from 750,000 to 900,000.

On quitting Norway for Sweden, he inspects the canal which completes the chain of communication with the Baltic, through West Gothland, and the lakes Wenern and Wettern to the Trollhatten Canal. The plans were drawn by an English engineer, Mr. Telford. When he had completed his undertaking, Mr. T. was asked by the Swedish government whether he would not prefer an honorary to a pecuniary reward, as if he did, the king would invest him with the Order of Vasa. Mr. T. replied, that he was a civilian (this could not have been his word) and money was what he worked for. They gave him a thousand pounds—and eventually he got the order into the bargain.

At Stockholm he was introduced to the king, and received without any parade whatever. The king talked of naval matters, and of Lord Londonderry, whom he thought not quite equal to Mr. Pitt, but very nearly so;—he was going out of town, but hoped to see Captain Jones to dinner on his return—which seems to have been forgotten:—

From what I can discover of the public opinion (says the author), the present king seems firmly seated on his throne, and to reign in the affections of his subjects—which I do not find to be so unequivocally extended to his son. Indeed, when a comparison is drawn between him and the son of the ex-king, I think the decision is generally in favour of the latter, and the preference is expressed, not without hints of his being supported by Russia. The succession was guaranteed by Russia, before Bernadotte turned his arms against France. But *nous verrons*.

The rank of nobility is conferred by the king; but the titles, since 1813, descend only to the eldest son. The nobility amount to 1,200. But to shew, says the author, how opposite interests will act, while he is endeavouring to reduce them in Sweden, he wishes to increase them in Norway, and in both cases he finds himself strongly opposed. There are four orders of knighthood—upon which the author sagaciously remarks—he cannot help thinking such distinctions to be a very happy mode of rewarding their subjects, at the trifling cost of a few stars and ribbands; besides, he adds, orders and honourable employments inspire greater emulation than pecuniary recompences, as the man who looks only to the lucre of gain as the reward of his heroism, will very seldom perform any exalted action. Yet I should be sorry, adds the author, to see this system introduced into England, because at all events, it would throw into the hands of the government too great a facility of making dependents. He need be under no apprehensions—ibit, ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit. Besides, can he forget the extensions of the Order of the Bath?

At Petersburgh the deposed royal family of Georgia were present at a ball.

It consists of the queen, the widow of the Tzar George Herachevitch, her two daughters, and two sons. The princes were in a sort of Russo-Georgian costume, and wearing daggers richly mounted. The whole of the family appeared melancholy and unhappy. They have precedence next to the imperial family. But, deprived of liberty, where can happiness be found? Bondage is still bondage, however highly the chains be gilt—

with more of the same calibre. They have been at Petersburgh ever since 1801.

And in the Crimea too, the writer met with the grand-son of Krim Ghery, the last khan of the Tartars. We can but give a glance at his singular story. The khan himself accepted a pension and asylum at Petersburg. The son disdaining submission fled to the Caucasus, where the grandson was born. At about the age of thirteen, this grand-son fell into the hands of the Scotch Missionaries, who have long been settled in that quarter—became a Christian, and was renounced by his family. At the emperor's expense he went to Edinburgh, made considerable progress at the University, and formed an attachment to a Miss Nelson, the daughter of a gentleman of that town. After a succession of difficulties of the most romantic character they were married, and are now settled in the Crimea at Akmetchet—busied in forming schools, under the auspices of the emperor, and our Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. The traveller reports, he does not get repaid for his outlays. The lady is still very young; she has two children, the eldest a boy. The husband addresses her as the Sultana.

At Petersburg, and again at Moscow, he encountered poor blind Mr. Holman. Really that gentleman's friends should keep him at Windsor. Notwithstanding all his activity, his must ever be in a helpless condition; and as, wherever he goes, he must be dependent upon others, he should not be permitted thus to tax the humanity of every quarter of Europe. He is every where too—we ourselves the other day met him in Bond-street, and

were nearly overturned by the violence of the impetus with which he scoured along the street.

We have no space left, or we should quote the author's account of Old Platoff. He has been dead some time. Of the two ladies who left England with him nothing could be learnt. His family seem to be neither opulent nor powerful. The old man himself lost much of his popularity before his death—owing chiefly to his subserviency to the emperor's wishes, and to his attempt to abandon the old capital on the Don, and form a new one. The author's accounts of the Crimea are by far the best of the book; and those of Oviodopol and Odessa are not without interest.

The volumes conclude with a review of the systems adopted by the different powers of Europe for manning the navy, compared with that of England. The necessity of impressment at home is strenuously insisted on—truly as if the case were not perfectly plain—better pay, and more liberal treatment would bring sailors enough.

The Aylmers. 3 *vols.* 12*mo;* 1827.—The production of a well-cultivated and well-disposed mind, of a serious and moral cast—of one who has certain prudential warnings to enforce, among others, the guilt of taking young people out of their station, and not providing for them; but more especially the woes and perils attending the contempt of appearances, and on the other hand the folly of sacrificing comfort to appearances. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition of these latter objects, they do not in the least jostle with each other; the appearances, which the writer would have us despise, are such as are incompatible with our fortunes and position in society; and those which are to be observed are moral ones, the avoidance in short not only of evil, but of the "appearance of evil." Instead of conveying these very useful, though not very novel lessons, in sermons, or lectures, the writer embodies them in a story, and where he cannot incorporate, he appends, for the construction of a story is manifestly not his forte. He will mend however; and in the meanwhile, the one before us is far from being an unreadable one.

A college friendship between two Oxonians—one the son of a wealthy 'squire, the other of a country clergyman—brings about something like a family intercourse. The clergyman's wife and eldest daughter are of the vulgarest description, but a younger daughter is of a different and softer mould—brought up by a lady of rank, well educated and well introduced, but finally forgotten in the will, and returned on her parents' hands—comfortless, uncongenial—like a fish out of water. The whole family, rough and smooth, come up to the Commemoration, which gives an opportunity for exhibiting a college scene or two, of no great novelty or efficiency. Young Aylmer, the son of wealth, is introduced, and a mutual liking takes place between him and the parson's beautiful and accomplished daughter. A visit to the parsonage follows; the youth offers marriage; the young lady refuses to enter a family which will probably treat her with insolence; and he undertakes to overcome the probable hostility of his parents.

But in the meanwhile reports reach his ears of his mother's improper conduct. She had been for some time indeed flirting in a very extraordinary manner with a young officer of the guards. Her son feels it necessary to expostulate with her; she resents the expostulation—charges him with his plebeian attachments—misrepresents him to his father; and he is suddenly driven from his paternal roof. Luckily he has one poor £500 a year, independent of his family. With this provision, he persuades the vicar's charming daughter—and she is charming—we are ourselves more than half in love with her—to accept him; and they pass over to the continent to live cheap. The £500 does not spin out well; they have soon a considerable family; he grows dissatisfied; the restraints imposed by his pitiful income become intolerable; but the lovely girl is patient, soothing, and conciliating. They come to England and reside at Bath, where Aylmer shuns company, because he cannot entertain on equal terms, and gets fretful again; but by degrees the admirable management of his wife reconciles him to his condition; they cut dinners, and content themselves with evening parties; till at last he learns to despise the luxuries that are beyond his reach, and no longer to sacrifice comfort to appearances.

By the time he is thus regenerated, and fitted to live upon £500 a year, circumstances are paving the way for reconciliation with his father. That father had been long deserted. His mother's cavalier—the young guardsman—as soon as Aylmer was driven from home, changed his tactics. He turned from the mother to the daughter—with the view of marrying her, and securing the old man's property. The matron lady is of course enraged; but not thinking the case a desperate one, she resolves to draw him back, and endeavours to pique his jealousy by giving her smiles and attentions to another, and is unluckily caught in her own trap. This new flirtation terminates fatally; she commits herself—elopes—is deserted, and finally sinks into deeper

degradation and ultimate beggary. The guardsman marries the daughter, and gets a will in his favour; and then neglects the father.

By and by the old gentleman falls sick, and is sent to Bath, where his son was then residing. By sundry little contrivances on the part of their friends, the son's wife—our favourite—is introduced as his nurse; and reconciliation follows, and the property, of course, in due time.

Through the whole tale, an entire familiarity with the ways of fashionable life is either carefully implied, or ostentatiously exhibited. This is become quite an indispensable qualification — and of course the great must soon write their own tales. The silver forks are not forgotten—eating with a knife, &c. &c.

High-ways and By-ways; third Series, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1827.—There is a large class of writers of imagination, as they are called, who are the most complete matter-of-fact people in the world, and who manage to deceive themselves and others, respecting the bent of their intellect so grossly as they do, by the mere substitution of novel titles to their books, instead of calling them openly and honestly by the only name to which they can fairly assert a right—namely, journals.

Among this class, however, are to be found some few individuals, who, notwithstanding that the predominant qualities of their genius are essentially of the newspaper kind, possess not only those qualities in a very transcendent degree, but many of the noblest properties of the human mind more abundantly than the generality of men. The writer of High-ways and By-ways is a brilliant sample of his tribe, whose general aim it is to throw a dash of the romantic, as an auxiliary and embellishment, into the narrative, but to whom the task of constructing a story wholly rooted in fiction, and relying upon the creative soul alone, would be like that of the poor Israelites—to make bricks without straw. He possesses, nevertheless, very powerful claims upon our admiration on many accounts. His descriptions of scenery are occasionally magnificent, and imbued with the fervid delight which travellers may well feel in gazing on the splendid operations of nature. His language is at once correct, striking, felicitous—possessing an uncommon union of vigour and fulness, and sometimes a few sentences, and now and then a whole page, bespeak a deeper philosophy than we at first gave him credit for, till it burst suddenly upon us from the midst of his more superficial excellencies;—while the characters are by no means exceptionable on the score of probability, but precisely men and women of ordinary life—the very heroes and heroines not wanting in the shrewdness necessary to prevent their walking into wells.

The Cagot's Hut—the best of the three contained in this series—is a Spanish reminiscence. We will just glance over the story, in order to introduce at its conclusion an interesting scene, in the writer's own vivid words. In 1822, our author visits Spain, and wanders late in the autumn over the Pyrenees, to behold on a grand scale the decline of nature. Brilliant days, however, intervene, amid the general decay. The army of observation stretched along the mountains from sea to sea, and filled the villages with French soldiers. The expelled bands of the faith were hovering about the borders, singly, or in small detachments. The constitutionalists were collecting their forces in the same vicinity, and enlivened the scene by frequent skirmishes with the supporters of the faith.

Our Englishman, not liking exactly the promiscuous company of his hostelry at Gedro; and his appetite for the romantic being awakened, by hearing that the neighbourhood of the adjoining valley of Heas, or rather the eminences that rise around it, thronged with the huts of the Cagot race, from whom the rest of the world shrank away as from contagion,—it comes into his English and heterodox head that he would even take up his abode for a while, among these loathed and degraded beings, for the sake of studying their character—expecting, of course, to find them angels in disguise.

These Cagots of the Pyrenees, we must remind our readers, are precisely the cretins of the Valais, and the cahets of Guienne, and Gascony, and Bearne, and generally of the marshy lands of the west of France. The Cagots, of whom we are now speaking, exist in some of the gorges of the Pyrenees in frightful numbers. They are goitred, diseased, and stunted; imbecile, mentally and bodily, and lying under inexorable and iron disabilities, arising from the prejudices of their fellow-creatures. Even war, whose necessities break through so many prejudices, had not rendered the dwellings of these children of misery less objects of aversion and disgust, or mitigated the caution, with which they were universally shunned.

Our hero is, therefore, very happily furnished with an opportunity, delightful to John Bull, of ascertaining and proving, by personal inspection, that an intercourse with the Cagot worthies would not only be very tolerable, but absolutely a thing to be desired by all parties; and, although the rest of the world for ages had instinctively agreed upon the propriety of leaving them to themselves, he would not have it so; but they must come,

along with the negroes, into a common fraternity with ourselves. So he takes an unwilling boy from the inn at Gedro, and descends into the vale of Heas; and having learnt from his guide the direction to a Cagot hut on the hills, he dismisses him. This hut belonged to a woman of the miserable race, whom he had himself that morning relieved at the inn—where she had presented herself at the door, not daring to go further, to purchase provisions, or obtain alms.

He is surprised that his unexpected presence excites confusion in the old woman's hut; and that, between herself and a daughter — one of the same miserable pieces of deformity—symptoms of alarm are reciprocated, which indicate to his penetration, proceedings of a clandestine nature, rather than the stupid imbecility he had been led to expect. He is ill, however, with a growing fever, and must be taken in. His wants are kindly supplied; he is put to bed in an astonishingly comfortable room, and attended with steady, but reserved assiduity by the old woman and her daughter. His fever increases; he doses and watches by turns; and in the middle of the night is startled, by hearing two voices in the adjoining room; he gets curious—peeps through a crevice, or the door is a jar—we forget which—beholds a gay Spanish gentleman and a beautiful lady in deep discourse together, and is thrown into a sea of conjectures—political intriguers?—lovers?—or both?—No more sleep for him that night; but the lady and gentleman, alarmed by the symptoms of vigilance in the sick man, very soon withdraw, and the lady retreats into an inner room of the hut. When the morning comes he worries the poor cagot girl, till he learns from her something of the secret, though his disgust augments every moment as he thinks of her deformity, and goitred neck—constantly averting his eyes—and contrasts it with the lovely form he had stealthily beheld the night before. His curiosity—only to be gratified by the object of his aversion—becomes uncontrollable; by degrees he extracts from her some particulars, and at last, after receiving the benefit of his protection against an intruding visitor, who insists on searching the lady's chamber, her gratitude leads her to be more explicit, and finally she promises the gentleman himself shall visit him, and confirm her account.

The gentleman is Don Melchior, the patriot. The lady is a young French woman, of ancient family, who has fled from her inflexible parents to marry him; and in this cagot hut is keeping her concealment, and receiving his visits till the ceremony can be solemnized, which alone can place her beyond the reach of parental power. They are still in peril, Don Melchior's life at the momentary mercy of the straggling parties of the faith, one of whom—a pretended patriot—was watching his opportunity to assassinate him.

The description of the various military parties that moved or sojourned along the hills and vallies, commanded by the Cagot's Hut, are very striking; and a skirmish between the constitutionalists and their opponents is spiritedly sketched. Melchior, the patriot hero, the conqueror, is moving along towards the hut, watched by our Englishman, and also by the Cagot girl, deputed, as it seemed, by the lady within. His own victorious bands at a little distance are gazing on him too; but no one of all who watch the hero at that moment, is near enough to prevent—what all too plainly see—an assassin lurking in the way side, and taking steady aim at his bosom.

Don Melchior came quickly on with light and unsuspicious step, and the firm, yet cautious tread of the murderer fell unheard behind him, on the mossy slope he traversed. The moment I perceived his perilous situation I shouted with all my might, at once to warn him, and scare the assassin; but he looked up towards me, and returned the shout with a joyous expression, for the welcome he supposed it to convey; and the unruffled assassin, only raised his arm the higher that the blade it wielded might more steadily fall upon his destined prey.

Joined to my shout, a piercing scream burst from the path close to my side, and the hood of *the Cagot girl* hung floating from behind that beauteous head, whose thick curled ringlets I could not fail to recognise, as a light form bounded past me. Don Melchior stood for a moment transfixed by surprise, at the sounds of alarm, and at the same instant Passepartout and his men, catching the figures of the hero and his assassin, which the rock had till then concealed, joined in the loud and terrified signal which I and the frantic girl had raised. Don Melchior, startled and perplexed, just turned his head half round when Sanchez, with one fierce exclamation, "We have met!" plunged his murderous knife with a downward slope, into the hero's side. Don Melchior tottered from him, and was falling—when I, with an instinctive effort, raised my gun to my shoulder, and having covered the villain, was in the act of putting my finger to the trigger, when a flash from Sarjeant Passepartout's carbine, arrested the movement, and before the report reached my ear, the coward lay writhing on the earth in the agonies of an immediate and far too easy death.

How often, in the course of this recital, have I wished that my pen could fly across the page, and trace, in words of flaming speed, thoughts and events as rapid and as hot as the lightning. But now I seem to wish a long and lingering pause: for how describe the accumulated burst of feelings which followed the assassin's stroke! "To fall *thus!*" was, I believe, the bitter thought that struck all those who saw and who could think. The gallant comrades of his glory, the astonished

and delighted witnesses of his courage, his own troops, Passepartout and his soldiers, and myself, all saw and felt no doubt alike. But there was one among us yet who felt herself at that moment as alone in life, and whose heart appeared to be pierced by the stroke so steadily aimed at her lover's. She had force to fly to the spot, such force as makes the body writhe when severed from existence. She reached her lover, wild, screaming, and exhausted. He had fallen to the ground, and with out-stretched arms he received the beauteous form which sunk upon his, to staunch with senseless weight his wide and gushing wound. I was in a moment one of the group that surrounded this pair, of whom we could scarcely imagine which was the nearer to death.

The mixed feelings of grief, astonishment, and horror, agitated every by-stander around me, but in addition to these I had to suffer that wild and still incredulous conviction that made me certain of the fact discovered to me, but doubtful of my own intellect.

The female before me was, I saw it, *the Cagot girl*. Her dress, her height, her whole appearance left no possibility of doubt, but her form of symmetry, her face of beauty, how could these be there? and when, with a convulsive spasm, she tore open the firm-clasped capulet, and exposed her neck and heaving bosom, what was my amazement to see, instead of the gross deformity I had in fancy loathed, perfection that might invite a sculptor's hand, and make his heart thrill as he gazed.

I hastily threw her cloak and hood over this rich field of beauty, which I felt to be already violated by the rude yet admiring stare of the astonished observers.

Reuben Apsley, by the author of Brambletye House, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—Sir Walter Scott must learn to bear a rival near the throne. His cotemporaries are already beginning to pay a divided allegiance. They think, and apparently with justice, Horace Smith is second, and only second, to the once sole monarch. What another generation may think of either, we have scarcely any criterion for determining; since, even as cotemporaries, we see the most admired productions through a glass darkly.

Reuben Apsley exists, through the first half of the book as a person at a distance, operating remotely upon the movements of others, without being himself conspicuous on the scene. He is represented successively as a boy at school, as a youth at the university, and as an inmate at the house of his uncle Goldingham, a retired London citizen, and preserves through all these changes the same unobtrusive aspect.

Mr. Goldingham was a tallow and hemp merchant, in the grumbling times of James II. All his enterprises had been successful, and had gradually swelled his fortune to a bulk, which, from the variety of his investments, and the alarming condition of public affairs, occasioned its owner incessant and peace-destroying fears. He resolves therefore to exchange his exchequer bonds, and India stock, into a solid estate in land; and, washing himself quite clean of London smoke, becomes a constituent portion of a neighbourhood—Mr. Goldingham of Goldingham Place—the fortunate correspondence of name being the influencing motive for the purchase.

So many 'dirty acres' were attached to this 'place,' besides illimitable wealth reported to be still lodged in paper securities, that his welcome reception in the neighbourhood was general, although one or two fine ladies took fright at the name of tallow-merchant, and betook themselves to their salts at his approach. Traps were at first laid for detecting his city-breeding; but he triumphantly and dexterously evaded them all. He is, indeed, the very beau-ideal of a London merchant of the old school, and a gentleman—recognising those self-same principles which, in the best acceptation of the term, constitute the gentleman of every period, integrity, self-possession, boldness, politeness, gentleness, generosity.

This person is Reuben's uncle and guardian. Reuben's parents were supposed to have perished on their voyage to India. Years had elapsed without any tidings of their destiny; and Reuben was regularly installed at Goldingham Place, as his uncle's heir, when suddenly Monmouth's invasion threw all the west into disorder.

A detachment from the rebel army, headed by a college acquaintance of Reuben's, was one morning observed by the young gentleman, riding up to his uncle's house. He walks forward to meet them, and recognizes his friend, who, alighting from his horse, takes his arm, and informs him, that the sole purpose of their visitation was to relieve his uncle of some cannon, which were mounted on two towers in the grounds. Reuben sagely surmises that it will be better to remove the cannon, without troubling Mr. Goldingham for an acquiescence, which he might deem it his duty to withhold. The men set to work at dismantling the towers of the peteraroes, and their commander employs the interval in bringing over Reuben to the same desperate cause, and succeeds; but Reuben, nevertheless, considerate for his uncle's neck, while putting his own into jeopardy, takes care the whole transaction shall be witnessed by one of the domestics, who is charged to testify to his uncle's entire innocence.

After the battle of Sedgemoor, he becomes a proscribed fugitive, roosting in trees, burrowing in holes, and starving on whortle-berries, beleaguered by dogs and soldiers, and nearly done out of life by these and similar harassings. After long brooding over his desperate condition, he comes to the resolution of seeking his uncle's house again; and accordingly turning thitherward his midnight and stealthy steps, he learns, indirectly, from a wayfaring man, that Goldingham Place is actively beset by soldiers, on suspicion of its affording an asylum to the traitor nephew, and of course is no safe retreat for him. Daylight is at hand, and shelter must be

ound. The only one within his reach is a deserted wood-house, in Lord Trevanion's grounds. Unluckily this Lord is an ultra-royalist, whom nothing would better please than unearthing Reuben, and bringing his head to the block. But what can he do? Poking about, however, for a convenient nook to sleep the day away, he discovers a flight of rubbish by steps, leading up to a lady's summer bower. This bower is the frequent resort of the Misses Trevanion, and was now speedily visited by Adeline, the eldest; a thoughtless, conceited, romantic, but good-natured young lady, who, buried in the country, and unsought, was sighing for nothing so much as a concealed knight. Her soliloquies tempt him to discover himself. She, as may be imagined, is perfectly intoxicated with vanity, in being the depository of a life and death secret, and construes all his warm thanks, for the good dinners she daily brings him, into professions of burning love. Her father, Lord Trevanion, was not only, as we said, a violent royalist, but a close attendant also upon court, and greedy for influence; cold, morose, and severe to boot; and never visiting his wife and daughters, except when political or other business calls him to Dorsetshire for a few days—he might be coming too any day. Adeline, therefore, was fully aware of the hazard of any conduct that might lead to discovery; but, finding herself unequal to the keeping of so dangerous a secret—not daring to confide it to her mother, and not content with telling it to the rushes (which do not babble in these days), she makes her sister Helen the recipient of her love affair—for such she chooses to consider Reuben's forced residence in the wood-house.

Helen, quite the antipodes of Adeline—all prudence, *retenue*, and fidelity—hears the story with unspeakable dismay; seeing, at a glance, how fatally the loyalty of the whole family of the Trevanions might be compromised by her sister's folly, she exacts a promise from her not to go again alone to the wood-house, and engages herself to go with her the next visit—resolving to precipitate Reuben's departure. But she is prevented.

Lord Trevanion announces his intention of coming down shortly to give judge Jefferies a splendid dinner, in honour of his butchering judicial campaign, it behoving all candidates for court favour, he thought, to acknowledge the nation's obligation to so determined a servant of the crown. Captain Trevanion arrives moreover with a troop of horse, and Adeline is suddenly compelled in her sister's absence, to bring Reuben for safety into the very house. Other emergences totally cut off escape; and the sisters are driven to the desperate expedient of getting him taken into the family as a butler. The most interesting part of the book now comes on; and agitating scenes, arising out of the tremendous peril incurred by the protection of the fugitive.

The dinner draws nigh. Jefferies arrives, with Colonel Kirke and the royalist gentlemen of the county, and most unexpectedly Goldingham himself. Poor Reuben is harassed to death. He is, of course, awkward in his new vocation; the assembled butlers and waiters—pretty numerous on so splendid an occasion — unanimously grumble and abuse; while he, poor fellow, is compelled not only to bear these trials of cruel mockings, but to keep his attention alive, and pursue his official duties collectedly, through the frequent mention of his own name, and many a brutal threat from Jefferies, insultingly and emphatically addressed to Goldingham across the table, that his nephew's head should grace the hall-door of Goldingham Place, as soon as he could be caught.

Soon, however, Reuben was obliged to quit his fair protectresses, but not before he surrenders his heart wholly to Helen's charms. Adeline, however, persists in regarding him as her own dear knight; and for many months afterwards, during his absence, his subsequent capture, his escape from prison, long after his return from Holland on the publication of the amnesty, and finally, through his many visits to her father's house, when his attentions to Helen were of too marked a nature not to undeceive anything but a fool. London, however, cures her; and shortly, from natural caprice, she thinks of him as one that had never been: so that Helen, whose generosity had prompted her to refuse Reuben's offers, on the ground of her sister's affection, had to repent at leisure, for making sacrifices for one who had neither head nor heart.

The suit at last begins again; but Lord Trevanion must be gained. All heroines demand papa's consent at first. Papa says decidedly, no. So, like Cecilia and Delville, they are obliged to do with only mamma's. Still the fates are awkward—spinning—spinning on, for the sake of a third volume, that is yet hardly begun. A cousin, whose life he has repeatedly saved, falls desperately in love with Helen, and becomes, of course, an ingrate, and a villain, and plots impediments. A neighbouring squire, too, sanctioned by her father, demands her hand, and being refused, prepares to kidnap her. Nay, Reuben himself is kidnapped by a party of Whigs in a cave, where he had unluckily heard them hatching more conspiracies; and not being able to convince them that he had himself been in the mess, and was and is as great a traitor as themselves, is just sent over to Holland for a sail, while the truth of the statement is inquired into. All these things delay the marriage—but at last, of course, it does take place, and the volumes end.

To turn for a moment from the tale to its execution. The style is leisurely and nervous, resulting from an union of very strong common-sense and moral feeling—a faculty of accurate delineation, and a stern determination to make a book of it—that determination being the rallying point, to which

he summons his many powerful talents. He does not write a novel, because a novel will come into his head, but because he has said, 'I will write novels—weigh me, I am as heavy; conjure me, Brutus can start a spirit as soon as Cæsar, &c.,' or, as perchance, some blacksmith looking on at a game of quoits, begins slowly to sympathize with the movements of the players, and awakening from a dream of admiration at the dexterity of the chief performer, looks down upon his own muscular arms, and carrying his ponderous strength quietly and modestly towards the spot, plays too—and matches the winner.

The plot is somewhat deficient in compactness and proportion. A long, long episode about Reuben's dead parents, whom we know only by report, and care not a straw about, and who are clearly only introduced at all, in order to keep up a running threat that he will go to India in pursuit of them, is too impertinent to be read. We sought the conclusion of it in vain; and found, to our vexation, that one short chapter was all that remained of the text, after that history came to a close. But, if the construction of the plot be exceptionable, the characters bear witness to the master's hand. Never do they come short of our expectation, or deviate from it. Goldingham is excellent; so is Timothy, the coachman; so is Squire Hartfield; so is Sir Harcourt Slingsby; and so, to admiration, is Jefferies. Yet we do not surrender all our souls to the book, nor does the story hang about our memories, like a song that has enchanted us. How is this? Because the writer is not head and ears in love with his own story.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE summer theatres are now making their best and pleasantest efforts. The Haymarket has brought into the field probably as strong a company as the present state of the stage can fairly muster; and the activity of the manager and the fecundity of the habitual authors of the house are put in full requisition. These are the true secrets of popularity after all; and there is no instance where that deference for public opinion, which makes a manager exert himself to his utmost, is not fairly recompensed by the audience. Liston's temporary secession from the company is a formidable loss. There may have been more genuinely dramatic comedians, or happier limners of the slight and delicate pleasantries of the high comedy, or more vigorous and susceptible deliverers of manly dialogue; but our time has not seen Liston's superior in that intermediate style between the breadth of farce and the interest and strength of comedy, of which Mr. Poole's writings are the model. Liston has his obvious faults: he runs too rapidly into caricature; he indulges too freely the gallery propensity to laugh at his grimace and contortions of countenance; he too frequently forgets the stage, and carries on an interchange of burlesque with the audience;—but in his range of character he is, for the time, without an equal. Reeve, his successor, has palpable humour, great adroitness of voice and gesture, and—so far as imitation goes—is perhaps the best mimic on the stage. But he by no means fills up a barren part with the richness and variety of Liston. He suffers the laugh to die—he suffers the jest to go off—unsustained by the living comment of countenance. The pleasantry is uttered, and well uttered; but the whole art of bye-play—that theatrical and visible echo of the author's wit—is yet to be learned by this performer. His adoption of Liston's character is probably the result of higher orders; but this adoption must always be unlucky for an original actor, as Reeve is. It obviously compels him either to imitate, for the sake of similar popularity,—or, to take a different view of the character, for the sake of establishing his own claims. But the little Haymarket performances are not capable of this subdivision; they have not depth enough for true actors to float in, without striking across each other. There may be two *Charles Surfaces*, or two *Lord Oglebys*; but there can be but one *Paul Pry*—and that one is already Liston.

A very pretty performance, "The Rencontre, or Love will find out the Way," has been produced by Mr. Planché, an ingenious writer, whose powers are evidently improving, and who increases the public interest in his productions by the strict absence of all that can offend public propriety. His "Rencontre" is a little bank tissue of pleasant improbabilities—for which, however, the latitude of the stage allows. *Madame de Merveille*, a young Parisian widow—and a very handsome and graceful one, as personated by Miss E. Tree—molested by the passion of an absurd *Major Moustache*, leaves the capital for her uncle's chateau. Stopping to change horses, she finds at the inn her brother, in full flight from the *gens-d'armes*, sent to seize him for having shot his adversary in a duel. His horse has broke down, and he has no resource but to adopt the expedient of *Madame Soubrette*—namely, to take the horse of a gentleman who happens to be in the hotel. He writes a line, promising to leave the horse at the chateau, and begging the gentleman to

take a seat in madame's carriage so far. The gentleman, *Colonel de Courcy*, is, by a fair stage coincidence, the very individual whom some match-making old countess had been proposing as a husband for Madame; until the parties, without having seen each other, but sick of the eternal subject, had expressed themselves in terms of mutual dislike. Madame, of course, cannot bring herself to tell her hated name; but the thought strikes her, that, as the Colonel is by no means the formidable object she thought him, it might not be unamusing to try how far he could learn to overcome his horror of *Madame de Merveille* in the person of his conductress. At this moment, her uncle passing in his chariot, sees her, and stops at the inn. How is she now to account for the Colonel's accompanying her, without at the same time betraying her brother's imprudence?—the old Baron having the strongest antipathy to the name of a duellist. The *Soubrette* (Vestris) strikes on the curious expedient of announcing the Colonel as Madame's husband, under the name of *Major Moustache*, with whose addresses the Baron had been made acquainted. The Colonel, astonished but amused, is invited to the chateau. His scorn of the sex has rapidly given way to a liking for this pretty woman. She is charmed with him, yet afraid of startling him by the disclosure of her name. At the chateau he sees her conversing with her brother, and grows furiously jealous of the stranger. The uncle, surprised at the obvious reserve on both sides, concludes that there has been some idle quarrel, and insists on their behaving in a more lover-like manner. The embarrassment of both increases. At this moment comes the real Major, whom the Baron treats as an impostor; a treatment which the Major furiously resents, threatening to retort with such personal indignity, that this anti-duellist gets into a rage, seizes a pistol, and is about to fight; when, in the critical moment, all the party come in—the Baron is pleasantly laughed at—the Major is reconciled—the Colonel and Madame are made happy—the *Soubrette* and the *Valet* propose to marry—and the whole ends with a song.

This plot, slight and rapid as it is, is yet of the exact texture for a summer theatre. The dialogue is neat and pointed; the music (by Bishop) is, on the whole, of a superior quality to that of *petite opera*; and the characters are as well sustained as even fastidious criticism would desire. Miss E. Tree's performance of *Madame Merveille* is one of the most graceful and finished that we have seen. She looks the gentlewoman; her foreign air is excellently preserved, yet without running into that caricature which so strongly tempts the general performer. Her style of dress, her manner, and her acting are equally appropriate; and without giving any extravagant praise to either her talents or her beauty, we must say that she has fully established her claim to be one of the hopes of the drama. Vestris is, of course, the *Soubrette*, and clever and popular as usual. She carries on the *intrigue* of the piece with true French dexterity—is never at a loss—never loses her vivacity—and continues to the last a favourite with the audience. Cooper, as the *Colonel*, plays the sentimentalist like the intelligent actor that he is; but we much doubt his taste in costume. We, in the first place, doubt whether any colonel in France, or otherwise, travelling for his amusement, would so far trespass on the king's uniform, as to wear his regimental pantaloons at inns, by road-sides, love-making, &c. His military belt is a glittering affair 'tis true—but he may rely upon the fact, that no officer ever wore such off parade. The round hat on the top of all is a fearful anomaly. We have even some conscientious hesitation as to scarlet being any part of the uniform of a chasseur; it certainly is not of an infantry chasseur, he being green from top to toe;—nor, we believe, of any horse chasseur in the service of the *Grand Monarque*. Besides, we could have believed him to be a colonel on his word, and with a total independence of the plunder of his garrison wardrobe. Laporte, as the *Valet*, plays more effectively than hitherto. The part allows of broken English in abundance; and that is the only English which this lively Frenchman will ever speak as long as he exhibits in this world. Farren, in the old *Baron*, is in his element. The stage has no such old man. Yet he would do well to correct some of the youthful propensities which the Baron ought to have laid aside at his time of life. The scene with the *Soubrette* is more amusing to the galleries than to any other part of the house, and more suitable to the meridian of Paris and the habits of old Parisian barons, than to London, and the public decorum of the London actor. The "Rencontre" has been repeated, without intermission, since its first night, and deserves to be repeated.

The Lyceum, under the conduct of its very active and gentlemanlike manager, Mr. Arnold, is going on with great activity. "Arthur and Emmeline," a revival; "the Cornish Miners," a characteristic pleasantry, by Peake, who is attaining reputation as a farce-writer; "The Oracle," and some other performances of a lighter cast, have been brought forward in quick succession.

The winter theatres are preparing. Drury Lane, already possessed of a good comic company, has made a capital en-

gagement in Jones—an actor perhaps among the liveliest and the most judicious that the modern stage has seen. Personal respectability, in this instance, gives its aid to public talent; and every man who feels for the character of the theatres will be gratified by the continuance of this estimable man and most animated performer on the London stage. Mr. Price is also, we understand, labouring to secure the superiority in opera. With Paton and Braham, he has two first-rate public favourites. But we should be glad to hear of his engaging Sinclair also, who has been too long absent, and whose powers are still in their full vigour. With these three, all competition must give way to Drury Lane.

Covent Garden is said to have engaged Kean, and at the enormous rate of fifty pounds a night. We feel too strong an interest in the prosperity of the drama, not to hope that the report is exaggerated. Enormous salaries have been the acknowledged evil of these establishments; and what can be expected from the popularity of any actor in plays which the public have seen, without intermission, for the last dozen years. A new tragedy, written with the ability that would enable it to keep possession of the stage; or, still more, a new comedy—not plundered from the Continent, but written in the genuine style of English good-breeding and English good-humour—would be of more value to even the pecuniary interests of the theatre than any individual, be his merits what they may. Kean will, it is true, always be popular and powerful, while he takes the common trouble to be so. Young is a fine performer—and Charles Kemble still without a rival in his peculiar line of parts. But novelty and originality are the secrets of stage-success; and without these, the most established favouritism must end in repulsion.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 3.—A paper was read, entitled, "Rules and Principles for determining the dispersive ratio of Glass, and for computing the radii of curvature for Achromatic Object Glasses," submitted to the test of experiment, by Peter Barlow, Esq.—May 10. Some observations were communicated, on the effects of dividing the nerves of the lungs, and subjecting the latter to the influence of voltaic electricity, by Dr. Wilson Philip.—A paper was also read, "on the change in the plumage of some hen pheasants," by W. Yarrell, Esq. From which it appears to be a general law that, where the sexes of animals are indicated by external characters, these undergo a change, and assume a neutral appearance, whenever original malformation, subsequent disease, or artificial obliteration, has deprived the sexual organs of their true influence.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

May 11.—A paper was read, on the approximate places and descriptions of 295 new double and triple stars, discovered in the course of a series of observations, with a twenty-feet reflecting telescope; together with some observations of double stars, previously known, by the president, J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. Some imperfect observations made at the observatory of Bombay, on moon-culminating stars, were communicated from Mr. Curwin. Then followed a paper, on the determination of azimuths, by observations of the pole star, by professor Littrow, director of the imperial observatory at Vienna. A communication was then read from G. Dollond, Esq., in which he gave an account of a singular appearance observed during the solar eclipse, on the 29th of November last. The morning was cloudy, but soon after the commencement of the eclipse there was a partial opening in the clouds, through which Mr. D. saw *a considerable part of the limb of the moon, which had not yet entered on the disc of the sun.* Continuing his observations, after a short time as the clouds passed on, he again saw both the sun and a portion of the moon's border, *which was off the sun's disc.* The sky then became cloudless, and he could no longer discern any part of the moon's limb, except that which eclipsed the sun. This unexpected occurrence, Mr. D. thinks, may be turned to advantage, as it seems to show that the reduction of the sun's light, by the intervention of an opaque substance, may enable an observer to see the moon when she is very near the sun. A letter was then read from Mr. Reeves of Canton, describing a comet which had been seen at sea, in October 1825, between γ Eridani, and π Caeti, and another from M. Gambart to the president, containing new elements of the comet which traversed the sun's disc, in November 1826.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—April 23.—A letter was read from M. Darnaud, who mentioned that, from time immemorial, in part of Greece, deep incisions under the tongue had been employed, and generally regarded as efficacious against hydrophobia—referred to M. M. Portal and Majendie. A communication was made by M. Arago, from professor Delpech, regarding ammoniacal and cyanogen gases, and sul-

phuric and hydrosulphuric acids, which depart from Mariotte's law the more, the nearer they are to their point of liquefaction, and hydrogen gas, which, compressed by the weight of twenty atmospheres, was in sensible agreement with the air. A favourable report was delivered by M. M. Latreille and Dumeril, on a memoir of M. Leon Dufour, entitled Anatomical Researches on the Labidouri (tails with pincers), preceded by some considerations on the establishment of a particular order for these insects. M. Bouvard presented a memoir, on the meteorological observations made at the observatory of Paris: and a paper was read by M. B. Schlickh, on the Thames Tunnel.—30. M. Arago communicated a note of M. Savary, on the sounds produced by a plate, placed at an orifice, from which a current of aëriform gas is escaping. On a report of M. M. Vauquelin and Chevreul, the thanks of the academy were proffered to M. Morin, an apothecary, at Rouen, for the communication he had made to them on the subject of a concretion, found in the brain of a human subject. M. M. Poinsot, Ampere, and Cauchy, delivered a report on a memoir of M. Roche, relative to the rotation of a solid body round a fixed point, as its centre of gravity—the results had been previously known. M. Poisson read a paper on the rotation of the earth.—May 7. M. de Freycinet read an extract from a letter of M.M. Quoy and Gaimard, dated Port Jackson, December 4, 1826, stating that they were about to forward a memoir and some drawings. M. Arago communicated a memoir he had received from M. Broussingault, on the composition of native argentiferous gold. M. Moreau de Jonnes read a memoir on venomous serpents, brought alive from foreign countries—when M. Majendie remarked that the employment of cupping is limited in its effects, and insufficient of itself to counteract the effect of their bite. M. Cassini, president of the royal court of Paris, was elected into the academy, in the place of the Duke de la Rochefoucault. A very highly complimentary report was made by M. M. Arago and Dupin, on "A Course of Mechanics applied to Machines," by Captain Poncelet, of the engineers. It would have been inserted in the collections of the academy, had not the minister of war provided for its more unlimited circulation. Conformably to the wish of the minister of the interior, a commission had been appointed to investigate the facts relating to the death of Mr. Drake, who had died by the bite of a rattle-snake at Rouen; it was proposed that no venemous animals of that class should be allowed to enter France, and adopted with certain limitations.—14. M. Arago read a letter addressed to him by M. Despretz, in which the latter recounted some experiments, designed to prove that the compression of liquids constantly gives rise to a sensible degree of heat—water under a pressure of twenty atmospheres evolved 0.015 of a degree. He also read an extract from a memoir of M. M. de la Rive and Marcet, of Geneva, on the specific heat of gases, which, according to them, is the same in all the gases subjected to the same pressure. M. Clever de Maldigny read a memoir on the breaking of stones in the bladder. Having undergone the operation of cutting seven times, he resolved to have the stones broken, which was done with perfect success, by M. Civiale, who himself announced that, of forty-three patients upon whom he had operated, forty-two were radically cured, without the treatment being accompanied by any distressing accident.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Receipt for a Croonian Lecture.—Rummage among old papers, especially if bequeathed by a deceased relation, for some crude conjecture; upon said crude conjecture build a wild hypothesis; take from any subject, dead or living—brute-beast or Christian—whatever is so disgusting as to deter all other examiners; get a young surgeon to prepare, and an old one to describe it; go to the seer who descries invisibles, and, when told what you want to support your hypothesis, he will be sure to discover it; cause his discoveries to be pourtrayed by one skilful artist, and engraved by another; destroy the old papers, instead of the hypothesis; claim the latter as your own, and it will form a proper lecture to be read to the Royal Society; and then, with the designs of one man—the engravings of a second, illustrating the ravages of a third on the departed genius of a fourth—by them to be communicated to Europe, as the *ne plus ultra* of British physiology.

We understand that, in practice, the above receipt has been found perfectly unobjectionable. That it has not become obsolete, is best shewn by the *Croonian Lecture for* 1827, with which a correspondent has furnished us:—

Harper cries, 'Tis time
To work some crude conjecture;
And do it into rhyme
For my next Croonian lecture.
Critics often prate
(They sha'n't say so this season)—
Your papers have of late
Neither rhyme nor reason.
If I catch the train,
Soon I'll mould and shape her:
Let us thumb again
Each musty spotted paper.

Ha! I've hit the nail;
Tadpoles have a tail—
I'll run to Leicester-square,
My friends who sojourn there,
My worthy friend, explain us, is
Why have frogs bare anuses,
I've a friend at hand
Then make us understand
The tadpole had a tail—
While frogs as seldom fail
He had a tail 'tis plain,
It could not cross his brain,
You see my sad distress—
I've half a mind to guess
I have a friend, whose sight
He'll see whate'er is right,
Then give my friend and me,
Tell us what to see,
Ha! I understand—
Honest friend, your hand—
Away, away to the seer—
I've such a bright idea—
My hints when I revise,
Then we'll pen them as they rise,
I hate the *labor limæ*—
His tail, so bright and slimy,
You see each vessel's play,
Quick—you see it—say?
Again then—*fugit hora*—
Invisible fine aura?
You see beside, I'm sure,
A soft, smooth aperture?†
And hear a crepitation,
'Scaped Parry's observation?
The tail attenuated,
Like nutmeg gently grated?
You see it fast diminish,
Quick—quick—it's time to finish?
But hold, my more than brother,
It strikes me that another
Did this anomalous,
Its whole effect produce
Or should we rather say,
In quite another way—
These doubts would best be met
Oh! could we catch the jet,
I'll think again of this,
We'll have the analysis
Then sketch away, unheeding
I'll draw up the proceeding:
I'll read it to the learned,
Will think the job well earned
Or if it double twenty
Their funds suffice in plenty,
A health then to the donors!
Such microscopic honours
I'll score it in my pothooks;
Frogs have but bare buttocks!!!
I know who'll see my drift;
I'll ask them for a lift.
It hard to raise the veil,
While tadpoles have a tail?
With a microscopic eye;
What we ought to spy.
Nobody can doubt it—
To do as well without it.
And constantly employed it;
I think, my friend, to void it.
Then teach me how to meet it;—
The wretches take and eat it!
I can very well depend on;
Be it vessel, nerve, or tendon.
Give us but a thought;
And we'll see it as we ought.
One word's as good as twenty—
Verbum sapienti.
Summon all your senses;
Out with all your lenses!
I very often fast stick;
*Autoschediastic.**
Critics, let them joke us;
Fix it in the focus.
Each pulse's rise and fall?
"Yes—I see it all!"
You see a thin and small
"Yes—I see it all!"
From whence these vapours roll,
"Oh! yes—I see the whole!"
Like what from Northern light
"I do—distinctly—quite!"
Its substance seems to lose,
"Yes—I see it does!"
Like ice before the sun?
"Oh! yes—I see its gone."
In writing what we've seen,
Doubt may intervene.
Gas-like elimination
From mechanical abrasion?
It performed its execution,
By chemical solution?
By an analytic trial;
And stop it in a phial!
While you collect the vapour;
In my next year's paper.‡
Who your labour is to pay;
Then sketch—sketch away!
And never doubt the ninnies
At the price of twenty guineas.‖
For paper, plates, and printing,
For such experimenting.
Again shall never sly bore
Bear away as you and I bore.

---

* An erudite word—for which see the prospectus to Valpy's Thesaurus.

† Totus teres atque rotundus.—*Horace.*

‡ Is there a mistake here? For the Croonian Lectureship is annual—not perennial.

‖ "The Croonian Lecture, founded on the donation of Dame Mary Sadlier, the late relict of Dr. Croone, of one-fifth of the clear rent of an estate on Lambeth-hill, in the possession of the College of Physicians (producing to the society £3 per annum), for maintaining a lecture or discourse of the nature and property of local motion" [of a tadpole's tail, for instance].—*The Statutes of the Royal Society of London, made in the year* 1823, *p.* 42.

Weiss's Stomach Pump.—In a late number of a respectable contemporary journal, the Sporting Magazine, we saw an account of a novel application of Weiss's Stomach Pump, which cannot be too widely circulated; it was to a valuable mare, suffering from inflammation of the bowels, on which occasion a very large quantity of warm soap suds were injected by this machine, and a disease which frequently proves fatal, completely removed. The construction of this simple instrument, without valves, not only prevents any liability to derangement, but insures its efficacy in the hands of every practitioner—two advantages which cannot be claimed by any similar contrivance. The same very ingenious artist has in preparation an apparatus for restoring suspended animation, which, from its success upon the brute creation, promises to be of infinite value when applied to man. We shall hereafter give a detailed account of the process.

Columbus and his Discoveries.—Some new documents relative to Columbus, have recently been published by authority of the Spanish government, by D. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, to whom access has been allowed to all the archives of the government, and of the most noble houses of Spain. Among much that is curious and interesting, we think the following remarks worthy of insertion here, as setting at rest a question which has given rise to much conjecture, viz., the island which Columbus first discovered in America. He gave it the name of San Salvador; and it has generally been supposed to be the island now called St. Salvador, or Cat Island. The position of this island not agreeing perfectly with the admiral's course and description, Munoz conjectured that Watling's Island was the true Guanahani. But Senor Navarrete adduces very strong reasons for believing it to be the largest of the Turks Islands. The course of Columbus, from Guanahani, was continually west, from island to island, till he arrived at Nipe in Cuba. Now this fact is irreconcilable with the idea, that Guanahani is Cat Island, which lies nearly due north of Nipe. Beside, the great Bahama bank, and a long chain of bays, called Cayos de la Cadena, stretching between St. Salvador and Cuba, interpose a most serious obstacle to holding such a westerly course as Columbus pursued. But by setting out from Nipe, and proceeding in a retrograde direction along his course, as he very particularly describes it in his journal, we may easily trace his path, and shall be convinced that Guanahani is no other than Turks Island. Add to this, that his description of it accords exactly with the latter, especially in the circumstance of there being a large lake in the middle of it. This point is perhaps of no great consequence, but it is satisfactory to know precisely what spot in America was first revealed to the eyes of Europeans.

Hindoo Dwarf.—An extraordinary dwarf has recently been exhibited in India. His name is Dhunna Ram; he was born at Begoo Serai, district of Monghyr; is of the Baheliya caste, and forty-two years old. His stature, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, is three feet one inch and a-half high. He is well proportioned throughout, and intelligent and pleasing in his manner. Though so diminutive himself, his mother and father were of full growth; and he has four brothers and sisters full grown. Indeed he was accompanied by one of his brothers, who is a tall able-bodied man. Dwarfs usually have some deformity about them; but the little man in question is perfectly well formed, with the exception, perhaps, of the elbow-joint being higher situated than we generally meet with. The expression of his face is pleasing, lively, and somewhat quaint. His voice is clear and strong, but partakes somewhat of a boyish shrillness, as if he had never attained the *vox rauca* which is observable at puberty. He has lost one of his eyes by the small-pox; his appetite and health are good, and he is light and active.—*India Gazette.*

Second Inventions.—At the end of the last century, the celebrated Lord Stanhope proposed an improvement on reflecting telescopes, by fixing both the great mirror and the eye-piece, and employing a large plane speculum, *moveable in every direction*, to reflect the image on the object mirror—so that the observer in his closet or elsewhere, might contemplate and examine at his leisure the objects placed before him, and no more light be lost than in the ordinary Newtonian telescope. With the able assistance of the late Mr. Varley, this design is said to have been carried into execution, and the latter has left an account of its effect. With the death of his patron, however, all further attention to the subject was relinquished in England; but in 1812, Professor Amici, of Modena, succeeded in executing a telescope on the same principle, but on a much smaller scale than the former one; and an Italian society rewarded his discovery with a medal. This reminds us of a travelling railway, for which an ingenious gentleman, George Hunter, Esq., has recently taken out a patent in England, when almost the very same invention was submitted to the Society of Arts for Scotland, on the 27th December 1822, by Mr. Heriot, carpenter, at Duddington, under the title of "A model of a new construction of wheels for carriages, called a moveable Railway." Well may Dr. Brewster say, that the British minister who shall first establish a system of effectual patronage for our arts and sciences, and who shall deliver them from *the fatal incubus of our patent laws*, will be regarded as the Colbert of his age, and will secure to himself a more glorious renown than he could ever obtain from the highest achievements in legislation or in politics.

Botany.—An institution has been established in Germany, of which the professed aim is, to employ zealous and properly-educated botanists in Germany and other Euro-

pean nations, to collect rare plants, both in a living and dried state, and seeds. Two or more collectors will be employed annually, but their number must be regulated by the means of the establishment. The members of the society will constitute two classes: 1. Honorary members; that is, such as give it their support by voluntary contributions, arising from a desire of promoting its views. To these will be granted the privilege of selecting from the annual collections (of which a public account will always be given), rare seeds, or living plants, for their gardens, or splendid specimens for their herbaria; and they will be allowed to give directions in regard to other objects of natural history which they may desire, but they will not share in the regular annual distributions. 2. There will be ordinary members, who will divide among themselves, according to the amount of their subscriptions, the collections, after the honorary members have received their portions; and the subscribers are particularly requested to specify whether they prefer dried plants, living plants, or seeds. The annual contribution is fifteen florins, Rhenish (the louis d'or being reckoned as eleven florins), something short of thirty shillings English, and the sum must be forwarded at the beginning of each year. Persons subscribing to twice or thrice that amount, will receive plants in proportion, and will have more of the rarest kinds, of which only a few may have been gathered. The directors bind themselves to the continuance of the establishment for five years to come. For the accommodation of English botanists, communications may be addressed to a gentleman well known to every naturalist, "John Hunnemann, Esq., No. 9, Queen-street, Soho;" and through the same channel, the annual returns can be received. It is to be hoped that this appeal to the friends of Botanical Science in this country will not be neglected; and for their encouragement we may add, that Doctor Hooker, of Edinburgh, a subscriber to the institution, being entitled to two shares in the produce of the first excursion, is in possession of a collection, which, for the number, variety, and beauty of the specimens, has much exceeded his most sanguine expectations; being such as, but for this valuable institution, no money could have purchased: all are correctly named, with printed labels. To judge from the first collection, each member will receive about 200 species for a single annual subscription.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Dr. Brewster of Edinburgh has announced a System of Popular and Practical Science. The object of this publication is to furnish the educated classes; but particularly the young of both sexes, with a Series of popular works, on the various branches of Science, brought down to the humblest capacities, and yet capable of imparting Scientific knowledge to the best informed ranks of Society.

Mr. Charles Swain announces Sketches of History and Imagination.

Mr. Henry Trevanion has in the press the Influence of Apathy, and other Poems.

Lieut. Col. D.L. Evans announces a Parallel between the Wars of Wellington and Marlborough.

An Historical Narrative of Dr. Francia's Reign in Paraguay.

Mr. Strutt is preparing a work, entitled Deliciæ Sylvarum; or Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature.

Dr. Wm. Lempriere announces Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences, Vegetable, Physiological; Zoology, the Poisons, and on the Human Faculties, Mental and Corporeal.

Messrs. Purbury, Allen, and Co., have nearly ready for publication a Memoir, relative to the Operations of the Serampore Missionaries; including a succinct account of their Oriental Translations, Native Schools, Missionary Stations, and Serampore College.

An Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome; designed as an Introduction to the study of the Civil Law.

Twelve Instructive and Familiar Lectures to Young Persons, on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man; the Existence, Character, and Government of God; the Evidences of Christianity, &c.: with a concluding Address on Nonconformity. By the late Rev. John Horsey.

The Stanley Tales, 18mo. Part I. Second Series. Beautifully illustrated.

The Secret Treaty, concluded in 1670, between Charles II. and Louis XIV., which has never been seen, and the very existence of which has been only surmised; will be exhibited by Dr. Lingard in the forth-coming volume of his History of England.

The author of the "Promenade Round Dorking," has in the press, Cameleon Sketches. A Series of Original Outlines and Opinions of Scenery and Manners; and a few Shades of Character, in illustration of some of the most popular Topics of the Study of Mankind; with Recollections, Autobiographic, Literary, and Topographical.

In the press, and nearly ready, a new and greatly improved edition of Mr. Gray's valuable Supplement to the Pharmacopœia; including the new French Remedies, with numerous and important Additions.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, by J. G. Smith, M.D., Lecturer on State Medicine at the Royal Institution. Third edition; with the author's latest corrections.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Journal or Itinerary of Thomas Beckington, Secretary to Henry VI., and afterwards Bishop of Bath, Sir Robert Roos, Knt., and others, during their journey from Windsor to Bordeaux on an Embassy to negociate the Marriage between Henry VI. and one of the daughters of the Count Arminack, in June 1442; from a contemporary MS. With Illustrative Notes, Historical and Biographical, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. F.S.A.

The Influence of Apathy, and other Poems, by Henry Trevanion, fscp. 8vo., is in the press.

Mr. Southey has nearly ready for the press, "The History of Portugal, from the earliest Times to the commencement of the Peninsular War."

The Rev. Thomas Sims has nearly ready for publication, an Apology for the Waldenses; exhibiting an Historical View of their Origin, Orthodoxy, Loyalty, and Constancy; in 8vo.

A Clergyman of the Church of England, is preparing for the press, a History of England, from the earliest Period to the present Time; in which it is intended to consider Men and Events on Christian Principles. To be published in Monthly Numbers, and to be completed in 4 vols. 12mo.

The Second Part of the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield's Recensio Synoptica Annotationes Sacræ: or Critical Digest of the most important Annotations on the New Testament. In 4 vols. 8vo.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Thoms' Series of Early Prose Romances will contain, the Merry Exploits of Robin Hood; and the Curious MSS. Life of that Outlaw, preserved in the Sloanean Library, at the British Museum, will be printed, for the first time, in the Appendix.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

An Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal, since the close of the Peninsular War; exhibiting a full Account of the Events which have led to the present state of that Country. By an eye-witness. 8vo. 12s. 6d. boards.

History of the War in the Peninsula under Napoleon. By General Foy. Vol. I. 14s. boards.

Hallam's Constitutional History of England. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. boards

Elements of Universal History; containing a Selection of Remarkable Events; arranged in a course of Lessons for the use of Schools and young people: translated from the German of G. G. Bredou. 12mo. 4s. bds.

The History and Antiquities of Weston Favell, in the County of Northampton. By J. Cole. 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Description of Bury St. Edmunds, and its Environs, Part II. 8vo. 12s. sewed; complete, 18s. boards.

Chronicles of London Bridge. By an Antiquary; with 56 engravings on wood. Crown 8vo. 28s. boards.

History of the Battle of Agincourt, from contemporary authorities, together with a copy of the Roll returned into the Exchequer in Nov. 1416, by command of Henry the Fifth, of the names of the Nobility, Knights, and Men at Arms, who were present on that occasion. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. Barrister at Law. F.S.A.

The First Volume of a new History of London. By Thomas Allen; with numerous Engravings of Antiquities, &c., on copper and wood. Price 8s. 6d. boards.

Mr. Wallis's entertaining Lectures on Astronomy, with numerous engravings. Price 2s.

The Life of Earl Theodore Korner, written by his Father; with Selections from his Poems, Tragedies, and Dramas, translated from the German. By G. F. Richardson. 2 vols. small 8vo. 15s. boards.

Rieland's Memoirs of a West-India Planter. 12mo. 5s. boards.

LAW.

Roscoe on the Law of Evidence. 8vo. 15s. boards.

A Compendium of the Laws relating to the Removal and Settlement of the Poor. By James Sculthorp. Second Edition, corrected to the present Time. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

Robinson's Lex Parochialis. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.

POETRY.

St. James's, a Satirical Poem; in six Epistles; addressed to Mr. Crockford. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Torquato Tasso, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Goethe; with other German Poetry. Translated by Charles Des Voeux, Esq. 8vo. 12s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lectures on the Tactics of Cavalry. By Count Von Bismark, Colonel of the Third Royal Wirtemberg Regiment of Cavalry; translated from the German, with Notes. By Major N. Ludlow Beamish. 8vo. 21s. bds.

The Authenticated Report of the late important Discussion in Dublin, between the Rev. R. T. P. Pope and the Rev. T. Maguire, on the principal points of Controversy, between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

Solution of the more difficult Equations, in the Fourth Edition of Bland's Algebraical Problems. By Francis Edward Thomson, B.A. 8vo. 4s.

Archæologia Æliana; or Miscellaneous Tracts, relating to Antiquity, published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 4to. Vol. 2. Part I. 15s.

Papers on Naval Architecture. Vol. 1. 8vo. 1l. 2s. boards.

London's Gardener's Magazine. Vol. 2. 14s. 6d. boards.

Le Brun's Lithographic Drawings. Imperial folio. 5l. 5s. boards.

Calcutta Medical Transactions. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. boards.

An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakspeare Portraits, &c. By A. Wivell, with plates. 8vo.

A Catalogue of the Library of Queen's College Cambridge. 2 vols. Imperial 8vo. 3l. 3s. boards.

Burke's Works. Vol. VIII. 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.

The Theory of Plane Angles. By John Walsh. Price 1s.

By the same Author, the Geometric Base. Price 1s. 6d.

A Review of the Doctrine of Personal Identity; in which are considered and compared the Opinions of Locke, Butler, Reid, Brown, and Stuart, upon that subject. 8vo. 3s.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1825. 8vo. 18s. boards.

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest; being an Attempt to illustrate the first Principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of Popular Toys and Sports. With woodcuts, from designs, by George Cruikshank. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. boards.

The Pulpit; Vol. VIII.; containing five Portraits, and upwards of two hundred Sermons by the most Eminent and Popular Divines of the day.

Fashionable Amusements. 1 vol. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Mechanic's Magazine; Vol. VII, with a Portrait of the KING, and two hundred engravings on wood.

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

Vittoria Colonna; a Tale of Rome, in the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. boards.

Intrigue; or Woman's Wit, and Man's Wisdom. By Mrs. Mosse. 4 vols. 12mo. 24s. boards.

Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren; a Tale. By Mrs. Hamerton. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

Guesses at Truth. By two Brother's. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. boards.

Caroline and her Mother; or, Familiar Conversations for Children. Principally upon Entomological Subjects. By a Lady. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

Lady of the Manor. By Mrs. Sherwood. Vol. V. 12mo. 7s.

Owain Goch; a Tale of the Revolution. In 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. boards. By the Author of the Cavalier.

True Charity; a Tale of the Year 1800. 12mo. 5s. boards.

LITTLE FRANK, the Irish Boy. By Charlotte Elizabeth, Author of The System; Allan McLeod; Grandfather's Tales, &c. 1 vol. 18mo. boards. 1s. 6d.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

Biographical History of the Christian Church; from the commencement of the Christian Era to the Times of Wickliffe the Reformer. By J. W. Morris. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Garbett on the Nullity of the Roman Faith. 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

Original Series and Religious Poetry. By the Rev. Richard Corbald. 12mo. 7s. bds.

The Christian Year; Thoughts in Verse, for Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. boards.

Practical Sermons; to which are added Family Prayers. 12mo. 5s. boards.

Hymn's written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year. By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

The Burial and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, according to the Four Evangelists. From the German of John David Michaelis. Formerly Professor of Philosophy at Gottingen, Privy Counsellor of Justice, Knight of the Polar Star, Member of the Royal Society at London, and of the Academy of Inscriptions of Paris, &c. &c. 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards.

Papistry Storm'd; or, the Dingin' Down o' the Cathedral. Ane Poem in Sax Sangs. M. W. T. Imprentit at Edinborogh, be Oliver and Boyd. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

The Connection of Sacred and Profane History, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

The Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke and Dr. French Lawrence. Published from the Original Manuscripts. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The Case between the Church and the Dissenters; impartially and practically considered. By the Rev. F. Merewether, M. A. 8vo. 6s.

Religio Militis; or, Christianity for the Camp. Royal 18mo. 5s. boards.

A Vindication of the Character of the Pious and Learned Bishop Bull, from the unqualified Accusations brought against it, by the Archdeacon of Ely, in his Charge, delivered in the Year 1823. By the Ven. Charles Danberry, D. D., Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. 6s.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

A Journal from Buenos Ayres, &c, through Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi, &c. &c. By Captain Andrews. 2 vols. Post 8vo.

Two Years in New South Wales; a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants, of its Topography, Natural History, &c. By P. Cunningham, Esq., R. N. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 18s. boards.

Colonel Symes's Embassy to Ava; a new and enlarged edition; including a Narrative of the late Military and Political Operations in the Birman Empire. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. boards.

Journal of a Tour through France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the Years 1823-4 By John Willes Johnson, Commander R. N. 1 vol. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Rambles in Madeira and Portugal, during the early Part of 1826. With an Appendix of Details, Illustrative of the Climate, Produce and Civil History of the Island. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

Don Juan Van Halen's Narrative of his Flight from the Dungeons of the Inquisition of Madrid, and of his Travels and Adventures in Russia, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. boards.

FINE ARTS.

Part IV. of Pompeii, which completes this important Work, in Imperial Folio, containing nearly one hundred Plates, engraved by W. B. Cooke. The work is also embellished with an Eruption of Vesuvius, from a Drawing by J. Martin, Esq. Price 4l. 4s. Proofs 6l. 6s.

No. VII. of River Scenery. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and the late Thomas Girtin, which completes the Work; with letter-press Descriptions of all the Plates, by Mrs. Hofland. The work complete, royal 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. Proofs, imperial 4to. 5l half-bound.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed 1827.

Henry Raper, of Baker-street, Middlesex, Esq., a Rear-Admiral in our Royal Navy, for an improved system of signals, first, for communicating by day by the means of flags and pendants, between ships at sea or other objects far distant from each other; in which system, the colours of the flags and pendants which have heretofore served to distinguish the signals one from another, and which, by distance or other causes, are extremely subject to be mistaken, may be dispensed with altogether; and secondly, for communicating, by night, between ships at sea and other objects far distant from each other, by the means of lights. And which system of signals is more conspicuous, expeditious, and certain, than any which has hitherto been employed for the like purpose. Sealed 21st June; 2 months.

To James Marshall, of Chatham, Kent, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for improvements in mounting guns or cannon for sea, or other service—26th June; 6 months.

To John Felton, of Hinckley, in the county of Leicester, machine-maker, for a machine for an expeditious and correct mode of giving a fine edge to knives, razors, scissors, and other cutting instruments—28th June; 2 months.

To Thomas Fuller, of Bath, coach-maker, for certain improvements on wheel carriages—28th June; 2 months.

To Walter Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, engineer, for an improvement or improvements upon steam-engines — 4th July; 6 months.

To George Anthony Sharp, of Putney, Surry, Esq., for an improved table-urn—18th July; 6 months.

To Robert More, of Underwood, Sterlingshire, in Scotland, distiller, for certain improvements in the process of preparing and cooling worts or wash from vegetable substances for the production of spirits—18th July; 6 months.

To Robert More, of Underwood, Sterlingshire, Scotland, distiller, for certain processes for rendering distillery refuse productive of spirits—18th July; 6 months.

To Edward Barnard Deeble, of Saint James's-street, Westminster, civil engineer, for a new construction or constructions and combination, or combination of metallic blocks for the purposes of forming caissons, jetties, piers, quays, embankments, lighthouses, foundation walls, or such other erections to which the said metallic blocks may be applicable—12th July; 6 months.

To Robert Vazie, of York-square, Saint Pancras, Middlesex, civil engineer, for improvements in certain processes, utensils, apparatus, machinery, and operations applicable to the preparing, extracting, and preserving various articles of food, the component parts of which utensils, apparatus, and machinery, are of different dimensions proportionate to the different uses in which they are employed, and may be separately applied in preparing, extracting, and preserving food, and in other useful purposes—12th July; 6 months.

To William Church, of Birmingham, Warwick, Esq., for certain improvements on apparatus for spinning fibrous substances—13th July; 6 months.

To William Wilson, of Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, London, hat-manufacturer, for his method or principle of extracting spirits and other solvents used in dissolving malleable gums of various kinds, and other articles employed for stiffening hats, hat-bodies, bonnets, caps, and divers articles of merchandizes, and converting such spirit (after rectification) into use—4th July; 2 months.

To René Florentin Jenar, of Bunhill-row, in the parish of Saint Luke, gentleman, for certain improvements in lamps—4th July; 6 months.

A grant unto George Boulton, of Stafford-street, Old Bond-street, Middlesex, tailor, for an instrument, machine, or apparatus for writing, which he denominates a self-supplying pen—4th July; 6 months.

To Thomas Sowerby, of 'Change-alley, Cornhill, for a certain improvement in the construction of ships windlasses—4th July; 2 months.

To René Florentin Jenar, of Bunhill-row, Middlesex, gentleman, for a method of filling-up with metal or other suitable material, the holes or interstices in wire-gauze, or other similar substances, which he denominates metallic linen.

To John Snelson Shenton, of Husband, Bosworth in Leicester, plumber and glazier, for certain improvements in the mechanism of water-closets—12th July; 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in August 1813, expire in the present month of August 1827.

9. John Easson, Liverpool, for *a machine called a panagram, for teaching the blind to read, by the touch, music, languages, arithmetic, &c.*

— George Scott, Alnwick, for a *machine for cutting out men and women's wearing apparel, and various other things, &c.*

— Edward Heard, London, for *certain processes for the manufacture of glass.*

— Robert Westfield, London, for *improvements in horizontal watches.*

25. John Hancock, Reading, for *improved construction of carriages, and application of a material hitherto unused for them.*

— John Naish, Bath, for *making moveable characters for composing names and professions.*

— Thomas Gate Hunt, Brades, Stafford, for *an improved back for scythes, reaping-hooks, straw-knives, and hay-knives.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD MORTON.

George Douglas, Earl of Morton, and Lord Aberdour of the County of Fife; Baron Douglas of Lochleven, in the peerage of England; Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife; High Commissioner to the Kirk of Scotland; K.T.V.P.R.S., and F.S.A., was born in the year 1759. His lordship's ancestors descended from Andrew de Douglas, second son of Archibald de Douglas, whose eldest son, William, was ancestor of the Dukes de Douglas. John Douglas of Landen and Loch Leven, great-great-grandson of Andrew, lived in the reign of King David II. of Scotland; and had, besides other issue, two sons; James, whose great-grandson was created Earl of Morton; and Henry of Loch Leven ancestor of the late and present Earl.

Sholto Charles, the fifteenth Earl, father of the nobleman, to whom this notice relates, married Katharine, daughter of John Hamilton, Esq., by whom (who died in April 1823) he had an only son. His Lordship died on the 27th of September, 1774; and was succeeded by that son, George Douglas.

After finishing his education, his Lordship made the tour of Europe, and is said to have acquired a proficiency in all the languages in that quarter of the world. In the early part of Mr. Pitt's administration, he was appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; a post which he held until the death of her majesty. On the 11th of August, 1791, he was created Baron Douglas, of Loch Leven, in the English Peerage. His lordship was a man attached to science, and was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Royal Society. Having often officiated as vice-president of that institution, during the absence of Sir Joseph Banks, on the death of that gentleman, he was one of the noblemen who were mentioned as likely to succeed him. The election, however, took a different turn; his lordship not having been put in nomination as a candidate.

Lord Morton married, on the 13th of August, 1814, Susan Elizabeth Buller, daughter of Sir Francis Buller, of Lupton, in the county of Devon, Bart. His lordship died at Dalmahoy, in North Britain, on the 19th of July; and having left no issue by his lady, the English Barony of Douglas, of Loch Leven, has, by his death, become extinct. He is succeeded in his other titles by his cousin, George Sholto Douglas.

DR. JACKSON.

Robert Jackson, M.D., Inspector of Military Hospitals, and many years chief of the medical department in the army of the West Indies, was born about the year 1751. After his probationary terms in the profession, he went to Jamaica, in 1774. There, he successfully adopted the practice of cold affusion in fever, long before it was adopted by Dr. Currie. In 1778, Mr. Jackson served as regimental surgeon in the British army in America. At the close of the American war, he settled at Stockton-upon-Tees. In 1793, when the French revolutionary war commenced, he was appointed to the Third Regiment of Foot, with the view of attaining the rank of physician in the army. For some time he served upon the continent; in 1796, he was employed at St. Domingo; and, in 1799, with the Russian auxiliary army. After some years of retirement, he took charge of the medical department in the Windward and Leeward Islands. In his improved mode of treating the yellow fever in the West-Indies, he encountered many difficulties; but his late Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, aware of the value of his services, enabled him to overcome them; and, in addition to his half-pay, as Inspector of Hospitals, he was, for many years, allowed a pension of £200.

Dr. Jackson wrote much and well. His publications were as follow:—On the Fevers of Jamaica, with Observations on the Intermittents of America, and an Appendix, containing Hints on the Means of preserving the Health of Soldiers in Hot Climates, 1795, 8vo.; An Outline of the History and Cure of Fever, Endemic and Contagious, more

particularly the Contagious Fever of Gaols, Ships, and Hospitals; with an Explanation of the Principles of Military Discipline and Economy, and a Scheme of Medical Arrangement for Armies, 1798, 8vo.; Remarks on the Constitution of the Medical Department of the British Army, 1803, 8vo.; A Systematic View of the Discipline, Formation, and Economy of Armies, 1804, 4to.; A Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, 1804, 8vo.; A System of Arrangement and Discipline for the Medical Department of Armies, 1805, 8vo; An Exposition of the Practice of Affusing Cold Water on the Body as a Cure for Fever, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, Explaining the True Constitution of a Medical Staff, 1808, 8vo.; A Second Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, containing a Refutation of some Statements made by Mr. Keate, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter to Mr. Keate, Surgeon-general to the Forces, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter to Sir David Dundas, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, 1809, 8vo.

Dr. Jackson died at Thursby, near Carlisle, on the 6th of April.

LORD CASTLE COOTE.

Eyre Coote, Baron Castle Coote, of the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, was the third, but eldest surviving son of Charles Henry, second Lord Castle Coote, by his lady, Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter and co-heir of the Rev. Henry Tilson, D. D. He succeeded his father on the 22d of January 1823; having married, in the preceding year, Barbara, the second daughter of Sir Joshua Colles Meredith, of Madareen, in the county of Kilkenny, Bart. Leaving no male issue, the title is extinct. His lordship, who died lately at Paris, is succeeded in his estates by Eyre Coote, Esq.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE concurring testimony of physicians in all ages has demonstrated the salubrity of a mild winter and a cool summer. To the correctness of the first part of this assertion, the tenor of many preceding Reports in this Magazine will abundantly testify. The experience of the present season, so far as we have yet advanced in it, seems disposed to bear out the old observers in the latter part of their dictum, even to its fullest extent. There has not been one day of great or oppressive heat since the date of the last Report. The temperature of the air has been mild and uniform during the day; the nights have been cold, and occasionally rainy. To these circumstances undoubtedly it must be owing that the Reporter has so little to communicate regarding the diseases of this period. It must be evident that, if the peculiarities of any season are absent, its usual train of diseases will be absent also. The reader, however, will, it is humbly hoped, derive much consolation from reflecting, that, if the "Monthly Medical Report" be meagre and uninteresting, the public health has been, in the mean time, such as to gratify the best feelings of his nature; and that, in fact, interest can only be given to this communication by the extent and severity of individual suffering.

The most generally prevalent disease at the present time is fever, of the kind called synochus, or typhus mitior. The London Fever Hospital is in full activity. Nearly all its beds are occupied; but the character of the fever is mild and manageable; and never did this institution more thoroughly justify, than at present, its former designation—"The House of Recovery." Small-pox is gaining ground too. The admissions into the Small-Pox Hospital during the last month have been unusually numerous, especially from the St. Giles's district; but the disease is quite devoid of those malignant features which it is wont to assume under the scorching influence of a July sun. The greater number of admissions has been of children (and others) wholly unprotected; but there have been several cases also of small-pox after vaccination. It must be very gratifying, however, to the friends of vaccination (that is to say, to all the friends of humanity) to learn that the proportion of admissions under this head has not advanced during the last two years; and further, that the mildness or severity of the disease has been always proportioned to the degree of perfection which the vaccination originally attained. In other words, whenever the vaccination was clearly ascertained to have been complete and satisfactory, there the subsequent disorder has been so slight as to occasion little inconvenience to the patient, and no uneasiness whatever to the physician.

The Reporter, however, cannot avoid adding to this statement his conviction (founded now on a very extensive experience), that medical practitioners were formerly—and still perhaps in some places continue to be—too easily satisfied with the appearances of the arm; and that they pronounced on the future security of the individual with a degree of confidence which is not always warranted by the facts even at the time. The constitution of the child must be thoroughly imbued with the vaccine influence, before such an opinion can be properly given; and it requires a practised eye and a nice habit of discrimination to decide when such an effect has been *fully* obtained. There appears to exist, in some children, an indisposition to take the cow-

pox, both locally and constitutionally; and, unless the Reporter have greatly deceived himself, it will generally be found that these two circumstances go together;—that is to say, wherever a child is vaccinated two or three times without taking, or is vaccinated in many places where one only succeeds, that the resulting vesicle will be small, and the constitutional influence uncertain and imperfect. If this opinion be well founded, it would follow that, under such circumstances, the vaccination should not then be persevered in, but should be deferred for a few months until the child's system has altered, and probably improved. The Reporter is not aware whether this doctrine was held by Dr. Jenner, and whether it is or is not acted upon by his professional brethren engaged in the practice of vaccination; but it has been forced upon his attention very strongly during the last six months; and he is desirous, on account of its obvious practical importance, to throw out the suggestion, that those whose opportunities enable them may estimate and decide upon its correctness.

Bronchial affections have prevailed to a considerable extent during the past month. Hoarseness has accompanied them in many cases, and herpetic eruptions about the lips in others. The Reporter has noticed that the blisters which he has applied in such persons have occasioned great irritation, which, with other circumstances, may be received as a conclusive evidence that the blood is heated, and that nitre and other antiphlogistic remedies are preferable to squills and the more direct expectorants. Allied to this state of low bronchial inflammation (the bastard peripneumony of old authors), is the disease called *pleurodyne*—the bastard pleurisy of a former age. Many cases of this kind have come under the Reporter's observation during the last month. It is decidedly a rheumatic affection: for it is always associated with pains of the limbs and shoulders; but it frequently is benefitted by one moderate bleeding; and the Reporter is not prepared to say that the pleura is not, in some degree, involved in it.

Several cases of hæmorrhage from the internal parts (the epigastric region) have been lately noticed. Practitioners are often anxious to determine whether the blood, in these cases, comes from the lungs or the stomach. In the hæmorrhagy of cold weather this is an important question, because it leads to the probability of future consumption; but it is a matter of comparative indifference in the hæmorrhagy of this season, which is mainly dependent on atmospheric heat operating upon a plethoric habit. Bleeding from the arm, leeches to the pit of the stomach, saline aperients, and a low diet are usually sufficient for the permanent cure of this apparently formidable disorder.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John Street, Golden Square, July* 22, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE earth's products of the present year have been described, in our preceding Reports, as probable to be generally abundant—perhaps considerably above the average of seasons. There is now every probability that the nearly approaching harvest will verify, to the letter, this nationally exhilarating expectation. It is nevertheless necessary to reflect with how many *grains of salt*—that is, of allowance—this splendid expectation is to be received, since some are certainly required by the actual state of the case. Without complaining—for which there is no ground—we have certainly witnessed more genial seasons. The solar heat has been checked, and rendered, in some respects, harmful, by chilling easterly winds, which, at intervals, were of long continuance—again quickly alternating. This, in course, gave occasional checks to vegetation, deteriorating its products, and, in some few instances, destroying them. The wheats have been generally affected, but it may be hoped superficially—the blight penetrating no deeper than the chaff and straw. But there certainly is a portion—small however—which will be tainted with *smut*. As usual, some of our *fortunate* correspondents attribute this misfortune to the *neglect* of the farmers;—a notion, which the stubborn facts periodically and constantly occurring, through the length of full a century and a half, have not yet been sufficient to counteract. The instances, during the present season, of wheat-seed steeped *sec. art.*, and yet the crop being infected with *red gum*, and all the other indications of incipient rottenness or smut, we hope will not be numerous;—but such there are.

The breadth of wheat in the country is said, from all quarters, to be most extensive; and, during some years past, the culture of this staff of life and of potatoes has been annually extending. Conjoined with this cheering fact, the annual forward state of culture—the considerable quantity of wheat held, whether in stack or granary—the

several years' clip of wool, with certain other indications of a comfortable prosperity—the whole by no means sanctions those frequent gloomy bewailings of agricultural depression and approaching ruin.

On the best lands the labourers have, for some time, found full employment; on others, many are still *rounding* in search of employ—too many of them compelled, by dire necessity, to take up the trade of poaching, or other means of a still higher rate of delinquency. The truth is, our national labourers are unable to bear up against Irish competition; and as England has ruined Ireland, she is thus taking her revenge. But, according to the usual course of things, the burden and the misery fall upon the lower classes of both countries. In order to the relief of both countries, a grand stroke of policy is the *desideratum* with regard to Ireland. Half-measures and palliatives can have only the usual effect of giving a somewhat longer life to an abominable system.

It is only on the most productive lands that wheat is very bulky; on the inferior, though the ear be of fair size, the straw is not great. Harvest will commence with the next month, or even the conclusion of the present, in the forward districts; and barley has been already cut in Dorsetshire. The barley crop is supposed to be the heaviest, both in ear and stem; oats the least so; and the complaints of foul tilth seem to attach, in the greatest degree, to the oat crop. Too many *good* old farmers appear yet to set much store by *double* crops.

The hops have certainly passed through the vicissitudes of the season with less injury than was predicted; and there having been, for some seasons, a much larger stock on hand than of which the speculators were aware, the article neither did, nor in probability will, for a considerable period, reach the high prices of former days. The hay is a general good crop, well got in, with the exception of that part of the lands on which the roots of the grass perished during the drought of last year. Much grass land is in a state to receive great benefit from being harrowed or scarified, and fresh seeded, towards the end of summer. The first heavy showers, which laid the forward barley, occasioned the young grasses to be smothered, and a considerable breadth of them will fail. Thus, sometimes, the corn ruins the grasses; at others, the grasses, being very forward and luxuriant, will nearly spoil a crop of corn. Furthermore, a state of singleness is always best for both crops. But custom is ever better than best; and few farmers, but the great farming patriot of Norfolk, Coke, have entire crops of clover. The spring grasses, with tares, are a luxuriant and beautiful crop; last year's grasses, in course, a failure. Beans and peas hold way with other crops in prosperity, having resisted, with a similar degree of success, insectile attacks.

That most important crop, the turnip, both white and Swedish, after some early mishaps, is in fair progress, and, at this time, undergoing the process of a second hoeing. The late showers have been infinitely beneficial. Mr. Poppy, of Suffolk, a farmer of great respectability, has lately received a society's premium for a plan, by him lately revived, of protecting turnip-plants from the fly; and a very eminent patron of agriculture congratulates the country, in glowing language, on the advantages to be obtained therefrom. Now, although we have no more faith in this than in the one-hundred-and-one other plans for the same purpose, which have been promulgated in our days—since it is evident that, if we cannot prevent blight, we cannot arrest the generation of insects, which are born to be fed—we nevertheless do not envy Mr. Poppy for his premium, nor attempt to treat the society with disrespect for conferring it. In all such cases, it is wise in those who profess to encourage agriculture not hastily to neglect any candidate who may exhibit proofs of a mind turned to research and improvement.

Enough of turnip-seed having been saved, the price, in course, has fallen greatly. A considerable quantity of bad seed has been put off during the present season, to the great loss and disappointment of many farmers; but our inquiries have not produced a single instance of this kind in the seed purchased of Messrs. Gibbs; who, as far as our experience has extended during upwards of twenty years, have always proved worthy of dependence.

Fruits promise to be a general crop, particularly apples; with the drawback, so annoying to the taste of foreigners, of too much *acid* in a great part, most in the currants—and the absence of that grateful saccharo-subacid flavour in the juices, which is never found in perfection in seasons when any considerable degree of blight prevails. Nothing of novelty has occurred respecting the cattle markets. Fat things still command a high price. Store pigs sell readily, at some advance. We may, however, look for a considerable decline in the price of flesh meat in the ensuing autumn. Ordinary horses, as usual, are plentiful, and not easy of disposal; but saddle and coach cattle, of good quality, have lately increased in demand and price.

The old stocks of corn on the Continent are said to be at a low ebb, with considerable quantities in very bad condition. Their new crops are reported very large; and,

according to the present aspect, that portion of them which may be imported into this country is not likely to be productive of very satisfactory prices. It is expected—but on what authority we know not—that the late Corn Bill will experience no material opposition in the next session of Parliament.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s.—Mutton, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 6d.—Lamb, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 65s.—Barley, 30s. to 34s.—Oats, 19s. to 37s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 84s. to 135s.—Clover ditto, 100s. to 150s.—Straw 40s. to 54s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 36s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 23, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

At this season of the year commerce is always very dull, except in the large exports now making of English manufactured goods, &c. to the East-Indies. A vast number of vessels are loading for Madras, Bengal, &c. &c., and several for South America, &c.; therefore our shipping are in *full employ*, and freights are reasonable to these ports.

The inland trade is dull for our home manufactures; and cotton goods of all descriptions are so low as to afford the speculators very little appearance of favourable returns.

Sugars, and all West-Indian produce in the markets, bring a fair average price.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands are rather low, and not in much demand. Few speculations are going forward either at London, Bristol, or Liverpool; and, until the winter approaches, we apprehend things will remain in this languid state.

Since our last Report there is no variation in the prices of our imports.

The discounts of the Bank of England being lately lowered from five per cent. to four per cent., we apprehend will make money more plentiful than it has been for some months past, and we now hope to find every thing will return into its former channel.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburgh, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 6.—Frankfort on the Main, 114½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 0.—Trieste, 0.—Berlin, 7.—Paris, 25.—Bordeaux, 25..—Seville, 33.—Barcelona, 0.—Cadiz, 34½.—Gibraltar, 33.—Naples, 39.—Palermo, 44½.—Lisbon, 58.—Oporto, 58.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 300*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Grand Junction, 305*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 26*l.* 0*s.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 390*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 29*l.* 0*s.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,800*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 285*l.*—London Docks, 84*l.* 10*s.*—West-India, 200*l.* 0*s.*—East London Water Works, 123*l.*—Grand Junction, 63½*l.*—West Middlesex, 65*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance.—1¼ *dis.*—Globe 151*l.*—Guardian, 20*l.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 95*l.*—Gas-Light, Westmin. Chartered Company, 61*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 165*l.*—British, 17 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 23d* of June and the 21st of July* 1827 *; extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Baker, G. F. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer
Burgess, R. Rainham, Kent bricklayer
Devall, G. Birmingham, gun-barrel rubber
Manning, J. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, cloth-manufacturer
Nightingale, E. Manchester, porter-dealer
Rice, J. L. Taunton, Somersetshire, builder
Rickerby, J. Burrell-green, Cumberland, lime-burner
Smith, T. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, ironmonger
Williams, J. junior, Fenchurch-street, coffee-broker

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 106.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Abraham, J. Steward-street, Union-street, Bishopsgate, merchant. [Lewis, Bernard-street, Russell-square
Albra, J. Chelmsford, innkeeper. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Bullivant, J. Eaton-square, Pimlico, hay-salesman. Smyth, Red-lion-square
Benzaquen, J. Catle-street, Houndsditch, broker. [Abbot, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street

* In our last, the Bankrupt List contained thos of the London Gazette of June 22, although misprinted June 21.

Burbidge, W. St. Paul's Church-yard, general dealer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place
Beuzeville, S. Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, silk-manufacturer. [Waller, Finsbury-circus
Beadley, J. and J. Cole, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier. [Stone and Co. Tetbury, Gloucestershire; Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Birley, J. Bawtry, Yorkshire, grocer. [Broughton, Bawtry; Knowles, New-inn
Bastable, J. Church-street, Hackney, chemist. [Evans, Gray's-inn-square
Bill, T. Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, currier. [Lawrence, Droitwich; Hodgate and Co., Essex-street
Bardsley, E. Crompton, Lancashire, fustian-manufacturer. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple
Buckley, J. Oldham, Lancashire, coach proprietor. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple
Burn, A. W. Love-lane, Eastcheap, wine-merchant. [Pownall, Lothbury
Boughton, I. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, scrivener. [Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Sproule, Tewkesbury
Baird, J. Manchester, brass-founder. [Smith, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple
Bedbury, J. Bradford, Wilts, plasterer. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Bloadworth, C. Vauxhall-walk, Lambeth, stone bottle-manufacturer. [Wrogg, Bedford-place, Southwark-bridge-road
Cohen, J. Chelmsford, cabinet-maker. [Smith Basinghall-street
Cook, J. Sun-street, drug-grinder. [Edis, Broad-street-buildings
Coster, J. W. Princes-street, Spitalfields, drysalter. [Armstrong, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell
Collinson, T. E. Bread-street, City, wholesale-stationer. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane
Corbyn, J. Tokenhouse-yard, master-mariner. Fawcett, Jewin-street
Corbett, J. Austrey, Warwickshire, cattle dealer. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn
Carpenter, T. Eastham, Essex, schoolmaster. [Kinder, Mark-lane
Caldwell, J. Blandford-street, Manchester-square, tailor. [Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury
Chadwick, I. Smallbridge, Lancashire, dyer. [Dyson, Halifax; Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn
Donald, W. Brighton, furrier. [Mallock, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square
Dunn, W. Great Dover-street, Newington, coffin-maker. [Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane
Drew, G. Manchester, grocer. [Harris, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Douglass, A. Bow-lane, silk-manufacturer. [Gale, Basinghall-street
Edge, T. Burslem, Staffordshire, colour-maker. [Astbury, Stoke-upon-Trent; Roe, Temple-chambers
Field, C. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, hosier. [Smith, Walbrook
Field, J. J., and C. Skelmanthorpe, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturer. [Fenton, Huddersfield; Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars
Frost, J. W. late of Holborn-hill, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
Griffiths, G. Wrexham, Denbighshire, printer. [Thwaites, Little Carter-lane
Gillies, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Hinde, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn
Green, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, druggist. [Warren and Co, Drayton-in-Hales; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place
Grain, G. Cambridge, hatter. [Sandys and Co., Austin-friars
Goddeu, M. late of Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, victualler. [Hurd and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple
Gibb, T. A. B. P. Spencer-street, Northampton-square, merchant. [Spyer, Austin-friars
Holding, T. Dover-street, Hanover-square, hotel-keeper. [Vander Gucht, and Co., Craven-street
Hende, P. Club-row, Bethnal-green, wool-manufacturer. [Cooper, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street
Hawes, W. Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent-street. [Belton, Austin-friars
Hiscock, J. S. Blandford-forum, Dorsetshire, stone-mason. [Galpine, Blandford; Walker, Lincoln's-inn
Hiles, O. Manchester, baker. [Makinson, Manchester; Makinson and Co., Middle Temple
Hurt, G. King-street, Cheapside, furrier. [Munday, Holborn-court
Hobbs, W. Bristol, druggist. [Carey and Co., Bristol; King and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Hodgkinson, G. Derby, batter. [Messrs. R. and M. Brown, Furnival's-inn; Caught, Portsea
Hooper, W. I. and C. Burrows, Adam-street, Adelphi, wine-merchants. [Monius and Co., Essex-court, Temple
Hulse, J. Worcester-street, Southwark, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street
Hillier, W. C. Salisbury, grocer. [Stephen's, Bedford-row
Horley, C. Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, victualler. [Smith, Manchester; Capes, Gray's-inn
Hall, I. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, corn-dealer. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row
Harrington, H. and I. Helmet-row, St. Luke's, dyers. [Overton and Co., New Broad-street, Bishopsgate
Jotham, W. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Jones, T. Shrewsbury, British lace-dealer. [Foster, Liverpool; Jeyes, Chancery-lane
Jessop, W. Oxford street, livery stable-keeper. [Browne and Co., Furnival's-inn
Juland, J. Cattislock, Dorsetshire, farmer. [Meuly, Crewkerne; Holme and Co., New-inn
Jocelyne, W. Bishopsgate-street, grocer. [Allingham, Hatton-garden
Jones, G. Bridgenorth, surgeon. [Seddon, Manchester; Hurd and Co., Temple
Jones, L. Oswestry, Shropshire, scrivener. [Edwards, Oswestry; Eyde, Essex-street, Strand
Kirton, J. Durham, hatter. [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane
Knilt, H. and H. junior, Cheltenham, plumbers. [Haberfield, Bristol; Evans and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Lonsdale, J. H. Wigan, Lancashire, tea-dealer. [Milne and Co., Temple; Sloprond, Wigan
Lawton, R. Darlaston, Staffordshire, cooper. [Mason, Bilston; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Lowe, T. Middlewich, Cheshire, wharfinger. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Ward, Burslem, Staffordshire
Leach, S. H. junior, High-street, Kingsland, jeweller. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard
Mullinger, W. Garden-street, Whitechapel, flock-manufacturer. [Platts, Jewin-court, Aldersgate-street
Marshall, J. and T. Beakhust, Bristol, coach-builders. [Saunders, Bristol; Jones, Crosby-square
Mott, W. R. Brighton, builder. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row
Martin, W. Nottingham, grocer. [Parsons, Nottingham; Yallop, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East
Mitchell, J. Crescent, Minories, merchant. [Davis and Co, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street
Moneyment, M. Swoffham, Norfolk, cabinet-maker. [Brightwell, Norwich; Taylor and Co., King's-bench-walk
Marindin, S. P. Birmingham, merchant. [Barker, Birmingham
North, J. Wibsey, Yorkshire, innkeeper. [Alexander, Halifax; Walker, Lincoln's-inn
Nicholls, G. Warminster, Wilts, linen-draper. [King and Co., Gray's inn-square
Nixey, W. New-street, Covent-garden, tailor. [Harris, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square
Oates, I. Glossop, Derbyshire, victualler. [Hutchinson, Chesterfield, Derbyshire; Wilson and Co., Sheffield
Pharaoh, T. Carshalton, Surrey, corn-dealer. [Tadhunter, Bermondsey-street
Prior, W. Kemerton, Gloucestershire, bleacher. [Sproule, Tewkesbury; Jenkins and Co., New-inn
Potter, T. and J. Holt, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple

Pegg, J. Woburn, Bucks, paper-maker. [Hall and Co., Salter's-hall, Cannon-street
Prosser, W. junior, Watling-street, wine-merchant. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Probert, J. Crickhowel, Breconshire, saddler. [A'Beckett, Golden-square; Ward, Gloucester
Ross, R. Yeovil, Somersetshire, victualler. [Harvey, Sturminster-Newton; Pearson, Temple
Riley, E. Huddersfield, common-brewer. [Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield
Stroehling, P. E. Stratford-place, Oxford-street, artist. [Miller, New-inn
Spencer, R. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Prest, Liverpool; Taylor and Co., Temple
Smith, A. Mark-lane, corn-dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars
Skyrme, W. Worcester, batter. [Wasbrough, Bristol; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
Sergeant, J. Weston-super-mare, Somersetshire, grocer. [Violett and Co., Adam-street, Adelphi
Swithenbank, A. Bradford, York, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Morris, Bradford; Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
Stead, J. junior, Royds, Yorkshire, cloth-miller. [Dunnings, Leeds; Smithson and Co., New-inn
Stone, P. Bristol, grocer. [Cornish, Bristol; Pool and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Smith, A. and T. Kitchingman, Wood-street, Cheapside, Blackwell-hall, factors. [Van Sandan and Co., Dowgate hill
Stocker, T. junior, Devonport, pawn-broker. [Church, East James-street, Bedford-row; Tink, Devonport
Thomas, F. S. Bristol, builder. [Smiths, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Tarbutt, C. B. St. Mildred's-court, merchant. [Lowless and Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Tarbutt, W. B. St. Mildred's-court, merchant. [Lowless and Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Wickham, E. Islington-green, apothecary. [Topping, Maidstone; Hunt, Craven-street, Strand
Woolley, I. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurst, Nottingham; Knowles, New-inn
Whittle, J. Miln-row, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer. [Seddon, Manchester; Hurd and Co., Temple
Woodcock, W. Preston, timber-merchant. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Pilkington, Preston
Welsh, J. Manchester, publican. [Pickford, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple
Young, E. junior, Mundford, Norfolk, general shop-keeper. [Ballachey, Holt, and Bridges, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Yates, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, bookseller. [Knowles, Bolton-le-Moors; Milne and Co. Temple

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Rudd, to the Halloughton Prebend, Southwell.—Rev. G. B. Moxon, to the Rectory of Sandringham with Babingley, Norfolk.—Rev. W. C. Leach, to be Minor Canon of Ely Cathedral.—Rev. J. D. Ward, to the Rectory of Kingston, Isle of Wight.—Right Rev. R. J. Carr, to the Residentiary Canonship of St. Paul's.—Rev. T. Symonds, to the Vicarage of Stanton Harcourt, Oxon.—Rev. W. Evans, to the Rectory of Pusey, Berks.—Rev. W. Goodenough, to the Archdeaconry of Carlisle, to which is attached the Living of Great Salkeld, Cumberland.—Rev. W. King, to the Archdeaconry of Rochester.—Rev. Dr. Percy, to the Bishoprick of Rochester.—Rev. Archdeacon Bonney, to the Deanery of Stamford.—Rev. I. Blanchard, to be Chaplain to Lord Ferrers.—Rev. R. Cockburn, to the Rectory of Barming, Kent.—Rev. W. Mitchell, to the Rectories of Barwick, Somerset, and Cotleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. Bluck, to the Rectory of Bower's Gifford, Essex.—Rev. F. Rouch, to be Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.—Rev. J. Greenwood, to the Rectory of Gainscolne, Essex.—Rev. Dr. Millingchamp, to the Archdeaconry of Carmarthen.—Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, to the Vicarage of Tudley-cum-Capel, and the Rectory of Mereworth, Kent.—Rev. F. W. Bayley, to a Prebendary in Rochester.—Rev. J. Fellowes, to the Rectory of Bramerton and Mantby, Norfolk.—Rev. S. N. Bull, to the Vicarage of Harwich, and Dovercourt-cum-Ramsay, Essex.—Rev. M. Fuller, appointed to St. Peter's, Pimlico.—Rev. T. S. Buckel, to the Rectory of Brighton, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Vicarage of All Saints, with St. Lawrence, annexed, Evesham, Worcester.—Rev. H. P. Willoughby, to the Rectory of Burthorpe.—Rev. T. P. Slapp, to the Rectories of Rickinghall Inferior and Superior, Somerset.—Rev. H. Anson, to the Rectory of Lynge-cum-Whitwell, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Lloyd, to the Chaplaincy of the County Gaol of Hertford.—Rev. J. Jenkins, to the Vicarage of Norton, Radnor.—Rev. V. H. P. Somerset, to the Rectory of Honiton, Devon.—Rev. G. M. Coleridge, to the Vicarage of St. Mary's Church, Devon.—Rev. J. Lafont, to the Rectory of St. Ann's, Sutton Bonnington, Notts.—Rev. P. W. Worsley, to a Prebendal Stall in Ripon Cathedral Church.—Rev. J. W. Beadon, to be Canon Residentiary of Wells.—Rev. C. H. Pulsford, to the Vicarage of Burnham, Somerset.—The Hon. Rev. H. Watson, to the Rectory of Kettering, Northampton.—Rev. J. Brocklebank, to the Rectory of Delamere, Chester.—Rev. W. A. Norton, to the Rectory of Skenfrith, Monmouth.—Rev. C. H. Lethbridge, to the Hyperion.—E. F. Roberts, Gloucester.—J. K. Goldney, Victory.—T. Ferris, Britannia.—T. Quarles, Briton.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lord William Bentinck, to be Governor General of India.—The Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, to be a member of H.M.'s Privy Council.—The Duke of Argyle to be Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland. Lord Binning, to be created a Peer by the name of Baron Melros, of Tynninghame, Haddington.—Lord Norbury, created a Peer of Ireland, by the title of Viscount Glandine, and Earl of Norbury.—Sir W. J. Hope, Sir G. Cockburn, W. R. K. Douglas, and J. E. Denison, Esqrs., to be Members of the Council of H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom.—Marquis of Lansdowne, to be one of H.M.'s principal Secretaries of State.—Earl of Carlisle, to be Keeper of the Privy Seal.—The Right Hon. W. S. Bourne, to be Warden and Keeper of the New Forest.—The Right Hon. G.

Canning, Earl Mountcharles, Lord F. L. Gower, Lord E. G. Eliot, and the Right Hon. M. Fitzgerald, and also E. A. M'Naghten, esq., to be Commissioners of the Treasury.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 25.—Mr. Hunt chosen Auditor of the City Accounts at Guildhall.

27.—Another accident happened at the Thames Tunnel, by which one person lost his life.

30.—The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c., went from Guildhall to the King's Palace, St. James's, to deliver the Address voted by the Common Council, on the firmness His Majesty had displayed in supporting his just prerogative on the late change of the ministry. To which His Majesty said,—"I receive with satisfaction this loyal and dutiful address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London. Whatever difficulties I may have experienced in the exercise of my just prerogative on the occasion to which that Address refers, the consciousness that I had no other object in view than the public good, has enabled me to meet and overcome them."

— The Recorder made his report to the King in Council of 33 prisoners lying under sentence of death in Newgate, when 3 were ordered for execution on July 6, and the rest respited.

July 2.—The Parliament was prorogued by commission.

5.—The Bank of England issued notice, that bills having no more than 95 days to run, would be discounted at 4 per cent.

6.—A Memorial presented by H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral to the Privy Council, approved of by His Majesty, and directed, by an Order in Council, to be carried into effect, was published for the apprehension of smugglers, and the seizure of goods, and the improved manner in which they are to be distributed. The same regulations are proposed to be applied to the rewards granted for the capture and destruction of piratical ships, and of vessels engaged in the Slave Trade.

9.—H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence visited Plymouth and Davenport, as Lord High Admiral, and inspected the Breakwater, and the various works at those places connected with the navy; His Royal Highness went by sea in His Majesty's yacht, the Royal Sovereign. The Duchess of Clarence also visited the above places; Her Royal Highness went by land, accompanied by her suite.

12.—The Sessions began at the Old Bailey.

13.—Two culprits only executed at the Old Bailey, the third being respited.

— An action of libel was brought in the Court of Common Pleas, against the proprietors of the Morning Chronicle, for publishing affidavits imputing to the plaintiff's wife, a Mrs. Scott, adultery, perjury, and theft; the defendant pleaded the general issue as to the charge of perjury, and a justification of the charges of adultery and theft. After a long trial, which continued two days, the jury delivered their verdict—*one farthing* damages, and 40 shillings costs.

17.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 17 prisoners received sentence of death, 61 were transported for various periods, and several ordered to be imprisoned. William Sheen was tried a second time for the murder of his own child, and again acquitted, owing to his child having been known by the names of "Sheen and Beadle!!!"

20.—An Order in Council suspended the embodying the militia for 1827.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Felix Ladbroke, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Marcus Beresford, esq., and the Lady Frances Beresford; E. B. Portman, esq., M.P., Dorset, to Lady Emma Lascelles, third daughter of Earl and Countess Harewood; E. M. Lloyd, esq., to Lady Harriot Scott, daughter of Lord Clonmell; Sir A. Campbell, bart., to Miss Malcolm, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Malcolm, G.C.B.—Rev. G. A. Montgomery, to Cecilia, third daughter of the late Dr. Markham, Dean of York.—G. C. Antrobus, esq., M.P., to Jane, daughter of Sir C. Trotter, bart.—H. Baring, esq., to Lady Augusta Brudenell, fifth daughter to the Earl of Cadogan.—Major H. Dundas, to Annie Maria, second daughter, and Sir H. Willock, late Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Persia, to Eliza, fourth daughter of the late S. Davis, esq., Portland-place.—Captain A. C. Skynner, to Maria Adelaide Peachey Robbins, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Price Robbins.—Captain G. F. Ryves, son of Admiral Ryves, and nephew to Lord Arundell, to Charity, third daughter of T. Theobald, esq., of the Grays.—At H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence's, Bushey-park, the Hon. J. E. Kennedy, son of Lord Cassilis, to Miss Augusta Fitz-Clarence.—At White-hall-place, F. H. Cornwall, esq., son of the Bishop of Worcester, to Fanny, daughter to Sir G. Caulfield, bart.—At St. James's Church, Major Dignelley, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to the Hon. Mary Frederica Law, sister to Lord Ellenborough.—Vice Admiral Parker, to Miss A. Butt.—Rev. J. Galloway, to Margaret, third daughter of G. Shedden, esq., Bedford-square.—At Mary-le-bone, J. E. Denison, esq., M.P., Hastings, to Lady Charlotte Bentinck, third daughter of the Duke of Portland.

DEATHS.

At Clapham, E. Parry, esq., one of the Directors of the East-India Company, and brother-in-law to the Right Hon. Lord Bexley.—In Queen-square, 80, J. Dorington, esq., clerk of the fees of the House of Commons.—In Portland-place, G. Leycester, esq.; and 86, R. Baker, esq.—77, Signor Sapio, pianist to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; in feeling and expression, his style of playing never was exceeded.—At Lord Dundonald's, Hammersmith, Mrs. Dorothea Plowden, relict of F. Plowden, esq., the "Historian of Ireland," and author of several literary works.—66, Lieut. Gen. Hutton, son to the late celebrated mathematician, Dr. Hutton.—In Great George-street, 73, R. Ellison, esq., Recorder of Lincoln. At Westbourne, 74, S. P. Cockerell, esq.—G. F. Tyson, esq.—C. W. Burrell, esq., eldest son of Sir

C. M. Burrell, bart., and of Christ Church, Oxford.—At Sunbury, Lady Bayntun, widow of Sir A. Bayntun, bart.—At Queenhithe, 63, Mr. T. Walker.—At Stratford-place, Frances, wife of the Hon. J. W. Stratford.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Berlin, Prince Albert of Schwarzburg Rudestadt, to the Princess Augusta of Salms Brainfels, daughter of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland.—At the Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, J. Wright, junior, esq., to Cecilia Georgiana, daughter of the late Hon. J. Byng.—At Brussels, William, son of Sir G. Pigott, bart, to Harriet, sister to Viscount Gormanston.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Dieppe, Jane, relict of the late Sir F. H. Bathurst, bart.—At Messina, Rev. C. Thurgar.—At Velletri, Right Hon. G. Knox, son of the late Lord Northland.—At Corfu, Mrs. Forest, wife of R. Forest, esq., Judge in the Ionian Islands.—At Quebec, Mr. H. A. Laurinston.—At Brussels, Miss Lydia Jubilee Gompertz, of Teignmouth.—At Montpelier, the Hon. J. Cavendish Talbot, brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A committee has been appointed by the Mayor and Aldermen of Newcastle to examine into the state of the Tyne, and to report thereon what can be done towards its improvement.

A rail-road is about to be formed between the city of Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A branch bank of the Bank of England is about to be established at Newcastle.

One of the kilns at Morton Tinmouth lime-kilns, near Gainford, having, on the 5th instant, been what is termed burnt hollow, and fresh stones and coal being put upon it, two men went upon the stones for the purpose of forcing them down with a long poker, and in a moment the substance below gave way, and the unfortunate men sunk above the waist, and were suffocated by the large quantity of smoke arising from the fresh matter. Their names were William Stoddart and Jonathan Blakey.

Married.] At Ryton, Capt. F. Johnston (83d Regt.) to Miss Downing.—At Bishopwearmouth, R. A. Davidson, to Miss Davidson.—At Yarm, J. Dale, esq., to Miss Graves.—At Chester-le-Street, Mr. G. Curry, to Miss Ann Bland.

Died.] At Bishopwearmouth, 83, H. Blythe, esq.—At Bishop-oak, 81, R. Curry, esq.—W. Metcalfe, esq., Tynemouth-house.—At Beaufront, 89, J. Errington, esq.—At Ord-house, W. Grieve, esq.—At Morpeth, 22, Mr. H. Walker, a native of Jamaica. He has left their freedom, and £ 2 each, to all his slaves there.—At Newcastle, Robert Foster, esq.—At Carville, the Rev. Dr. M'Allum.—At Bishop Auckland, the Rev. J. Bacon.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

A meeting of the county of Cumberland was held at Carlisle, June 30, for the purpose of co-operating with the county of Northumberland in effecting the formation of a rail-road between the city of Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when the scheme was unanimously sustained, a committee formed, and subscriptions entered into to carry it into effect.

Died.] At Eden-hall, Sir Philip Musgrave, bart, M.P. for Carlisle.—At Pooley-bridge, Ullswater, Mr. Russell, the obliging innkeeper, and yclept the "Admiral" of the lake.

YORKSHIRE.

Our accounts of the state of trade from the various towns where the woollen cloth and the worsted stuff manufactures prevail, have been extremely gratifying during the past month, and continue so. The domestic manufacturers are at present pretty well employed, and all the factories of the district are in full work. The demand is steady but not excessive, and the business done is safe, and moderately profitable. The improvement in the condition of the labouring classes, as contrasted with their state this time last year, cannot be viewed without emotions of the most gratifying kind, and it will be with difficulty that workmen can be spared from the loom and the jenny to assist in gathering in the plentiful harvest by which we are surrounded.

At the recent annual meeting of the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Library, held at the Town's-hall, it was proposed to admit novels and plays, when a majority of about ten to one negatived the proposition, adhering to the original idea, as explained by Mr. Montgomery (in the chair) "that novels and plays and infidel publications should form no part of the library."

Two neighbours at Hull (John Garton and David Hayfield) had each a hive of bees, which swarmed on Saturday the 16th ult., in one body on a tree, from whence they were taken and hived. The following Tuesday, a similar phenomenon took place from the same two hives. A circumstance perhaps never heard of before.

A Mechanics' Institute has been formed in York.

A mushroom was gathered on the 30th June at Dring-houses, near York, which measured 38 inches in circumference.

In the first week in this month, a subterraneous fire was discovered in St. Peter's-square, Leeds; the smoke issued from the earth in such quantities as to alarm the neighbourhood; and an excavation being made to discover the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, a large body of fire was seen, which, on the accession of air, burst into a vivid flame. Engines were procured; and it was supposed the fire was extinguished. The next day, however, the smoke was seen to arise again, and excavators were set to work to discover the same; it was found to have originated in a vein of coals, over which a pipe burner's furnace had been erected; and was supposed to have been burning for six months.

As Wombwell's Menagerie was at Dewsbury, on its way to Leeds fair, some villain endeavoured to set fire to it, by throwing a lighted brand on one of the caravans; fortunately it was discovered, and extinguished before the outer cover of the caravan was burnt through, or the consequences might have been dreadful.

Married.] At North Ferriby, M. Babington, esq., to Miss Fanny Sykes.—At Leeds, E. Hutton, esq., to Miss Luccorhu.—At Knaresbrough, R. Dewes, esq., to Miss Dearlove.—At York, E. Tedlie, esq., to Miss Walsh; the Rev. J. Wreford, to Miss Wellbeloved.—At Hull, the Rev. A. Hinchcliffe, to Miss Lowers.—At Beverley, the Rev. A. Ford, to Miss Bentley; J. Bogg, esq., to Miss Beatley; A. Cox, esq., to Miss Scruton.—At Doncaster, E. Jew, esq., to Miss Hind.—At Leeds, W. Paul, esq., to Miss Whitaker; R. Bleasley, esq., to Mrs. Hargreaves.—At Great Duffield, the Rev. C. Forge, to Miss Kirkley.—At Halifax, J. C. Johnson, esq., to Miss Greaves.

Died.] At Harrowgate, 73, Miss Hurton.—At Wakefield, Mrs. Egremont.—At Heworth, Miss Coupland.—At Malton, G. Wright, esq.—At Mirfield, the Rev. T. Ledgwicke.—At Kirkstall, J. Holdforth, esq.—At Trikhill-castle, S. Shore, esq.—At Nunappleton, J. Shore, esq.—At Masham, J. Bollan, esq.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

July 19, the first stone of the New Infirmary at Shrewsbury was laid by the Right Hon. Lord Hill, with the usual ceremonies.

A meeting has been held in St. Chad's Vestry-room, Shrewsbury, for the purpose of adopting measures for the erection of an additional church in Frankwell, when a liberal subscription was entered into for that purpose.

Married.] At Madeley, Mr. Smith, to Miss Ford.—At Shrewsbury, Rev. E. Nicholson, to Miss Rowley.—At Ludlow, G. Garrett, esq., to Miss Adarne.

Died.] At Stoke-upon-Trent, 73, J. Spode, esq. At Minton, 103, Alice Medlicott; she practised midwifery for upwards of 60 years...At Ludlow, Miss M. Millinchip.—At Barton-under-Needwood, 89, T. Webb, esq.; and the day after, 75, Alice, his sister.

LANCASHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

A meeting has been held at Manchester, the Boroughreeve in the chair, and very numerously attended, when it was resolved to address the King, praying him to enjoin on his ministers to introduce early in the next Session of Parliament such an arrangement with reference to the Corn Laws, as may satisfy the reasonable wishes, and reconcile the substantial interests of *all* classes of His Majesty's subjects.

At the recent anniversary meeting at Manchester of the Missionary Society, the sum subscribed actually netted from that place alone £2,100!!!

A dreadful accident happened, July 6, at the new factory of Mr. Kearsley, Tyldesley Banks, near Chowbent. The engineer having neglected (as it is supposed) to open the valve of the steam-engine, communicating with the pipe running across the boiler-house to the engine in the old factory, caused a tremendous explosion, which shivered to pieces the whole of the beams and pillars, both of wood and iron, &c. and caused the death of 11 unfortunate persons, besides wounding several others.

Married.] At the Catholic-chapel, Alston, and at the parish church, Preston, J. F. Anderton, esq, to Miss M. Sidgreaves.—At Birstal, Mr. J. Priestley (relative of the late Dr. Priestley) to Miss Overend.

Died.] At Liverpool, 81, Mrs. E. Miller; her death was occasioned by treading on an orange peel.—At Bolton, 74, Mr. Crompton, the inventor of the Mule spinning machine, now so much used, and for which he neglecting to take out a patent, others had the benefit of the invention. Parliament granted him £5,000 upon petition, which he lost in business.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

The Melbourne Infant School was opened for public inspection June 29, and afforded a respectable audience the highest gratification; it consists of 113 infants. It is estimated that 13,000 infants are now receiving instruction in the different schools in this kingdom!

The fragments of a piece of stone, in which a live toad was found, and which, for any thing we can tell, may have been its dormitory since the flood, is now in our possession, and may be seen by any one who is curious in such matters. It was discovered last week by some persons in the employ of Messrs. Barber and Walker of Eastwood, while at work in a limestone quarry at Watnall. The stone is hard, but of a gritty texture, and its place in the quarry was 16 feet below the surface of the earth. When found, the toad was alive; it was buried by the men in its petrid cradle, they intending to remove the whole at their leisure. Some unlucky urchins, however, who it seems had been watching the workmen, in the absence of the latter, went to the spot and killed the animal. The cavity in which the toad was imbedded is so confined as barely to admit of its turning round in its cell, and is coated with a crystalized or sparry substance.

Married.] At Clowne, R. Machell, esq., to Miss Harriot Pawsey.—At Alfreton, Mr. Dent, to Mrs. Avison.—At Pinxton, G. Robinson, esq., to Miss S. S. Coke.—At Amberstone, the Rev. J. Nall, to Mrs. Johnson.

Died.] At Melbourne, 77, Mr. Cockrane.—At Southwell, 98, Mr. Trivett.—At Mansfield, 85, Mr. Whiteman: 87, Mr. Cooley; and, 70, Mrs. Hooley.—At Lamcote-house, 77, J. Topott, esq., deputy lieutenant for Nottinghamshire.—At Locko-park, 74, W. D. Lowe, esq., a magistrate of Derbyshire.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Married.] At Hinckley, the Rev. S. Allard, to Miss Shipman.

Died.] At Snareston-lodge, G. Moore, esq.; he served the office of high sheriff for Leicester.—At Leicester, 78, Rev. T. Grundy; he was 30 years minister of the Independents at Lutterworth, and 20 years to that at Ullesthorpe.—At Sutton-in-the-Elms, 83, Mr. Strong.—At Leicester, the Rev. J. H. Worthington.—At Leir, T. Sutton, esq.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

Married.] Rev. J. Gallaway, to Miss M. Sheddon, of Paulerspury-park, Northampton.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The Mayor and Corporation of Worcester voted, June 30, the freedom of their city to the Right Hon. R. Peel, late secretary of state, for "his consummate abilities and inflexible integrity as a statesman, and his invariable fidelity and attachment to the constitution in church and state."

Married.] W. Reynolds, esq., of Berbice-villa, Hereford, to Miss M. Waring.—At Great Malvern, Captain R. R. Houghton, to Miss Hardy.—At Ombersley, T. Adie, esq., to Miss Roe.

Died.] At Staunton, 90, Mrs. Attwood.—At Upton-upon-Severn, 74, Mr. Jakeman, for 40 years postmaster of that place.—At the Firs (Bromyard) P. Bray, esq.—Mr. T. Loton, a farmer of Acton Beauchamp, was killed by his own bull. He was standing in his fold-yard, smoking his pipe, when the bull attacked and gored him to death.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

July 2, the Gloucester Old Friendly Society cele-

brated their *fifty-second* anniversary; the members formed a procession of great extent, with banners, music, &c. to St. Mary's Church; after which the society returned, and 230 sat down to dinner, cheered by merry peals from the bells, and at 8 o'clock the national anthem of "God save the King" was sung by the members in full chorus, at the conclusion of which the meeting broke up in the greatest order and decorum. Several of the members, from age and infirmities, were drawn in open flies.

Married.] At Mangotsfield, Mr. C. Grey, to Miss Wiltshire.—At Cheltenham, T. A. Perry, esq., to Miss Maria Greenaway; and the Rev. A. Donald, to Miss Harriet Greenaway.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The commemoration and musical festival at Oxford passed off in the most brilliant manner. 1,328 persons attended at the first concert, 2,113 at the second, and 1,639 at the third. £130 was received at the sale of ladies' work for the establishment of an Infants' School.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Nene Navigation and Drainage Bill is a subject of particular congratulation to Lynn, as it will be the means of forming a direct line of communication between that town and the eastern coast of England, with the principal northern and midland counties.

A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Lynn, for the purpose of establishing there a society for the diffusing useful and scientific knowledge, when subscriptions were entered into, and a committee formed, to organize "The Lynn Literary and Scientific Institution."

At Norwich, a meeting was recently held, and subscriptions entered into, for the establishment of two new charity schools.

The disbursements of the treasurer for the city and county of Norwich amounted last year to £3,846. 7s. 8d.

A new Roman Catholic Chapel was lately opened at Thetford, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the bishop of the midland district, on his triennial visitation. He will also open two others in Suffolk, one at Ipswich, and the other at Stoke by Nayland.

At the recent Bury Sessions, Mr. Grant, the magistrate, thus addressed the Court:—"I congratulate the town of Bury on this day; things are assuredly mending, which is unequivocally indicated by the absence of complaint on the part of the poor. From Ratcliffe there is only one application for relief; none from Heap, which contains 16 mills, the whole of which are going at full work: no application for Walmesley; none from Elton; none from Tottington, either higher or lower end. Formerly we had 60 or 70 applications every week from the poor of Bury, and now this is the satisfactory state of the place and its out townships. How my heart does rejoice to see the sufferings of the poor so much ameliorated. I love to see them comfortable and well paid for their labour, and to behold them loving to each other, and loyal to their King."

Married.] At Gimingham, Rev. R. Jickell, to Miss Thompson.—At Glemsford, Rev. E. D. Butts, to Miss Hill.—At Semer, Rev. J. Edwards, to Miss Spurrier.

Died.] At Langley-park, 71, Sir T. Beauchamp Proctor, bart.—At Diss, 84, Mrs. H. Fincham, of the Society of Friends.—At Norwich, 67, Rev. E. Glover.—At Yarmouth, 87, J. Preston, esq.; he served the office of mayor in 1793, 1801, and 1813.—At Woodbridge, 68, Mrs. Tailer.—At Stody, 87, Mrs. Lidia Paul.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The Commissioners of the Nene Outfall Act held their first meeting at Thorney, July 2, when resolutions were passed for carrying the act into immediate effect, so that the drainage of the North Level, South Holland, Wisbech Hundred, with adjoining districts, containing upwards of 100,000 acres of land, will be very materially improved, as well as the navigation of the river from Wisbech to the sea; besides which, several thousand acres of land will be reclaimed from the sea, and brought into immediate cultivation. Messrs. Telford and Rennie are the engineers; and the time for completion of this great undertaking is calculated at three years.

Married.] At Wraking, C. W. Watson, esq., son of Sir C. Watson, bart., to Miss J. C. G. Collerton, eldest daughter of the Countess Morel de Champenont.

Died.] At Little Stukeley, 79, Rev. J. Waterhouse, vicar of that parish; he was murdered with circumstances of peculiar atrocity.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Rose, Capt. Martial, from Calcutta, arrived at Portsmouth June 30, and has brought to England, as a present from Lord Combermere and the army to His Majesty, a remarkable ponderous piece of ordnance, which was taken at Bhurtpore. It weighs 17 tons, and carries a one hundred pound iron ball; it is 16 feet long, and 37 inches diameter at the breach, and, what is very singular, it was cast at two periods, and of two distinct metals—the breach and muzzle being different. Its surface is profusely ornamented with Persian characters, complimentary of the maiden fortress of Bhurtpore, and the Sultan by whom it was founded.

Died.] At Titchfield, Rear Admiral Sir A. C. Dickson, bart.—At Winchester, 90, Mrs. Anne Dilly.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the general quarter sessions for Dorset, the Chairman complained of the non-attendance of several of the grand jury; he deprecated such a spirit of indifference and contempt, and said he would put the laws in force, and compel them to that attendance which they were so unwilling to grant. He called the attention of his hearers to the alteration which had taken place in the criminal code, whereby *one hundred and forty* statutes had been reduced to *two* or *three!!!* The convictions for larceny alone amounted in *this* kingdom (injudiciously praised, it should now seem, for its criminal laws!) in the *six* years ending with 1826, to no less than *forty-three thousand!!!*

At the last general half-yearly meeting of the managers of the Blandford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the funds of this popular and flourishing institution, vested in government securities, exceeded £39,000, and the depositors' numbers had advanced to 1,330, exhibiting a considerable increase since the last half-yearly meeting.

His Majesty's steam-packets at Weymouth are now regularly fixed to convey the mails to Guernsey and Jersey; and such is the expeditious regu-

lation of these packets, that on Wednesday, July 11, two gentlemen having breakfasted in London, departed by the coach, arrived in Weymouth the same evening in time for the packet, and on the following morning were comfortably seated at their breakfast in Guernsey, thus accomplishing the journey from the metropolis to that island in 24 hours.

Married.] At Wardour-castle, E. Doughty, esq., to the Hon. Miss C. Arundell, sister to Lord Arundell.—Rev. W. Doncaster, rector of Winterbourn-bassett, to Miss Williams, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Williams.—At Strikland, J. K. Galpine, esq., to Miss D. Bragg.

Died.] At North Bradley, 83, Archdeacon Daubeney, author of "The Guide to the Church," and several other works.—At Weymouth, 84, Mrs. Colmar, of Chard.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

There is much cause to congratulate the public on the evident improvement (speaking of the quarter sessions) in the state of society within our (Exeter) walls, attributable, there is no doubt, to increased exertion on the part of the magistracy and the police.—THE ALFRED.

An institution for literary and scientific lectures has been recently formed at Tavistock, under the fostering care of the Duke of Bedford.

The iron ore lately discovered at the Haytor granite works, on the verge of Dartmoor, has already become an article of export from Teignmouth for Wales, for the purpose of smelting; the specimens produced having been of the richest kind.

A meeting has been recently held at Plymouth to promote the erecting a chapel of ease in the parish of Charles, for the Rev. S. Courtenay, curate to the late Dr. Hawker, when subscriptions and donations were registered to more than £1,700 for that purpose.

The fourth annual meeting of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society was held at Devonport, July 2, when the report was of a most cheering and satisfactory nature. It appeared that the validity of fifty-seven annuities had been investigated, and certificates granted to the claimants on this excellent society.

The Rev. J. G. Maddison, rector of West Monkton, has recently presented the parish church with a splendid stained glass window, representing various portions of our Saviour's history. The parishioners are about to enjoy the benefits of a new organ, the purchase money of which, between £2,000 and £3,000, has been raised by subscription.

Married.] At Bath, Mr. Duffield to Miss Cranefield.—At Bathwick, Mr. Lewis to Miss Watson.—At Wiveliscombe, B. Parham, esq., to Miss Mogridge.

Died.] At Totness, 85, Mrs. Cornish.—At Crewkerne, Mrs. Hoskins, sister to Lord Sidmouth.—88, Rev. W. Baynes, for nearly 50 years rector of Rickinghall Superior and Inferior.—Rev. E. A. Kitson, vicar of Saint Mary's Church.—At Bath, Charlotte, wife of Mr. Cruttwell, printer and editor of the Bath Chronicle.—At Cheddon Fitzpaine, 101, Mary Nation.—At Bath, Eliza Matilda, widow of Lieut.-Col. Richardson, daughter of Lady M. Saunders, and niece to Earl Aldborough.—At Ashburton, Mr. C. Tucker.

CORNWALL.

Within these last two or three days there have been several mermaids seen on the rocks at Trenance, in the parish of Mawgan, near Columb, in the Bristol Channel. One evening this week, a young man who lives adjoining the beach at Mawgan Porth, had made an appointment to meet another person on the beach to catch sprats with him. He went out about 10 o'clock at night, and coming near a point which runs into the sea, he heard a screeching noise proceeding from a large cavern which is left by the tide at low water, but which has some deep pools in it, and communicates with the sea by another outlet. He thought it was the person he had appointed to meet, and called out to him, but his astonishment is not to be described when on going up he saw something in the shape of a human figure staring on him, with long hair hanging all about it. He then ran away, thinking, as he says, that he had seen the devil. The next day, some men being on the cliffs near this place, saw three creatures of the same description. The following day five were seen. The persons who saw the last five, describe them in this manner:—The mermaids were about 40 feet below the men (who stood on the cliff) and were lying on a rock, separated from the land some yards by deep water; two of them were large, about 4½ to 5 feet long, and these appeared to be sleeping on the rock; the other small ones were swimming about, and went off once to sea and then came back again. The men looked at them for more than an hour, and flung stones at them, but they would not move off. The large ones seemed to be lying on their faces; their upper parts were like those of human beings, and black or dark coloured, with very long hair hanging around them; their lower parts were of a bluish colour, and terminating in a fin, like fish. The sea would sometimes wash over them and then leave them dry again. Their movements seemed to be slow. The hair of these mermaids extended to a distance of 9 or 10 feet.

Married.] At St. Clement's, J. J. A. Boase, esq., to Miss Charlotte Scholl.—At St. Allen, Mr. R. Lanyon, aged 80, to Mrs. Cock, 57; the bridegroom has 60 grand-children, and 3 great-grand-children!

Died.] At Lelant, Mr. E. Banfield; he fell from his horse, which took fright by a squib being let off by a boy at a bonfire!—At Truro, 91, Mr. G. Davey.

WALES.

The Chester and Holyhead Road is undergoing much improvement. The new line from Conway to Penmaenmawr, winding round Penmaenbach to Pendyffryn, was opened for general travelling early in June. Although the length of this piece of road is only about five miles, the coach arrives at Conway from Bangor twenty minutes earlier than usual, and this time is considered to be gained by avoiding the tremendously steep high hill of Sychnaut. Further improvements on this stage from Conway to Bangor are in contemplation, particularly under Penmaenmawr to Aber. The mail from this place to Conway is allowed one hour and thirty minutes, but it is expected that in future the distance will be accomplished in an hour, thus effecting a saving of time to the extent of thirty minutes in a distance of nine miles.

The Pentlyne (Glamorgan) Annual Cottage and Garden Premiums were recently distributed to deserving labourers and their wives, for the cleanest and neatest cottage—for the best cultivated garden—for the best vegetables, &c. &c. The

emulation evinced by almost all the occupiers of cottages in the parish to surpass one another in meriting the rewards, and the neatness and cleanliness of the cottages, and the highly cultivated state of the different gardens, combined with the industry, contented dispositions, and good feelings of the occupants could not be exceeded.

An explosion of fire-damp lately took place in a colliery at Llansamlet, Swansea, by which three people lost their lives, through the obstinacy of neglecting to use the Davy lamps.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the tank for a glass manufactory at Newtown, Montgomery, took place July 2.

Mr. Crawshay, Cyfarthfa-castle, Glamorgan, cut six pines at the latter end of June, from his own garden, weighing 12lb. 13oz.—12lb. 8oz.—10lb. 8oz.—10lb.—and two of 9lb. each.

The new blast engines, lately erected at the British Iron Company's Works at Abersychan, near Pontypool, were started July 6, for the first time. They consist of two 52-inch steam cylinders, with corresponding blast cylinders, of 104 inches in diameter, and are connected by a fly-wheel of a proportionate weight and substance. United, they form a power adequate to about 200 horses.

At the recent anniversary meeting of the Swansea and Neath Peace Society, after some admirable speeches on the occasion, several resolutions were entered into, and it was agreed to distribute "the Permanent Tracts of the Society throughout the Principality," in furtherance of the promotion of permanent and universal peace.

Married.] At Llansaintffread-cwmtoyddwr, Glamorgan, J. Davies, esq., to Miss E. Lewis.—At Wrexham, T. Gonthwhite, esq., to Miss Ann Hayes.

Died.] 73, Rev. J. T. Nash, rector of St. Thomas's, Haverfordwest and Herbrardston, Pembroke.—At Mallwyd Rectory, Merioneth, Rev. R. Davies.—At Noyaddlwyd, Miss Phillips.—At Llwynrhydowen, 84, the Rev. D. Davis, for more than half a century pastor of the dissenting congregations at Llwynrhydowen, Penrhiw, Cilian, and Alltyplacca; he was a feeling poet, witness his translation of Gray's Elegy into Welsh.

SCOTLAND.

July 11, the inhabitants of Fochabers and its neighbourhood were thrown into a state of the utmost confusion and consternation, caused by Gordon-castle being on fire. The first indications appeared about half-past four in the morning, and every exertion was instantly made to counteract its further progress, but without effect. The conflagration increased with indescribable rapidity, and in the course of a few hours, the whole eastern wing was enveloped in one general blaze. The scene at this moment was inconceivably grand. At length a great portion of the roof fell in with a tremendous crash; and the spectators, dreading every moment lest the fiery element should communicate with the body of the castle, were obliged to cut down the colonnade which unites it with the eastern wing. The fire was got under about twelve o'clock at noon. The whole of the eastern wing of this beautiful and magnificent superstructure is now a scene of entire devastation. There is something extremely striking and melancholy in the contrast which this part of Gordon-castle presents to the rest of this imposing edifice, and to the indescribable beauty of the surrounding scenery. The destruction of property occasioned by this melancholy occurrence is immense. Perhaps some idea of the extent of this mournful devastation will be formed, when we state that the eastern wing is two stories in height, and about one hundred and ninety feet in length, and seventy in breadth.

A curious phenomenon occurred here one night last week, being nothing less than a large *shower* of *herring fry*, which fell upon part of the nursery ground at the north end of the town. The surprise which filled the minds of the people in that quarter, in the morning, on seeing nearly about an acre of the fields, with the vegetables, &c. covered with the scaly inhabitants of the deep may be easily supposed. The only way of accounting for this strange occurrence is, that the herrings had been conveyed thither by a water-spout, from the Atlantic.—*Montrose Review.*

Died.] At Sprinfield, 72, Mr. D. Laing, the far-famed Gretna-green "priest;" he had officiated for 35 years, and caught cold on the outside of the coach on his way to Wakefield's trial.—At Bogend, 69, H. Walker, blacksmith, Symington; he was the fourth of the same name, from father to son, buried in the same grave; and, for 300 years back, he and his forefathers lie all within six feet of one another, and were each, in succession from father to son, blacksmiths in Symington.—At Dalmahoy, 66, the Earl of Morton.—At Milburne cottage, Morningside, Georgina Christina Kerr, 3d daughter of Lord R. Kerr.—At Edinburgh, Archibald Constable, esq.

IRELAND.

At a recent meeting in Dublin, Mr. O'Connel alluded to the principle laid down in the resolutions of a late meeting of the Dissenters in London, Lord Milton in the chair. The Catholics, he said, should take up that principle; they should assert the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and the right of every human being to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. They ought to cast away the expression "Catholic Emancipation," and adopt "Civil and Religious Liberty to all." Mr. O'Connel concluded by proposing a resolution, pledging the meeting completely to identify their cause with that of the Protestant Dissenters; which was carried with unanimity and applause.

Sunday, June 24, in the afternoon, an immense crowd of men, women, and children were observed rushing down Marlborough-street, Dublin, shouting and yelling, and tossing up something in the air, which was sometimes caught by one, and sometimes by another, and occasionally fell to the earth, where there was a scramble for it, and it was again tossed from one to another, amidst the most diabolical yells, which, on a nearer approach, was distinguished to be a very decently dressed, dwarfish, deformed female, whom these monsters had suddenly fallen on; and whenever she fell to the earth, fiend-like women then rushed upon her with horrid shrieks, tearing her clothes and crying out, "a witch! burn or drown the witch!" directing their course to the river. At length a young gentleman rushed into the midst of these hell-hounds, and courageously bore the helpless female through the crowd, who then directed their vengeance against him; crying out, "The witch's husband!" A few policemen luckily came up, and were compelled to do ample justice with their sticks on the savage crowd before they got the poor creature safely into the police-office.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of June to the 25th of July 1827.

June.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	206	85⅜ ½	—	91⅞	91⅞ 92	—	19 ¾ 13-16	—	87 89p	54 56p	86½ ½
27	205¾	85⅜ ⅜	—	92	91⅞ 92	—	19 1-16 13-16	—	89p	55 57p	86⅝ ¼
28	206¼	85½ ⅝	—	92¼	92¼	—	19 13-16	—	88 89p	53 56p	86¼ ⅜
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	206½207	85¾ ⅞	—	92½	92½ ⅜	—	19 13-16 ⅞	—	86 88p	53-55p	86½ ⅝
July											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	206¾	85½ ⅝	—	92¼	92 ½	—	19 13-16 ⅝	—	—	54 56p	86⅝ ½
3	207½	85⅝ ¾	—	92¼	92 ¼	—	19 13-16 ⅝	—	—	55 56p	86⅝ ⅜
4	208¾	85⅞ 86	—	92⅜	92⅜ ⅜	—	19⅞ 13-16	—	85 86p	55 56p	86⅝ ⅞
5	210	86⅜ ¾	—	93⅛	92¼ 93½	—	19 15-16 20	—	85 87p	55 57p	87¼ ½
		ex. div.			ex. div.						
6	209½210½	86⅞ 87⅜	86 82	—	93⅜ 94	100¼ 1½	20 1-16 ⅛	250½ ¾	86 89p	57 59p	87⅝ 88⅜
7	209½210½	87 ¼	86⅜ ½	—	93¼ ⅝	100⅜ ¼	19 15-16 20	250¾	89 90p	59 61p	87⅝ 88⅜
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	210½211	86⅜ 87⅛	86⅜	—	93½ ⅜	100⅛ ⅜	19 15-16 20	—	90 92p	60 62p	87½ ⅝
10	210½	86⅜ ½	85⅞ 86⅜	93	93 ⅛	100	19 15-16 20	—	84 88p	53 55p	87⅜ ½
11	209¾	86	85½ ⅝	92⅞	92⅜ ⅞	100 ¼	19⅜ ⅞	252⅜	86 87p	50 53p	86⅜ 87¼
12	209¾210¼	86⅜ ½	85⅜ 86	93⅛	93⅛ ¼	100⅛ ⅛	19 13-16 15-16	252½ ¾	86 87p	53 55p	87¼ ⅛
13	209¾210	86⅜ ⅜	85⅜ 86	93¼	93⅛ ⅜	100⅛ ⅛	19 15-16 ⅞	—	—	52 53p	87⅜ ¼
14	210	86⅜ ⅝	85⅞ 86⅛	—	93⅜ ⅝	100⅛ ½	19 15-16 20	252½	86 88p	54 58p	87⅜ ⅝
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	210	84¼ ⅜	85⅜ 86	—	93¼	100⅛ ⅝	19⅞ 15-16	252¼	85 87p	54 56p	87¼ ⅜
17	209¾210	86⅛ ⅜	85⅜ 86	93⅛ ¼	93⅛ ¼	100⅜	—	251½252½	87 88p	55 57p	87⅜ ⅝
18	—	86⅜ ⅞	85⅞ 86⅛	93¼	93⅜ ¼	100⅜ ¼	19⅞ 15-16	—	88 90p	56 58p	87½
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	209¾210¼	86⅜ ⅞	85⅞ 86¼	93⅜	93⅛ ⅜	100⅝ ⅞	—	252	89 90p	56 57	87⅜ ⅝
21	—	86⅜ ⅝	85⅜ 86⅜	93⅜	93¼ ½	100¼ ⅞	19⅞ 15-16	252½ ¾	88 89p	56 58p	87¼ ⅝
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	210	86¾ ⅞	86 ⅛	—	93⅜ ⅝	100⅜ 1	19⅞ 15-16	—	89p	56 57p	87⅛ ⅝
24	210¼ ¾	86¾ 87	86 ¼	93⅜	93⅜ ⅝	100⅜ 1	19 15-16 20	252½	88 89p	56 58p	87⅛ ⅝
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From June 20th to 19th July inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

June.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20			61	69	52	29 72	29 76	80	80	WSW	WSW	Clo.	Fair	Fine
21	5		58	68	50	29 77	29 83	73	77	WSW	WSW	Fair	Rain	—
22			56	66	55	29 89	29 97	77	74	W	W	—	Fair	Fair
23			60	67	52	29 98	30 01	76	72	NW	WNW	—	—	Fine
24		◑	60	69	57	29 99	29 99	73	73	SE	ESE	—	—	—
25			59	67	56	29 99	29 95	78	80	ENE	ESE	—	Clo.	Fair
26			61	72	58	29 93	29 90	77	74	WSW	WSW	—	Fair	—
27			62	69	58	29 83	29 66	80	90	S	SSW	Clo.	—	Clo.
28			60	64	58	29 53	29 57	98	93	SW	SW	Rain	Clo.	Rain
29	40		61	70	58	29 52	29 62	98	80	W	SW	—	—	Clo.
30	6		63	72	59	29 67	29 77	80	80	WSW	SW	Fair	Rain	—
July														
1			62	70	58	29 65	29 73	88	82	SSE	SW	Clo.	Clo.	—
2	30	◑	59	71	57	29 77	29 69	92	88	S	SW	Rain	Rain	—
3			62	72	55	29 72	29 95	82	72	W	WSW	Fair	Fair	Fair
4	6		62	73	62	30 06	30 06	77	92	WSW	WSW	—	Clo.	Rain
5			62	71	55	30 10	30 31	95	82	NE	ENE	Clo.	Fair	Fine
6			63	71	61	30 32	30 26	79	82	S	W	Fair	—	—
7			66	79	63	30 26	30 25	78	78	W	N	—	Fine	Fair
8		○	66	79	63	30 25	30 21	74	73	NNW	N	—	—	Fine
9			71	80	59	30 17	30 10	71	72	W	WNW	Fine	—	—
10			75	78	59	30 05	29 91	76	78	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
11			60	71	56	29 93	30 02	82	76	N	NNE	Overc.	—	—
12			63	73	57	30 05	30 07	74	78	ENE	E	Fair	—	—
13			68	72	54	30 07	30 09	70	70	SE	E	—	—	—
14			62	72	53	30 07	30 01	73	75	ENE	ESE	—	—	—
15		◐	64	74	56	29 96	29 93	81	74	NE	ENE	—	—	Clo.
16			64	72	56	29 93	29 94	79	78	E	SSE	—	—	Fair
17			61	76	60	29 94	29 91	81	76	S	SW	—	—	—
18			65	73	58	29 87	29 93	82	69	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	—
19	35		61	69	60	29 90	29 93	79	95	WSW	SW	S.Rain	Rain	Rain

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of June was 73-100ths of an inch.

Erratum.—In last Journal, for the quantity of Rain fallen in *one day*, &c., read the quantity of Rain fallen in the *month of May*, &c.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] SEPTEMBER, 1827. [No. 21.

ON MEANS AND ENDS.

"We work by wit, and not by witchcraft."—IAGO.

IT is impossible to have things done without doing them. This seems a truism; and yet what is more common than to suppose that we shall find things done, merely by wishing it? *To put the will for the deed* is as usual in practice as it is contrary to common sense. There is, in fact, no absurdity, no contradiction, of which the mind is not capable. This weakness is, I think, more remarkable in the English than in any other people, in whom (to judge by what I discover in myself) the will bears great and disproportioned sway. We desire a thing: we contemplate the end intently, and think it done, neglecting the necessary means to accomplish it. The strong tendency of the mind towards it, the internal effort it makes to give birth to the object of its idolatry, seems an adequate cause to produce the wished-for effect, and is in a manner identified with it. This is more particularly the case in what relates to the *Fine Arts*, and will account for some phenomena in the national character.

The English style is distinguished by what are called *ébauches**—rude sketches, or violent attempts at effect, with a total inattention to the details or delicacy of finishing. Now this, I apprehend, proceeds not exactly from grossness of perception, but from the wilfulness of our characters, our determination to have every thing our own way without any trouble, or delay, or distraction of mind. An object strikes us: we see and feel the whole effect at once. We wish to produce a likeness of it; but we wish to transfer the impression to the canvas as it is conveyed to us, simultaneously and intuitively—that is, to stamp it there at a blow—or, otherwise, we turn away with impatience and disgust, as if the means were an obstacle to the end, and every attention to the mechanical process were a deviation from our original purpose. We thus degenerate, by repeated failures, into a slovenly style of art; and that which was at first an undisciplined and irregular impulse, becomes a habit, and then a theory. It

* Properly, *daubs*.

seems a little strange that the zealous devotion to the end should produce aversion to the means; but so it is: neither is it, however irrational, altogether unnatural. That which we are struck with, which we are enamoured of, is the general appearance or result; and it would certainly be most desirable to produce the effect we aim at by a word or wish, if it were possible, without being taken up with the mechanical drudgery or pettiness of detail, or dexterity of execution, which, though they are essential and component parts of the work, do not enter into our thoughts, or form any part of our contemplation. In a word, the hand does not keep pace with the eye; and it is the desire that it should, that causes all the contradiction and confusion. We would have a face to start out from the canvas at once—not feature by feature, or touch by touch; we would be glad to convey an attitude or a divine expression to the spectator by a stroke of the pencil, as it is conveyed by a glance of the eye, or by the magic of feeling, independently of measurements, and distances, and foreshortening, and numberless minute particulars, and all the instrumentality of the art. We may find it necessary, on a cool calculation, to go through and make ourselves masters of these; but, in so doing, we submit only to necessity, and they are still a diversion to, and a suspension of, our favourite purpose for the time—at least unless practice has given that facility which almost identifies the two together, and makes the process an unconscious one. The end thus devours up the means; or our eagerness for the one, where it is strong and unchecked, renders us in proportion impatient of the other. So we view an object at a distance, which excites in us an inclination to visit it: this, after many tedious steps and intricate windings, we do; but, if we could fly, we should never consent to go on foot. The mind, however, has wings, though the body has not; and, wherever the imagination can come into play, our desires outrun their accomplishment. Persons of this extravagant humour should addict themselves to eloquence or poetry, where the thought "leaps at once to its effect," and is wafted, in a metaphor or an apostrophe, "from Indus to the Pole;" though even there we should find enough, in the preparatory and mechanical parts of those arts, to try our patience and mortify our vanity! The first and strongest impulse of the mind is to achieve any object, on which it is set, at once, and by the shortest and most decisive means; but, as this cannot always be done, we ought not to neglect other more indirect and subordinate aids; nor should we be tempted to do so, but that the delusions of the will interfere with the convictions of the understanding, and what we ardently wish, we fancy to be both possible and true. Let us take the instance of copying a fine picture. We are full of the effect we intend to produce; and so powerfully does this prepossession affect us, that we imagine we have produced it, in spite of the evidence of our senses and the suggestions of friends. In truth, after a number of violent and anxious efforts to strike off a resemblance which we passionately long for, it seems an injustice not to have succeeded; it is too late to retrace our steps, and begin over again in a different method; we prefer even failure to arriving at our end by petty, mechanical tricks and rules; we have copied Titian or Rubens in the spirit in which they ought to be copied; though the likeness may not be perfect, there is a look, a tone, a *something*, which we chiefly aimed at, and which we persuade ourselves, seeing the copy only through the dazzled, hectic flush of feverish imagination, we have really given; and thus we persist, and make fifty excuses, sooner than own our error, which would imply its abandonment; or, if

the light breaks in upon us, through all the disguises of sophistry and self-love, it is so painful that we shut our eyes to it. The more evident our failure, the more desperate the struggles we make to conceal it from ourselves, to stick to our original determination, and end where we began.

What makes me think that this is the real stumbling-block in our way, and not mere rusticity or want of discrimination, is that you will see an English artist admiring and thrown into downright raptures by the tucker of Titian's *Mistress*, made up of an infinite number of little delicate folds; and, if he attempts to copy it, he proceeds deliberately to omit all these details, and dash it off by a single smear of his brush. This is not ignorance, or even laziness, I conceive, so much as what is called *jumping at a conclusion*. It is, in a word, an overweening presumption. "A wilful man must have his way." He sees the details, the varieties, and their effect: he sees and is charmed with all this; but he would reproduce it with the same rapidity and unembarrassed freedom that he sees it—or not at all. He scorns the slow but sure method, to which others conform, as tedious and inanimate. The mixing his colours, the laying in the ground, the giving all his attention to a minute break or nice gradation in the several lights and shades, is a mechanical and endless operation, very different from the delight he feels in studying the effect of all these, when properly and ably executed. *Quam nihil ad tuum, Papiniane, ingenium!* Such fooleries are foreign to his refined taste and lofty enthusiasm; and a doubt crosses his mind, in the midst of his warmest raptures, how Titian could resolve upon the drudgery of going through them, or whether it was not rather owing to extreme facility of hand, and a sort of trick in laying on the colours, abridging the mechanical labour! No one wrote or talked more eloquently about Titian's harmony and clearness of colouring than the late Mr. Barry—discoursing of his greens, his blues, his yellows, "the little red and white of which he composed his flesh-colour," *con amore;* yet his own colouring was dead and dingy, and, if he had copied a Titian, he would have made it a mere daub, leaving out all that caused his wonder or admiration, or that induced him to copy it after the English or Irish fashion. We not only grudge the labour of beginning, but we stop short, for the same reason, when we are near touching the goal of success, and, to save a few last touches, leave a work unfinished and an object unattained. The immediate steps, the daily gradual improvement, the successive completion of parts, give us no pleasure; we strain at the final result; we wish to have the whole done, and, in our anxiety to get it off our hands, say *it will do*, and lose the benefit of all our pains by stinting a little more, and being unable to command a little patience. In a day or two, we will suppose, a copy of a fine Titian would be as like as we could make it: the prospect of this so enchants us, that we skip the intervening space, see no great use in going on with it, fancy that we may spoil it, and, in order to put an end to the question, take it home with us, where we immediately see our error, and spend the rest of our lives in regretting that we did not finish it properly when we were about it. We can execute only a part; we see the whole of nature or of a picture at once. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* The English grasp at this whole—nothing less interests or contents them; and, in aiming at too much, they miss their object altogether.

A French artist, on the contrary, has none of this uneasy, anxious feeling—of this desire to master the whole of his subject, and anticipate his good fortune at a blow—of this *massing* and concentrating principle. He

takes the thing more easy and rationally. He has none of the mental qualms, the nervous agitation, the wild, desperate plunges and convulsive throes of the English artist. He does not set off headlong without knowing where he is going, and find himself up to the neck in all sorts of difficulties and absurdities, from impatience to begin and have the matter off his mind (as if it were an evil conscience); but takes time to consider, arranges his plans, gets in his outline and his distances, and lays a foundation before he attempts a superstructure which he may have to pull in pieces again, or let it remain—a monument of his folly. *He looks before he leaps*, which is contrary to the true blindfold English rule; and I should think that we had invented this proverb from seeing so many fatal examples of the violation of it. Suppose he undertakes to make a copy of a picture: he first looks at it, and sees what it is. He does not make his sketch all black or all white, because one part of it is so, and because he cannot alter an idea he has once got into his head and must always run into extremes, but varies his tints (strange as it may seem) from green to red, from orange-tawney to yellow, from grey to brown, according at they vary in the original. He sees no inconsistency, no forfeiture of a principle, in this (any more than Mr. Southey in the change of the colours of his coat), but a great deal of right reason, and indeed an absolute necessity for it, if he wishes to succeed in what he is about. This is the last thing in an Englishman's thoughts: he only wishes to have his own way, though it ends in defeat and ruin—strives hard to do what he is sensible he cannot—or, if he finds he can, gives over and leaves the matter short of a triumphant conclusion, which is too flattering an idea for him to indulge in. The French artist proceeds with due deliberation, and bit by bit. He takes some one part—a hand, an eye, a piece of drapery, an object in the background—and finishes it carefully; then another, and so on to the end. When he has gone through every part, his picture is done: there is nothing more that he can add to it; it is a numerical calculation, and there are only so many items in the account. An Englishman may go on *slobbering* his over for the hundredth time, and be no nearer than when he began. As he tries to finish the whole at once, and as this is not possible, he always leaves his work in an imperfect state, or as if he had begun on a new canvas—like a man who is determined to leap to the top of a tower, instead of scaling it step by step, and who is necessarily thrown on his back every time he repeats the experiment. Again, the French student does not, from a childish impatience, when he is near the end, destroy the effect of the whole, by leaving some one part eminently deficient, an eye-sore to the rest; nor does he fly from what he is about, to any thing else that happens to catch his eye, neglecting the one and spoiling the other. He is, in our old poet's phrase, "constrained by mastery," by the mastery of common sense and pleasurable feeling. He is in no hurry to get to the end; for he has a satisfaction in the work, and touches and retouches perhaps a single head, day after day and week after week, without repining, uneasiness, or apparent progress. The very lightness and buoyancy of his feelings renders him (where the necessity of this is pointed out) patient and laborious. An Englishman, whatever he undertakes, is as if he was carrying a heavy load that oppresses both his body and mind, and that he is anxious to throw down as soon as possible. The Frenchman's hopes and fears are not excited to a pitch of intolerable agony, so that he is compelled, in mere compassion to himself, to bring the question to a speedy issue, even to the loss of his object. He is calm, easy, collected, and takes his

time and improves his advantages as they occur, with vigilance and alacrity. Pleased with himself, he is pleased with whatever occupies his attention nearly alike. He is never taken at a disadvantage. Whether he paints an angel or a joint-stool, it is much the same to him: whether it is landscape or history, still it is he who paints it. Nothing puts him out of his way, for nothing puts him out of conceit with himself. This self-complacency forms an admirable ground-work for moderation and docility in certain particulars, though not in others.

I remember an absurd instance enough of this deliberate mode of setting to work in a young French artist, who was copying the Titian's *Mistress* in the Louvre, some twenty years ago. After getting in his chalk-outline, one would think he might have been attracted to the face—that heaven of beauty (as it appears to some), clear, transparent, open, breathing freshness, that "makes a sunshine in the shady place;" or to the lustre of the golden hair; or some part of the poetry of the picture (for, with all its materiality, this picture has a poetry about it); instead of which he began to finish a square he had marked out in the right-hand corner of the picture, containing a piece of board and a bottle of some kind of ointment. He set to work like a cabinet-maker or an engraver, and appeared to have no sympathy with the soul of the picture. On a Frenchman (generally speaking), the distinction between the great and the little, the exquisite and the indifferent, is in a great measure lost: his self-satisfied egotism supplies whatever is wanting up to a certain point, and neutralizes whatever goes beyond it. Another young man, at the time I speak of, was for eleven weeks daily employed in making a black-lead pencil drawing of a small Leonardo: he set with his legs balanced across a rail to do it, kept his hat on, every now and then consulted with his friends about his progress, rose up, went to the fire to warm himself, talked of the styles of the different masters—praising Titian *pour les coloris*, Raphael *pour l'expression*, Poussin *pour la composition*—all being alike to him, provided they had each something to help him on in his harangue (for that was all he thought about),—and then returned to *perfectionate* (as he called it) his copy. This would drive an Englishman out of his senses, supposing him to be ever so stupid. The perseverance and the interruptions, the labour without impulse, the attention to the parts in succession, and disregard of the whole together, are to him utterly incomprehensible. He wants to do something striking, and bends all his thoughts and energies to one mighty effort. A Frenchman has no notion of this summary proceeding, exists mostly in his present sensations, and, if he is left at liberty to enjoy or trifle with these, cares about nothing farther, looking neither backwards nor forwards. They forgot the reign of terror under Robespierre in a month; they forgot that they had ever been called the *great nation* under Buonaparte in a week. They sat in chairs on the Boulevards (just as they do at other times), when the shots were firing into the next street, and were only persuaded to quit them when their own soldiers were seen pouring down all the avenues from the heights of Montmartre, crying "*Sauve qui peut!*" They then went home and dressed themselves to see the *Allies* enter Paris, as a fine sight, just as they would witness a procession at a theatre. This is carrying the instinct of levity as far as it will go. With all their affectation and want of sincerity, there is, on the principle here stated, a kind of simplicity and nature about them after all. They lend themselves to the impression of the moment with good humour and good will, making it not much better nor worse than it is: the English constantly over-do or

under-do every thing, and are either mad with enthusiasm or in despair. The extreme slowness and regularity of the French school have then arisen, as a natural consequence, out of their very fickleness and frivolity (their severally supposed national characteristics); for, owing to the last, their studious exactness costs them nothing; and, again, they have no headstrong impulses or ardent longings that urge them on to the violation of rules, or hurry them away with a subject or with the interest belonging to it. All is foreseen and settled before-hand, so as to assist the fluttering and feeble hold they have of things. When they venture beyond the literal and formal, and (mistaking pedantry and bombast for genius) attempt the grand and the impressive style, as in David's and Girodet's pictures, the Lord deliver us from sublimity engrafted on insipidity and *petit-maître-ism!* You see a solitary French artist in the Louvre copying a Raphael or a Rubens, standing on one leg, not quite sure of what he is about: you see them collected in groupes about David's, elbowing each other, thinking them even finer than Raphael, more truly themselves, a more perfect combination of all that can be taught by the Greek sculptor and the French posture-master! Is this patriotism, or want of taste? If the former, it is excusable; and why not, if the latter?

Even should a French artist fail, he is not disconcerted—there is something else he excels in: "for one unkind and cruel fair, another still consoles him." He studies in a more graceful posture, or pays greater attention to his dress; or he has a friend, who has *beaucoup du talent*, and conceit enough for them both. His self-love has always a salvo, and comes upon its legs again, like a cat or a monkey. Not so with Bruin the Bear. If an Englishman (God help the mark!) fails in one thing, it is all over with him; he is enraged at the mention of any thing else he can do, and at every consolation offered him on that score; he banishes all other thoughts, but of his disappointment and discomfiture, from his breast—neither eats nor sleeps (it is well if he does not swallow down double "potations, 'pottle-deep," to drown remembrance)—will not own, even to himself, any other thing in which he takes an interest or feels a pride; and is in the horrors till he recovers his good opinion of himself in the only point on which he now sets a value, and for which his anxiety and disorder of mind incapacitate him as effectually as if he were drunk with strong liquor instead of spleen and passion. I have here drawn the character of an Englishman, I am sure; for it is a portrait of myself, and, I am sorry to add, an unexaggerated one. I intend these Essays as studies of human nature; and as, in the prosecution of this design, I do not spare others, I see no reason why I should spare myself.—I lately tried to make a copy of a portrait by Titian (after several years' want of practice), with a view to give a friend in England some notion of the picture, which is equally remarkable and fine. I failed, and floundered on for some days, as might be expected. I must say the effect on me was painful and excessive. My sky was suddenly overcast. Every thing seemed of the colour of the paints I used. Nature in my eyes became dark and gloomy. I had no sense or feeling left, but of the unforeseen want of power, and of the tormenting struggle to do what I could not. I was ashamed ever to have written or spoken on art: it seemed a piece of vanity and affectation in me to do so—all whose reasonings and refinements on the subject ended in an execrable daub. Why did I think of attempting such a thing without weighing the consequences of exposing my presumption and incapacity so unnecessarily? It was blotting from my mind, covering with a

thick veil all that I remembered of these pictures formerly—my hopes when young, my regrets since, one of the few consolations of my life and of my declining years. I was even afraid to walk out of an evening by the barrier of Neuilly, or to recal the yearnings and associations that once hung upon the beatings of my heart. All was turned to bitterness and gall. To feel any thing but the consciousness of my own helplessness and folly, appeared a want of sincerity, a mockery, and an insult to my mortified pride! The only relief I had was in the excess of pain I felt: this was at least some distinction. I was not insensible on that side. No French artist, I thought, would regret *not* copying a Titian so much as I did, nor so far shew the same value for it, however he might have the advantage of me in drawing or mechanical dexterity. Besides, I had copied this very picture very well formerly. If ever I got out of my present scrape, I had at any rate received a lesson not to run the same risk of vexation, or commit myself gratuitously again upon any occasion whatever. Oh! happy ought they to be, I said, who can do any thing, when I feel the misery, the agony, the dull, gnawing pain of being unable to do what I wish in this single instance! When I copied this picture before, I had no other resource, no other language. My tongue then stuck to the roof of my mouth: now it is unlocked, and I have done what I then despaired of doing in another way. Ought I not to be grateful and contented? Oh, yes!—and think how many there are who have nothing to which they can turn themselves, and fail in every object they undertake. Well, then, *Let bygones be bygones* (as the Scotch proverb has it); give up the attempt, and think no more of Titian, or of the portrait of a Man in black in the Louvre. This would be very well for any one else; but for me, who had nearly exhausted the subject on paper, that I should take it into my head to paint a libel of what I had composed so many and such fine panegyrics upon—it was a fatality, a judgment upon me for my vapouring and conceit. I must be as shy of the subject for the future as a damned author is of the title of his play or the name of his hero ever after. Yet the picture would look the same as ever. I could hardly bear to think so: it would be hid or defaced to me as "in a phantasma or a hideous dream." I must turn my thoughts from it, or they would lead to madness! The copy went on better afterwards, and the affair ended less tragically than I apprehended. I did not cut a hole in the canvas, or commit any other extravagance: it is now hanging up very quietly facing me; and I have considerable satisfaction in occasionally looking at it, as I write this paragraph.

Such are the agonies into which we throw ourselves about trifles—our rage and disappointment at want of success in any favourite pursuit, and, our neglect of the means to ensure it. A Frenchman, under the penalty of half the chagrin at failure, would take just twice the pains and consideration to avoid it: but our morbid eagerness and blundering impetuosity, together with a certain *concreteness* of imagination which prevents our dividing any operation into steps and stages, defeat the very end we have in view. The worst of these wilful mischiefs of our own making is, that they admit of no relief or intermission. Natural calamities or great griefs, as we do not bring them upon ourselves, so they find a seasonable respite in tears or resignation, or in some alleviating contrast or reflection: but pride scorns all alliance with natural frailty or indulgence; our wilful purposes regard every relaxation or moment's ease as a compromise of their

very essence, which consists in violence and effort: they turn away from whatever might afford diversion or solace, and goad us on to exertions as painful as they are unavailable, and with no other companion than remorse, —the most intolerable of all inmates of the breast; for it is constantly urging us to retrieve our peace of mind by an impossibility—the undoing of what is past. One of the chief traits of sublimity in Milton's character of Satan is this dreadful display of unrelenting pride and self-will—the sense of suffering joined with the sense of power and "courage never to submit or yield"—and the aggravation of the original purpose of lofty ambition and opposition to the Almighty, with the total overthrow and signal punishment,—which ought to be reasons for its relinquishment. "His thoughts burn like a hell within him!" but he gives them "neither truce nor rest," and will not even sue for mercy. This kind of sublimity must be thrown away upon the French critic, who would only think Satan a very ridiculous old gentleman for adhering so obstinately to his original pretensions, and not making the most of circumstances, and giving in his resignation to the ruling party! When Buonaparte fell, an English editor (of virulent memory) exhausted a great number of the finest passages in *Paradise Lost*, in applying them to his ill-fated ambition. This was an equal compliment to the poet and the conqueror: to the last, for having realized a conception of himself in the mind of his enemies on a par with the most stupendous creations of imagination; to the first, for having embodied in fiction what bore so strong a resemblance to, and was constantly brought to mind by, the fearful and imposing reality! But to return to our subject.—

It is the same with us in love and literature. An Englishman makes love without thinking of the chances of success, his own disadvantages, or the character of his mistress—that is, without the adaptation of means to ends, consulting only his own humour or fancy;* and he writes a book of history or travels, without acquainting himself with geography, or appealing to documents or dates; substituting his own will or opinion in the room of these technical helps—or hindrances, as he considers them. It is not right. In business it is not by any means the same; which looks as if, where interest was the moving principle, and acted as a counterpoise to caprice and will, our headstrong propensity gave way, though it sometimes leads us into extravagant and ruinous speculations. Nor is it a disadvantage to us in war; for there the spirit of contradiction does every thing, and an Englishman will go to the devil sooner than yield to any odds. Courage is nothing but will, defying consequences; and this the English have in perfection. Burns somewhere calls out lustily, inspired by rhyme and *usquebaugh*,—

---

* Dr. Johnson has observed, that "strong passion deprives the lover of that easiness of address, which is so great a recommendation to most women." Is then indifference or coldness the surest passport to the female heart? A man who is much in love has not his wits properly about him: he can think only of her whose image is engraven on his heart; he can talk only of her; he can only repeat the same vows, and protestations, and expressions of rapture or despair. He may, by this means, become importunate and troublesome —but does he deserve to lose his mistress for the only cause that gives him a title to her—the sincerity of his passion? We may perhaps answer this question by another—Is a woman to accept of a madman, merely because he happens to fall in love with her? "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet," as Shakspeare has said, "are of imagination all compact," and must, in most cases, be contented with imagination as their reward. Realities are out of their reach, as well as beneath their notice.

"Set but a Scotsman on a hill;
Say such is royal George's will,
And there's the foe:—
His only thought is how to kill
Twa at a blow."

I apprehend, with his own countrymen or ours, all the love and loyalty would come to little, but for their hatred of the army opposed to them. It is the resistance, "the two to kill at a blow," that is the charm, and makes our fingers'-ends tingle. The Greek cause makes no progress with us for this reason: it is one of pure sympathy, but our sympathies must arise out of our antipathies; they were devoted to the Queen to spite the King. We had a wonderful affection for the Spaniards—the secret of which was that we detested the French. Our love must begin with hate. It is so far well that the French are opposed to us in almost every way; for the spirit of contradiction alone to foreign fopperies and absurdities keeps us within some bounds of decency and order. When an English lady of quality introduces a favourite by saying, "This is his lordship's physician, and my atheist," the humour might become epidemic; but we can stop it at once by saying, "That is so like a Frenchwoman!"—The English excel in the practical and mechanic arts, where mere plodding and industry are expected and required; but they do not combine business and pleasure well together. Thus, in the Fine Arts, which unite the mechanical with the sentimental, they will probably never succeed; for the one spoils and diverts them from the other. An Englishman can attend but to one thing at a time. He hates music at dinner. He can go through any labour or pain with prodigious fortitude; but he cannot make a pleasure of it, or persuade himself he is doing a *fine thing*, when he is not. Again, they are great in original discoveries, which come upon them by surprise, and which they leave to others to perfect. It is a question whether, if they foresaw they were about to make the discovery, at the very point of projection as it were, they would not turn their backs upon it, and leave it to shift for itself; or obstinately refuse to take the last step, or give up the pursuit, in mere dread and nervous apprehension lest they should not succeed. Poetry is also their undeniable element; for the essence of poetry is will and passion, "and it alone is highly fantastical." French poetry is *verbiage* or dry detail.

I have thus endeavoured to shew why it is the English fail as a people in the Fine Arts, because the idea of the end absorbs that of the means. Hogarth was an exception to this rule; but then every stroke of his pencil was instinct with genius. As it has been well said, that "we *read* his works, so it might be said he *wrote* them. Barry is an instance more to my purpose. No one could argue better about *gusto* in painting, and yet no one ever painted with less. His pictures were dry, coarse, and wanted all that his descriptions of those of others indicate. For example, he speaks of "the dull, dead, watery look" of the Medusa's head of Leonardo, in a manner that conveys an absolute idea of the character: had he copied it, you would never have suspected any thing of the kind. His pen grows almost wanton in praise of Titian's nymph-like figures. What *drabs* he has made of his own sea-nymphs, floating in the Thames, with Dr. Burney at their head, with his wig on! He is like a person admiring the grace of an accomplished rope-dancer; place him on the rope himself, and his head turns;—or he is like Luther's comparison of Reason to a drunken man on horseback—"set him up on one side, and he tumbles over on the

other." Why is this? His mind was essentially ardent and discursive, not sensitive or observant; and though the immediate object acted as a stimulus to his imagination, it was only as it does to the poet's—that is, as a link in the chain of association, as implying other strong feelings and ideas, and not for its intrinsic beauty or individual details. He had not the painter's eye, though he had the painter's general knowledge. There is as great a difference in this respect between our views of things as between the telescope and microscope. People in general see objects only to distinguish them in practice and by name—to know that a hat is black, that a chair is not a table, that John is not James; and there are painters, particularly of history in England, who look very little farther. They cannot finish any thing, or go over a head twice: the first *coup-d'œil* is all they ever arrive at; nor can they refine on their impressions, soften them down, or reduce them to their component parts, without losing their spirit. The inevitable result of this is grossness, and also want of force and solidity; for, in reality, the parts cannot be separated without injury from the whole. Such people have no pleasure in the art as such: it is merely to astonish or to thrive that they follow it; or, if thrown out of it by accident, they regret it only as a bankrupt tradesman does a business which was a handsome subsistence to him. Barry did not live, like Titian, on the taste of colours (there was here, perhaps—and I will not disguise it—in English painters in general, a defect of organic susceptibily); they were not a *pabulum* to his senses; he did not hold green, blue, red, and yellow for "the darlings of his precious eye." They did not, therefore, sink into his mind with all their hidden harmonies, nor nourish and enrich it with material beauty, though he knew enough of them to furnish hints for other ideas and to suggest topics of discourse. If he had had the most enchanting object in nature before him in his painting-room at the Adelphi, he would have turned from it, after a moment's burst of admiration, to talk of the subject of his next composition, and to scrawl in some new and vast design, illustrating a series of great events in history, or some vague moral theory. The art itself was nothing to him, though he made it the stalking-horse to his ambition and display of intellectual power in general; and, therefore, he neglected its essential qualities to daub in huge allegories, or carry on cabals with the Academy, in which the violence of his will and the extent of his views found proper food and scope. As a painter, he was tolerable merely as a draftsman, or in that part of the art which may be best reduced to rules and precepts, or to positive measurements. There is neither colouring, nor expression, nor delicacy, nor striking effect in his pictures at the Adelphi. The group of youths and horses, in the representation of the Olympic Games, is the best part of them, and has more of the grace and spirit of a Greek bas-relief than any thing of the same kind in the French school of painting. Barry was, all his life, a thorn in the side of Sir Joshua, who was irritated by the temper and disconcerted by the powers of the man; and who, conscious of his own superiority in the exercise of his profession, yet looked askance at Barry's loftier pretensions and more gigantic scale of art. But he had no more occasion to be really jealous of him than of an Irish porter or orator. It was like Imogen's mistaking the dead body of Cloten for her lord's—"the jovial thigh, the brawns of Hercules:" the head, which would have detected the cheat, was missing!

I might have gone more into the subject of our apparent indifference to the pleasure of mere imitation, if I had had to run a parallel between English and Italian or even Flemish art; but really, though I find a great

deal of what is finical, I find nothing of the pleasurable in the details of French more than of English art. The English artist, it is an old and just complaint, can with difficulty be prevailed upon to finish any part of a picture but the face, even if he does that any tolerable justice: the French artist bestows equal and elaborate pains on every part of his picture—the dress, the carpet, &c.; and it has been objected to the latter method, that it has the effect of making the face look unfinished; for as this is variable and in motion, it can never admit of the same minuteness of imitation as objects of *still life*, and must suffer in the comparison, if these have the utmost possible degree of attention bestowed on them, and do not fall into their relative place in the composition from their natural insignificance. But does not this distinction shew generally that the English have no pleasure in art, unless there is an additional interest beyond what is borrowed from the eye, and that the French have the same pleasure in it, provided the mechanical operation is the same—like the fly that settles equally on the face or dress, and runs over the whole surface with the same lightness and indifference? The collar of a coat is out of drawing: this may be and is wrong. But I cannot say that it gives me the same disturbance as if the nose was awry. A Frenchman thinks that both are equally out of drawing, and sets about correcting them both with equal gravity and perseverance. A part of the back-ground of a picture is left in an unfinished state: this is a sad eye-sore to the French artist or connoisseur. We English care little about it: if the head and character are well given, we pass it over as of small consequence; and if they are failures, it is of even less. A French painter, after having made you look like a baboon, would go on finishing the cravat or the buttons of your coat with all the nicety of a man milliner or button-maker, and the most perfect satisfaction with himself and his art. This with us would be quite impossible. "They are careful after many things: with us, there is one thing needful"—which is effect. We certainly throw our impressions more into masses (they are not taken off by pattern, every part alike): there may be a slowness and repugnance at first; but, afterwards, there is an impulse, a *momentum* acquired—one interest absorbing and being strengthened by several others; and if we gain our principal object, we can overlook the rest, or at least cannot find time to attend to them till we have secured this. We have nothing of the *petit-maître*, of the *martinet* style about us: we run into the opposite fault. If we had time, if we had power, there could be no objection to giving every part with the utmost perfection, as it is given in a looking-glass. But if we have only a month to do a portrait in, is it not better to give three weeks to the face and one to the dress, than one week to the face and three to the dress? How often do we look at the face compared to the dress? "On a good foundation," says Sancho Panza, "a good house may be built:" so a good picture should have a good back-ground, and be finished in every part. It is entitled to this mark of respect, which is like providing a frame for it, and hanging it in a good light. I can easily understand how Rubens or Vandyke finished the back grounds and drapery of their pictures:—they were worth the trouble; and, besides, it cost them nothing. It was to them no more than blowing a bubble in the air. One would no doubt have every thing right—a feather in a cap, or a plant in the fore-ground—if a thought or a touch would do it. But to labour on for ever, and labour to no purpose, is beyond mortal or English patience. Our clumsiness is one cause of our negligence. Depend upon it, people do with readiness what they

can do well. I rather wonder, therefore, that Raphael took such pains in finishing his draperies and back-grounds, which he did so indifferently. The expression is like an emanation of the soul, or like a lamp shining within and illuminating the whole face and body; and every part, charged with so sacred a trust as the conveying this expression (even to the hands and feet), would be wrought up to the highest perfection. But his inanimate objects must have cost him some trouble; and yet he laboured them too. In what he could not do well, he was still determined to do his best; and that nothing should be wanting in decorum and respect to an art that he had consecrated to virtue, and to that genius that burnt like a flame upon its altars! We have nothing that for myself I can compare with this high and heroic pursuit of art for its own sake. The French fancy their own pedantic abortions equal to it, thrust them into the Louvre, "and with their darkness dare affront that light!"—thus proving themselves without the germ or the possibility of excellence—the feeling of it in others. We at least claim some interest in art, by looking up to its loftiest monuments—retire to a distance, and reverence the sanctuary, if we cannot enter it.

"They also serve who only stare and wait."*

W. H.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE:

AN OPERATIC TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Personæ.

PYRAMUS, a Cobbler's Son, in love with Thisbe, and in liquor with his Father's Beer.
THISBE, the Daughter of a respectable Char-Woman.
COBBLER, Father of Pyramus, heard but not seen.
LEO, a Lion, 15 feet from the snout to the tail, and 16 feet, &c.
NINNY, a Ghost.
LEONA, the Lion's Lady.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Junction Wall between the Garrets of* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE.

Pyr. Some folks maintain that grief is very dry;
That's not my case—it always makes me cry.
Here Feyther thumps and bumps me all about;
Some day, I'm 'fear'd, he'll knock my soul clean out.

---

* Zoffani, a foreign artist, but who, by long residence in England, had got our habits of indolence and dilatoriness, was employed by the late King, who was fond of low comedy, to paint a scene from Reynolds's SPECULATION; in which Quick, Munden, and Miss Wallis were introduced. The King called to see it in its progress; and at last it was done—"*all but the coat.*" The picture, however, was not sent; and the King repeated his visit to the artist. Zoffani with some embarrassment said, "It was done all but the *goat.*"—"Don't tell me," said the impatient monarch; "this is always the way: you said it was done all but the coat the last time I was here."—"I said the *goat*, and please your Majesty."—"Aye," replied the King, "the *goat* or the *coat*, I care not which you call it; I say I will not have the picture,"—and was going to leave the room, when Zoffani, in an agony, repeated, "It is the *goat* that is not finished,"—pointing to a picture of a goat that was hung up in a frame as an ornament to the scene at the theatre. The King laughed heartily at the blunder, and waited patiently till the goat was finished. Zoffani, like other idle people, was careless and extravagant. He made a fortune when he first came over here, which he soon spent: he then went out to India, where he made another, with which he returned to England, and spent also. He was an excellent theatrical portrait-painter, and has left delineations of celebrated actors and interesting situations, which revive the dead, and bring the scene before us.

No solace now my wretched bosom knows,
Save love and liquor, to destroy my woes;
And but for Thiz, my truest love and friend,
My life, alas! would soon wax to an end.
Hush! sure I thought I heard her gentle pat
Against the wall. Ah! no—it was a rat!—
No—it is she. What! Thizzy, little dear!
What kept you, love, so long from coming here?

Thisbe. I should have come, dear Pyrry, long before;
But mother made me stop and scour the floor.

Pyr. See, darling, what a pretty hole I've made
Through the rough wall!—you needn't be afraid.
Peep-o, my pretty dear! Law, I can see
Your twinkling eye that looks so sweet at me!
And now, my dearest, doating, darling Thiz,
Do blow me, through the wall, a little kiss. [*She blows.*
Laws, Thizzy! you have took me by surprise,
And blown a lot of brick-dust in my eyes!
Why do I stop here, pent up in the house,
And make love through a hole, like any mouse?
Straight from our hated parents let us fly,
And meet each other in the wood hard by:
There I will join you 'neath the forest's shade,
Where Ninny's tomb is seen amid the glade.

Thisbe. Nay, Pyrry, don't go there; they say each night
Poor Ninny's ghost stalks in the pale moonlight.
You know his story, and you best can tell
How by his hand the wretched lover fell.
So say for why his spirit cannot rest;
You knows that naughty men *tell stories* best.

Pyr. Poor Ninny once did woo a tender maid,
Who love, 'twas said, with equal love repaid;
But then her father thought his feelings trash,
And called on Ninny to fork out the cash.
Now all the blunt he had beneath the sun
Amounted to the sum of one-pound-one.
With this to raise the wish'd-for dower he tried,
And to a lottery-office quickly hied.
But when a blank rewarded all his pains,
He took a pistol and blowed out his brains:
So thus he lost his love and lost his guinea;
And there he lies entombed.

Thisbe. Alas poor Ninny!

Pyr. But of this ghost you need have no alarm,
For Ninny living could do no one harm.

Thisbe. Well, at his tomb we'll meet at twelve o'clock,
And I of victuals will lay in a stock.
Don't cry, dear Pyrry! we shall meet again;
I'll blow a parting kiss to ease your pain.

Pyr. Laws, Thizzy, it is pain that makes me cry,
With all that brick-dust what's got in my eye.

Thisbe. Oh! if its all your eye, dear, never mind;
I've heard folks say as Love is always blind.

Pyr. I'm blind enough at present, never doubt;
But father aint, and p'rhaps he'll find us out.
[*begins to funk.*

Thisbe. Nay, don't be 'fear'd—such terrors are but stuff;
To-morrow we'll be found *out*, sure enough.

Pyr. Let's stop the hole up I made in the wall,
And then he'll not suspect the thing at all.

Thisbe. Stop! sure I heard a noise upon the stairs.
Hush! 'tis your father's voice. Laws, how he swears!

The COBBLER *(from below).*

Cob. What are you after there, you rascal, hey?
You're at no good there, I'll be bound to say.
Pyr. There was a hole, dear father, in the wall,
And I was just a stopping it—that's all.
Cob. If you don't come down stairs and mend this shoe,
I'll come up stairs, and, damme, I'll mend you.
Pyr. I'm just a-coming, father. Oh, my eye!
Confound that brick-dust! how it makes me cry! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood—Dark Night.*

Enter a LION, *drunk (singing).*

1.

This maxim is found,
For those jolly dogs that roam,
The longest way round
Is the shortest way home.
But if until the morning quite
Perchance we cannot stay,
Grog in each nose a torch will light
To guide us on our way.

So we'll stagger, and we'll swagger,
And a jolly row we'll kick up;
And with grog before us, let our chorus
Always end in—hiccup.

2.

A little drop of liqour,
When we chance to get in trouble,
Only makes us feel the sicker,
For we see our sorrows double:
But if we drink until we find
We cannot see or go,
To sorrow we shall then be blind,
And dead to every woe.
So we'll stagger, &c.

Enter THISBE, *looking about her.* LION *goes up to her, and they sing.*

(Tune—"Through Erin's Isle").

Lion. My pretty dear, you need not fear,
I'll nothing do amiss;
I want from you, my darling true,
Just nothing but a kiss.
Thisbe. I'm so afeard all at your beard,
That here I will not stay.
Lion. Poh, poh, poh, poh! you shall not go!
Thisbe. Nay, zounds I'll run away.
Lion. Nay, if you run, sure as a gun
Just like a shot I'll follow.
Thisbe. Upon my life I'll call your wife,
And set up such a holloa!
Both. Fol lol de riddle dol, ri fol de riddle da.

[LION *runs at her, but is so drunk that he falls down; she runs off, but leaves a shawl.* LION *gets up and sees it.*]

A pretty shawl is this, upon my life!
'Twill make a famous present for my wife.

Stop—*(musing)*—no it won't—my missus will be thinking
I kept in naughty company while drinking;
And perhaps will say, with apron at her eye,
Some damsel gave it—so I'll let it lie.
Our wives get now-a-days so plaguy jealous,
It damps the spirit of us lively fellows.
[*A roar is heard from behind.*
Zounds! close behind I hear my missus roar;
It is a sound I've often heard before!
I'll post off home, and into bed I'll creep,
And when she comes I'll feign to be asleep.
Then if she rows me, starting with a snore,
I'll swear I've been in bed an hour or more. [*Exit.*

[Mrs. LION *is heard singing behind the scenes*].

(*Air*—"Nobody comes to woo").

Now, Lion, you seldom come here,
And take little care of your child;
And poor little Johnny, I swear,
Is getting uncommonly wild.
Last night he said learning got stale,
And he would to school go no more;
But his bottom I whipped with my tail,
And sent him to bed in a roar.

Oh dear, what can the matter be!
Oh dear, what shall I do!
Lion, you now won't come after me;
So I must go after you. [*Sound ceases.*

[*Clock strikes twelve; Ghost of* NINNY *rises, and dances on the top of the Tomb, singing*].

(*Tune*—"My Name it is Poor Jack").

1.

I am a ghost, good lack,
Just from the tomb set free,
With no flesh on my back,—
Pray what d'ye think of me?
Sing tol de rol de ri di do, &c.

2.

When on the earth above,
Upon a fatal day,
On being crossed in love,
Myself myself did slay.
Sing tol de rol, &c.

But steady, boys! a mortal comes—a fool!
He used to beat me black and blue at school.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Be'st thou a sprite of hell, or goslin damned,
Thus from the earth—in which we saw thee crammed,
To rise?

Ghost. Peace, fool! *Thus* Ninny your foul nonsense stops!
By giving you a douse upon the chops.
[*Lifts his toe, and kicks him in the mouth.*

Pyr. Why, Ninny, zounds! what can you be about?
You stupid fool! you've knocked a tooth clean out.

Ghost. You should have held a ghost in greater awe;
He who would keep his teeth must hold his jaw.

Pyr. I own I'm wrong,—and now of you I crave
That you will go once more into your grave;
For here I wait to meet my love to-night,
And perhaps your presence might not be all right.
Ghost. I grant the boon. But now, ere yet I go,
Behold a sight to fill your breast with woe!
See there! the shawl, so late by Thisbe worn,
By some great shaggy lion rent and torn!
[*Puts on his night-cap and goes into the tomb.*
Pyr. What do I see! the shawl, by Thizzy worn,
By some huge shaggy lion rent and torn!
Oh! where she is I now too well can guess—
The beast has of her carcase made a mess.
Now, by the Fates I swear, I'd give a groat,
My love may stick fast in the wretch's throat.
Ah me! of hope and joy I'm clean bereft;
I have not now a drop of comfort left.
Thus then I seek the assistance of my knife,
To end at once my sorrows and my life.
[*Stabs himself, and falls.*

Enter THISBE *at the other side.*

Thisbe. I hope that nasty lion's gone away.
Laws! what so long can make my Pyrry stay?
Sure some foul demon's envious attacks
Have placed upon his bench a piece of wax.
And glued him to his seat! May Heaven forfend
He may not thus have made his cobbler's end!
Ah, no! I fear that horrid Pa of his,
For work undone, or else work done amiss,
Has locked him in the dismal cellar, where
He grieves for me, and drowns his grief in beer.

[PYRAMUS, *faintly rising, falls back.*]
Ah! now I feels more fainterer and sicker—
Just like a man when he's the worse for liquor.
Blood rises in my throat—I fall back dizzy:
Receive me, spirit of immortal Thizzy! [*Hiccups, and dies.*

[THISBE, *looking about in the dark.*]
Sure that was Pyrry's voice! but 'tis so foggy,
I cannot see him—yet it sounded groggy!
Methought—and yet methinks it was absurd—
His hiccups' well-known sound I also heard.
He spoke of spirit! Now, egad, I fear
In liquor, not in love, he staggered here. [*Espies him.*
See where he lies—a pig—stretched on the ground!
Drunk as the sow of David, I'll be bound!
What blood is this about his mouth I see?
Why, sure he's bumped his nose against a tree!
What, still more blood! By gum, my darling's killed;
And here's the knife that has his dear blood spilled!
Oh! cruel steel that stole my Pyrry's life,
Thus take the *ditto* of his maiden wife! [*Stabs herself.*
And now, my dearest darling, ere I die,
I'll kiss your bloody lips, and say good bye.
Oh dear! to-morrow is our washing day!
Laws! laws! I wonder what will mother say!
[*She hiccups, and dies.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES:

No. I.

Travelling in General: Bordeaux Diligence in particular.

I AM fond of travelling: yet I never undertake a journey without experiencing a vague feeling of melancholy. There is to me something strangely oppressive in the preliminaries of departure. The packing of a small valise; the settlement of accounts—justly pronounced by Rabelais a *blue-devilish* process; the regulation of books and papers;—in short, the whole routine of valedictory arrangements, are to me as a nightmare on the waking spirit. They induce a mood of last wills and testaments—a sense of dislocation, which, next to a vacuum, Nature abhors—and create a species of moral decomposition, not unlike that effected on matter by chemical agency. It is not that I have to lament the disruption of social connexions or domestic ties. This, I am aware, is a trial sometimes borne with exemplary fortitude; and I was lately edified by the magnanimous unconcern with which a married friend of mine sang the last verse of "Home! sweet home!" as the chaise which was to convey him from the *burthen* of his song drove up to the door. It does not become a bachelor to speculate on the mysteries of matrimonial philosophy; but the feeling of pain with which *I* enter on the task of migration has no affinity with individual sympathies, or even with domiciliary attachments. My landlady is, without exception, the ugliest woman in London; and the locality of Elbow-lane cannot be supposed absolutely to spell-bind the affection of one occupying, as I do, solitary chambers on the third floor.

The case, it may be supposed, is much worse when it is my lot to take leave, after passing a few weeks at the house of a friend in the country;—a house, for instance, such as is to be met with only in England:—with about twenty acres of lawn, but no park; with a shrubbery, but no made-grounds; with well-furnished rooms, but no conservatory; and with a garden, in which dandy tulips and high-bred anemones do not disdain the fellowship of honest artichokes and laughing cauliflowers—no bad illustration of the republican union of comfort with elegance which reigns through the whole establishment. The master of the mansion, perhaps an old and valued schoolfellow:—his wife, a well-bred, accomplished, and still beautiful woman—cordial, without vulgarity—refined, without pretension—and informed, without a shade of blue! Their children!....But my reader will complete the picture, and imagine, better than I can describe, how one of my temperament must suffer at quitting such a scene. At six o'clock on the dreaded morning, the friendly old butler knocks at my room door, to warn me that the mail will pass in half an hour at the end of the green lane. On descending to the parlour, I find that my old friend has, in spite of our over-night agreement and a slight touch of gout, come down to see me off. His amiable lady is pouring out for me a cup of tea—assuring me that she would be quite unhappy at allowing me to depart without that indispensable prelude to a journey. A gig waits at the door: my affectionate host will not permit me to walk even half a mile. The minutes pass unheeded; till, with a face of busy but cordial concern, the old butler reminds me that the mail is at hand. I bid a hasty and agitated farewell, and turn with loathing to the forced companionship of a public vehicle.

My anti-leave-taking foible is certainly not so much affected when I quit the residence of an hotel—that public home—that wearisome resting-place—that epitome of the world—that compound of gregarious incompatibilities—that bazaar of character—that proper resort of semi-social egotism and unamalgable individualities—that troublous haven, where the vessel may ride and tack, half-sheltered, but finds no anchorage. Yet even the Lilliputian ligatures of such a sojourn imperceptibly twine round my lethargic habits, and bind me, Gulliver like, a passive fixture. Once, in particular, I remember to have *stuck* at the Hôtel des Bons Enfants, in Paris—a place with nothing to recommend it to one of ordinary locomotive energies. But there I stuck. Business of importance called me to Bordeaux. I lingered for two months. At length, by one of those nervous efforts peculiar to weak resolutions, I made my arrangements, secured my emancipation, and found myself on the way to the starting-place of the Diligence. I well remember the day: 'twas a rainy afternoon in spring. The aspect of the gayest city in the world was dreary and comfortless. The rain dripped perpendicularly from the eves of the houses, exemplifying the axiom that lines are composed of a succession of points. At the corners of the streets it shot a curved torrent from the projecting spouts, flooding the channels, and drenching, with a sudden drum-like sound, the passing umbrellas, whose varied tints of pink, blue, and orange, like the draggled finery of feathers and flounces beneath them, only made the scene more glaringly desolate. Then came the rush and splatter of cabriolets, scattering terror and defilement. The well-mounted English dandy shews his sense by hoisting his parapluie; the French dragoon curls his mustachio at such effeminacy, and braves the liquid bullets in the genuine spirit of Marengo; the old French count picks his elastic steps with the placid and dignified philosophy of the *ancien régime;* while the Parisian dames, of all ranks, ages, and degrees, trip along, with one leg undraped, exactly in proportion to the shapeliness of its configuration.

The huge clock of the Messagéries Royales told three as I entered the gateway. The wide court had an air of humid dreariness. On one side stood a dozen of those moving caravansaras, the national vehicles, with their leathern caps—like those of Danish sailors in a north-wester—hanging half off, soaked with wet. Opposite was the range of offices, busy with all the peculiar importance of French *bureaucracie.* Their clerks, decorated with ribbons and crosses, wield their pens with all the conscious dignity of secretaries of state; and "*book*" a bale or a parcel as though they were signing a treaty, or granting an amnesty. The meanest *employé* seems to think himself invested with certain occult powers. His civility savours of government patronage; and his frown is inquisitorial. To his fellows, his address is abrupt and diplomatic. He seems to speak in cypher, and to gesticulate by some rule of freemasonry. But to the *uninitiated* he is explanatory to a scruple, as though mischief might ensue from his being misapprehended. He makes sure of your understanding by an emphasis, which reminds one of the loudness of tone used towards a person supposed to be hard of hearing—a proceeding not very flattering where there happens to be neither dulness nor deafness in the case. In a word, the measured pedantry of his whole deportment betrays the happy conviction in which he rejoices of being conversant with matters little dreamt of in your philosophy. Among the bystanders, too, there are some who might, probably with more reason, boast their proficiency in mysterious lore—fellows of smooth aspect

and polite demeanour, whom at first you imagine to have become casual spectators from mere lack of better pastime, but whose furtive glances and vagrant attention betray the familiars of the police—that complex and mighty engine of modern structure, which, far more surely than the "ear of Dionysius," conveys to the tympanum of power each echoed sigh and reverberated whisper. It is a chilling thing to feel one's budding confidence in a new acquaintance nipped by such frosty suspicions; yet—Heaven forgive me!—the bare idea has, before now, caused me to drop, unscented, the pinch of *carotte* which has been courteously tendered by some coffee-house companion. In the group before me, I fancied that I could distinguish some of this ungentle brotherhood; and my averted eye rested with comparative complacency even on a couple of *gens-d'armes*, who were marching up and down before the door, and whose long swords and voluminous cocked hats never appeared to me less offensive.

In the mean time, knots of travellers were congregating round the different vehicles about to depart. In the centre of each little band stood the main point of attraction—Monsieur le Conducteur—that important personage, whose prototype we look for in vain among the dignitaries of Ladlane, or the Bull-and-Mouth, and whose very name can only be translated by borrowing one of Mr. Mc Adam's titles—"the Colossus of *Roads*." With fur cap, official garb, and the excursive eye of a martinet, he inspects every detail of preparation—sees each passenger stowed *seriatim* in his special place—then takes his position in front—gives the word to his jack-booted vice, whose responsive whip cracks assent—and away rolls the ponderous machine, with all the rumbling majesty of a three-decker from off the stocks.

I was roused from these contemplations by a hasty summons to the Bordeaux Diligence, which was now ready to start, and which, in a few minutes, was thundering, like its predecessors, along the Rue des Victoires. It consisted of three distinct *corps de loges*, capable of holding altogether eighteen passengers; but in the centre compartment, to which I had articled myself, I found only one travelling companion. A numerous host of friends had attended his departure; and I had observed him exchange the national embrace with nearly a dozen young officers of the Royal Guard. He appeared about five-and-twenty years of age, with dark intelligent eyes, and an agreeable countenance; but the peculiarly mild expression of which checked the surmise—suggested by his demi-military costume—that he belonged to the army. There was an evident dejection, too, about him, which ill-assorted with the reckless buoyancy of spirit so characteristic of the young French soldier.

As we emerged from the narrow streets, and neared the Pont Neuf, a flood of glorious sunshine bathed the long vista of architectural magnificence which burst on our view. Every cornice, frieze, and pilaster of that dazzling perspective gleamed out in all the distinctness of their sculptured tracery: yet the effect of the whole was as that of a mellowed painting, and the eye slighted every detail to revel in the luxury of that sublime and fugitive emotion which abhors decomposition, and is destroyed by analysis! My companion leaned eagerly to gaze on the splendid scene, and sighed deeply as his last lingering look was intercepted by the projecting angle of the street into which we were now entering. The seriousness of his manner —so unusual in a Frenchman—checked any inclination which I might have felt to indulge that "spirit of free inquiry" so often adopted in these

cases. He was too much absorbed in his own feelings to relish conversation, and we remained silent. In a short time, however, he seemed disposed to rally his spirits; and—evidently from a motive of politeness—addressed me. Sense, information, and talent marked all he said. In classical learning he seemed a proficient, and shewed an equal acquaintance with history, philosophy, and science. By degrees he became animated; his gloom wore off, and occasional flashes of wit proved that his intellectual wealth did not all consist of a *paper currency*. Still there was in his talk a guardedness on every topic pointing to himself—an anti-egotism—which evinced his wish to preserve the *incognito*.

At the end of the first stage, we were joined by a young officer—lively, frank, and spirited, and with a mind as brimful of the present as if there were no such things, in or out of the world, as the past and the future. The accession of his gaiety was a fresh supply of oxygen; and my Parisian friend and I, who ran some risk of growing profound and prosy, brightened up, like reviving chandeliers. Our new guest lost no time in informing us that he was a native of Brittany—that he had been bred at the Ecole Polytechnique—had fought among the pupils at the memorable defence of Mont Martre—had fallen in love the week after—had tried to run away with his mistress—and had gotten into disgrace with his father, who hired him the next day in the disguise of a footman, and forgave him for the sake of the frolic—that, as a dutiful son, he had passed a month in a counting-house, and ten days in a lawyer's office—then followed nature, and entered the army—was fond of the flute—thought Petit the best boot-maker, and Lamarque the best tailor, in Paris—was now a captain in the Guards—was on his way to join his corps at Bayonne—liked all good fellows—and hated but one man in the world, and that was the chaplain of his own regiment.

A volubility like this, is generally unpromising; but there was a redeeming air of candour and generosity about this young *militaire*, which impressed us favourably; and I found on this, as I had done in many other instances, that a redundant flow of animal spirits is not certain evidence of weak intellects, or shallow feelings. "But, why, Sir," said I, "this ungracious exclusion of the chaplain from the benefit of that rule of universal good will which you profess, and which ought surely to be a rule without an exception?"

"I cannot help," he replied, "hating hypocrisy. It is a sort of refined treachery, and has always struck me to be that sin against the Holy Ghost, for which there is forgiveness neither in this world nor in the next."

"So much the greater danger," I said, "of imputing it rashly; and you will not be offended at my saying, that among young soldiers, it is too much the fashion to make some individual priest the scape-goat of all the ecclesiastical demerits of christendom. The clerical robe may save a man's bones; but 'tis a weak mantle of defence against prejudice."—"I am an enemy," he replied, "to all prejudice, and am neither a man-hater, a woman-hater, nor a priest-hater: but as you view this matter seriously, permit me to ask, whether religion can be recommended, or morality promoted in a regiment by a gloomy monk, or stray ascetic, who knows no difference between mirth and vice, demureness and virtue; who shuns society, or mars it by pedantry or fastidiousness; and whose theory and practice constitute the perfection of bigotry? For my part,"

he continued, "whatever be *my* practice, I have no antipathy to any form of religion; and if I could once meet with a priest of social manners, cheerful conversation, and liberal opinions, in the genuine sense of that term—I am not sure that the practical effect of such a rencontre would not go farther to convert me than all that has been preached and written for a century. But what is of more importance, the influence of a few such ecclesiastics in the army would be prodigious: for after all, Sir, scepticism is not a fundamental ingredient in the French character. The organ of veneration finds a place even in the pericranium of a soldier; and your Corporal Trim has, you know, ably defended our profession from the charge of never praying."—"But, surely," I rejoined, "your clergy must number many such as you describe."—"Not one, I assure you; and so inveterate is the mannerism of the whole body, that I would wager the best dinner Bordeaux can furnish, that, disguise a priest as you will, I should know him among a thousand."—"I accept your wager, Sir," said the Parisian, "and though my society is much more among soldiers than ecclesiastics, I do not despair of winning your entertainment."—"And I should be most happy to lose it," said the Captain, "were it only for the honour of the church; but I have little doubt," added he, laughing, "that we shall fare sumptuously at your expense."—"I run all risks," replied the other, "and pledge myself to introduce you to a young clerical friend of mine at Bordeaux, with whom you shall converse for an hour, or a day, if you please, without ever suspecting him to be a clerk."—"Done, done, by all means," said the Captain.—"Done," said the Parisian: and I was requested to register the bet.

We were just then entering a village where we stopped to change horses; it was a beautiful summer's evening. A group of peasants were gathered round the inn door; some at their light potations: a more juvenile party dancing under some elms at a short distance, while nearer to us a merry circle were enjoying the mimics and drolleries of a comical looking fellow, with a head of cabbage for a nosegay, and a cock's tail in his hat. He was evidently the jester of the village, and seemed privileged among the girls, whose shrill peals of laughter—(breaking through the staves of a Bacchanalian chorus from within)—responded to every new flash of his wit, or no less irresistible contortion of his countenance. Every surrounding object furnished matter for his quips and cranks; and our trio in the Diligence did not escape. He aimed at us some side-long jibes, which produced a roar of laughter; and such is the effect of ridicule, that even when of the cheapest quality, no one likes to pay for it. For my part, I felt that I was no match for this champion of fun, and looked for support to the young captain; but his power of repartee, after one or two unlucky attempts, was equally at fault; and our cause was growing utterly hopeless, when the Parisian thrust his head out of the window. The wit seemed determined to punish his temerity, and let fly a shower of barbed jests; but to the astonishment of all present, he was met by such a counter volley of jocular retort—Rolands for Olivers—doubles for singles—all delivered in so exact an imitation of his own voice, manner, dialect, and slang, that victory soon changed sides. The cabbage nosegay, from a badge of honour, became suddenly transformed into a mark of defeat: the cock's tail drooped: the luckless jester grinned, blushed, and finally slunk away, amid the jeers of his fickle audience, who complimented our triumph by giving us three cheers, as we rolled away.

"Well," said the Parisian, smiling, and evidently enjoying our almost incredulous astonishment, "it is fortunate for me that the morose chaplain is not here, for I suppose he would set me down as a profligate, past redemption; but as I take you to be like myself, orthodox lovers of a joke, what say you, if we devote ourselves to Momus, during the remainder of this journey? We must needs do something to beguile the tedium of the road; and I have ever found Molière a better travelling companion than Puffendorf or Locke."

We gladly assented to this proposal, and ratified the compact at supper in an extra glass of Burgundy. This repast, at all times exhilarating, is peculiarly so on a journey; and we rose to resume our route in excellent spirits. At the door of the Diligence, we found a young gentleman preparing to join our caravan: he was accompanied by an elderly female, who assiduously kerchiefed his neck, warned him to nurse his cold, and, as he stepped into the carriage, slipped into the pocket of his sur-coat, a provision of barley-sugar, pectoral lozenges, and other toothsome specifics. "Behold our first victim to Momus," said the Parisian; and forthwith addressing the youth, he overwhelmed him with a thousand civilities, so strangely officious, yet so gravely volunteered, as to produce a highly diverting effect of gratitude and astonishment. He bewildered him by assuming sundry whimsical modes of expression—a slight stutter, and the tone of a privileged oddity: a combination which, while it nearly convulsed the captain and myself, placed our guest in the ludicrous predicament, unconsciously, of furnishing the jest,—being himself all the time under the compound torture of excited awe and suppressed laughter. It would require the dramatic talent of a Mathews to describe the scene that followed. Our young traveller was, it appeared, employed in the department of the forests; and his indefatigable mystifier, after putting him through a rigorous examination, on the various branches of his duty, ended by asking him if he could at a glance tell the exact breadth of a river? "No" was of course the answer. "Then," replied the other, "if you will attend to me I will give you a simple rule for that purpose, highly useful to a gentleman in your situation." At the same moment, his clenched hand descended with such force on the hat of his astonished auditor, as to bring the rim of it nearly in contact with his nose—(just then the light of a lamp, near which we had stopped, gave us a full view of the scene). "Pardon me, Sir," he continued, seizing the hands which were struggling to extricate the engulphed head, "this is the first part of the rule, and cannot be dispensed with. Now, Sir, fancy yourself on the banks of the Oronoco, or any other river. When you come within fifteen paces of the bank you must hold up your head, brace your knees, and step out boldly till you reach the water's edge. Now be pleased to shut the right eye, and look up with the left, till you bring the visual line in contact, as it were, with the extreme rim of your hat; keeping that eye so fixed, next open the other, and let it rest on the opposite bank of the river. The moment that is done, wheel half-round, suddenly, so! (and suiting the action to the word, he gave the hapless tyro a twirl, assuring him that this too was indispensable). Now, Sir, by this movement—pray, pay particular attention—your eye has described an arc, or section of a circle, which must, as you are well aware, be the measure of the angle formed by the two visual lines above-mentioned, of which angle —mark!—this (seizing his nose) "may be called the apex; and conse-

quently, having formed the said arc, you have only to measure the subtended chord, which will give you to a fraction the breadth of the river!" "I hope," he added, "that I make myself understood: if not, I shall be happy to repeat the proposition." But his bewildered pupil who had, by this time, reached his journey's end, and was rising to depart—evidently convinced that he had been under the examination of an inspector general of the forests—assured him that his explanation had been perfectly clear; and, amid a profusion of thanks for his condescension, hinted a hope that he would note his name for promotion.

From Orleans to Tours, and from Tours to Bordeaux, our compact of merriment was faithfully adhered to. But to follow our facetious companion through a tithe of the drolleries which he enacted, would overtax the pen of a Smollett. The versatility of talent, and compass of learning, which he enlisted in the production of "*broad grins*," was quite prodigious, and redeemed his feats of practical wit. To each new tenant of our vehicle, he exhibited himself in a different disguise, assuming, by turns, the manner and phraseology of every rank, profession, and even trade. With surprising tact he seized and developed, at will, the salient points of every new character, literally playing on each—as though he were modulating on a musical instrument; and, with still greater skill, so effectually guarded his own, that on reaching Bordeaux, neither the captain nor I could form the remotest idea of who or what he was. It was clear, however, notwithstanding the mask of waggery which he had chosen to assume, that he possessed a mind of no ordinary stamp;—and we gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast with him the morning after our arrival, that—as he added—no time might be lost in settling the wager between him and the captain.

The moon was just rising as we entered the second city of France, by the finest bridge in Europe. A beaded crescent of luminous points, reflected in the water, marked the outline of splendid masonry that sweeps round the broad Garonne, exhibiting a quay of such grandeur, as to prove the fitness of the appellation, which denotes that the main feature of the city is its fine position, *sur le bord de l'eau*. But my limits warn me to reserve this subject for a future paper, and the repose which I needed after this laughing journey, may not be unacceptable to some of my readers. They will not, however, I trust, decline to join the breakfast party of the Parisian unknown, to which I was summoned, next morning, at the appointed hour, by my friend the captain. We again interchanged surmises respecting our travelling enigma, but not a scintilla of probability could be struck from any of our conjectures. "Well," said the captain, "we may unriddle him at breakfast; and, at all events, I promise you another chance over a bottle of Lafitte, at the excellent dinner which I am to win presently by my skill in divination;" so saying, he led the way to the apartment of our Parisian friend, whose cheerful voice greeted our signal of approach:—but how shall I attempt to describe the paralysis of astonishment which smote us, on beholding, as we entered, the living image, the speaking prototype —nay, the very person and identity of him who was, but yesterday, the scholar, the philosopher, the wit—now standing before us a tonsured, cropped, and cassocked PRIEST!!! After a staring pause, so long, that even on the stage it would have appeared unnatural, he advanced smiling, and cordially shaking our passive hands, said, "Gentlemen, I am truly rejoiced to greet you at length in my real character. I am, indeed, a priest; and having now, I hope, fairly won my wager, I may congratu-

late myself on having begun the shearing of my flock; among which, Monsieur le Capitaine, you will perceive that I have the honour of numbering you." So saying, he exhibited, to our increased wonder, his official appointment as chaplain to the —— regiment of guards. "I am aware," he continued, "how prone ignorance or malevolence might be, to misconstrue that vein of pleasantry which, I trust, has been, in the present instance, not only innocent, but in some degree useful. In taking from choice the sacred profession, I neither forfeited my feelings as a man, nor the genial tendencies of my disposition to social enjoyment. These ever taught me, and teach me now, to despise cant, and hate hypocrisy. In the ministers of religion these vices are doubly odious, and shall never escape the lash which it may be in my power to apply: but while I make no defence for such as resemble the description given of my morose predecessor in the chaplaincy, I cannot admit (Heaven forbid!) that the majority of my clerical cotemporaries are fashioned on so deformed a model; nor could I decline the opportunity of attempting to prove by one humble example, that misanthropic gloom, and monkish bigotry, do not necessarily enter into the composition of a French priest!—His animated and eloquent address, of which this is but a faint sketch, drew from the soldier a frank avowal of what he termed "his blundering logic." He shook the young chaplain most cordially by the hand, and assured him that, with such sentiments, he would find a friend in every man in the regiment." "And a friend," added I, "in every country in Europe!"

I need not add that the captain most punctually paid the penalty of his forfeit, and was amply compensated for the loss of his wager, by the acquisition of a friend. On the following morning, after bidding me a cordial adieu, they pursued their route together for the Spanish frontier; and I found myself once more in the solitude of an inn. P.

UPON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.*

THERE is a phenomenon in the history of the English people, the existence of which we do not remember to have seen or heard remarked. It is their infinitely closer affinity, under every intellectual point of view, to the French, and perhaps to every Southern people of Europe, than to the Germans, or perhaps to any people of the North; and this in spite of the physical fact of the German national, original, and even present language, of the English or Anglo-Saxons. Can the dissimilitude of the migratory branch to the features of the parent stock be explained, by supposing that the Saxons, after all, have been the minority in England, and therefore have yielded to the influence of foreigners in the formation of their intellectual character? Did they, at their first arrival in England, imbibe the Cælic notions of the Britons, whom they subdued, or of the Romans, the previous masters of the Britons? Were they frenchified by their Norman conquerors, by the continued influence of a Norman dynasty, and by the admixture of Norman blood; or by their constant intercourse, whether in peace or war, with France—France, which has been taught to speak and think by Rome, by Italy, and by Greece? Or, lastly, is it the active—the commercial, the maritime, and the exploratory, life of the Anglo-

* Treatise upon the Origin of Language. Translated from the German of I. G. Von Herder. London. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1827.

Saxons, which has given to them, in the course of ages, and through their inhabitation of a narrow island, a tone of mind, and a consequent manner of speech, so distinct from those of the sedentary and speculative German, the continued inhabitant of a continental region, little tempted to sail over every sea, estranged almost from every great navigable river, shut out from southern intercourse, little engaged in commerce, little communicating with foreigners of any soil whatever, and still less with those of France, and of the rest of the South of Europe, in particular?

We are provoked to these inquiries by the marked and unqualified *Germanism* of the pages before us; a Germanism of thought and expression, that evinces how small a part of the difficulty of an Englishman's reading a German author consists only in the difference of language—or, as it really is, of *dialect* alone! In a French, Spanish, Italian, or other Southern author, upon the other hand, let an Englishman but once conquer the language, and he finds himself conversing—we had almost said, with one of his fellow-men;—but certainly with an individual of the same general education, mode of thinking, and mode of speaking with himself. National differences there still undoubtedly are; but, in spite of these, there is a general resemblance. But take up a German author, and whether we are ourselves conversant with the German, or the German is ever so successfully rendered into English, yet, at last, how small is the approximation obtained! Other remarks would offer themselves in other departments of German literature; but it is a philosophical work which is now under review, and it is only to German philosophical literature that we are here addressing ourselves. A "Treatise upon the Origin of Language" is before us; and, though the "Origin of Language," upon any hypothesis, belongs to what is usually called "metaphysics," yet what Englishman or Frenchman would conduct a metaphysical discussion in the manner of this "Treatise;" or can follow, with patience and pleasure to himself, the waste of words, the waste of thought, and the multiplied abstractions, and at least peculiar phraseology, which such pages, even when perfectly anglicised, present?

The diversity too of national education between the German and modern English is rendered, ten times the more remarkable in the instance here adduced, from the language employed by the Translator himself; in which, while the most correct English is confessedly written—while none but the most usual English words are confessedly employed—yet the modes of expression at once proclaim the German birth and education of the writer, and make, as we should fear, that writer's avowed purpose of being "instrumental," through the means of this version of Herder, "to more amalgamation between the Germans and the English," utterly hopeless! It is not merely the text of the Author which repulses, but the Translator's "Introduction" itself, written for the directly opposite purpose, must answer, as we actually fear, and sincerely regret, no other end than that of a scarecrow, to drive away the feet of the Englishman who would approach any German treatise in philosophy! The Translator, in the mean time—and while taking a just view of the "opposite spheres of speculative and practical life," in which the Germans and English are respectively engaged—assures us, that, "by the strenuousness of their strongly-contrasted exertions, they are become more closely connected than they imagine." But, for our own part, we can perceive no symptom of the desired and most desirable union! The character which is ascribed, in this very "Introduction," to German philosophising, and the very lan-

guage held by the Translator, remind us more of the abstraction of an Indian Joghi, than of any thing like English thought or inquiry; and, after glancing over the whole work, we recal, without surprise, the saying of Frederick the Great, who, breathing the atmosphere of German philosophy and mysticism, averred, that man was made to be a postillion, and not a philosopher! The Translator, in anticipation of any charge of deficiency in his translation, reminds us of the richness of the German language, in words appertaining to the sphere of speculation and deeply excited feeling, while the English language is more copious in the sphere of action and *observation*. Now all this is exceedingly just, and, in itself, offers much that is valuable to the true philosophy of language; but does not so important a contrast forbid the hope of amalgamation between men whose tongues hold language so opposite, only because their minds are so differently engaged? What is intended by the phrases that follow is doubtless very true; but are not the English estranged from the Germans (we speak of the thinking part of both nations) at once by phraseology, and by those modes of thinking, or of *philosophising*, of which that phraseology is the result? "The sphere of *the deepest internal existence*," says the Translator, at the outset of his Introduction, "is where the German is most at home—here he has become most intellectually enlightened; while the Englishman, from the active spirit which characterizes his country, has made greater progress in the *external world*."

We shall readily grant that much of the obscurity which presents itself in these and similar pages, is capable of dissipation through a proper change of German for English *idioms*, and of *terms* employed by the German philosopher for those in use with the English; but, these concessions made, and these changes supposed, what is an Englishman to pursue? An inquiry into the "Origin of Language," amid reveries, fantasies, abstractions, modes of expression, and style of argument, so peculiarly exotic, as those which, for example, present themselves, as well in the text of Herder, as in the "Introduction" of his German translator into English! The following paragraphs from the "Introduction," will contribute, among other things, to explain the German distinction between "internal and external existence:"—

"This translation of Herder's masterly treatise, 'Upon the Origin of Language,' is offered to the cultivated of the English nation, as the commencement of a series of selections, from the philosophical literature of the Germans."

"The Germans and the English have, indeed, entered so deeply into, and effected so much in the opposite spheres of speculative and practical life, that, by the strenuousness of their strongly contrasted exertions, they are become more closely connected than they imagine; and more intimately related, than ever nations were before. Internal and external existence have value and true signification only when viewed in relation to each other.

"The necessary connection, in which every created thing stands, with the infinite and multifold variety of all created things and beings; the infinite fullness of power, which constantly streams in, incessantly and progressively effecting a higher development: this constitutes the internal state of all existence. But that limitation, which manifests itself in a visible form, arising from the play of action and re-action, in short, that finite nature which is appointed as the sphere of exercise for life in every stage, that is the external state of all creation.

"We should feel, think, and act as finite beings, but at the same time, by continual solution of all opposition, in the limited sphere allotted to us, should elevate ourselves towards the next above, and thus approach nearer to divine light, to more unsullied joy, and to a nobler state of being. Our nature is both finite and infinite; by withdrawing ourselves from our finite nature, we should fall into a confused, phantastic state of unconsciousness; or by estranging ourselves from our infinite nature, should sink into a kind of morbid insensibility, whose limited

boundary for thought and action admits of no higher aim than dead form, devoid of all superior spiritual sense.

"I trust it will be excused, if, by way of introduction, I enter somewhat further into this subject. It may possibly tend to render the peculiarities of German literature more intelligible to the cultivated Englishman, and to make him estimate more correctly the value of that internal sphere of existence, where feeling and intellect, together with the arts and philosophy (which arise from them) are more especially nurtured.

"I could wish to be instrumental to more amalgamation between the Germans and the English, as between external and internal life. I could wish to contribute towards our further insight into that depth of science, to which the Germans have attained, and which contains treasures not easily conceived. These, however, can only be discovered and appreciated after the mind has been trained for a certain period, in the profound sphere of intellectual cultivation and elevated feeling, and thus fitted to receive the revelation of higher truths."

The Translator then speaks as follows of his Author:—

"Herder's writings appear, in a philosophical point of view, pre-eminently calculated to direct the attention, with more certainty, towards that deep internal state of existence peculiar to the Germans.

"Herder is equally free from too flighty speculation, and from that too deep immersion in the spiritual realm, which is incompatible with perspicuity, and which, from deviating too far into the sphere of mere possibility, loses s ght of all reality. Herder's ideas flow rapidly and decidedly, they furnish continual novelty in his views, and, proceeding upon the basis of history and nature, adhere to what is intelligible and true, as presented to the mind of man from every thing around him, which, like his own nature, is both finite and infinite.

"Herder's proposition is, 'Language arose with the first spark of consciousness.' This, like every other production, became gradually more perfectly developed. The first gift is followed by a second, as soon as it has been appropriated and consciously assimilated by a free intelligent being. Thus each progressive step succeeds the other. Every revelation, when intellectually resolved, brings fuller manifestation to the mind, which becomes more and more elevated by every act of assimilation.

"The most important task of life, is progressively to resolve into thought and action, all that is gradually revealed through the medium of sense and feeling. This is the noblest avenue of approach to God; for in God is comprehended all freedom and fulness of being in thought and action, throughout eternity."

The subjoined concession also, while it points to an additional repulsion in the mode of German philosophising, affords, at the same time, a fresh and original example of that mystic enthusiasm, that air of "deep internal existence," which is so prominently and mischievously obtruded (to speak with the ideas of an Englishman) into every path of German inquiry:—

"It must also be difficult to the English reader to admit many things as positively true, which are asserted here in a positive tone. And it is characteristical of the Germans, that in the course of exposition (perhaps from too great zeal) they pronounce many things too absolutely, although fully convinced that every system, every thought, every view, and even every observation and fact, has only symbolical worth, as instrumental to the discovery of truth; as a symbol of the eternal, invisible, Supreme Being. And the only use of all, to finite man, is to bring him nearer and nearer, to a fuller manifestation, and more conscious intelligence of the Great Incomprehensible."

This "Treatise" appears to have been written at the public invitation of a philosophical society or academy, and in reply to the following question—so inserted in these pages as not to appear, what it really is, the thesis of the whole discussion:—"Could man, by his unassisted natural powers, have invented language for himself?" That question it answers in the affirmative, or against the hypothesis of "divine origin;" and, with this conclusion of the German philosopher we are so entirely satisfied, that

we have no subject of complaint, other than that against the *German* mode of analysis, argument, and illustration, of which these pages afford us so many examples! Very many of these subordinate parts have our admiration; while, from others, we are turned away by what we describe as the national difference of thinking and expression.

It may be observed that the question proposed, at least as it is here given in English, does not regard the actual fact of the "Origin of Language," but only the hypothetical inquiry, "Whether, *if* man had been left to his natural unassisted powers, he *could* have invented language for himself?" For ourselves, we say, that man *did* invent language for himself, simply as he invented walking for himself! He walked, because he had feet; and he spoke, because he had a tongue. He walked, because he felt the impulse or the inducement to walk; and he spoke, because he felt the impulse or the inducement to speak. God, when he gave man feet and a tongue, and the motives to use both, sent man into the world fully qualified both to walk and to speak. But man cultivates both his walk and his speech; and the cultivation of speech has produced that whole science and variety of words to which we give the collective name of language, or *the action or produce* of the tongue.

M. Von Herder is of the same general opinion with ourselves; but his arguments and modes of expression are not always equally to our taste. He calls language "a sense of the mind;" while we should call it a product consequent upon "sense"—that is, we speak, because we feel or think; and, unless there is some error in the translation, we think our philosopher singularly unhappy and forced, both in his doctrine and in his proof, when (p. 41) he tells us, that "man invented his own language from the *tones* of living nature:"

"I ask whether the following truth, viz. that the intelligence by which man rules over nature, was the parent of a living language, which he abstracted as distinguishing signs, from the tones of every creature which uttered sounds? I ask, whether in the oriental style, this dry proposition could have been more nobly and beautifully expressed than 'God brought the beasts of the field to Adam, to see what he would call them, and whatsoever he called them, that was the name thereof.' In the oriental style, it can scarcely be more precisely said, 'man invented his own language from the tones of living nature, thus forming marks for his sovereign intellect.' And this is just what I endeavour to prove."

This text and context of Genesis, indeed, plainly imply that God did not teach man language, but absolutely called upon him to exercise a faculty which he already enjoyed; and, as to the names which Adam gave to the "beasts of the field," they might, or might not, express his ideas concerning them, either as to their figure, their size, their habits, their *tones*, or any other characteristic; and, by the way, there is, in this place, some danger of confounding language with thought—things which M. Von Herder insists upon as naturally identical. If we were to say that God invented the words or names which Adam proposed (a supposition contrary to the text), and if Adam's names expressed his thoughts, then we must attribute to the Divinity,—first, the invention of the thought,—and next, of the word or name to convey it; or, if we suppose the thought arising naturally in the mind of Adam—that is, from the nature of the mind which God had given him—then all that remained was to invent the name or word which should express the thought.

Our author treats the "Confusion of Tongues," or, as it has otherwise been translated, the "Confusion of Lips," as "a poetical fragment for the archæology of the history of nations;" but we cannot think him more

happy upon this than upon the former occasion, in his view of the "idea" which the book of Genesis has intended to convey:—

"An ancient oriental relic upon the division of languages (which I only consider as a poetical fragment for the archæology of the history of nations) confirms, in a very poetical narrative, what so many nations, in all parts of the world, have proved by their example. 'Languages were not suddenly changed,' as the philosopher multiplies them by migration. 'Nations united themselves (says the poem) for some great undertaking, then came upon them the dizziness of confusion and of multiplied languages, so that they left off their work and separated.' What was this but sudden exasperation and discord, for which any important work furnished fittest occasion. There, perhaps, some trifling point gave rise to offended family pride; union and mutual intention were destroyed, the spark of dissention shot into a flame, they fled from each other, and from their violence, caused the very thing which their work was intended to prevent—they confounded their origin and their language. Thus arose different nations, and the ruins, says a later writer, were called the 'confusion of nations.'

"Whoever understands the oriental spirit in such metaphorical introductions and histories (though, for the sake of theology, I willingly yield here to a higher decree) will not in this allegory mistake the principal idea, though sentiently expressed, that dissension upon any important design undertaken in common, and not merely the migration of nations, was the reason of the rise of so many languages. But setting aside this oriental testimony (which I only adduce here as a poem) it is apparent that multiplicity of languages can furnish no objection against the natural and human progressive cultivation of language."

M. Von Herder appears to feel himself strongly called upon to overcome the prepossession of those who teach *the divine origin of language*. The following are his concluding propositions:—

"The divine origin has nothing in its favour, not even the testimony of the oriental scriptures, upon which it relies, for these clearly indicate the human origin of language, in the designation of the brute creation.

"Every thing is in favour of, and nothing absolutely against the human origin of language. The inmost nature of the human soul, and the elements of language, the analogy of the human race, and the analogy of the progress of language.

"The important example of all nations, in all ages and quarters of the world. The divine origin, however pious it may appear, is altogether irreligious. It degrades God at every step, to the lowest and most imperfect anthropomorphosis.

"The human origin manifests God in the highest light.

"His work, a human soul, is able of itself to create and perpetuate language. Because it is his work, because it is a human soul, gifted with the faculty of free will, it is able to produce language, this ingenious organ of its reason, as a mediating symbol of its existence. The origin of language can then only in a dignified sense be termed divine, in as far as it is human.

"The divine origin is rather injurious than beneficial, it destroys all the activity of the human soul, and renders both psychology and the sciences inexplicable. For with language man must have received the seeds of all knowledge from God. Nothing, therefore, proceeds from the human soul. The commencement of every art and science, and of all knowledge, must be thus rendered inconceivable. The human origin admits of no step, without some view, or without the most useful elucidation in every branch of philosophy, in all kinds and compositions of language. The author has presented some of these here, and may have more to offer upon a fit occasion.

"How would he rejoice, if this treatise should invalidate an hypothesis, which considered, in many points of view, has long tended, and can only tend, to obscure the human mind!"

We have pointed out some of the difficulties which stand in the way of an English perusal of this work; but, to such readers as are prepared to struggle with them, we can strongly recommend it, as abounding with many attractions, and as leading to unquestionable truth. *K.

ANECDOTES AND CONVERSATIONS

Of the Reverend THOMAS BOTHERUM, S.T.P., Archdeacon of Leatherhead, Rector of Braintown Parva, cum Mucklepudding, F.A.S., &c. &c. &c.

" Cosi sen vanno l'arti, e i magisteri,
Tutti in rovina, e non è, chi sollevi
Chiuro ingegno, di cui fama si speri."—ARIOSTO, SATIRE.

" Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.—HOR.

IT is now many years since I first promised myself the pleasure of committing to paper those passages in the life of an ever-to-be-lamented friend, which came within my own notice, and thus preserving for posterity a slight sketch of the domestic habits and table-conversations of a great man. But procrastination (it has been well observed) is the thief of time; and the numerous memoranda I collected in those happy times, " *oh, noctes cœnæque deûm,*") in which he was yet among us, have for some years lain untouched in the drawers of my bureau. I take shame to myself for this neglect, and the more so when I reflect that in these degenerate days, in which steam-engines have taken precedence of classical lore, and " rude unwashed mechanicals" hold their heads above the doctors in the faculty, the reverence for illustrious public characters has so much diminished. If a " great man's memory in these times may outlive his life," it certainly is not by " building churches:" " *virtus laudatur et alget;*" and popery and dissent o'erspread the land. At the eleventh hour, therefore, I take up the pen; and while every paltry playwright and actor is permitted to thrust forward his two octavo volumes of auto-biography, I shall, ere I descend to the grave, consign to the press, the precious record of the *gesta et dicta* of Archdeacon Botherum; and leave behind me, for the benefit of my children, a monument of that intercourse, which, like the friendship of Sir P. Sydney, may be a boast and an ornament to the end of time. I was but seven years old, when the decease of old Zachary Bluebottle prepared the way for Archdeacon Botherum's (he was not then archdeacon) collation to the parish, in which my father had his habitual residence. The presentation to the living is in St. John's College; and Botherum, who had long had an eye to the mastership, accepted of this collegiate ostracism, I believe, with regret. When a man has been used to be capped by sizers, and to have his jokes laughed at by complaisant fellow-commoners, the obscurity of a remote country village is any thing but flattering. Botherum had likewise inveterate college habits; and was so unprepared for house-keeping, that, (as he used himself facetiously to repeat,)—when he left the college gate, one fine summer's morning, to take possession, having four shirts, a pair of black small clothes, and a set of sermons strapped in a portmanteau behind the saddle of his dapple mare, he cried out to the Dean, " *mea omnia mecum porto.*"

The arrival of the new rector was a great event in our parish. A merry peal was rung from the steeple; and it was upon this occasion that the curate, who was about to be dismissed, vented his spleen, by giving utterance to a joke, afterwards embodied in a Cambridge epigram: for the squire riding into the town, and asking what the meaning of all this noise

was, and observing that it was neither the anniversary of the king's *ascension*, nor of the gunpowder plot, he contemptuously replied, "they are only ringing a hog."* My father, who was a zealous high churchman, and old-fashioned enough to fear God and honour his king, was not the last to call on the rector: on the next Sunday after his arrival, our worthy pastor gave his blessing to our plenteous table; and ever afterwards, on the return of the Lord's day, he was our constant guest; when "church and king," you may suppose, was not forgotten. Even now, at the distance of nearly fifty years, I remember the consternation which this first visit occasioned in the nursery. No episcopal visitation of Horsley or of Magendie themselves, ever struck greater awe into their assembled curates! The authoritative tone of a voice long accustomed to command attention, and the stern contraction of the new rector's bushy eyebrows, when patting us on the head, and asking each a question from the catechism, were almost too much for our tender nerves. Fortunately, we answered without much hesitation, and he called us good children; and turning to my father, he said, with much complacency, "Mr. Tomlins, you have made a great way in my esteem. Parents are too apt to neglect the timely inculcation of a prejudice in favour of the church's dogmas into the infant mind. He who fails to sow the seeds of orthodox theology early in the spring, will never fail to reap in the autumn—an harvest of sectarianism, or of indifference."

The Doctor, I have said, brought into rural life many college habits. He had no objection to a glass of good port; and though he never disgraced the cloth by an unsteadiness either of head or foot, yet sometimes, "*indulgens genio*," he would, in agreeable society, and among men of good principles, take his glass; and then he would open the storehouse of his erudition, and pour forth ample quotations from Longus or Tertullian, Tryphiodorus or Origen, St. Chrysostom (whose verses he greatly praised) or Dr. Sacheverel; now and then cracking a merry jest from Aristophanes, to the great delight of the squires of the neighbourhood; who were wont to declare, that since Latin was no longer quoted in sermons, they did not wonder at the increase of sectarians; and that the Archdeacon's Greek did them good to hear, though they did not understand a word he said. However, I must do his good nature the justice to add, that he never spared to translate, when properly requested. True genius is ever condescending.

The Archdeacon, who justly thought that there is a time for all things, and that too much severity is a misprision of Presbyterianism, was fond of a game of backgammon. He wrote a treatise to prove that this was the

---

* The members of St. John's College, Cambridge, are nick-named "*hogs*," in the University. The epigram alluded to was made by the late Sir B. Harwood, on the knighting of Sir J. Pennington. It was as follows:—

"When the knight of St John's from St. James's came down,
The bells were set ringing throughout the whole town,
A blue-stocking sizer, alarm'd at the noise,
Asked one of the starve-gutted bed-maker's boys,
What the cause of it was? 'What?' replied the arch dog,
'Why, there's always a noise, when they're ringing a hog.'"

I do not, however, mean to assert that Sir B. H. was not original in his epigram. Wits often jump; and I have no reason for supposing that the curate's *bon mot* reached the ears of the late facetious professor of anatomy. This observation is due to justice.

Note by the Author.

game invented by Palamedes, and not chess; averring in his own person, that it had often made him forget his supper till it was quite cold. He confessed that he played, on an average, twelve hundred hits in a year; and such a hold had the game on his imagination, that he not unfrequently illustrated his discourse by metaphors taken from its technicalities. On one occasion, I remember, when he was sore pressed in an argument by a malignant, who had clearly proved an oversight in the minister's operations, which might have ruined the campaign if properly taken advantage of,—he triumphantly replied, with a voice of thunder, "Like enough, Sir; every body makes mistakes—*humanum est errare*. But, Sir, a blot whatever you may think of the matter, is no blot till it is hit:" the reply was unanswerable.

The archdeacon's temper was essentially equable and bland. Two things only were apt to disturb his equanimity; and these were, a whig and a papist. Hence he was greatly puzzled what consideration to give to the Scotch rebels. Their attachment to divine right and their martyrdom in defence of the Pretender, he could not deny, were most commendable: but then, that Pretender was a papist, and the Pope was Antichrist. I remember he told me in a confidential conversation, in which he laid open his whole heart, that he never could make up his mind concerning those απερίζωματοι politicians; but, he added, in a half-forgiving tone, "the dogs loved their king after all."

The archdeacon, like many of the Cambridge men of his day, was given to tobacco; and never said better things, than when he puffed care away after dinner. Had he lived to the present times, he would have doubtless discouraged the modern innovation of cigars, which have so greatly contributed to the decay of mathematics in the university. The true Virginia, as he himself used to say, "ascended into the brain," and "favoured contemplation;" whereas every body knows, that the boys who smoke cigars, never trouble themselves to think at all: and this is the reason, perhaps, why the Spaniards have never thrown off the "slough of a slavish superstition." My mother, who by long intercourse with the archdeacon, did not hold him in that awe, with which the females of the parish were accustomed to regard him (so much does familiarity breed contempt), used often to rate him soundly, for what she called his beastly habit of smoking before females: and she once carried her vituperations so far, that a shyness took place between them; the Doctor fulminating against her the epigram—

> "Aspide quid pejus? tigris;—quid tigride? Dæmon,
> Dæmone quid? mulier; quid muliere? nihil."

Which being interpreted, my mother vowed she could never forgive. We were all sorry for this breach, and, with some difficulty, over-persuaded her to apologize. This she did, with a truly feminine resignation; at the same time, presenting the doctor with a silver tobacco-box, with his own portrait engraved on the lid, with his pipe in his mouth; to which I furnished the motto, "*ex fumo dare lucem.*" The good man was highly pleased with the compliment; and gallantly saluting the back of the offended lady's hand, he assured her, that he was well pleased so unpleasant a dispute should end in smoke. The next Sunday, I remarked that he preached from the text, that the price of a good woman was above rubies.

In the summer of 1786, all the world, in our part of the country, went

over to the county town to witness, what was then a rarity, the ascent of an air-balloon. The archdeacon, however, would not budge. The invention, he justly remarked, was French; and he added, "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" Besides, he asked, "where is the pleasure in seeing two fools impiously setting Providence at defiance;" a remark, the justice of which I have often had reason to recal. It was on this occasion, that our village surgeon presumed, somewhat too jocosely, to say to him, "you are afraid, lest they should get near to Heaven, and find out how little you doctors of divinity know about the matter." I never saw the archdeacon so seriously angry as then. Rebuking the surgeon for his levity and indifference in religious matters, which he said belonged to his cloth, he continued with a prophetic solemnity—"this reigning taste for experiment, bodes no good. Franklin's rods and his blasphemous boast of "*eripuit fulmen cælo,*" have deeply injured religion. Men no longer can say, "*cælo tonantem credimus.*" He who is solicitous concerning second causes, is but too apt to overlook the first." For the rest of that evening he sat silent; nor did he ever afterwards hear balloons mentioned without launching forth some contemptuous sarcasm. Another fashionable folly, which roused the indignation of the archdeacon, was, the unlimited admiration of Sterne. The fellow, he would say, is a disgrace to the church. His religion is full of levity; and what is worse, his levity is not full of religion. The antithesis was striking.

At the breaking out of the French Revolution, the Doctor, in common with all right-thinking men, was seriously alarmed lest the principles of the people should be injured; and when Burke published his diatribe against that insane and atheistical ebullition of a stiff-necked generation, he took a journey to London, solely to see that splendid orator; availing himself of the opportunity to solicit the then vacant archdeaconry; an energy wonderful in a person of his years and infirmities. Burke received him as he deserved, and invited him to Beaconsfield. Pitt was of the party, and port and politics were the order of the day. The port was as sound as the politics, and the politics as old as the port; so the Doctor, we may be sure, enjoyed the feast of reason and flow of soul. Indeed, this evening was a constant theme of conversation with him for the rest of his life. Among many anecdotes that he was in the habit of telling, I shall repeat only one or two. The French armies were in rapid advance, and the stocks were falling. Pitt, for once in his life, spoke despondingly; and Burke said something about the chivalry of stock-jobbers being gone: but Botherum reminded the premier of the just confidence a British prime minister ought ever to have in Divine Providence, which would not suffer a set of miscreants, who had not only killed their king, but had actually abolished tithes, to prosper. A foreign ambassador, who was at table, whispered something about "*gros bataillons,*" which the doctor was not Frenchman enough to understand, but which made the premier smile. However he was not discouraged; but pledging the master of the house in a bumper, he thundered forth with an air of inspiration. Ὦπαιδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε, ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδα, &c. &c.; and Pitt shaking him heartily by the hand, bid him not to fear, "with such right-thinking persons on our side," he said, "we are confident against the world in arms; and so, doctor, I hope for your vote at Cambridge on the approaching election." The doctor lamented that the distance of his living and his age, had prevented his voting the last time; and Pitt significantly shaking his head, replied, "I think we may remedy that before long."

The conversation afterwards turned on taxation, and Dundas, holding his glass to the light to look for the bee's-wing, said it was a thousand pities, so it was, such wine should be taxed, when a halfpenny a pot on porter would raise a greater revenue. Pitt said, that something must be done now and then to please the populace; but he added, facetiously, he was sorry to lean so heavily upon Harry's *prime article of consumption*, at which, says Botherum, we all laughed very heartily. A certain bishop who was at table suggested, that the clergy, at least, ought to drink the orthodox liquor tax free; and, as for the people, they had nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them. True, replied Botherum, taxation sharpens industry. It is taxation that has made England the first commercial nation in the world; poverty, as Theocritus observes, being the mother of all the arts. The bishop begged to drink wine with the doctor, and thus commenced a friendship which ended only with the lives of the parties. Three days after this visit Dr. Botherum got his archdeaconry, and on his return, wrote his famous pamphlet against Priestley, to shew his gratitude to the administration. An angry and acrimonious polemical war ensued, in which there was no lack of abuse on either side; but the archdeacon used to say that Priestley was not worth the powder and shot. "He is a shabby fellow, Sir, and not orthodox even in vituperation." While in London, Botherum was elected fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and put in his elaborate account of Braintown Parva, which he proved to have been a Roman station, and the site of a Druidical college. On this occasion, he presented the society with three fragments of broken pottery, and a pike-head, which he had himself dug from a barrow, and received the thanks of that learned body. About this time, also, he supplied Sylvanus Urban with his elaborate account of the monumental inscriptions on Mucklepudding Church-yard, together with an elegant view of the ruins of the chancel (Gent.'s Mag. vol. ccccxxiii.), which, truth to tell, was drawn by the parish clerk; and also a fac-simile of a Celtic inscription in the tree character. This drew upon him a somewhat unpleasant controversy; for the surgeon before-mentioned (probably out of pique at the archdeacon's rebuke), privately conveyed intelligence to a rival antiquary, that the inscription which he interpreted, "Divus Belus," was merely the initials of a stonemason's name, who was yet living in the memory of the older parishioners, with the date of the year—turned upside down.* Upon turning the stone, as the archdeacon continued, topsi-turvy—or, as his opponent would have it, the right side upwards, there certainly did appear a provoking resemblance to the Roman capitals and Arabic figures, necessary to establish the hostile hypothesis; which caused the wicked wits of the day to laugh at the archdeacon's expense. But the doctor made an excellent defence; clearly proving that *his* inscription *ought* to have been erected in the very place where it was found; and strengthening his case with great erudition by many pregnant analogies. In the appendix to this paper, he gave an ample account of the bowl of a tobacco pipe, found five-and twenty-feet below the surface of a peat bog, in the neighbourhood of a Roman station; which distinctly proves, that the Romans were in the habit of smoking, if not tobacco, at least some indigenous weed; a neglected verity, still further corroborated by many classical texts, especially Virgil's account of Cacus:—

* This fact is said, likewise, to have occurred to an Irish antiquarian.

"Ille autem,
Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
Evomit;"

and the satirists "*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,*" the last, likewise, indicating that the habit of smoking was not, as with us, chiefly prevalent among the lower classes, but was practised by the rich. The "*fumus et vapor balneorum,*" mentioned by Valerius Maximus, shews that smoaking was among the luxuries of the bath: and Martial speaks of "*vendere vanos circum Palatia fumos,*" as an usual mode of getting bread. Cicero's "*fumosæ imagines,*" affords still further confirmation, if any were needful, of so evident a discovery.

I have very little to add to what the world already knows, concerning the doctor's Greek translation of Chevy Chase, which drew upon him the ill-natured epithet of "seventh form school-boy," a reproach which he felt very keenly. "Many wise and good men," he remarked to me, almost with tears in his eyes, "had exercised themselves in Greek translations from the English poets; nor could he conceive how a man could be a worse christian for writing the language of the New Testament, or a worse statesman for practising the nervous diction of Thucydides and Demosthenes;" "but," he added, in a solemn and awfully prophetic tone of voice, "the run which is made against Greek is part of the jacobin conspiracy against social order. He who despises learning wars against his superiors, and is wanting in that humility and prostration of intellect, without which there can be no true religion."

The archdeacon was amongst those who believed in the authenticity of Ireland's Shaksperian MSS.; and as he had been intimate with Dr. Farmer at Cambridge, and was enthusiastic in all that concerned the great natural poet, he could not bear with patience being jeered on this mistake. "Sir," said he, "if the play was not written by Shakspeare, it ought to have been: not indeed for the matter (though Vortigern is at least as good as Titus Andronicus)—but on account of the evidence, which he who doubted might as well doubt the thirty-nine articles." The strength of his conviction could not be more forcibly demonstrated. Another point on which he was sore, was Pitt's resignation about the Catholic Question. He was amongst those who never believed that statesman in earnest, and to the last declared it was an hallucination wholly inexplicable. But, "*nemo,*" he said, "*nemo omnibus horis sapit.*" and though he had given his support at once to Mr. Addington's administration, he could not but forgive his old favourite, as soon as he found him once more at the head of affairs; a circumstance that fully evinced my respected friend to have been as good a Christian as he was an eminent scholar, and shewed that if he had zeal, it was not untempered by discretion. The archdeacon, holding good church preferment, it was often thought that he would marry; and when he painted the parsonage house, we all set it down that his friendship for a certain maiden lady, who shall be nameless, would have terminated in a conjugal alliance. Whether it was through the doctor's fault, or the lady's, I never could learn; but the marriage did not take place. That he would have made a good family man is barely possible. He was a professed misogamist, and was never at a loss for a quotation from Euripides to back out a sly hit at a sex, from which, I more than suspect, he had in early life received some slight. "Sir," he would say, "there is one thing in which I think the papists are right, and that is, in representing

their good woman without a head,"—a piece of humour in which, by-the-by, he rarely indulged before the ladies—so great was his sense of propriety.

About the time when Sir Samuel Romilly was endeavouring to overturn our judicial institutions, the archdeacon was called on to preach the Assize sermon before the judges. In this sermon he laid it down that, as Christianity was part of the law of the land, it followed that the law of the land could not be contradictory to Christianity; and that, consequently, to alter the law was as bad as to alter the gospel. He cited the example of the French revolution, in which the law and religion had perished together; and praising the wisdom of the Medes and Persians, thence took occasion to eulogize the existing government, whose hostility to all amelioration was truly Asiatic. For this sermon, which he printed with the motto of "*stare super vias antiquas*," he was so unmercifully handled by the opposition press, that, as he once told me with great glee, he was not without hopes of being kicked into the prelacy. Whether this promotion was in reality intended, it is now hard to say, for death deprived the parish of Braintown Parva of its ornament, and the world of a luminary, somewhat suddenly, just as the archdeacon put the finishing hand to his treatise, "*de inutilitatis præstantiâ in disciplinis academicis*," in which he ably vindicated the British universities, and proved by the equation of $a+b-\sqrt[3]{x}=0$, that the whole genius and talent of the country gentlemen, as exhibited in both Houses of Parliament, which were the efficient causes of the unparalleled greatness of England, were exclusively owing to a discipline that palpably refuted the maxim of "*non ex quovis ligno*." The king, he justly observed, could make a peer of whom he pleased: but Oxford or Cambridge could alone form the truly aristocratic mind, and level genius to the senatorial calibre. Thus did this truly great man die as he had lived, the steady and able advocate of the wisdom of our ancestors—the studious cultivator of all those inapplicable sciences, which, by keeping the human mind aloof from the realities of life, preserve mankind in innocence, docility, and obedience to the powers that be—and the able opponent of that *ignis fatuus* illumination, which, under the modest designation of innovation, is in reality, and to the whole extent in which it is conceded, nothing more nor less than revolution. In the evil days upon which we have fallen, the example of such a life cannot be without its use. Would to heaven that the Rev. S. S., and many others who are looked up to in the church as "wits and philosophers," and who openly profess a latitudinarian liberality, would profit in time by the instruction it affords, and step forward manfully to fight the good fight, while it is yet time, in the ranks of the ex-ministers, against the two great evils of the age, Popery and George Canning.

T.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A LOVER.

I FIND myself compelled to differ *toto cælo* from those who profess to hold modesty in such high veneration. My own modesty, I conceive, has been long in that predicament mentioned by young Woodall in Dryden's play—who had hidden his blushes where he should never be able to find them again. In short, not to be diffuse, I think I may aver that I am

"A flower born to blush—*unseen*."

Not so was my deceased friend Diaper, of whom I purpose to speak. Perhaps that ingenious person died a martyr to that very weakness from which I have just declared myself perfectly free. As a theoretical professor of assurance, *there* I admit his claims were hardly to be disputed; but he broke down in the practice. The difference between us was this—his views were good—my manner was inimitable: in resources he was great—but my comprehension was vast. In a word, what he could so exquisitely contrive was perfected by me.

But Diaper had his faults.—Firstly, his ideas of property were vague and unsatisfactory; his principles of action, loose; and the current coin of the realm, once deposited in his hands by way of loan, like the tides of the *Pontick* sea, knew no return.

Secondly, Diaper was a genius—in truth, of that kind denominated queer. He was, however, assured by some of our periodical critics, that he possessed great poetical talent; consequently, he was often to be found contemplating a basin of water, and apostrophizing the ocean; or toiling up the craggy precipices of Primrose-hill, to pay adoration to the glorious spirit of Nature. Again, it was his custom to cast himself listlessly by the side of a kennel,

"And pore upon the brook that bubbled by."

Thirdly, It pleased him to encourage a lowness of spirits, and to cultivate an acquaintance with unclean demons. Day after day he strolled about, as melancholy as a bear in a barber's shop, but with no appearance of that fatness which is so desirable in the quadruped. Some portions of the fat of that animal, by-the-by, might have been adopted with advantage at this period; for the youthful enthusiast, by clipping off locks of hair for his numerous fair admirers, and by shaving the front of his skull for a high forehead, had succeeded in reducing that globular appendage to a primitive state of baldness, and now furnished a lively idea of a newly-discovered maniac—to which, in other respects, he bore no slight resemblance.

These were faults, nay, positive blemishes in his character, which I vainly endeavoured to eradicate. I vindicated my friendship, but without avail. He told me that they were part and parcel of his idiosyncrasy—that I knew not how to make or to find an excuse for the errors of genius—and, in fine, turned his back and a deaf ear to my advice. Diaper was one upon whom remonstrance was as much lost as of whom the poet says or sings,—

———"Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitium patris atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret."

His was a madness without benefit of Bedlam.

This ill-fated gentleman incautiously fell into love—a most unhappy declension, and to which I attribute his untimely end. The "bridge of

sighs," or the "*pons asinorum*" of existence, is, I apprehend, that part of the journey lying across the ocean of love; into which ocean, mark me, too many do lamentably become immersed. Now love, though a grievous dolour, admits motives of alleviation; but to plunge in "*usque ad Esculapium*"—to be, as it were, love-sick—is, not to speak it mincingly, excessively affecting—a romantic bore. It is the affliction of a kind of sentimental nightmare, during which an ugly beast (Cupid) sits heavily on the breast, and an ass (the doctor) grins through the bed-curtains.—And so was it with Diaper.

I was surprised by a visit from my infatuated friend soon afterwards—the purport of which was to lay open his whole heart to me, and to engage my assistance in the furtherance of his views towards a lady, whose name, after oaths of secresy extorted from me, he divulged.

But, that this might be the more comfortably explained, we adjourned to an adjoining tavern, and called for a bottle of wine—during which it appeared that his inflammable bosom could in nowise withstand the triple fascination of mind, person, and purse possessed by the fair one's in whose scale of affection he flattered himself (he did indeed!) that he had been tried and found "wanting," He assured me that he was bent upon winning her, "for love or money;" and began to recapitulate the steps he had taken, in consequence of such determination.

This agreeable intelligence could not have been received by me otherwise than with rapture. Another bottle was called for: we thrust the decanters towards each other with amazing velocity, from which we continued to quaff huge libations, exchanging mutually congratulation and professions. He proceeded to inform me, that the family having been to their country-house at Clapham, he had flown down every afternoon upon the summit of the stage, bearing along with him a shrill octave and "Six Lessons for the Flute;" and, "seated on a ruined pinnacle," his musical score hanging on a tree, he had "made sweet melody," which, regularly performed, the book was closed, the joints of the instrument unscrewed, and the lover returned to town. Also, when she went to church, his devotion was sure to be making itself audible in the adjoining pew; if she visited the theatre, he was enscrewed in the next box; and if she was taken to the exhibition, the "portrait of a gentleman" fortified the walls of the academy.

In return, therefore, for incense thus devotedly offered up, he had given himself to expect a speedy fruition of joy, in the candid avowal, by the lady herself, of a mutual passion; though he confessed to me, that he had hitherto contented himself with indications of love uttered in the language of the eyes—an absurd miscalculation of chances! I can't say I admire optical orthography or visual expression: it is like a lecture on phrenology—a great deal said, and no understanding a syllable.

The degree of faith, then, I chose to attach to this tale was, for a time, just as much as is understood by the reception of what is termed "a flam"—the due acceptance whereof I have seen expressed, in vulgar society, by placing the thumb on the extremity of the nose, and agitating the fingers in a peculiarly significant manner.

While I sat ruminating upon this subject (for I had fallen into a deep reverie), I took no heed of the manner in which my friend was engaged—which was, in fact, by snatching enormous pinches of snuff, and applying them incontinently to his nostrils, and by swallowing the nut-shells and orange-peel. Struck, however, at last by the somewhat frequent manner in which the waiter was flinging his hands up after his eyes, I turned, and

beheld my intemperate companion lying involved in his chair, with a most cruel distortion of feature; his whole appearance betraying what it had been more prudent than ingenuous to conceal; namely, that he was, "*in vino*," very drunk—a new adaptation of the well-known laconic axiom which he forthwith began to illustrate.

For, having effected a transition of his body into the street, this "beastly pagan" began shouting forth hymns to Diana, accompanying the same by saltatory motions, and recommending himself to her goddess-ship's notice as her Endymion, while he protested his intention of meeting her in a submarine apartment—an engagement, the completion whereof was a little facilitated by the fact that he was considerably more than "half seas over." For my own part, I found it very shortly expedient to relinquish a personal attendance upon him; for, by reason of these unnatural upspringings, I expected nothing less than the instant destruction of his frame "*in toto*," or his rapid disappearance through one of the coal-holes in the pavement; to say nothing of a difference of opinion that might arise between us, and that worthy Diogenes of the night, who makes it his business to look after honest men with a lantern, and who was now approaching, dressed in a drab-coloured great-coat. By this peripatetic professor of moral philosophy was he eventually "reprehended," and by him conducted and introduced to the interior of an agreeable but small mansion, where he passed the night.

In pursuance of a resolution, approved and adopted by us the preceding evening, I sallied forth the next morning to reconnoitre the residence of his charmer, with the view to the completion of a plan of elopement, in which I profess my entire skill—my attention through life having been particularly turned to flights of all description—from the gently abrupt injection of the personal identity into a shop, upon the sudden appearance of an incipient dun, to the superhuman scramble from the outstretched palm of a full-grown fingerer of shoulder-blades. But I wander.

The possibility of completing this rather premature arrangement having been ascertained by a minute survey of the house—by which I perceived that Diaper could, in case of emergency, escape *through* the iron railings, and delighted to observe, that the discharge of a pistol from the street-door by the alarmed father, or any of his domestics, must infallibly lodge its contents in the *os frontis* of the watchman opposite;—having ascertained, I say, these things, I was preparing to depart, when a figure at the window attracted my observations—the fair cause of my friend's disquiet! "Oh! call her pale not fair!" Not to flatter, her's might be said to be

> "Beauty, which, whether sleeping or awake,
> Shot forth *peculiar* graces."

And yet, I know not, her style of countenance was neither in the Grecian nor the Roman mould, but might be more aptly termed the Gorgonic. I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the line,—

> "None but the *brave* deserve the fair,"—

and hurried away with some precipitation to reveal to Diaper *what*—I could not say *whom*—I had seen.

This recital was listened to by him with intense satisfaction; and, upon its conclusion, he produced a parcel, which, with sundry winks, and dozens of self-satisfied smirks, he delivered into my hands, enjoining me to bear it suddenly according to its direction. Sanguine of success, he would take no denial, but thrust me forth, instructing me to meet him at the corner of the street.

I was ever an indifferent substitute for the god of love, my ovention being altogether hostile to such embassies of moment, but, faithful to the duty I had imposed upon myself, I lay in wait for the man-servant; and placing the letter in one palm, I infused a sixpence into the other, to secure its safe delivery into the young lady's own hands.

Being ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, I began to speculate upon the brilliant prospects of my friend. He has disdained, thought I, to pay an abject homage to some proud beauty, who, every time she opened her mouth, would shut his eyes, that he might afterwards see what the devil had sent him;—no, he has wisely sought elsewhere, and the property will be all the safer for the scarecrow on the premises. In the midst of these delighted visions, I was astounded by the violent opening of an adjoining door, from which flew first a tremendous courier of a voice, articulating, "Where is this impudent rascal?" followed by its master, a tall military figure; to whom succeeded the identical daughter—the "*monstrum horrendum*" of the morning—torturing her unique frontispiece by demoniac cachinnations.

Approaching me, a scroll in one hand, covered over with slender iambics (the detestable versification of Diaper), and an uplifted cane in the other, this military man began to imprecate curses, and to hold out threats of a very horrid description. My presence of mind instantly suggested my absence of body, which I, who profess only a moral courage and am not quarrelsome, happily succeeded in effecting.

I have said that I am no god of love; yet truly did I shew my wings in this critical moment—flying down the flight of steps, and darting from the house with as much precipitation as a tenant at quarter-day. Hurrying to the lover at the corner of the street, I upbraided him bitterly for having so cruelly trifled with my personal safety—perhaps magnifying in my wrath the indignation of the captain, and the insane grins of his daughter.

The state of mind of the ill-fated sentimentalist at this intelligence can neither be conceived nor described. He cast himself upon the earth, and exhibited several mathematical lines upon the pavement; and rising suddenly, assaulted the dead walls with his head. To these exertions, another train of thought succeeded, as I collected from his frequent imitation of the action of a knot under the left ear; and now he threw out more than hints of self-destruction. Not content with the bare imagination of making away with himself, he luxuriated in all the possible modes and practices on record by which it might be accomplished—from strangulation in a water-butt to immersion in the crater of Vesuvius; finally, entreating, with tears, the loan of my garters for a few minutes, that he might attach himself without delay to the lamp-post opposite his inexorable fair one's abode.

Upon these symptoms, I was for bearing him away to the Lambeth Asylum; but this he would by no means permit. I was under the necessity, therefore, of leading him to the door of his lodgings, where I gave private injunctions to the servant to screw down the windows, and to secure all knives, washing-lines, and bodkins; accompanying the douceur of a shilling with another request—that she would refuse to furnish the sufferer with any Epsom salts, which the apothecaries have lately discovered to be the same thing as oxalic acid.*

* It is the *patient*, we are afraid, that makes the discovery.—*Ed.*

A few days after this, I was apprized that the lover, unable to withstand the shock that this entire rejection of his claims had occasioned, and borne down by a complication of misfortunes "too numerous to mention," had taken to his bed; from whence I received a hieroglyphical scrawl, entreating my instant presence, and affirming that, if I had any desire to behold him yet alive, I must come, "*per saltum*," or by leaps,—

"Like angels' visits—*few, and far between*,"—

which, seizing my hat, I obeyed.

Being come to the house, I knocked with that sort of respectable precision which indicates that there is "somebody" waiting for admittance—whereto I received that kind of attention which implies that that "somebody" is likely to wait. A length, a begrimed lad made his appearance, with a man's coat on his back, a human being too large—one arm buried in a monstrous boot, and, drawn down over his eyes, a huge hat, which, upon discovering me through a crevice in the brim, was, with some difficulty, laid aside. Receiving no answer from this youth to my thrice-repeated inquiry, whether I could see Mr. Diaper or not? I took the liberty to add a supplementary appeal, by lowering my cane with remarkable perpendicularity upon that extremity of the frame terminated by a head.

The boy, thus appealed to, discovered immediately an irregular aperture in his jaws, from which he emited yells quite anti-silencial and perfectly discordant; which yells, as if by miracle, pierced the long-discarded tympanum of an aged hag, who now made her appearance.

This ancient beldam, placing herself before me, put both her ears into her left eye, and began to listen with it; that organ of vision, at the same time, carelessly lolling from its sphere with a *sang froid* and immoveable curiosity not a little astonishing. In vain did I muster the powers of a pair of lungs that might have "torn hell's concave," and pour them into one ear; in vain did the little boy shriek wildly into the other;—she did but smile complacently, as though she said, "Be such sweet silence eternal!" At last, by furious signs and violent gesticulations, I gave her to understand the purport of my visit, and was conducted to the chamber of my dying friend.

This was a room situate on the third floor of the house, and stuck (like a parenthesis) in the middle of a long passage. The want of a stove was relieved by the presence of a large fire-place, between which and the windows there was evidently a vile collusion. It was, I verily believe, a house of call for the four winds. This Æolian hole was split asunder by a pasteboard diaphragm or screen; and, in one of these moieties of misery, stretched upon a bed, lay the once graceful, ever graceless, Diaper.

Here was a scene! I approached the couch tremblingly—he was asleep! Alas! disease had got the start of the worm by a strange anticipation. He was of a lean habit of bone. I dropt a few tears—but they missed him! and attempted to accomplish a fleeting remembrance of him, by way of a front likeness, but could cut no pencil fine enough. It was never my fortune, or misfortune, to behold a living subject cleaner picked. The digging of a grave, as I told the undertaker, was entirely a work of supererogation. Enough to have borne him forth, and, the service of burial performed, to have decently dropt his remains through a crack in the parched earth—for it was sultry weather. But of this no more.

After some time, opening his eyes, my departing friend recognized me, and, raising himself in the bed, began to discourse eloquently upon his

"future prospects." He said that it was all *up* with him, which I was glad to hear, and remarked that, "in the other world, there would be found no anxious tumults of the mind—no falsehood—no perjured inconstancy—no——" Here I drew out my pocket-handkerchief; and he plucked forth a lock of hair, in extent and quality resembling a horse's mane, which he gazed upon with much sorrowful metamorphosis of visage. This settled, he turned his memory to the manifold extravagancies of his youth—particularly dwelling upon a night of inebriation and imprudence; and solemnly recording, as a warning to youth, an exacted sum of five shillings, in which he had been mulcted by the offended watchman. He also gave me a post-obit. claim upon his aunt for the eighteen-pence and other loans I had advanced on his account—an instance of affectionate remembrance, that affected and, at the same time, comforted me.

And now, all temporal affairs being concluded, it was evident that his strength was quite spent, which was shortly afterwards verified by his soul's perfectly unostentatious departure—no notice whatever being given, save an oblique protrusion of one leg, that dislodged a bundle of transversely-arranged bones, which, upon examination, proved to belong to a helpless being, 'yclept the nurse. This somnolent person, picking herself up, and rubbing her eyes, observed, that her patient had died "like a lamb,"—which satisfactorily accounted for his being "dead as mutton."—Peace to his ashes!

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Thus have I, with infinite impartiality and justice, set down such particulars of my late-lamented friend's fortunes as must extort no common sympathy from readers of sentiment—from lovers, whether hastening to a wife or to a willow—to a stagnant pond, or a less perturbed parson. *Iam desine*—it is enough.

After all, I cannot but agree with the philosophic Falstaff—"There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof."

TO THE ZEPHYRS.

HAIL to your glad return, ye Zephyrs bland!
Joining in dalliance with our new-born flowers,
Whose odorous beds are sweet as spicy bowers
Of your loved southern vales,—or where ye fanned,
Upon her couch of roses, Beauty's queen,
What time enamoured of an earthly scene,
In her own Paphian groves she loved to stay,
Attended by her handmaid Graces fair,
With whom, in myrtle arbours as they lay,
Passing the noontide hours, ye joined in play,
Loosening the bright braids of their golden hair,—
Or the light covering stealing soft away,
Ye to their glowing bosoms would repair!
Though those times are long past, nor Venus there,
Nor Graces now are known, your pastime still
Ye love to take by fountain, grove, and rill—
Nor to one spot confined, but with the spring
Ye coast the world around on viewless wing;

And winter's frowns by you are never seen,
Whose influence lays all Nature's beauty low—
Where fields are all in flower, and groves still green,
And, but your sweet breath, not a wind can blow.
Ye 're ever found—and as the fountains flow,
And brooks around with chiming murmurs play,
Ye waft the soft sounds on your wings away,
Mingled with all the music of the grove,
Where thousand throats are warbling all the day
Their choral symphonies of joy and love.
Soon as with fragrant kisses ye awake
Your mother, young Aurora—she whose smile
Glads the green earth—your joyous flight ye take
To visit every lovelier scene awhile:
Forth from her bosom with the winged hours,
Through summer realms of life, and light, and joy,
Ye go—and gathering from the opening flowers
A balm for Beauty's breath, is your employ;
And whether along the sunny shores of Nile,
Or through the balmy fields of Araby,
Or in the bosom of some ancient isle,
Your gentle mission all unweariedly
Ye oft pursue,—or to our streamy vales,
Where vernal sweets invite, as now, ye stay,
Ye still are blest. Oh! would I might partake
Of your invisible being, and this clay
That loads the buoyant spirit henceforth forsake,
And as I list light wing myself away,
In endless pastime, o'er the hills and dales!
Then, when the milkmaid roamed in morning gay,
Or lovers met at eve to tell their tales,
I would be present, or to hear *her* lay,
Or listen to the tender vows *they* made;
And I would waft the first sound to their ear
Of hated spy, or loiterer wandering near,
With ill-timed visit to profane the shade.
Oft, too, should deeds of mercy me engage,
When to imprisoned beauty's joyless bower,
With vernal fragrance at the morning hour,
I'd fly a welcome visitor—and the dew
Of heaven around her lattice I would strew;
And when I saw her pining cheeks presage
Of early dissolution, I would come
With every soft aërial melody
That charmed the groves, to hymn her spirit home;
And when beneath the willow she was laid,
Long would I linger in the pensive shade,
And whisper all unseen her elegy. H. B.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADEMOISELLE SONTAG;

INTERSPERSED WITH CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LEADING FASHIONABLES OF BERLIN.

"Here be truths."

[The little work from which this sketch is extracted—"*Henriette die Schone Sangerinn*," or, Henriette the beautiful Songstress—has excited so much attention at Leipsic (where it was published) and at Berlin, that we think an abridgement of it may not be wholly unacceptable to our readers. It is said, that the fair lady to whom it refers, and of whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is at length actually engaged, and to make her *début* next season at the Italian Opera House in England.]

THE Opera was over! Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta,* and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison to the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature) and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,† upon whose head, worn grey during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,‡ who had become close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the Restaurateur or where?"

---

* Mademoiselle Sontag.

† Marshal Von Brauchitsh, Governor of Berlin.

‡ Gemmstoff and Wilke.

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied; next our two friends, to the right, sat a rather elderly French Abbé,* whose head, to the infinite consolation of Hemmstoff, was even more scantily strewn with locks than his own. According to the prevailing character of the French ministers, this was a jovial, free-thinking man, by no means dead to the joys of this life in consequence of his monastic education, but who loved his wine, his oysters, and his music—nor did the third article of the Lutheran Catechism seem to be either unknown or unpleasant to him, as appeared by the ecstacy into which the young songstress had thrown him. "*Ah, mon Dieu! qu'elle est belle!*" exclaimed he: "here, *garçon*, a bottle of champaign!—to the health of Henrietta."

To the right of the Abbé was placed a tall thin figure, in a blue coat, with an Order of the Cross in his button-hole. This man's grey though well-dressed hair formed a singular contrast to his red, and at the same time wrinkled, face: the latter quality whereof shewed that the owner had exceeded his sixtieth year, notwithstanding he was desirous of passing muster as a dandy of five-and-twenty.† He wore a double lorgnette constantly round his neck—had an opera-glass in his hand—and his cravat was tortured into the elaborate *tie* of an Englishman, who wishes on his visit to the continent to be thought of the *first water*. He was styled by some members of the company *Lieutenant-Colonel;* and to aid his assumption of a consequential air, he minced and muttered his words as if he thought it beneath him to give any body or any thing an intelligible answer. It is true, he was not long put to much expense, even of this sort of *conversation:* for the seat beside him was taken by the manager of the theatre,‡ an intelligent and agreeable man, to whom were addressed, as a matter of course, all questions relating to the charmer of the evening.

There was, however, present a young man of very interesting exterior, who was seated at the bottom of the table, and who, wrapped in utter silence, still paid attention, as he sipped his wine, to the discourse of the individuals surrounding him. He could not be a native of the capital, or indeed a resident there of any long standing, as neither of the guests already mentioned (who piqued themselves upon knowing every body, who was any body) were acquainted with his name or rank, although his whole air and aspect betokened a person of consideration.

The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. Hence, the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) when it was suddenly checked by the manager rising, and politely calling upon the young stranger to favour the company with his opinion.

"Most willingly," was the reply: "although I fear I stand but an indifferent chance in the society of so many enlightened connoisseurs. In my estimation, the *debutante* is endowed with irresistible grace, and with a voice at once melodious and full of sentiment; her execution, also, is blameless: but she evinces little taste in the selection of her operas, and still less in that of the theatre whereat she performs (here our friend the manager was all attention), which is well known to have no higher ambition than that of money-getting, however it be compassed.|| In this point Signora Henrietta must certainly be held to have squared her views with those of the sordid multitude in no very worthy manner."

---

* M. B.—, now in England. † The Chevalier Von Treikow. ‡ Von Holter.

|| The "Konigstadter Theater" is a sort of minor theatre of Berlin, situate in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital. It is limited to the performance of second-rate pieces, or

The stranger was silent, and the company seemed disposed to continue so; the Lieutenant-Colonel, it is true, whilst he picked his teeth, muttered some unintelligible words between them, as if he would have spoken out, but durst not; and the manager seemed too much taken aback by the *truth* of the imputation to be provided with an apt rejoinder. The Abbé was the first to recover his voice, and said, having previously moistened his palate with a glass of champagne —"I love the gentleman's enthusiasm, and disesteem of sordid motives. If, too, have myself a preference for nobler pleasures! Here, *garçon*, a couple dozen more oysters."

Just at this moment, the night-watch proclaimed the eleventh hour, and spite of the pathetic remonstrances of the Abbé, the party made preparations for breaking up. I shall leave them to put these duly in execution, and introduce my reader to another scene.

The first visit I paid next morning was to the house of the beautiful Caroline,* who had hitherto ranked as the *prima donna* of the K— Theatre. This amiable young lady exhibited a complete picture of the mingled workings of rage, jealousy, and disappointment at intervals, relieved by a passionate flow of tears. I strove to console her, in vain; nor was it until the entrance of her bosom friend Auguste,† the first actress, that she began to rally. A consultation ensued as to the most effectual means for interrupting the progress and thwarting the success of the hated *novelty*. The only hand whose extension appeared likely to save the mourning Caroline, was that of criticism: and the twain lost no time, therefore, in pitching upon a select few of its professors to enlist in their favour; and, with the view of securing the full co-operation of these, they determined to relax in a great degree that haughtiness and reserve wherewith they had accustomed themselves to treat the gentlemen of the press.

Thus had the lovely songstress's appearance put in motion a double train of feelings—those of adulation and envy: the shallow-minded eulogies of the one, and mean injustice of the other, are alike disgusting; and we turn with pleasure from both to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was any thing but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling: but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the Restaurateur were duly numbered, including *the young man* (of whom the rest knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was, as we have before observed, of superior presence, although his dress betrayed not the man of opulence.

---

such (of a better order) as have been already acted a full twelvemonth at the two great houses. Mademoiselle Sonntag's engagement there was extremely lucrative, being understood to amount to 10,000 Prussian dollars a-year—almost an unheard-of salary in Germany.

* Caroline Seidler. † Augusta Stick.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's saloon, were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, which (judging from a certain tone of asperity, and even banter, regarding our songstress) had imbibed the poison dealt out by the rival queens, when the Lieutenant-Colonel, who had been looking out of the window through his lorgnette, exclaimed—"My honoured friends, I have to announce Lord Monday;"* and his lordship immediately after ascended the stairs—a succession of coarse oaths resounding, the cause of which nobody knew. Without waiting to be announced, he burst into the room—his huge mantle hanging over his shoulders. "Good morning, most adorable!" was his first exclamation: "how have you slept?"

"I am obliged by your lordship's inquiries," answered the somewhat embarrassed Henrietta. "Louise, a chair."

"Oh, never mind," said the peer, "I will sit upon the sofa;" and he forthwith stretched himself thereon at full length—but his cloak embarrassing him, he hurled it, with a dignified God damn, upon a chair, near which stood a side-board, full charged with coffee-cups; his lordship's aim was unsteady, and down went the apparatus.

The whole room was now in confusion; Henrietta looked terrified; the gentlemen busied themselves in assisting the servants to remove the broken china; and the lord gave his aid in the shape of stamping and cursing. Henrietta, on observing one of the fragments, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation of regret, which struck in a moment the ready ear of Werner, who looked extremely indignant at the whole transaction. "What is the matter?" said he.

"Oh, nothing," replied Henrietta, endeavouring to brighten up, "except that my poor departed sister's favourite cup is amongst the wreck, and that gave me a momentary pang."

The Englishman caught these words, although uttered in a low tone; and thinking perhaps that they demanded some notice, cried out—"Never mind, beauteous Henrietta, I will *pay you* for the cups threefold. You shall have a dozen for every one—far more handsome."

Werner looked very much inclined to chastise this coarse presumer on his rank; but his rising passion was checked by a few deprecating words which the lady contrived to say to him apart.

The company was now on the point of resuming their seats, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen,"† who in a moment or two entered the saloon.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about 12 o'clock) on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went, that he absolutely slept in two waistcoats, and a cravat of the finest mixture—*à l'incroyable!* and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried *en habit habillé*—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, amongst whom he used particular attention to my lord, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Brückbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"God damn it!" cried the Englishman, "a duel."

---

* Lord C—m. † Regenbogen (*rainbow*)—Count Arnim.

"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Brückbaver, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learnt that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute scarcely passed, before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize."*

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

"God damn it!" cried my lord, "this affair merited to have taken place in London."

"Yes," exclaimed Werner, emphatically, "in *Bedlam!*"

Lord Monday fidgetted about in evident annoyance at having no ready rejoinder, and would in all probability have sought refuge in some brutal vulgarism, had not a fresh occurrence attracted universal attention. The beautiful songstress herself, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance; and his lordship, anxious to shew himself forward in the business, cried—"Her corset must be loosened!" Werner, however, pushed him unceremoniously aside, and, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

My lord now inquired of Regenbogen—"Tell me, who is that impudent fellow, who acts here as if he were master of the house?"

"Who can be supposed to know every *mauvais sujet?*" answered Regenbogen, somewhat drily; "but come," continued he, "doubtless we dine together at his Serene Highness's?"

"Certainly," replied Monday; and they quitted the house, as did likewise the remainder of the party, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere† carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries) satisfactorily. The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and every thing around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp. "I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor. "Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which

---

* Matter-of-fact. † Molliere, an officer of artillery.

Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's Titian," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a chord had been touched, which ceased not to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and, curious (woman-like) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it, I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in *the world*, and what in *your heart;* whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted herself, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and your's. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?" She answered not, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which, Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would pro-

bably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects: that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the University. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully contracted to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced, when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day, a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learnt with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the Count; but assured his Excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as, literally speaking, every place had been long engaged.

The Count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta, smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The Count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it, said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning, Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the Count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our Prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, Count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The Prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The Count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well, then, I will proceed to unfold to you *the whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I *will* not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The Prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother; and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to the private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The Count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion, he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble, excellent girl! come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter!*" and, at the same moment, the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing toward the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The Young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happiness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had, indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the Restaurateur, &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE whole of the circumstances connected with the recent regretted death of Mr. Canning, have been already so fully canvassed, that we shall detain our readers a very few moments only in referring to them. The disease of the right honourable premier was one for which there is no cure. It was premature old age;—an early but rapid breaking-up of the system, brought on by over bodily exertion and incessant mental fatigue. It was the same complaint that killed Pitt and Fox, and which overthrew Lord Liverpool; and we may add the names of Romilly and Londonderry; for whether the inflammatory action does its work upon the brain, and produces, first, nervous irritability, and then insanity; or whether it attacks the viscera, and ends in the horrible form of general mortification, the originating cause is the same.

For Mr. Canning's political character, with much to praise, one word is no less necessary in extenuation of some parts of it. Throughout his career he laboured under those disadvantages which inevitably attend every man who has his fortune to *make* by politics. Such a man can seldom have the power—a power, without which no statesman can escape occasional compromise—of withdrawing himself from the arena of public life, when he can no longer appear on it with perfect consistency and dignity. He has no stake in the country—no station—no ground to fall back upon; he may support government, or he may oppose it;—but he must be *in action*, or he is nothing. To a man so circumstanced, politics can hardly be a pleasurable trade; and, certainly, in Mr. Canning's case—beyond whatever may be the enjoyment of gratified ambition—it was by no means a very profitable one. If he had gone to the bar, as he purposed to do in early life, he would have made a large fortune; probably have become Lord Chancellor: certainly, if it be true (which we believe) that his exertions have cost him his life, he has purchased dearly, by a death at fifty-seven, more than all the honours and emoluments that the state has bestowed upon him. The personal habits of the late Premier were not lavish; and the fortune of which he died possessed is considerably less than that which he acquired by his marriage. As the country has been told five hundred thousand times over of "pensions" and "annuities" granted to his "mother and sisters," it may be as well to observe, that no stateman's relatives or connexions ever received less from the purse of the public. His eldest son, Captain Canning, is captain of a man-of-war, and, at the time of his death, was stationed in the Black Sea. This is not a very unreasonable provision for the eldest son of a prime minister.

The ministerial arrangements consequent upon Mr. Canning's death have been made with great rapidity; and the King's immediate choice of Lord Goderich, as the right honourable gentleman's successor, assured the country as to one main object of the anxiety connected with his decease—to wit, that the Liberal party was to continue in office. This decision is a triumph to reasonableness and common sense. What the Whig ministry will do, is not certain; but to have the mere principle recognized, that the men who will march on with the changing state of society, instead of attempting to hang back and retard it, are the men to be employed and entrusted, is of itself an acquisition of great value. One circumstance in favour perhaps of fair measures is, that the strength of the ministry will lie chiefly in its principles. In shewy talent, and especially

in debating talent, it is singularly weak. The powers of Lord Goderich, as an orator, are certainly very slender. His lordship's manner is unpretending, and his delivery is sufficiently intelligible, and his style is so far to be tolerated, that its fault lies in its being too light, rather than oppressive or heavy; but all this is negative praise; and yet it is the best that his own friends, in candour, can afford his lordship; excepting only some touch of occasional readiness, he has not a single quality of a debater about him. As we go lower, affairs hardly mend. Mr. Huskisson is an invaluable coadjutor in the administration; but—he cannot "manage the House of Commons." Mr. Herries may do well as Chancellor of the Exchequer; that is, what he can do in that *office* remains to be proved: but it is certain that, as a speaker, he can do nothing at all. The comfort of the ministers is, that what unofficial talent there is in the House of Commons, it is all on their side. With Mr. Tierney as a regular retainer, and Mr. Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett as volunteers, they have not a great deal to apprehend (as far as eloquence is concerned) from the attacks of the Opposition.

The autumn assizes have passed over since our last, and have been marked by an increase in the number of Actions for Libel, brought in the *names* of plaintiffs who have no hope of recovering more than a farthing damages, but *really* instituted by attornies, for the sake of obtaining profitable jobs, by the payment of their "costs." This system—like the new Old Bailey science of horse-stealing—is now making its way up into a regular trade; and we are not very sorry for the fact; because, when it gets a little farther, it must produce one or two advantageous results: it will either compel an alteration in the present absurd and unjust construction of what is "Libel" by the courts,—or it will lead to a departure from the practice of allowing a verdict of *one farthing* damages, in cases of libel, to carry costs. We should be well pleased, for our own parts, with this last arrangement. It could do no mischief; because, where a jury thought a plaintiff entitled to costs, they would give him a *shilling* instead of a *farthing;* and the increased amount of "damages" would be no great infliction on the defendant; while it would arm juries with power—which under the present system they do not possess—of protecting a defendant from being put to enormous expense by an action which their own verdict declared to be purely litigious and vexatious. As the law which defines libel now stands, every newspaper proprietor *must* publish two or three libels every week. It is sufficient that he writes, or copies from another publication, any statement which may (even remotely) tend to prejudice the reputation of an individual, and which he cannot prove to be true, in the very *letter* in which he publishes it. The moral absurdity which this demand of *literal* proof constantly involves, is so notorious, that we need not observe upon it. There can be no doubt that, if a newspaper stated that a particular individual, A. B., had been convicted of *burglary*, and it turned out that the conviction had actually been only for *stealing in a dwelling-house*, that individual, A. B., being charged by the newswriter with a *higher* offence than the writer could prove against him, if he were to bring an action for libel, *must* recover a verdict. But, what is far worse—by the law, which, in *every* case of libel—no matter what the amount of damages—gives *costs* to the plaintiff, although the complainant, in such a suit, may gain nothing (for the jury would dismiss it probably with a farthing for the injury he had sustained); yet any attorney, who can get leave to bring the complainant's action, gets certainly a *job in his*

trade to the amount of from one to three, or perhaps to five hundred pounds.

Now the same practice of allowing nominal damages to carry costs, exists in all actions of Assault; and it is true that, at first sight, the cases appear to be the same. And frivolous actions for assault are not very numerous; although it would be possible to bring them on very slight, yet *sufficient* grounds, every day. But the truth is, that the advantage of bringing these actions (to an attorney) is extremely different. In the first place, the persons among whom the assault and battery cases arise, are not often in a rank of life from which much money is likely to be gained. They are either parties both in a low condition, who have no money; or both in a respectable condition, who have some character. It seldom happens that a man of straw is beaten by a man of substance; but where that does happen, five times in six an action *is* brought. In the next place, an assault case is one that must be *proved;* and an attorney knows that it is always a case proved with difficulty and uncertainty. The jury have some discretion as to the verdict they give, and will consider whether the circumstances *amount* to an assault or not. And, lastly, it is to be particularly recollected, that, for an assault—however well-packed and got up—we can bring no more than *one* action: one case, when it is arranged, can only serve for *once;* we cannot, because a man has had his ears boxed, bring actions against a whole county. Now this last circumstance alone constitutes a sufficient cause for the preference shewn to an action for libel;—a matter in which, when once—to use a printer's illustration—we have a case *set up*, we may go on striking off as many impressions as we please. Seven actions, it appeared, had been commenced for *one* newspaper paragraph, at the suit of a man called Cheswas, who lately obtained a verdict for a *farthing* against the *Wolverhampton Chronicle!* But the whole process is sure gain, and plain sailing. Some man—no matter who—has something said of him, or some report referred to concerning him, which *no one doubts*, but which no one can prove to be literally true. A prize-fighter is reported to be suspected of having made his last battle a "*cross*;"—our "Mr. Cheswas," we believe, was spoken of as having incurred blame, by his mode of riding a race. Nowhere is a case that is cock sure! Nobody can prove that the battle *was* a "cross:" and the judge will certainly declare that the paragraph *is* a libel. For us to break down in our *evidence* is impossible; for we have no evidence to give but the copy of the paper, and the register of the proprietorship from the Stamp-office. If the jury do their worst against the plaintiff, therefore—if they give him a Farthing damages—the *attorney* (who is the real promoter of the cause) will get *his* "lumping" damages—not a "Farthing," but a good Two hundred pounds, under the name of "costs!" And—"The greatest is behind." This "libel" is not a question of *one* action; not of one two-hundred pound job, but of twenty. For the offensive paragraph has made the usual round of the newspapers; and the attorney, with his verdict against the FIRST *in his hand*—with his point *settled* and *decided*—goes to work against all the OTHERS. In every case where the "libel" has been copied,—nay, in every case where it has been *sold*,—the judge will declare that "the party" (the attorney) is entitled to a verdict; and, no matter how much of contempt or disgust the terms of that verdict may exhibit on the part of the jury, while it gives him two hundred pounds in the shape of "costs,"—which it must do,—the man of parchment is perfectly content.

Now the duty of juries, in civil actions, is to do justice *between* the

parties. They are not empanneled to decide merely what compensation a plaintiff shall *receive* for the injury that he has sustained; they are also to say what fine a defendant shall *pay* for the wrong that he has committed. It is laid down by judges every day as law, that "a defendant who cannot pay in his purse, must pay in his person;" *i. e.* that the expense and charge to which a verdict puts him, is a punishment for the act which he has done, quite as much as a remuneration to the party who complains against him. And is it not perfectly monstrous to provide, that where a jury declares the very lowest coin of the realm—the wilfully and prepensely *meanest* and *basest*—to be all that the plaintiff (as complainant) deserves for a frivolous and vexatious action,—that he should be allowed (as *attorney*) to exact a penalty from the defendant to the enormous amount of three hundred pounds!

The fact is, that some part of this scheme must be altered, or juries will very soon refuse to execute it, and so alter it themselves. For the practice which is held somewhat to correct the evil as it stands—that of allowing the judges to deprive the plaintiff of his costs, by "certifying" that the action is frivolous and vexatious—it is a remedy, in our opinion, highly dangerous and inconvenient. In cases of libel, it is all that was wanted to complete the nonentity of the jury, and to make the court sole arbitrator of the whole question—law and fact together. It is the judge who, by his power of direction as to the *law*, settles, first, whether what the defendant has written is a "libel;" and the power of certifying, in the *practice*, enables him to settle afterwards what penalty he shall pay for it.

Letters from Lisbon and Madrid, in the absence of political information, contain long accounts of the Bull fighting exhibitions of these capitals; and, in some instances, with strictures upon the character of the sport, more calculated to gratify the *amour-propre* of English readers, than founded exactly in reasonableness or justice.

All combats in which brute animals are *compelled* to take a part, have that about them, no doubt, which should be offensive to a humane and cultivated taste; but such combats, nevertheless, have been popular with the most highly civilized and cultivated nations; and, of such combats, the bull fights may certainly claim, we think, to be the best.

If the ladies of Spain and Portugal attend the bull fights, it should be recollected that the ladies of England, in the times of Elizabeth and James the First, attended the bear-baits; and these were bear-baits, not of our modern and merciful character, but of a far more ferocious and sanguinary description. The following advertisement, for example, of Barbage, who was "master of the bears" in the time of James the First, may serve to shew the nature of the delights which, not two centuries ago, our own delicate dames were entertained with:—

"To-morrow, being Thursday, will be shewn, at the Bear-Gardens on the Bankside, a great match, played by the gamesters of Essex, who have challenged all comers whatever to play five dogs at a single bear for 5*l*. Also, to worry a bull *dead at the stake*. And, for their further content, visitors shall have pleasant sport with *the horse and ape*, and the *whipping the blinded bear*."

This "horse and ape" business consisted in strapping a large baboon upon horseback, tying squibs to the horse's tail; and turning a number of mastiffs loose, both upon horse and ape, in an open ring. And it commonly concluded in the tearing to pieces of both the unhappy animals pursued—the dogs being as fiercely excited by the alarm of the horse, and his

desperate efforts to escape their attack, as by their hostility (natural or inculcated) to the monkey. The "whipping the blinded bear" was a still more exquisite diversion; and is described by an old writer thus:—"It is performed by five or six strong men standing in a circle with large whips, which they exercise without mercy on the bear, who cannot reach them *on account of his chain*. Nevertheless, he defends himself with great force and skill, throwing down all such as chance to come within his reach, and tearing their whips out of the hands of others, and breaking them."

This was in the reign of James. In a still later day, we became more curious and dainty in our amusements; as the following superior catalogue of entertainments, in an advertisement in *Read's Journal* (1741), may testify:—

"At the boarded house in Marylebone-fields, on Monday next, will be fought a match, between *a wild* and *savage panther*, and twelve English dogs, for 30*l.*; fair play for the money, and but one dog allowed on at a time. The doors to open at three o'clock, and the panther to be upon the stage at five. Also, a bear to be baited, and *a mad green bull to be turned loose, with fireworks all over him.* A *dog* to be *drawn up, with fireworks* after him, into the middle of the yard, and an *ass* to be baited on the same stage."

Another advertisement, of about the same date, announces the appearance of a *sea bear* ("the first ever baited in England"), whom the proprietors have no doubt will "*conduct himself in such a manner as to fill those who are lovers of the sport with delight and satisfaction.*"

What is intended by a "*green* bull," we doubt if any body now alive distinctly understands; but the "drawing up a dog with fireworks," consisted simply in a *spree* of wanton barbarity—the covering the animal with squibs and crackers, and then setting them on fire, to enjoy his fury or alarm. The same amusement is still popular at Constantinople; where a splendid mansion was not long since burned to the ground, in consequence of the ill-behaviour of two bears, who did not, like the "sea bear," "conduct themselves in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction;" but, after having been *tarred* and *set on fire*, escaped from their tormentors, and ran among a great concourse of canvas pavilions, and tents, setting (in their turn) all on fire before them. But, certainly, these old English sports are very inferior to the bull fight, as regards any display—by man—of courage or address; while they fully rival them in offensiveness and cruelty, inflicted upon the animal. There is, at least, so much to place the bull fighter above the baiter of a bear, or a badger, that there *is* a fight; and one in which he must exhibit great skill and activity; — besides exposing himself to considerable risk—which is always a circumstance of great interest, and no where more fully appreciated than *in England!*

Two thirds of the delight which we experience when we see a man balancing himself upon crutches ten feet high, arises out of the idea that he is every moment in danger of falling. Or, when a rope-dancer runs from the ground to the top of a "firework tower," at Vauxhall, he does no more—except increase the sensible chance of his destruction—than if he had passed along the same cord at a fourth part of the same altitude: but, if he did the feat at the lower level, or even took any precaution to ensure himself from being destroyed in doing it, all the attraction of his performances would cease. The same principle would operate, if we looked at the Spanish *Picador*—as he enters the bull ring on horseback, and salutes the spectators lance in hand! It is impossible to observe this performer, as he advances, coolly and fearlessly, to meet an animal of such power and fury

as our own sensations tell us cannot be approached without the hazard of destruction, without feeling that intense interest in the result, which—no matter how objectionable the indulgence is—does amount to a pleasurable sensation. The anxiety is even still more acute when the *Matador*, or destroyer, presents himself in the circle! whose life, as well as his success, depends upon his striking almost to the eighth part of a second, and to the eighth section of an inch: for it is only at the moment when the animal is in the act of making the rush which must end in his destruction, that he can secure succeeding in the blow, which, piercing the spinal marrow, lays it dead and motionless at his feet.

The combatants on foot, however, who take no part in the death of the bull, and who perform the *Pierrot* and *Scaramouch* rather, as it were, to the serious pantomime of the horsemen, are, perhaps, the most amusing actors in the spectacle; and their parts may be perfectly well exhibited without the infliction of any torture upon the animal. The more dexterous of these men enter the arena on foot, and approach the bull, single handed, and unprovided with any weapon—with the most perfect confidence. They seldom retire to the niches provided for them to slip into; evading the animals attack, when he darts at them, only by stepping rapidly aside. In the end—chusing the moment always when he makes his rush—they close with him, grasp him by the horns, and throw themselves upon his back; from whence they slide off at their leisure (to renew the attack) behind; or, once seated, keep their position in spite of all his most furious endeavours to dislodge them.

So passionate is the appetite of the people of Spain and Portugal for bull fighting, upon any terms, that combats of this last description are got up every day in the villages, where the killing an animal would be—if not too great a violation of humanity—too expensive a diversion; and in these places, the court yard of an inn, or the enclosure called the *corral*, in which the cattle are secured at night, does duty for the more costly and elaborate arrangement of the arena. A recent traveller describes, as the most amusing bull-fight he ever saw in the peninsula, one which was contrived in a small court yard, which had a low colonnade round it, the pillars of which served as points of shelter, or retreat, to the combatants. An extremely powerful and furious bull was so completely tired out in about an hour by six assailants on foot, that he concluded by becoming sulky, and laid his head to the ground, refusing to meet his antagonists. The most entertaining point in this exhibition was the acting of a man who fought inclosed in a long bottle of wicker, or basket work, just of sufficient dimensions to hold him stretched out at length, and in which he was rolled by the bull in every direction about the yard, to the infinite delight of the spectators. Whenever the bull became quiet, the man cautiously stretched his neck out of his bottle, and shook a small red flag that attracted the attention of the animal. The attack then generally recommenced; upon which he drew back in a moment within his shell, and was rolled about as before, and sometimes thrown up into the air, without sustaining any inconvenience. The combatants had a valuable ally too in a figure, shaped and dressed like a man, and made upon the principle of the Dutch toy, which sat upright in the arena; and as fast as it was knocked down by the enraged bull, started, of course, again to its erect position. The rage of the beast at the obstinate vitality of this enemy is indescribable. He repeatedly knocks it down with great force and fury, five or six times successively; and then—as if aware that there

is some fraud in the matter, or something more than he understands—walks off for a considerable time, refusing to deal with it again.

From great matters, descending to small—we have received several letters from "Sedentary young men," in the course of the last month, complaining of our strictures upon the practice and science of "gymnastics." These "sedentary persons"—who, from their mode of entitling themselves, we suppose must be tailors—mistake our meaning. We have not the slightest objection to their taking "active exercise;" on the contrary we think it particularly right that *they* should do so; all we object to is their thinking it necessary to *make* a fuss about it—calling all the world to take notice, every time they go to jump over (instead of on to) the shop board. Now these struttings and crowings are objectionable, because they are superfluous. It is not the act of climbing a maypole after a leg of mutton that one would castigate; or the playing at hop, step, and jump, for farthings—or even sixpences; but when these simple diversions are erected into "sciences," and gentlemen talk of becoming "Professors" of, and "giving lessons" in them, then every one must feel that a little whipping and stripping becomes essential. The most useful art may be rendered offensive by obtrusiveness and affectation. No one would complain of a "sedentary young man" who sharpened his sheers when he was going to cut out a pair of trowsers; but if he were to keep sharpening them all day long, out of window, and calling the passengers to look at the sharpening as a "new exercise," the foreman of the shop would do no more than justice, if he knocked him down with the goose for his pains.

The difference of literary taste between the English and the French, is hardly any where better exemplified than in the columns of their daily newspapers. The plain, dry, slang-like, half technical, descriptions of ordinary accidents and events contained in our London journals, are so strongly opposed to the *Ossianic* accounts of the continent; where every street squabble becomes a tremendous riot, and a suspicion of a chimney on fire, an actual conflagration. The following paragraph, from the *Courier Francais* of the 12th ult, is a good example of such poetic taste in reporting:—

"We have the following letter from Lyons, of the 10th of August, eight p. m.:—

'A thick column of smoke announces at a distance *a vast fire!* It has broken out in the house of M. Berthet, *manufacturer of wooden shoes*, at the extremity of the slaughter-houses of St. Paul. The building is not high; the *combustibles* in it are said to be increased by a large quantity of *wooden shoes!* The sky is all on fire, and the sparks which *cover the horizon* look like fire-works! Several ecclesiastics are observed to be very active in assisting to extinguish the flames. Two women are said to be severely wounded.

'Eleven p. m.—The fire has gained the neighbouring houses, and *particularly* the lofts of the slaughter-houses, which contain a great quantity of raw hides and tallow! This has added to the *intensity* of the fire, and spreads an intolerable stench throughout the quarter! It is hoped, however, that by *judicious measures* the fire may be confined within a certain space," &c. &c.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of "Criminal Commitments and Convictions," gives the following enormous increase of crime in England as having arisen within the last twenty years. In the year 1804, it appears that the number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales, was 4,346. In 1816, it had advanced to 9,091. In the last year, 1826, it had risen to 16,147: having rather more than doubled itself in the first twelve years of the account, and very nearly doubled itself again in the last ten.

This increase in the amount of offenders against the law is distressing; but few persons who are in the habit of observing what goes on before them, we think, will be astonished at it; on the contrary, it would have been surprising to us, and we dare say to a great many others, if, under all the circumstances of the country, crimes against *property*—(the species of crimes which has so largely multiplied)—had remained stationary.

The average gains of an able-bodied labourer in England, according to a late grand jury charge (which was very deservedly applauded, and will be not at all attended to) of Lord Chief Justice Best, are very little, if any thing, more than the smallest amount upon which, at English prices, such a labourer can support existence. If he has a wife and family, for him to live is impossible: he *must* come upon the parish as a pauper. It is difficult for him, if he strolls abroad, to move three yards in any direction off the king's highway, without being a trespasser. If he is seen with a gun, he is likely to be apprehended, or the weapon *taken from him*, as a poacher. His youth is passed in very hard labour and in exceeding penury; his old age has no hope of refuge but the workhouse; and we are just now giving him what we call "education"—and perhaps doing wisely in giving it to him; but one of its first results must be to make him feel completely the misery of his own condition, and see the absence of all prospect of his improving it. Now men who have knowledge enough to understand the value of those comforts and advantages in others, of which they themselves are destitute and which they have no chance of obtaining, are not subject to any violent temptation to be honest; especially if they happen to perceive that they have nothing at all to fear, and a great deal to hope, from being otherwise. And, although it is difficult to quarrel with a charity that benefits any creature in distress—even the undeserving, still the care and pains which are so sedulously bestowed by some sectarians upon the souls and bodies (peculiarly) of criminals, are ill examples to many who are not criminals; and who—equally on necessity—find their souls or bodies little cared about, while they remain without the larcenous or felonious qualification. The conversions to piety and fatness of burglars and highwaymen—and the bestowals of bibles and breeches—by *preference*—upon utterers of base coin and stealers in dwelling-houses, must raise strange misgivings occasionally in the minds of the *un*-condemned, who are not fatted, or petted, by any body. And the superior joy over the "one sinner" that "repents" to the ten thousand "just men" who "have no need of repentance," is a better religious maxim than a political one. But the most unfortunate part of the affair is, that any distressed man who can *read*, may very speedily satisfy himself that the transportation for life—which is the worst sentence that he has to apprehend at the close of a career of crime—that is, of the species of crime which he desires to commit, the crime of robbery—will place him in a condition far more desirable in a distant country, than the best conduct could ever have given him a chance of, if he had stuck to honesty, and remained in his own.

Mr. Cunningham says of our convict colony of Australia—(we must extract the result of his statements rather even than abridge them, for our limits will not admit of much detail)—"New South Wales is a rich and fertile country, possessing a climate more salubrious than that of England, and, even to Englishmen, more agreeable. The settlers (these are the convicts, and the descendants of convicts) are already surrounded with all the comforts and appliances of civilization. The single town of Sydney,

now covers a mile and a half of ground in length, and near half a mile in breadth. There are two churches in it; a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Catholic chapel; excellent hotels and taverns; hospitals, breweries, distilleries, markets, newspapers, auction-rooms, and assemblies; and a French milliner, by coming over to provide *fashions for the ladies*, made a fortune of 10,000*l.* in less than six years! As all the richest settlers are *emancipists*, or liberated criminals, the word "convict" is, by agreement, dismissed from the vocabulary of the colony; and the Old Bailey sentence under which a man is transported from England, ranks as very little impeachment upon his character; not much more than a verdict against him from the Court of King's Bench, would do at home. In this very desirable country—to which Mr. Cunningham particularly recommends those persons to emigrate who can command a *capital of* 1,200*l.*, and which, consequently, can hardly, of itself, be considered objectionable to a person who does not possess a meal or a shilling—in this very desirable land, where there are neither game laws nor forest laws; where man is *needed*, not *burthensome*, and where a family, therefore, is not a curse but a blessing; *three years of good conduct gives a convict his freedom.* The moment he is free, if he is a farmer, he is at liberty to commence cultivation on his own account; and he obtains a grant of land, of which he probably could never have hoped to *rent* an acre of land if he had remained in England. If he is an idle London tradesman, free mechanics of every description obtain large wages and constant employ. And while he *remains under sentence*, he works as a farm labourer; subject—to prevent all mistakes—to the following government table, touching his extent of allowance and time of employ.—"The convicts (Mr. Cunningham says) who are placed upon farms, commence labour at sunrise, and leave off at sunset; being allowed *an hour* for breakfast, and *an hour*, or *more*, again at dinner. The *afternoon of Saturday* is allowed them to wash their clothes, and grind their wheat. Their allowance (of food) is *a peck* of wheat; *seven pounds* of beef, or four and a-half of pork, two ounces of *tea*, and two ounces of *tobacco*, and a pound of *sugar* per week: the majority of settlers permitting them, moreover, to raise *vegetables* in little gardens allotted to them, or supplying them from their own. They are *also* furnished with *two full suits of clothes* annually; a *bed tick* to be stuffed with grass; a *blanket*, a tin pot, a knife, with cooking utensils, &c. &c."

Now the writer concludes by expressing (very reasonably, we think) a doubt, whether the convict servants are *much* harder worked, or *more scantily* fed, than our parish-paid English agricultural labourers. And, in fact, it is impossible not to perceive that, between the mildness of our laws and the multitudinousness of our population, the fortune of the *convicted* offender—not to speak of his fortune (in his own view) so long as he escapes—is incomparably better than that of the industrious and honest man. We may question whether even Mr. Cunningham's description of Botany Bay will attract a great many emigrants there who can command a capital of £1,200. Men who possess a sum like this have local attachments; and some of them have prejudices; and a man who would emigrate (according to Mr. Cunningham's suggestion) for the sake of benefiting and providing for a rising family of children, may have some suspicions about the convenience of a state of society, in which the having condemned criminals, in a sufficient state of in-discipline, for servants, is a matter of struggle and contention. The last of these objections, however, will be little felt by persons in the lower classes; and, for the first—the

ties of *Home* are very different in the man that lives in his country, and the man that starves in it. The crime that has increased in England is the crime to which *want* naturally directs men—and the crime which *transportation* punishes—the crime of theft. And with Mr. Cunningham's account of Botany Bay in one hand, and the paragraphs from the Scotch and Yorkshire papers in the other—"The Irish are still landing at the rate of a thousand a week at the Broomielaw! They are in the most dreadful state of destitution, and wander about the towns even without food or lodging during the night."—"Three hundred more Irish peasants passed yesterday through Huddersfield; their state of misery beggars description, and they are offering to do the work of our own ill-paid peasantry, at half, or indeed at any, price!"—that it should so increase may be a matter of regret, but it can hardly be one of astonishment. The worst that a thief will look to is to quit his country. "The wretched," as poor Maturin truly said, "have no country!" An evening paper observes, as a fact worthy of notice—that the enormous increase from the year 1816 to the present time has taken place during a period of peace. This fact would seem to be of little consequence one way or the other, for the increase in the preceding ten years (which were years of war) proceeded in as nearly as possible the same ratio. But, a term of peace would be so far *more* likely to be attended with an increase of crime in a thickly peopled country than a season of war—that the arrangements consequent upon the latter state carry off a great number of the idle and dissipated of the population, who are left to go on in mischief until habit or necessity makes them offenders in the former.

Speaking with reference to the Old Bailey, it gives us great pleasure to observe, that the two carriers, Cato and Bean, who caused the death of a man of the name of Dunn, by their furious driving on Battersea Bridge some time back, have been found guilty of manslaughter at the Croydon assizes, and sentenced to seven years "forced labour" (as our French neighbours term it) in the Hulks. And it is extremely desirable, moreover—now public attention has been drawn to the subject—that some act should pass, to inflict—in cases where absolute death does not occur—something like a punishment upon stage-coachmen—carriers—butchers—and the whole of that variety of artists indeed, generally, who do mischief by their carelessness and insolence in driving through the streets about every other day. It would be almost too much, if the parties who suffer by the misconduct of these knaves stood upon an equality of risk with them, to admit that the lives and limbs of sober and respectable individuals may be endangered by ruffians who are too drunk, or too desperate, to have any consideration for their own. But the fact is, that those who do the mischief, nineteen times in twenty, are themselves in a situation to run no risk whatever. Every man who is in the habit of driving near town, will have observed that, whenever he meets a stage coach—or a butcher's cart—it is *he* who must turn out of the road; and usually with very little notice, or room, allowed him for doing so. And this is an insolence which arises merely from the consciousness of superior weight and strength: because the same Paddington coachman who drives almost wilfully against a light chariot, or a gig, or a man whose horse is restive so that he cannot instantly get out of the way, regulates himself with the most exemplary modesty and caution, when he approaches a brewer's dray or a broad-wheeled waggon. An act of parliament is much wanted to reach summarily and decidedly every man who does mischief in the streets by care-

less or furious driving Such a statute would be a salutary check upon the very worthiest conductors of vehicles, who—in the infirmity of human nature—are apt to be hasty when they know that they have weight enough certainly to knock down every thing before them. But, as the law now stands, a man may have an extensive injury done to his carriage or horses—or an irreparable one—any, short of death—to his person; and his only remedy is by an action at law, possibly against a fellow who is not worth a shilling; or by an information before a magistrate for furious driving, upon which ten shillings, we believe—some very small and inadequate fine certainly—is the highest penalty that can be inflicted.

Danger of Concession.—"You look sorry, brother," said an American general to an Indian chief, who was on a visit to the city of New York: "is there any thing to distress you?" "I'll tell you, brother," answered the Indian—"I have been looking at your beautiful city, the great water, your fine country, and see how happy you all are. But then I cannot help recollecting that this fine country, and this great water, were once *our's*. The white people came here in a great canoe; they asked us only to let them tie it to a tree, lest the water should carry it away. They then said some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them and put them under the shade of the tree. The ice then came, and they could not go away; they then begged a piece of land to build wig-wams for the winter: we granted it. They then asked for some corn to keep them from starving: we kindly furnished it. They promised to go away when the ice was gone: when this happened, we told them that they must go away with their big canoe; but they pointed to their big *guns* round their wig-wams, and said they would stay there, and we could not make them go away: afterwards, more came. They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally, they drove us back from time to time into the wilderness, far from the water, the fish, and the oysters. They have destroyed our game; our people are wasting away; and we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brother, and I cannot help it." *West's Mission to the Indians.*—There certainly is nothing got but ruin by shewing mercy at any time to any human creature! Whenever any king—or usurper—or giant is killed upon the stage, it always happens, our readers may have observed, by his deferring somebody's execution an hour—or two hours—or perhaps putting it off until a "prayer" is said, when we (the audience) see clearly that it ought to take place upon the spot. Well has the wise man spoken on the subject of such omissions, when he cautions us to "put nothing off until *to-morrow*, that might as well be done *to-day*."

The "Narrative of Don Juan Van Halen," published by Colburn in the last month, is a book which will be read with interest: less from the information it professes to give, than from that which, as it were by the way-side, will be gathered from it—an insight into the extraordinary state of domestic politics, at the present moment, in Spain. It is curious to observe the condition of a country in which every man above a certain rank *must* be a political agent, and in which the most honest or cautious man cannot hope to be secure or right. Two parties tear the state, and each other, into pieces; there is no neutrality; and, whichever such a man may identify himself with, he finds equal distress and danger. If he

becomes a Constitutionalist, which his opinions would incline him to do, he stands in the situation of a traitor, or at least a rebel, against the existing government. If he supports the party of the Faith, he must become a party in atrocities, which even his anxiety for order cannot reconcile him to take a share in. This choice only of evils—in which the oldest connexions, and even members of the same family, often choose different sides—produces an uncertainty of life and property in Spain worthy of the meridian of Constantinople. Every third person that is mentioned throughout Signor Van Halen's work, there comes a note directly afterwards, at the bottom of the page—that he was killed, on such a day, in such a commotion—or that his property was confiscated, by such a decree—or that, at such or such a place, he was executed—or that he fled the country, to avoid being so! The same causes, which puts almost every man's life, from hour to hour, at the mercy of his neighbour, lead necessarily also to a state of morals and feelings throughout society, such as an Englishman has no comprehension of; and which baffles all the rules by which men calculate probabilities or events:—the most monstrous acts of perjury and treachery, for which the system offers a premium, and which of course abound on the one hand, are met by the most inconceivable examples of fidelity, and devotion, and disinterestedness, on the other. A few paragraphs, however, from the Narrative of Senhor Van Halen himself, will illustrate this condition of things better perhaps than our own description could do.

Don Juan Van Halen, who, at the time when he writes this book, has seen at least a great variety of service (and of wretchedness) began life as an officer in the Spanish navy, and continued in that profession up to the date of the battle of Trafalgar. On the invasion of Spain by the French, we are compelled to state that he was one of that party which joined King Joseph—"believing," as he says, "that no resistance, however heroic, could be successful." And, afterwards, when Joseph was driven out—believing "that *his* power had ceased, and he would never be able to recover it," he availed himself of the decree of 1813, and joined the national army of Spain, under the Regency, again. The manner in which this last change of service was brought about deserves to be described, as it shews that Don Juan was not a particularly scrupulous politician. While he was living retiredly at Bordeaux, he says, in 1813, he received the decree of the Regency, in which most of the Spaniards who had espoused the cause of Joseph were invited to return to their country. Accordingly, resolving to avail himself of the opportunity, he demanded of the French Minister at War a passport to proceed to Barcelona, where Marshal Suchet had his head-quarters; still under his former character of *officer in the service of Joseph;* and, on his arrival at Barcelona, wrote to the Spanish government, announcing his intention to return. As a man, however, who changes sides should do something to make himself acceptable to the new friends he joins, it occurs to our Spanish friend—still protected by a French passport, and in his "former character of officer in the service of Joseph"—that it would be well if he could—in plain words—*bring something away with him*, to shew the sincerity of his conversion; and, after having for a long time vainly endeavoured to decide what this should be, it strikes him that some important service might be rendered to the country by his bringing away "*a copy of the French general's seal!*" Having at length, with some trouble, got this token into his power—which was difficult, as the original

was never entrusted to him—he goes over to the Spanish army; and, by the help of some forged papers, and by his appearing in his French uniform, and passing himself as an aid-de-camp of Marshal Suchet's, he actually succeeds in obtaining the cession of the French fortresses of Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon. Which exploit, certainly hazardous—for, if he had been detected by the French, he would infallibly have been hanged for the execution of it—of course propitiates the Spanish authorities; and the repentant author returns to his flag, as "Captain of the army in the service of the Regency."

Now it is only justice to say of Colonel Van Halen, that his sins (of which we are afraid this transaction must count as something like one), as far as we can judge from his book, are chiefly of a political character. There is a good deal of manly frankness employed in all private details touching himself, and no one circumstance let out, even by accident, which a gentleman might be ashamed of. But political sins lead sometimes, although remotely, to political punishments; and the "perfidious" Ferdinand, as our author calls him, when he was restored to the Spanish throne, probably felt a suspicion that persons, generally, who had displayed eminent talents for turning, might be likely to turn again: and the result was that Signor Van Halen, in a very short time from this, found himself in the prisons of the Inquisition.

The manner in which Don Van Halen finds his way into prison is as sudden and rapid as a stroke of harlequinade. His escape is still more extraordinary; and both incidents are strikingly illustrative of the condition ofSpanish society. He is denounced to the government by an old friend, to whom in distress he gives refuge and entertainment in his house: he is liberated by the exertions of a perfect stranger, who seems to have no motive for the act, and who is involved by it in great danger and suffering. Some of the circumstances, however, connected with his imprisonment are curious in the details which they present; and, among the most interesting, is the account of his interview with the king. Being known to be widely engaged in the Constitutional societies or "conspiracies" (as the reigning government, unfortunately, was entitled to call them) of the day, as soon as he hinted that it was in his power to make "communications," he was carried into Ferdinand's presence. On the night fixed for the interview, at about seven in the evening, the author was summoned from his dungeon; and, after passing through what he calls "a labyrinth of passages," found himself at the outer gate of the prison of the Inquisition. A carriage was in waiting, which he entered, accompanied by two officers of the royal household, and his gaoler. The vehicle takes the direction of the palace. Ascending to the principal gallery by a private staircase, they enter through a principal door into the ante-room of the king's private chamber, which is called the *Camarilla*. Here one of the guides precedes the rest of the party, and, on reaching the doors of a saloon, cries out, "Sire!"

"What is the matter?" inquired a thick voice from within.

"Here is Van Halen," replied Arellano.

The answer is to come in; the second officer remaining at the door of the apartment:—

"We were desired to enter, Villar Frontin remaining outside the door of the cabinet. The king was alone, sitting in the only chair that was in the room. As we entered, he rose and advanced a few steps towards us. We found him in a complete *négligé*, being without a cravat, and his waistcoat wholly unbuttoned. Before the arm-chair stood a large table, on which there were various papers, a portfolio, a writing-desk, and heaps of Havannah cigars spread about. Beside the

table stood an escritoir, which probably was the same mentioned by Irriberry in which the king had locked my papers. As I approached him, I bent a knee to kiss his hand, according to the usual etiquette; but he raised me, and said, 'What do you want? Why do you wish to see me?'

"'Sire,' I replied, 'because I am quite confident that your majesty, if you would deign to hear me leisurely, will dismiss those prejudices against me, which you doubtless must have been inspired with, to have ordered the rigorous treatment I have experienced.'

"'Well, but you belong to a conspiracy, and you ought to reveal it to me. I know it all. Are you not horror-stricken? Who are your accomplices?'

"'To desire the good of one's country, Sire, is not conspiring. I feel no hesitation in revealing to your majesty those good wishes; on the contrary, I rejoice at having found an opportunity of disclosing them to you. But if your majesty know all, and know it correctly, there will be nothing more for me to add. Any farther explanation your majesty may require will only contribute to soften your anger towards me, and to convince you that, if we have hitherto concealed our object from your majesty, it was to avoid the vengeance of those who are striving to render hateful your illustrious name.'

"'Who are those who have so wilfully misled you? Tell me who they are—do not hesitate.'

"'Sire, if your majesty know all, you must be aware that I have not been misled by any one; but that I have always acted from self-conviction, and that the events of the times and the general mistrust have arrived at such a pitch, that I do not personally know one any of those who labour in the same cause.'

"'But you must know the means by which they are to be discovered. Your duty is to obey me. Choose my favour, or your disgrace.'

"'Sire, place yourself at our head, and you will then know every one of us.'

"At these words, Ramirez de Arellano came forward foaming with rage, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, in a most insolent and improper tone for the presence of a monarch, 'To the seed, Sir! to the seed! We want no preambles or sophisms here. There is paper; take this pen—here, here (pushing a pen and a sheet of paper towards me), here—you must write the names of all the conspirators—no roundabouts, no subterfuges. His majesty is the king of these realms, and there ought to be nothing hidden from him under the sun. I have read the Burroel (he meant the Barruel); I have been in France, and I know what all those factions are. Where are the sacred oaths for your king and your religion?'

"During the whole of this furious ranting, I kept my eyes fixed on the king, who seemed converted into a statue from the moment Ramirez commenced speaking; but when I saw him insist on my taking the pen, I said, without even looking at that despicable wretch, 'Sire, I know no one.'

"'Sire, to the Inquisition with him!' cried Ramirez: 'the tribunal will easily extort them from him.'

"The king, shewing some displeasure at Ramirez's behaviour, said to me, 'But it is impossible you should not know them?'

"'Sire, if I meant to say what I could not prove, or if I wished to conceal a crime, I would rather avoid than seek the presence of my sovereign; but if, being guilty, I sought it, once before your majesty I would profit of the opportunity to ask a pardon which my innocence does not need.'

"The king remained a few minutes thoughtful, his eyes fixed on me, and then said, 'Tell me by writing whatever you have to say.' Another short pause now ensued, after which he took a cigar from the table, lighted it, and asked me *if I smoked.* On my answering in the affirmative, he said to Arellano, who heard him with displeasure, '*Carry him some cigars;*' and then motioned me to withdraw. When I took his hand to kiss it, he pressed mine with an air of interest; and as I turned round at the door to make my obeisance, I heard him say, while conversing with Arellano, 'What a pity, such a youth!'"

This account shews the personal character of Ferdinand rather in a less unfavourable light than it has been represented. The interview, however, leading to no disclosures—which are the things wanted—Senhor Van Halen is again urged to make them. And the argument of Villar Frontin,

a statesman employed among others in this negociation, and whom Van Halen describes as a man of feeling and honour in favour of the required confession—is too good not to be extracted:

"'Do not be distressed, Van Halen,' he said. 'I understand you, and am incapable of persisting in the unpleasant commission with which I am charged by his majesty. But it is really a pity to see you sacrifice yourself to an erroneous system, the theory of which is certainly seductive, but which is totally impracticable. He who, like myself, has in other times professed liberal ideas, and who has experienced their futility, knows too well the enormous distance there is between moral and political notions, to act in all cases according to both. If we were all enlightened, Satan himself would not be able to govern us. Our countryman, however, are too ignorant to be ruled otherwise than by an iron sceptre; and a long time will elapse before they may be brought to understand their own interests. Till that epoch arrives, which can only take place when the king himself decides in its favour, we must all sail with the current of circumstances. You are younger than myself, and are a military man; but I have been a judge, and have seen much of human nature; consequently, I know something of its ruling passions and characteristic points. I am convinced that, if you die, your friends will be consoled by knowing that they are delivered from the fears which night and day disturb their repose. Believe me, this is a truth proceeding from a man of experience; but you shall find me more a friend than a seducer.'"

This suggestion of Don Villar Frontin respecting the alarm of Van Halen's friends, receives something like confirmation from a circumstance afterwards related in the book. Some of them send him word, that, in case of the *worst*, they will do themselves so much violence as even to furnish him with poison. The colonel, however, resolutely refuses to betray his associates; and, after repeated examinations, with increased severities of confinement, he is put to the torture; the effect of which throws him into a protracted and dangerous illness. The manner of this torture is very oddly, and not very luminously, described; but we pass over the subject, as well as the details of the author's imprisonment, to come to the circumstances connected with his escape; the whole of which seem as if they could only have occurred in a romance—or more properly in Bedlam—for they have not the reasonableness and *vrai semblance* which we call for in a work of fiction.

It was six months after Van Halen had been in prison, and while he was confined to his bed from the illness that followed the application of the torture, that he saw for a moment a young woman—a sufficiently strange agent to employ in such place—who was brought in to assist in sweeping and clearing out his dungeon, under the inspection of the gaoler. This girl is the adopted daughter of the chief gaoler, Don Marcellino, and resides within the walls of the prison of the Inquisition, which has been before described as possessing all the circumstances of strength and privacy suited to such an edifice. The prisoner sees her only for an instant, and over a screen, as he lies in bed—the custom being to remove him from his dungeon while it is cleaned; but, on this occasion, his state of illness has prevented it. He has no means of exchanging a word, or even a sign, in concert with her. But, some days after, when he is something recovered, and his cell has been cleaned while he has been absent from it, as he goes to lie down in his bed at night, he finds in it a *little lump*, which he first takes for a button, but which turns out to be *the upper part of a drop ear-ring*. In some situations, this sign might have seemed the effect of accident; but a straw seems an oak to a drowning man, and a gleam of hope is certainty to a man who has been six months in prison. The author winds some of *his hair* round the ear-ring, to shew that he has received it,

and deposits it again in the bed: as may be guessed, it proves to be a token from the young woman who sweeps his dungeon. The natural solution is, that this girl has conceived some passion for him. Not at all. She refuses to accompany him in his flight. She will accept no remuneration for her assistance. But, from some wild feeling, which it is difficult to explain, but of which instances among a highly-excited and totally ungoverned people such as the Spaniards are at present, *do* occur, *she communicates with his friends for him*, deceives the persons by whom she is employed, and, at the cost of a sentence to herself of perpetual banishment, procures his escape.

The fact is, that extraordinary emergencies elicit extraordinary resources; and the whole order of things in Spain is intrigue, and plot, and romance, and mystery. The surgeon Saumell, who attends Signor Van Halen in an illness after his escape, is the *companion* of Dr. Gil, the "familiar," who attended him in the prison of the Inquisition; and, also, while aiding the concealment of a political offender!—a surgeon in the body-guard. The Marquis of Mataflorida—"furious in every thing connected with the Inquisition"—spoke with more confidence than any body of Van Halen's recapture, and organized a set of spies peculiarly to undertake it. The friends of Van Halen formed a corps of *counter-spies;* and this with such success, that the very reports which the Marquis of Mataflorida received from his agents they heard, *through a hole in his wall*, at the moment when they were delivered. To conclude—the colonel was liberated from his confinement by the romantic devotion of one woman; and he was within an ace of being restored to it by the unreasonable jealousy of another, whose habit it was always to send a servant to watch her husband when he went out, lest his business abroad should be to visit other ladies!

The actual manner of the author's escape, from the extraordinary simplicity of it, after all that he describes of the terrors and difficulties of the dungeons of the Inquisition, is the most curious part of the whole affair:—

"At length the hour for the execution of my plan drawing near, I listened attentively through the opening in the door, till hearing the distant noise of bolts, I retreated towards my bed. As soon as Don Marcelino entered, without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing that this might be my last opportunity, I advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to the door, and, rushing through, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he recovering himself threatened my life. Once in the passage, I groped along in complete darkness; but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, I no sooner arrived at the third door of that labyrinth, than locking it after me, I took out its ponderous key, with which I armed myself for want of a better weapon.

"I passed the dungeon of the other prisoner confined in those passages, who, far from imagining the scene that was acting, mistook my steps for those of the jailer. Following my way at random, I twice lost myself in the various windings, and a thousand times did I curse the obscurity which threatened to frustrate all my hopes. At length, after groping about for seven or eight minutes, which appeared an eternity to me, I reached the last staircase, from which I could distinguish the glimmerings of a light. As I ascended the stairs, I grasped the key in the manner of a pistol, and soon after found myself at the threshold of a door wide open, that led to an outer kitchen, in the middle of which hung a lantern. I judged by this that I was already out of the prison; but uncertain what direction to follow, and hearing the voices of people in some part of the house, I stood still for a moment,

and then hastened to the kitchen to look for a hatchet, or some other weapon that might serve me in case of meeting opposition.

"On entering, the first object that presented itself was Ramona, who stood pale and breathless, with a countenance in which astonishment was blended with anxiety and alarm. 'What pistol is that?—where is my master?' she exclaimed, after a moment's silence, raising her clasped hands towards heaven.

"I calmed her apprehensions by shewing her the key, when, immediately recovering her presence of mind, she drew from her bosom the notes I had given her, and returning them to me, pointed to a court which led to the outer door, saying, 'That is the way to the street. My mistress and her guest are in the saloon: you hear their voices. This is the very hour when she expects the arrival of some friends; and I must immediately call out, because they know I must necessarily see you before you get to the court. For Heaven's sake, hasten away; for I can render you no farther assistance!' Saying this, she pressed my hands in her's with deep emotion, and I hurried towards the court. As the remainder of my way was also involved in darkness, I lost some minutes in finding the right direction to the door, when the rustling of the bell-wire served to guide me to it. Here I heard the voices of some persons outside, who certainly did not expect to meet with such a porter.

"Meantime Ramona, who was to open the door, on hearing the bell ring, began screaming for assistance, as if she had been hurt by some one passing in great haste. The ladies, alarmed, joined their cries to her's; and I opened the door amidst this confusion, pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, feeling as if I breathed a second life."

The remainder of the Narrative applies to Colonel Van Halen's travels and adventures in England and in Russia. These notices are not destitute of merit; but it is the details relative to Spain that form the principal value of the book.

Getting a name.—The houses in the city of Dieppe (says the French *Globe*) are for the most part handsome and regular; but whole streets are deformed in some quarters by the addition, to the back of every house, of a species of supplemental building, or single wing, of the full height of the original edifice. The cause of this singular appearance, is, that the architect who was employed to erect the best rows of building in the town, performed his work in many respects with great taste and skill, but planned every house, without allowing for the *staircase;* and did not discover his error till the work was too far advanced to recede. The descendants of this unlucky disposer of buildings, it is said, are still living in Dieppe; where they have acquired the surname of *Gateville.*

There is generally, among the scientific conundrums and quackeries of the day, some particular remedy abroad by which every disease is to be cured, and some particular malady of which every body is to die. The *malaria* is the favourite folly in all quarters now. The marshes of Italy are poisonous, and why not the marshes of England? There are puddles (like *Captain Fluellan's* salmons), and why should there not be fevers in both? Accordingly, Mr. Loudon, of the Gardner's Magazine, proves beyond opposition, that a vast sum is being thrown away by the country; for neither our king nor any king in Christendom, will ever be able to live in the new palace of Buckingham House. And Dr. Macculloch's octavo volume carries conviction "to the meanest capacity," that the man who waters flower-pots out of his drawing-room window, while he imagines that he is only pouring slop upon the heads of the passengers, is, in fact, bringing down death and pestilence upon his own.

The peculiar poison, according to Dr. Macculloch, properly known and described by the name of malaria, is generated whenever vegetable matter comes into contact with water; subject to the presence of atmospheric air,

and the assistance of a temperature—say equal to that of 60. The situations particularly active in producing it, are—as nearly as we can collect—all fens, meadows, and marshes; spots contiguous to woods and copses, and spots where there are neither woods nor copses. All places near *water*—whether fresh or salt—stagnant or running—in ponds, rivers, ships' holds, or house cellars; and a great many places near which no water is to be found. A hot climate, like that of Africa or Italy, suits the generation of the poisonous matter best; but a cold one, like that of Holland, answers the purpose very tolerably well. And the ailments which the noxious exhalations produce, are—all that can be found in the Dictionary of Diseases; from typhus fever down to the tooth-ache. As these assertions seem rather sweeping, we ought to shew that we have authority for them; but our extracts can only consist of single lines; and we must refer our readers, for fuller satisfaction, to the book itself, which, although we do not agree in the conclusions drawn in it, is entertaining, and will repay their perusal.

Salt water and fresh are equally pernicious.

"While it is generally believed that marshes of *fresh* water are productive of malaria, it is scarcely a less common opinion that *salt* marshes are innocent in this respect. Other circumstances being the same, it is *indifferent* whether the marsh be *salt* or *fresh*."—pp. 35, 38.

As water may be the death of a man, although he is not born to be drowned, so wood will be dangerous even to those who have no apprehension of a drier destiny.

"The power of *woods* in generating malaria is not less notorious than that of marshes. If any one will examine the districts in Kent and Sussex, which produce both intermittent and remittent fevers, he will often be unable to *assign* a cause, *unless* he seeks it in the woods, &c."—pp. 42.

Meadow land, independent of any marshy character, makes it necessary for every man to order his coffin who goes to inhabit near it.

"If some of the great tracts of *meadow* land in this country have once been *marshes*, it is certain that there are many of them which are now *purely* meadows. And yet that these *do* produce the diseases of malaria is familiar to every one's experience."—p. 73.

On the other hand, wood occasionally is a protection.

"If woods or trees *do*, in sufficiently numerous cases, generate malaria, and thus render a district unhealthy, they are also often a *safeguard;* and a country which was before healthy may become the reverse by cutting them down. Reversely, it follows that the *planting* of trees will sometimes *check* the production of malaria, &c."—pp. 43, 44.

On the folly of supposing that running water, under any circumstances, is innoxious, the author insists very strongly.

"It is not only a popular but a rooted opinion in England, that there can be no malaria produced near a *running* river, or stream of any nature; an *error* beyond doubt, and one of which the consequences may be serious. The fact as regards the *Thames* I have already noticed. There is no reason to doubt that such streams as the *Ouse* and the *Lee* are productive of malaria. And abundant facts have shewn that such diseases exist habitually and endemically, on the banks of *streams* even of the *smallest size;* or those for example which flow, almost like artificial canals, through shaven lawns that border them with a thin and grassy margin."—p. 80.

"I may add here an instance of the *mill dam* of a paper-mill in Hertfordshire; *after* the formation of which, the workmen became subject in the worst degree to remittent fevers, which were *before* that time unknown. It would be easy to confirm this by analogous instances from many of the *well-dressed pleasure grounds* ornamented by water, which skirt the *Thames* near *Walton* and *Chertsey;* the produce of a well-known improving gardener "(Capability Brown)," who has brought the *intermittent* to our doors under cover of the breeze of the *violets*, and

formed *pest houses of fever*, where we study to retire for coolness from the heats of the autumn."—p. 106.

The following cases will shew that our hypothesis of the flower-pot at the drawing-room window was not an exaggeration.

" In one instance, the recurrence of intermittent fever in a susceptible subject, was caused *repeatedly*, by merely *entering a garden* containing a *pond* of the fashion of King William's day, dedicated to gold fishes and river gods! In another case, it was observed at Havre de Grace, the soldiers were seized with headache and giddiness, *within five minutes* after approaching the ditch" [of the fortifications]; " with the usual consequences of fever, and that fever, of course, of a violent character. This seems to prove incidentally that a very *brief* exposure to this poison is sufficient to produce the effects; and farther, that the effect immediately follows the application."—pp. 94, 106.

Low and watery situations having been clearly shewn to be the causes of fever, it now appears that high and dry ones are not always in a better condition.

" If a recent traveller has expressed his surprise at the occurrence of fevers in the Maremma of Tuscany, where the land is not only free from lakes and rivers, but absolutely *dry*, I may remark that in a case which will immediately come under review—Rome receives its malaria by *a propagation of a peculiar nature*; as the *high* lands of many places receive from the *low* grounds at hand, what does not, comparatively, affect the inhabitants where it is produced. In France, at Neuville les Dames, and at St. Paul, near Villars, both situated upon *high* grounds, there are found as many, or *more*, fevers than in the marshes beneath. A case of this nature occurs in Malta of a very marked nature; the malaria which is produced upon the beach beneath a cliff, producing *no effect* upon the spot itself, while it affects, even to occasional abandonment, the village situated *above*. At Weymouth, where the back water produces autumnal fevers, commonly *mistaken* for typhus, these diseases scarcely affect the *immediate* inhabitants of its vicinity, but are found to range along the higher hills above," &c. &c."—p. 243.

This is Dr. M'Culloch, whose denouncements of Malaria, want of room has compelled us to touch but very slightly; and who is only withheld by a merciful consideration for the consequences to property, from pointing out, not merely *particular residences*, but *whole districts*—here in our own country—which must be the grave of all who inhabit them! We now come to Mr. Loudon's application of the Doctor's principles, and to the uninhabitableness of the King's new palace.

" Had the problem been proposed (how) to alter Buckingham House and gardens, so as to render the former as *unhealthy* a dwelling as *possible*, it could not have been better solved than by the works now executed. The *belt of trees*, which forms the margin of these grounds, has long acted as the *sides of a basin*, or small valley, to retain the vapours which were collected within; and which, *when the basin was full*, could only flow out by the lower extremity, over the roofs of the stables and other buildings at the palace. What vapour did not escape in this manner, found its way through between the stems of the trees which adjoin these buildings, and through the palace windows. Now, all the leading improvements on the grounds have a direct tendency to increase this evil. They consist in thickening the marginal belts on both sides of the hollow with evergreens, to shut out London: in one place substituting for the belt an immense bank of earth, to shut out the stables; and in the area of the grounds forming numerous flower-gardens, and other scenes with dug surfaces, a basin, fountains, and a lake of several acres. The effect of all this will be a more copious and rapid exhalation of moisture from the water, dug earth, and increased surface of foliage; and a more complete *dam* to prevent the escape of this moist atmosphere, otherwise than through the windows, or over the top of the palace. The garden may be considered *as a pond brimful of fog*, the ornamental water as the *perpetual supply* of this fog, the palace as a *cascade* which it flows over, and the windows as the *sluices* which it passes through. We defy any medical man, or meteorologist, to *prove the contrary* of what we

assert, viz. that Buckingham Palace is a dam to a pond of watery vapour, and that the pond will always be filled with vapour to the level of the top of the dam. The only question is, how far this vapour is entitled to be called *malaria*. We have the misfortune to be able to answer that question experimentally, &c. &c. A man must be something less or more than a king, to keep his health in that palace for any length of time."

Now it has been truly observed that he who knows much is the nearest to have ascertained that he knows nothing; and this must be pretty nearly the case, we suspect, with Dr. Macculloch, on the subject of malaria. *Half* the doctor's facts might have made a delusive theory; but taken altogether—as he has very fairly given them—they seem to prove nothing but that fevers are found in *all places;* and that, let them be found where they may, *he* is determined to ascribe them to what he calls "malaria." These fevers, no doubt, must be caused by some atmospheric agency; and it is probable that, however opposite the situations may be in which they are found, that agency may be still *the same*, but it does not at all appear to us that Dr. Macculloch has established his principle, that, whenever they occur, they proceed from the exhalations of vegetable matter, decayed or decomposed by the action of damp, or water.

Nothing can be more particular than the location of all the machinery of death in the notice of Buckingham House New Palace. The "basin, full of vapour"—the garden, a "pond brim full of fog"—the palace walls, "a dam over which the fog flows"—the windows, "sluices"—writing even in August, it almost gives us the ague to look over it! But yet we cannot help recollecting St. James's Square, in which people have contrived to live a great number of years, although it had a pond, and a large one in the middle of it. Thoughts come over us too about the canal in St. James's Park, which makes a "basin of vapour," of the whole bottom between Piccadilly and Westminster. Or of the Reservoir, independent of an odd pool or two full of duck weed, in the Green Park; the "malaria," from which, whenever the wind is southward, has no possible means of vent, except through the windows (or "sluices") of Mrs. Coutt's and Mr. Baring. Or of the serpentine river in Hyde Park? or the water in the Regent's Park? or the basin in Kensington Gardens? or the little fountain in the Temple? Every one of all which *should* generate "malaria" enough to poison its whole neighbourhood, beggaring the apothecaries' shops of all their Peruvian bark, within a fortnight; and the Turks that go about the streets of all their rhubarb in a month.

The fact is, that if Dr. Macculloch's theory were sound, it would tend to no purpose; because, like Mr. Accum with his "Death in the pot"—(Mr. Macculloch's is "Death in the *watering* pot")—he proves too much; his evil is so extensive that we are hopeless, and feel that there is no choice but to submit to it. But it seems to *us* that our every days experience and practice is in the very teeth of the probability of everything that he says. The banks of a tide river, according to this author, are a site almost fatally unwholesome: what is the condition of the people who live in the wharfs, covering every inch of ground on both sides of the Thames, from Limehouse to Battersea-bridge? Mud exposed to the sun at low water generates a fever worse than pestilence: how do the inhabitants of Portsmouth contrive to exist, between the eternal ditches of their fortifications, and the still more abominable swamp—as well as so much more extensive—Porchester lake? If it be the decomposition of vegetable matter by the action of water, that liberates "malaria," what a state must not London be in from its sewers! in which

such a rank decomposition, and such heterogenous compounds is going on perpetually. The sewers, it is true, are *covered;* but the gratings and openings afford every exhalation abundant means of vent; in fact, we all in hot weather, do perceive the vapours from the sewers, and find them offensive; but we do not take a fever at the corner of every street, and die in consequence. But, to take an illustration equally familiar, and yet more striking: the danger which threatens Buckingham Palace is to arise from the presence of malaria. But it is not *water*, it will be recollected, according to Dr. Macculloch, that does the mischief: it is the decomposition which water, or wet, or damp alone, excite when they come into contact with vegetable matter: so that the *less* water—so that there be but enough to carry on the decomposing process—the *more* "malaria." Why then, at worst, the King is in no more danger than hundreds of thousands of his subjects; for, if it is the decay of vegetable matter that is to be dreaded, we may safely pronounce, that, in the single area of *Covent Garden market*, London possesses a retort in its very centre, distilling "malaria," enough to poison half its inhabitants! Here is a square of very considerable extent; incessantly covered, and to the depth very often of a foot or even eighteen inches, with every possible variety of vegetable matter; and of matter precisely in that state, as regards damp and commixture, and even mechanical trampling or tituration, the most favourable to fermentation and decay. The mass of exhalation which must arise from this hot bed of miasma after every shower of rain, has no choice but to diffuse itself in the very heart of the metropolis. With a southerly wind, it must blow up the "sluices" of James-street, to poison the people in Long-acre. With a wind from the north, it goes down Southampton-street, and Lord have mercy upon us all in the Strand. An easterly wind carries destruction along New-street and Henrietta-street, to the clothes-shops of St. Martin's-lane and the hotels of Leicester-square. And, when it blows from the west, the malaria takes up the exhalations of Lincoln's-Inn fields and Gray's-Inn gardens, as it were, in its hand by the way, and murders us all the way along Fleet-street, to Cheapside and Whitechapel.

It may occur to people gifted with coolness and common reason, that causes will engender disease in one climate, which do not—although we cannot explain the reason of the difference in their action—produce it in another. We cannot take upon ourselves to believe, without some evidence as to the actual fact, that, *because* people die in the Pontine marshes, the villas on the banks of the Thames are uninhabitable from their insalubrity: and we find no such evidence in Dr. Macculloch's book. It is dangerous, Dr. Macculloch says—nay, death—to have a canal, or a fishing-pond, or even a "basin for gold fish" in the neighbourhood of one's house: if the persons who possessed these comforts or embellishments died much more rapidly than their neighbours, we cannot help thinking that they would long since have fallen into disuse. Particular facts—taken without a very strict analysis of all the circumstances connected with them, in the way of proof, are good for nothing. Dr. Macculloch knew a man who caught intermittent fever repeatedly from merely entering a garden in which there was a water that contained gold fish. A patient in the hydrophobia is thrown into convulsion by the sight of a glass of water, or even by the mention of water in his presence. There is a peculiarity, which we do not understand, in the ailment of both these persons; but it is neither the pond nor the glass of water which, of itself, produces their complaints.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Travels in South America, in 1825-26, *by Captain Andrews, late Commander of H.C.S. Wyndham.* 2 *vols. post* 8*vo.* 1827. —If the mining schemes in South America have done the schemers no good, they have been the means at least of adding very considerably to our knowledge, not only of the events of the revolutionary war, and the characters of the leaders, but of the face of the country, and of the condition and manners of its population. They have been the cause of several very intelligent persons crossing the immense continent in all directions, many of whom have given very copious, and, what was scarcely to be hoped for, in general very consistent accounts of the country. Head's, Miers', and Calclough's, particularly, are creditable specimens. To these we have now to add Captain Andrews, whose little volumes will deservedly class with the very best of his predecessors. He works a most glib and felicitous pen, and, *currente calamo*, plans and bargains, describes and speculates, with the same felicity with which he seems to have entered into the spirit and manners of the people, among whom he freely mixed, giving and gleaning delight almost wherever he went.

He set out, it appears, as agent, and himself a very considerable shareholder, of the Chili and Peru Mining Association, armed with discretionary powers; which he—a man as much interested as any one in the fortunes of the company—freely and confidingly made use of; but of which his employers—a very common thing—quickly repented; and, in consequence, though in the midst of what he conceived his successful prosecution of the views of the association, he was recalled—a mortification, which he attributes, apparently with good reason, to ignorance in the directors at home, and envy in his brother agents abroad. At all events, though niggardly enough in their approbation of his general conduct, he has had the satisfaction of receiving their testimony to his economical management of their funds.

With all his hopes, by this unexpected stroke, thus blown into the air, and seeing the miserable management of the association, Captain Andrews, as a shareholder, an agent, and a man of business, is a good deal vexed, and naturally gives a little vent to his vexation. The mining companies have most of them, he thinks, acted ignorantly and unwisely in giving way to a senseless panic, and suddenly abandoning the fair hopes that were springing before them. The world is judging, too, very blindly about them. Not because some speculations were wild, must all be considered impracticable; nor because Cornish men cannot profitably work American mines, are American mines unworkable. Companies have gone headlong to work; some have dispatched English miners, with English machinery, on prodigious salaries, before a mine was purchased; and even Captain Andrews' employers, who seem to have begun more like men of business, sent a cargo of workmen, before they heard whether he had really done any thing or not. His opinion of American mining—and a very rational one it appears to be—is, that neither men nor machinery are wanted from England, but simply capital. There are men enough in America, accustomed to the mines of the country, and to the cheapest modes of working them; they only require being set to work. As gain has been made, so by the same means it may be made again: the old ground is not exhausted, and there is virgin ground in abundance. With these labourers, and beginning humbly—using a little forethought, and advancing by degrees slowly and cautiously, introducing improvements occasionally—the mines will well repay the working. This is the sum of Captain Andrews' opinion; and he argues the matter well, and substantiates his case with some stout facts, and with good phrase and emphasis.

The volumes, however, must be looked at a little as the journal of a tour. Captain Andrews started from Buenos Ayres, and travelled through the united provinces of La Plata—places very little known—along roads none of the smoothest, and on mules something of the roughest, relieved occasionally by a day's ride on horseback, full two thousand miles, meeting a town about every 250 miles on an average—through Cordova, Santiago del Estero, Tucuman, Salta to Potosi, the capital of the new republic of Bolivar; from thence, by the deserts of Caranja, to Arica; and, finally, to Santiago de Chili and Coquimbo. In general, he found the population of the towns considerably below the common estimate, and the country every where thinly peopled—almost every where a want of employment, and the Indians in a wretched, woe-begone condition. But every where—at Cordova, Santiago, Tucuman, Salta, Jujuy—he meets with agreeable society—nay, elegant and cultivated; every where a smiling welcome,—plenty of feasting and dancing; and every where the good people were delighted to hear of the English coming among them—not to plunder, but enrich them—to set the streams of wealth a flow-

ing among them—to make the country ring with the sounds of labour, and the purses of the natives rattle with the precious metal, which they were themselves unable any longer to wrench from their own mountains. Every where, however, Capt. Andrews was obliged to have his eyes about him; for every where the confounded Buenos Ayres speculators were beforehand with him, and buying up the mines, to secure for themselves a monopoly price from the greedy and spendthrift companies of England. But he was too canny for them; he was aware of these forestallers and intriguers—too old a bird to be caught with straws. He knew they must eventually disgorge, and he held off accordingly. He succeeds in making capital bargains; but all his gast-drawn schemes have exploded, and left not a wreck behind. We really cannot forbear pitying the disappointment of the hopes he entertained of one day himself blowing up the rock of Potosi. Only listen:—

At Potosi (says he) there is plenty of virgin ground untouched, perhaps full three-fourths. A million sterling might be embarked, though one-third would answer every end required. I had projected, while examining the mountain, the reduction of the peak of it downwards. The quebradas around it are deep, and seem adapted to receive the rubbish by their capacity. The crater at the top is open, ready to receive 2 or 3,000 barrels of gunpowder, which would send the peak into the air, and possibly open the hill to the galleries of the uppermost mines. I have often thought what a sight it would be from the city heights to witness such an explosion!

Go where he will, Captain Andrews' indignation is raised against fat and luxurious monks; and he rails against them, not only as the encouragers of superstition, which may be safely allowed, but as the promoters of all sorts of immoralities for the indulgence of their own profligate passions—which looks very like the suggestion of indiscriminating prejudice. Even the lascivious dances, in which all classes seem inclined to indulge, he imputes to the monks, from the same lustful motives. The nunneries, too, in his account, are mere brothels. Surely here is a little extravagance! But every where, at the same time, he has the satisfaction of believing the reign of superstition and of the monks is shaken: the men, at least, universally deride the mummeries and pageantries of the Catholic worship; and the women—beautiful, graceful, accomplished, as he almost every where finds them—will surely—grow wiser in time.

The English, it seems, are every where in the provinces in good odour. The alarm about them, as heretics, is fast wearing away. The ladies eye them, and find they really have no tails—and may be as much men as the Spaniards themselves; and English customs are rapidly spreading among them, in spite of the monks and the donnas.

Oh, my dear girls (said a mother to her daughter) we are all ruined—undone.

Daughters.—How, dear mamma, what is the matter?

Donna.—Oh, my dear children, matter enough; Padre M. says the heretics are coming to take possession of our mines first, and afterwards of the whole country. Oh, my dears, what will become of us all.

Eldest Daughter.—Oh, mamma, is that all? I feared there was something worse; if they do come, be comforted, mamma, they will not hurt us.

Donna.—I do not know that—(*wiping a tear from her parental eye*)—I do not know that—(*almost overcome with her anxiety.*)

Youngest Daughter.—Oh, don't be alarmed, my dear mamma, we must not believe half that stupid old Padre says about the English. I remember you told us when we were little girls, and on the authority of the same holy Padre, too, that the English had tails like devils, or monkeys at least.

Eldest Daughter.—I remember it too, mamma. And now, my dear mamma, we have often seen Englishmen, have you ever observed tails to them?

Donna.—It is true, my dear, that I never did, and that I must have been imposed upon by such a story. They look much as other men. Still, my dears, I am convinced there is much danger from them.

Daughters.—Why so, mamma? If the first story is nonsense, the second is likely to be so too.

Donna.—No, no, my dears. Do you think the Padre would have come, and even gone upon his knees to me, to solicit my influence against them if there is no danger? Neither he, nor the father jesuit, would have done so before the business in the Sala came on, if there had not been some reason for it.

Eldest Daughter.—Oh, mamma, but do listen to me. Do you see any thing so very dangerous in the persons or manners of these English?

Donna.—None at all, my dear; I like them very much, they are very agreeable; what a pity they can never go to heaven!

Youngest Daughter.—So much their greater misfortune, mamma; but consider what with the war and emigration to Buenos Ayres, there are ten ladies to one gentleman left here; and if the five hundred English they talk of should come, we shall perhaps some of us get husbands, and an Englishman will be better than none, you know.

Eldest Daughter.—And only think, mamma, of the merit and pleasure of converting a young heretic to the true faith.

Donna.—There is something in that, my dear, I allow. Well, you will have it your own way, children, I perceive. It is useless for me to argue the matter with you any further.

The interlocutors of this lively little dialogue are Tucumanese, and, pleased as Captain Andrews is with the South Americans every where, it is Tucumanese and Tucumanese ladies he is most

enchanted with. The province has been sadly devastated by the war; but there are still forty or fifty thousand of them left, in an extent of country some hundred miles square. On the king's birthday, Captain Andrews, in return for the abundant civilities he met with, gave a dinner, and a ball in the evening to the ladies; in all which he was ably seconded by one Mr. George Brown, whom he drolly describes, in the O'Connel style, as a "fine specimen of an Englishman, both in respect to personal and mental endowments." In praise of these Tucumans he keeps no manner of measure. He attends the Sala, the House of Assembly of the province:—

The style of debate (says he) was not as I observed it at some other places. The members did not deliver their sentiments sitting. The orator, having gained the eye of the president or speaker, advanced in front and addressed himself to the chair, standing much as in our House of Commons, and with an air of independence and frankness very agreeable to an Englishman's notions of freedom in debate. One of the members, an advocate, was the most able of the opponents of government. He spoke with a boldness and vehemence, that very strongly reminded me of Fox; but he displayed infinitely more grace of manner, and a finer intonation than that great orator. I shall never lose the figure of this wiry gray-headed old man, whose coarse hair seemed to erect itself like bristles, while employed in thundering his denunciations against the executive. The nerve and force of his rapid delivery were finely contrasted with the easy, elegant, and persuasive manner of Dr. Molino, who answered him with arguments rather than declamation, and with an ease and self-command not to be exceeded in any European assembly. I observed several other members of very considerable power as speakers, and fit to rank with the first order in any senate, &c.

And when he quits the country, it is in these ecstatic terms:—

Farewell, delicious Tucuman, and hospitable Tucumaneses; farewell to your delightful plains, and mighty and romantic mountains! Though Englishmen are not to be your brothers in your country's bosom, there is one Englishman, who will ever bear towards you the kindly feelings of a brother, and desire your prosperity and happiness.

Though thinking Captain Andrews a little too ardent for sober admiration, we are well pleased with his book—have accompanied him throughout in his tour, without weariness—and should be ready at any time to set out again somewhere else under his guidance; and we heartily wish him better luck in his next undertaking.

The Military Sketch Book. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—These are rather amusing volumes. The writer is a good clever sort of person, and dashes off a description lightly and readily, where the circumstances are all placed plain before him, or press forcibly upon him; but, from want of tact, or perhaps mere want of experience, he does not always know what will *tell*, and of course often falls short of his mark. His attempts at humour are miserably ineffective, and as to his mess-table chat, of which there are no less than four sketches, good lord deliver us from such vapidity—such absolute inanity—both from the reality and the description of it. The guard-room sketches are all of them better, and the gossip of the men something like that of rational animals. Among them is the story of Maria de Carmo, told by the corporal with real feeling; and there are touches of the same kind scattered here and there over the volumes equally felicitous in the execution, and thrilling in the effect. But we were perhaps more struck by the scenes of desolation, in the Spanish campaigns, which the writer spreads vividly before the eye; and we are glad to place some of these horrors before our readers—not to harass their feelings surely, but to force upon their convictions the miseries of war. The more general among individuals becomes the odium of such effects, the more unwilling will the aggregate—the nation—and consequently the rulers of the nation—become to plunge and precipitate into a renewal of war:—

After the battle of Busaco, which was fought in the year following that of Talavera, the army retreated over at least 150 miles of a country the most difficult to pass: steep after steep was climbed by division after division, until the whole arrived within the lines of Torres Vedras. The whole of this march, from the mountains of Busaco to the lines, was a scene of destruction and misery, not to the army, but to the unhappy population. Every pound of corn was destroyed, the wine-casks were staved, and the forage was burnt; the people in a flock trudging on before the army, to shelter themselves from the French, into whose hands, had they remained in their houses, they must have fallen. Infants barely able to walk; bedridden old people; the sick and the dying—all endeavouring to make their way into Lisbon; for which purpose all the asses and mules that they could find were taken with them, and the poor animals became as lame as their riders by a very few days' marches. It was a severe measure of Lord Wellington's thus to devastate the country which he left behind him, but, like the burning of Moscow, it was masterly; for Massena being thus deprived of the means of supplying his army, was soon obliged to retrace his steps to Spain, pursued in his turn by the British, and leaving the roads covered with his starving people and slaughtered horses.

Here is a mass of misery. These things are kept too much out of sight. This measure of Lord Wellington's was studiously executed to distress the enemy—at the expense, however, of our allies;—but here is another scene, occasioned by

what will be termed the quiet march of friends over a friendly country. The writer is hastening to overtake the army then on its march towards France—in the last peninsular campaign.—

At length I could descry the wide and sweeping track of the advancing armies—in the abstract, melancholy to contemplate! The country was chiefly covered with a luxuriant crop of corn, over which the immense column of the army passed, with its baggage, artillery, and cattle:—the traces of the cavalry—of the infantry—and of the cannon, could be distinctly and plainly distinguished from each other; and although their road was through the high and firm corn, the pressure upon it was so great that nothing but clay could be seen, except at the verges of the tracks, where the broken and trampled wheat was less over-trodden. Then there was as much cut down for forage as destroyed by feet; the mark of the rough sickle of the commissaries, the dragoons, and the muleteers, were in patches all around, disfiguring the beautiful waving ocean of yellowing corn, &c.

The siege of St. Sebastian is well described. The author contradicts the "Subaltern" here and there in several particulars, and charges him with a little occasional colouring—at the same time, allowing the general correctness of his details:—

I went into the town through the breach, in the evening, and there witnessed the true horrors of war; the soldiers were, for the most part, half drunk—all were busy plundering and destroying;—every thing of value was ransacked—furniture thrown out of the windows—shops rifled—packages of goods torn open and scattered about—the streets close to the breach, as well as the breach itself, covered with dead and wounded:—over these bodies, of necessity, I passed on my way. As few women were in the town, the horrors attending the sex under such circumstances were also few; and the attempt at ill-treating a female on the day subsequent to the capture of the town, was summarily punished by Lord Beresford on the spot. It was thus:—although plunder was nearly subdued on the day after entering St. Sebastian, yet stragglers were prowling about in spite of all efforts to prevent farther mischief: a woman was looking out of a window on the first floor of a house, and I saw a drunken Portuguese soldier run into the passage directly below where the woman was. Lord Beresford happened to be walking a little before me in a plain blue coat and cocked hat, accompanied by another officer: his lordship saw the Portuguese running into the house, and presently we heard the screams of a female—the woman had gone from the window. Lord Beresford instantly followed the Portuguese, and in a few minutes brought his senhorship down by the collar; then with the flat of his sword gave the fellow that sort of drubbing which a powerful man, like his lordship, is capable of inflicting. Under the circumstances I thought it well bestowed, and far better than trying him by a court-martial.

This, by the way, reminds us of a fact, which we have never seen alluded to, though it must be known to numbers—occurring at a place (the name of which we forget) the first halt on quitting Burgos in the march to France—surpassing the rape of the Sabines in atrocity, and perhaps in numbers. A regiment of dragoons—between four and five hundred at least—as soon as they had stabled their horses—set out together, invaded the town, seized the women, old and young, married and single, without discrimination, and after effecting their purpose, returned quietly to quarters. The deed was done in the confidence that they were too numerous to punish. The peasants complained—but no redress was to be had; they were unable to point out individuals—all being dressed alike. The matter was reported at head-quarters; but nothing could be done—or at least nothing was done; the commander said it was "too bad"—smiled—and the matter was thought of no more. We do not state this fact to throw blame on the commander. It is one of the calamities of war—but one that should not be forgotten in the estimate. Of the fact itself we have no doubt whatever—it came direct from a superior officer of the corps.

The following seems to be thought a good thing—such measures we suppose are occasionally necessary:—

General Picton, like Otway's Pierre, was a "bold rough soldier," that stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant commissary (commonly called assistant-commissary *general*, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's) through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division under General Picton's command, and on being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days. This was reported to the general, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with—

"Do you see that tree, Sir?"

"Yes, General, I do."

"Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow by twelve o'clock, I'll *hang* you on that very tree."

The confounded commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming; so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head-quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington, complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him.

"Did the General say he would *hang* you, Sir?" demanded his grace.

"Yes, my lord, he did," answered the commissary.

"Well, Sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he *means* to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations."

The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous useful instrument in sharpening a man to activity; and the commissary found it so; for the rations

were all up, and ready for delivery, at twelve o'clock next day.

If we could afford space, we should quote an amusing account of the sailors at Walcheren, when on shore—their drillings—playing at soldiers—huntings of the French sharp-shooters, &c. vol. I. 207.

Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, by the Hon. Agar Ellis; 1827.—No minister probably ever stood on so high ground in the estimation of posterity for probity and patriotism—for purity in the personal discharge of his office, and resistance to the profligate politics of the court, as Clarendon, who has moreover the reputation of having finally sunk in struggling against an overwhelming tide of corruption. Where get we these notions of Clarendon? From himself chiefly, and his heedless or ignorant eulogist—Hume. He himself pre-occupied the ground with his own partial and voluminous details; and the manifest and unrivalled superiority of his performances excluded competitors from the field. He was besides the zealous friend of the Church, and the enemy of the Presbyterians; and has had the incalculable advantage of successive panegyrics, age after age, from the clerical quarter. The ruined non-conformist squeaked indeed; but the episcopal trumpet out-brayed his feeble whinings. Mr. Agar Ellis, already favourably distinguished for his discussions on the "Iron Masque," has the merit of first bringing together the scattered evidence, which shews up the chancellor in a very different light—as rapacious and corrupt in office, and cruel and tyrannical as a statesman.

We shall just run our eyes over the evidence. The first witness is *Evelyn*, speaking, however, through Pepys's report:—

By the way, he (Evelyn) tells me that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that on that score he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, *who never did nor will do any thing but for money.*

And Evelyn, though not in such direct terms, clearly alludes to the same thing, in his own diary:—

Visited (says he) the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted them, and stood in their way; I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he *made few friends during his greatness among the royal sufferers*, but *advanced the old rebels*.—He was my particular friend on all occasions.

Now we have only to glance at Clarendon's own writings, to learn that no body hated these "old rebels" more than he. Then why advance them? Because (suggests Mr. Agar Ellis) they were rich, and the "royal sufferers," just returned from banishment, were poor. The one could pay, and the other not.

This charge of favouring the old rebels—distinctly from corrupt motives—is fully confirmed by another tory, Lord Dartmouth, in a note of his taken from the Oxford edition of Burnett's History of his own Times—the tories had naturally a leaning, it should be remembered, towards Clarendon.—

The Earl of Clarendon (says Lord Dartmouth) made it his business to depress every body's merits to advance his own, and (the king having gratified his vanity with high titles) found it necessary towards making a fortune in proportion, to apply himself to other means than what the crown could afford (though he had as much as the king could well grant;) and the people who had suffered most in the civil war were in no condition to purchase his favour. He therefore undertook the protection of those who had plundered and sequestered the others, which he very artfully contrived, by making the king believe it was necessary for his own ease and quiet to make his enemies his friends: upon which he brought in those who had been the main instruments and promoters of the late troubles, who were not wanting in their acknowledgments in the manner he expected, which produced the great house in the Piccadille, furnished chiefly with cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession. In my own remembrance Earl Paulett was an humble petitioner to his sons, for leave to take a copy of his grandfather and grandmother's pictures (whole lengths, drawn by Vandyck) that had been plundered from Hinton St. George; which was obtained with great difficulty, because it was thought that copies might lessen the value of the originals. And whoever has a mind to see what great families had been plundered during the civil war, might find some remains either at Clarendon House or at Cornbury.

This specific charge of furniture and pictures rests entirely, as to documentary evidence, on Lord Dartmouth's assertion; but the fact is curiously established by circumstantial evidence. The furniture is of course gone, but the pictures survive, and can be traced uninterruptedly to their present possessors, Lord Clarendon at the Grove in Hertfordshire, and Lord Douglas at Bothwell Castle. These pictures are a very extraordinary collection—all portraits—and portraits of the different members of most of the conspicuous royalist families—the Stanleys, Cavendishes, Villiers, Hamiltons, Coventrys, &c.—families with whom the *parvenu* Clarendon had not the remotest connexion or affinity. They are chiefly painted by Vandyck and Cornelius Jan-

sen, and therefore in existence before the civil wars. Now how came Clarendon by them? People do not give away family pictures to strangers; they are among the last things they sell; these families did not themselves sell; Clarendon had no family motive, and was not likely to buy. The conclusion is irresistible.

We come again to Pepys' diary—and presently we shall have Pepys' own testimony to a particular fact. Pepys relates a conversation of a party, where one Captain Cocker, in the presence of Sir W. D'Oyley, and Evelyn, characterizing the different ministers, says "My *Lord Chancellor minds getting of money, and nothing else;*" and next a conversation with himself of Sir H. Cholmley, who, speaking of the impeachment, thought the Commons would be able to prove the Chancellor had *taken money for several bargains that had been made with the crown, and did instance one that was already complained of.*

Next come Anthony A. Wood's accusations. In his life of Judge Glynne, in the Athen. Ox., he says, "After the Restoration, he made his eldest son serjeant *by the corrupt dealing of the then Chancellor.*" Again, in speaking of David Jenkyns, he says, "Every body expected he would be made a judge; and so he might have been, *had he given money to the then Lord Chancellor;* but he scorned, &c." Clarendon's son prevailed upon the University to prosecute Anthony A. Wood; and he was accordingly expelled till he made proper recantation; the book was burnt; and costs to the amount of £34 inflicted. This proceeding proved nothing but the vindictive feelings of the son and the University—so much indebted to Clarendon.

Andrew Marvell's severities against Clarendon are well known; but, though proverbially an honest man, he was a Presbyterian—and a satirist. The rest are tories—even Pepys, whatever might be his professions, had the true tory-spirit in him.

The next fact is Clarendon Park. This park, situated near Salisbury, Charles I. mortgaged for £20,000. Charles II. gave the estates, thus encumbered, to Monck, who sold it to Clarendon; and the king gave him an order on the treasury for £20,000 to pay off this mortgage. But more of this park. The timber belonged to the crown, and the Commissioners of the Admiralty wished to cut it down for the navy. Clarendon was highly exasperated, and abused the Commissioners roundly. One of them, Pepys, after advising with his friend Lord Sandwich, waited on the Chancellor to propitiate him, who, while he took care not to commit himself, made Pepys understand that the Commissioners must report of the timber, *that there was none*—"Lord," adds poor Pepys, "to see how we poor wretches dare not do the king good service for fear of the greatness of these men."

Clarendon, moreover—it is now well known from d'Estrade's papers—originated the sale of Dunkirk, and was most anxious about the terms, and the closing of the bargain. The Parliament were ready to take it off the king's hands, but he declined—money, money was the object. But would Clarendon have been so zealous to conclude the sale, against the wishes of Parliament, if he was to have no share? It seems improbable—coupled too with the fact of his building immediately after the sale a magnificent place in Piccadilly, at an expence of £50,000. Where was Clarendon to get this large sum—within three years of his holding office? The house and grounds covered the space now occupied by Dover Street and Albemarle Street. It was called by the populace generally Dunkirk House, and sometimes Holland House, from a belief of his having been bribed by the Dutch; at all events, the persuasion was, the money was unfairly come by, and of course it was. Had Clarendon been in possession of honourable resources—they would have been known—no suspicions would have been raised—nor would there have been any cause for guessing.

So much for his rapacity and corruption: let us now turn to his political conduct; and without dwelling on his well-known advice to the king to govern without parliaments, and do as Queen Elizabeth did, which for any thing he could see, the king was well able to do—without insisting on his reply to Glencairn and Rothes, who came to court to complain of Lauderdale's intolerable oppressions, and were referred by the king to his minister—that "the assaulting of a minister, as long as he had an interest with the king, was a practice that never could be approved:—it was one of the uneasy things that a House of Commons of England sometimes ventured on, which was ungrateful to the court"—without adverting farther to these matters, let us attend to the great measures of his administration. He was the undoubted adviser and framer of the declaration of Breda, which promised religious freedom in the largest terms. Yet this very man was the chief instigator of the subsequent persecutions. The king and the ministers were in favour of concessions to the Presbyterians; but Clarendon stood up against them, backed by the bishops. The first pretence was seized upon—Venner's mad enterprise in the city; sham plots were got up to excite alarms, and generate hatreds, preparatory to the introduction of the Act of Unifor-

mity. The first step was the Corporation Act in 1661, by which every member was required to make a declaration against the lawfulness of taking up arms against the king on any pretence whatever, and to qualify by communion—and thus all non-conformists—that is, those who were not of the church—were deprived of a large portion of their civil rights. Then followed the Act of Uniformity—directed against the ministers, by which 2,000 were rejected from their livings. Sheldon, the archbishop, a close friend of Clarendon's, in reply to Dr. Allen's—"pity the door is so strait," answered, "if we had thought so many would have conformed, we would have made it straiter."

This measure was entirely Clarendon's and the bishops, Even Southampton said, "If a similar oath were exacted from the laity, he would refuse." But this was not enough for the Chancellor; he wanted to entrap the laity as well; and, in 1664, accordingly brought in the Conventicle Act, by which five or more persons, beyond the family, were forbidden to assemble for worship in any private house otherwise than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England—under a penalty of five pounds, and three months imprisonment; doubled the second time; transportation the third; and death for returning. And this hideous law was enforced with extraordinary severity—though nothing surely was ever less called for.

Clarendon—and the bishops—were not yet satisfied. In 1665 came forth the Five-mile Act, by which non-conformist ministers were prohibited from coming within five miles of any place, where they had ever preached, unless on taking the corporation oath, with the additional clause against any attempt to change the government either in church or state. The lords were vehement against the bill, but the bishops, a compact body, carried it. The oath was generally refused. Under these persecutions 60,000 suffered, and 5,000 died in prison. "After Clarendon's fall," Baxter says, "though the laws were rendered even more severe, yet they were more tolerable, because they were no longer executed so unrelentingly and implacably."

So much also for the Chancellor's cruelty and tyranny. But Mr. Ellis still sticks close to his skirts; and dwells upon his encouraging the attempts to assassinate Cromwell, particularly Colonel Titus's; the act he passed on the subject of Charles II.'s religion; and the blasphemous comparison he makes on his speaking of Charles I. &c. With respect to the second matter, he knew Charles II. was a Catholic; and yet in July 1661, he passed an act subjecting to the penalty of præmunire, any who should affirm the king was a Catholic.

We have thus given the pith of Mr. Ellis's book, which is a very respectable performance—superior to his former production, where he was indebted to De Lort for his materials. Here every thing is the fruit of his own researches.

Tales of the Harem, by Mrs. Pickersgill; 1827.—The fair inmates of the Harem, like monks and nuns, are well known to the writers and readers of oriental fancies, to be the especial victims of ennui. The voluptuary dedicated to raptures, and the devotee to penance, illustrate, once more, how closely extremes conduct to the same result. The lord of the seraglio was once absent on a hostile expedition, and the many beautiful creatures, whose mournful destiny it was to derive all their excitement from his casual smiles, were languishing in their monotony of sweets. Story-telling, the immemorial resort of indolence, was at length determined on by the drooping party to cheat the creeping hours; and the present volume is presumed to have been the fruit of the experiment.

The versification of this little production is of the smoothest, easiest, and most flowing description—the very milk and honey of language—and a considerable degree of interest is thrown over the event of each tale. The sentiments are all of the unexceptionable kind, and the descriptions of scenery distinct and vivid—the execution is often brilliant—*materiam superat opus.*

Spring and summer are the only seasons for this kind of thing to be fairly appreciated, while all our feelings are attuned to the soft and enervating—the publication is therefore well-timed. We cannot bear even Lallah Rookh before May, nor later than July; and Lallah Rookh must be considered as the great exemplar of a school of which this little volume is a very close and successful imitation.

It is no easy matter to select a morsel possessed of that distinct, insulated beauty, which is requisite for such as would run while they read, and are too impatient to have to master the whole plot of a story for the sake of estimating the sample. We must content ourselves therefore with the commencement of the Witch of Hymlaya:—

> Fair was the eve; the sun's last beam
> Shone gently on the dark-blue stream,
> Mingling his tender streaks of red
> With the pure rays the pale moon shed.
> Ne'er, save beneath an eastern sky,
> Is seen so fair, so sweet an hour,
> When Nature's self rests silently,
> In soft repose, on shrub and flower;

Nought broke that lovely stillness, save
The distant plashing of the wave,
When the light bark, with dripping oar,
Darted to reach the distant shore;
Or music's thrilling notes, that fell
On the cool breeze, and woke a spell,
So heavenly, that the listening ear
Had thought some wandering spirit near.

Perchance the sweet Sitara's chords
Were struck by one who felt the pain,
That never could be told by words,
But floated sweetly in that strain.
None ever viewed a scene so fair
As those who haply lingered there,
And marked the horizon's vivid glow,
The mountain's summit clad in snow;
And where the broad-leaved plantain shone
Near the slight palm-tree's fan-like crown,
The banian's hospitable shade,
By reproductive branches made,
Lending its kindly shelter still,
From noontide heat, or midnight chill;
Groves where the feathery cocoa grew,
Glittering with eve's wan lucid dew.
A thousand birds, on sportive wing,
Made vocal every bending spray;
With varied notes they seemed to sing
Soft vespers to the parting day.
The pale moon there her crescent hung,
And o'er the waves a splendour flung
More mild and lovely than the beam
The mid-day sun flings on the stream,

'Twas on the eve the Hindoos lave,
Like sea-born Rhemba, in the wave
Their solemn rites, and spells prepare,
Invoking Beauty's goddess there,
In many a wild and deep-toned dirge,
Resounding o'er the sacred surge.
There troops of girls, with tresses flowing,
In youth's first pride of beauty glowing,
Plunged in the tide, in youthful play,
Dashing around the river's spray;
Their slender polished limbs they lave,
Like naiads, in the liquid wave.

One, lower down the stream retired,
In richer, costlier garb attired,
Her lone devotions there to pay,
Lit by the moon's auspicious ray.
Her flowing veil was thrown aside,
Unbound her dark and shining hair,
And, ere she touched the silvery tide,
She cast her votive offerings there.
Those who had seen her well might deem
She was the goddess of the stream,
When first she, from the foamy sea,
Rose Beauty's own bright deity.
One sole attendant, near the shore,
A dark-eyed youthful Hindoo slave,
Wrapped in her arms an infant bore,
To bathe in Ganga's holy wave;
For, in the health-bestowing stream,
Beauty's first gem was said to glow;
For this, beneath the moon's pale beam,
She offered up her lonely vow.

An Essay on the War Gallies of the Ancients, by John Howell; 1827.—The very intelligent and ingenious author of this essay is we believe an engineer in Scotland, who, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Academy, embodied his conceptions of the ancient gallies in a model, now in the possession of the directors.

The ancients had vessels, which they distinguished by the terms monocrota and polycrota, by which, etymologically, appear to have been meant vessels with one set, and with many sets of oars. These polycrota were specifically spoken of as biremes, triremes, quadriremes, quinqueremes, &c., according as they had two, three, four, five, &c. sets of oars—up to 10—to 16, and in one memorable instance to 40—a vessel of immense bulk, built by Hiero of Syracuse, and sent as a present to Ptolemy Philopator. The question under discussion—and which has occupied the attention of scholars, and sometimes of mechanics, ever since the revival of literature—is—how were these different sets, rows, banks, tiers—call them what you will—placed in the vessels? No vessel has survived the wreck of time; and the representations still extant either on the columns of Rome, or on the walls of Herculaneum, are all in too obscure, or too dilapidated a state to assist in solving the difficulty.

The first notion that presents itself to almost every reader, is, that they were placed one above another; and so long as only vessels of two or three banks of oars are spoken of, no difficulty startles him; but when the number mounts to five and six—and still more, to ten and twenty—these higher numbers were rarely used—common sense is astounded. Supposing them for a moment to be so placed—and that the lowest tier be three feet from the water, and the length of the oars from the side of the vessel to the water six feet, and the space between each tier five feet—this arrangement will place the upper tier of a quinquereme twenty-three feet above the water, and make the length of the oar forty-six feet—a length apparently unmanageable, and at all events one of double or triple that length must be so. The length could not be reduced, unless the upper tiers were placed farther apart. But these vessels were called longæ naves; and the more oars, the *longer* were the ships, manifestly—not the *higher*.

The second solution is that the different banks of oars were ranged not one above another, but in one line along the side of the galley—the first in her bows, the second in her waist, and the third in her stern—supposing the case of a trireme;—and if of greater rank, the different banks were still added on the same line from prow to poop at intervals. Though supported by Stewechius and Castilionius, this scheme is so obviously at variance with almost every passage that could be quoted, that it scarcely deserves attention.

The difficulties of height and length may be thus gotten rid of, but evidently at the sacrifice of space and power; and besides, the polycrota would thus not essentially be distinguishable from the monocrota.

The third mode of arrangement is the one suggested by Sir Henry Savill, who supposes the oars not to be placed one above another, nor in a line from stem to stern, but in an obliqne manner from the sides of the galley towards the middle of it. The only advantage of this method is, reducing the height, which the first method required, but then it would require more width; and from the great distance from the side at which the rowers of the upper tiers would be placed, the range of the oar must be proportionally lessened, or the oar lengthened beyond ready management.

The fourth hypothesis is quite distinct from the rest. It supposes the names of the vessels to be derived, not from the number of banks, or tiers of oars, but the number of men who worked each oar. Thus the trireme had its oars of a size to be worked by three men, a quinquereme by five, &c. The difficulties attending this solution are obvious and insuperable. It leaves no room for the known distinction between a monocroton and a polycroton; and in the case of vessels of ten, twenty, and forty—how could so great a number be advantageously employed at one oar? The man nearest the end of the oar could pull no further than the full stretch of his arms, and those near the sides of the vessel would be absolutely useless. The scheme, however, was spoken of respectfully by many, and among others by Isaac Vossius, whose imagination was, indeed, at all times, delighted with paradox and novelty of any kind.

But Vossius himself had a plan of his own—adopted also by Le Roy, and which in one respect at least must be regarded as suggesting to Mr. Howell his own solution. These gentlemen place the oars not directly over one another, but obliquely—and not like Sir H. Savill, from the sides towards the middle, but along the sides from the top to the bottom—still however making as many banks, rising one higher than the other, as the name of the vessel indicates. This of course partakes of the difficulties of the first solution—particularly in the higher numbers.

There is still one more—excogitated by General Melville, and differing from Vossius's only in this—that he allows but one man to each oar, and carries out a galley from the side of the vessel at an angle of 45 degrees for the rowers and scalmi, or rests of the oars—an arrangement which must render the vessel too crank, that is apt to overset, and difficult to trim.

Now what is Mr. Howell's suggestion? To place the oars obliquely along the sides as Vossius, Le Roy, and Melville; but never more than five in one tier. This is a polycroton; a second oblique row placed behind the first, just so far as to allow the oars to play without intermingling with those before them, constitutes a bireme—a third row, a trireme, &c. Thus the vessels, whatever be the number of oars, may be all of the same height—none, in Mr. Howell's opinion, exceeded nine feet; and all the oars were in the ship's waist—thus leaving the stern and prow, and a gallery round the gunnel free for officers, troops, and the rest of the crew. A trireme will thus carry thirty oars, fifteen of a side; a quinquereme fifty, twenty-five of a side. The crews of vessels are occasionally mentioned in the old writers, that of a trireme for instance, as consisting of 150 or 160. Supposing then five men to an oar, $30 \times 5 = 150$; and the remaining ten for casualties, steering, handling sails, &c., will make up the number. A quinquereme is spoken of as having 300; that is, $5 \times 50 = 250$, or as the vessel is larger, six to an oar, or five to some and six to others, will make up the complement—which thus tallies better than any solution that has ever been given. The only difficulty in Mr. Howell's solution is to determine that a bank, bench, or tier of oars always consisted of five—neither more nor less. Mr. Howell thinks this may be proved, but does not himself suggest any evidence towards it, and we can recal nothing approaching the decisive. That each vessel was named from the number of its sets of oars, each set also determinate in number, is to our minds clear from this remarkable circumstance, that no where is the number of oars specified, whatever be the size of the vessel—as being a matter known to every body, and requiring no mention. That the oars again were worked by five or six men is highly probable—the modern gallies of France and Spain are all so worked. We give the author the benefit of his own concluding words:—

> If I have been successful, I have made it plain that the ancient polycrota had not more than five oars, ascending in an oblique line, which the ancient authors called a bank or rank of oars; that the vessel had her name from the number of these extending from the prow to the poop; that each galley, according to her bulk, had a proportionate number of rowers placed at each oar, classed according to the place he pulled at that oar, and not the place on the bank; that the first ships (meaning the monocrota) were entirely uncovered; and that the objects the ancients had in view (in the polycrota) was to obtain an elevated deck at prow and poop, from whence to annoy the enemy.

In our narrow space, and without the aid of diagrams, we can give but a very imperfect view of the matter; but we can assure those of our readers, who feel any curiosity about the subject, the book itself will repay the trouble of perusal.

Life of Judge Jeffreys, by Humphry W. Woolrych; 1827.—Of Jeffreys, the prevailing impression—derived not from any precise acquaintance with his history, but hereditarily, or from allusions and current phrases scattered hither and thither in half the books we meet with—is that of a man, who exercised the office of judge with a cruel severity; and the distinct instance and proof of cruelty, is his execution of the extraordinary commission with which he was invested for punishing the adherents of Monmouth in the West—proverbially spoken of as his compaign against the rebels. The impression, as far as it goes, is unquestionably a correct one; nor will any part of his career belie it. As a pleader, a judge, a chancellor, an ecclesiastical commissioner, he was a "bold, bad man," with the fewest relieving points, in any thing approaching the amiable and humane, of any man's character perhaps upon record. Throughout his whole course there was the same insolence and brutality, with the accompanying characteristics—which indeed never fail them—of sneakingness and servility, where he was boldly fronted, and where the great or influential stood before him. He has found in Mr. Woolrych a biographer, with all the disposition in the world to white-wash him, could he discover the brightening materials; but all are of too dark a hue; and he is too honest to fabricate, and too frank to suppress; but hope seems never to desert him, and he is ready to catch at shadows on the chance of finding a palliative.

Jeffreys was the son of a Welsh gentleman of respectability, with a considerable family, and was destined by his parent for trade. He was sent to Shrewsbury school; and from thence to St. Paul's, and finally to Westminster, under the vigorous birch of Dr. Busby. Quitting school, his desires—from what cause does not appear, nor is it very material—a dream of his is suggested—were turned towards the law, but were resisted by the father. Seeing the restless and turbulent temper of the boy, the old gentleman predicted he would die in his shoes and stockings—meaning, he would get into difficulties and be hanged. Luckily for young Jeffreys, his grandmother took a fancy to him, and enabled him to indulge his early inclinations; and he was accordingly entered of the Inner Temple, at fifteen. He was a forward youth, and quickly got into society, and made himself agreeable by his pranks, his impudence, and eating and drinking powers. Accident threw him chiefly among the grumblers of the day—among the Presbyterians, who had often very good reason for grumbling—he was welcomed as a clever, ready lad, likely one day or other to prove useful—invited, and assisted, when his purse ran low, during his noviciate. The commencement of his public career was equally accidental and precocious. At the Kingstone Assizes, during the plague in 1666—where, though there was no dearth of causes and criminals, there was actually a dearth of lawyers—young Jeffreys, then only eighteen, was allowed to plead, two years before he was regularly called to the bar.

Once dubbed a barrister, he began to frequent Hickes's Hall, Guildhall, and the inferior courts, and was quickly pushed by his friends, or pushed himself by his forwardness, mixed with a good deal of cunning and adroitness, into considerable business. Circumstances thus bringing him into contact with the citizens, he laboured zealously to make an interest in the corporation, and so successfully, that he obtained the appointment of common sergeant at twenty-three. In the pursuit of an heiress, about this time, the daughter of one of the city noblesse, he was, however, less successful. He had employed the agency of a poor relation of the lady's, who, by her officiousness in the business, lost the favour of the family; and Jeffreys—to console her and himself perhaps for their respective disappointments—actually married her. This act is marked by the biographer as an instance of generosity—or, at worst, of a careless yielding to his fancy, unbiassed by the impulse of avarice. Of course his motives for this act are beyond our reach; they may have been good, bad, or indifferent, but cannot surely—unless something were really known about them—be fairly the subject of panegyric.

The party who brought Jeffreys in, were of course his friends—the Presbyterians; but about this time, by what means does not appear, he became the associate of a very different set, particularly of the younger Chiffinch, the king's closet-keeper, and purveyor of his pleasures, and through him apparently was introduced to the Duchess of Portsmouth. By these honourable approaches he came within the purlieus of the court, and paved his way to the recordership of the city—the object of his ambition—in the appointment of which—that being then with the government—his old friends could be of little service. The city, too, was now on good terms with the court, and Jeffreys made no scruple of ratting, without the ceremony of any gradations. In 1677, he was knighted—on what occasion is a mystery; but missed the recordership on the removal of Howell. The next year, 1678, however, on the promotion of Sir Wm. Dolben, he attained to the honour of being the "mouthpiece" of the city; and about the same time, within three months of the death of his first wife, he married the daughter—herself a widow—of an alderman, who had passed the chair. The lady was brought to bed somewhat prema-

turely, which gave occasion to a great deal of coarse witticism among the ribbald scribblers of the day, and subjected him to a retort in court, where he told a woman, who had been a little pert, that she was "quick in her answers"—"quick as I am (says she) I am not so quick as your lady, Sir George."

By this advance to the recordership, he became more conspicuous in the courts, and seized upon every opportunity of distinction—especially in shewing his zeal and devotion for the government. He was engaged on the side of the crown, in the popish trials, in the case of Coleman—of Green, Berry, and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey—of Langhorn and the Jesuits; but in the midst of great virulence of speech and violence of manner—not, to be sure, exceeding that of the bench, and this is alleged as an excuse by his biographer—he shewed himself anxious for the preservation of the legal system of evidence, and steadily resisted the admission of hear-say witnesses.

In the prosecutions for libel, he was equally zealous with the well-known Chief Justice Scroggs; and particularly when Carr was convicted, amidst the hisses of the crowd, of publishing the "weekly packet of advice from Rome," and Scroggs, annoyed by this expression of the public feeling, exclaimed to the jury—"You have done like honest men," the recorder echoed with great vivacity—"They have done like honest men."

Honours now dropped thick upon him. In 1680 he was "called" serjeant, and appointed a Welsh judge; and quickly afterwards contrived to oust the chief justice of Wales, and take his place. Within a few months he was made king's serjeant, and the following year a baronet, and solicitor general to the Duke of York. This last appointment brought him near the person of the duke, and was the source of his future distinctions. He left no stone unturned to serve his new patron, who was himself glad enough of any sturdy supporter. The exclusionists were in full activity, and gave Jeffreys ample opportunity of shewing his zeal. Through the successive prorogations of parliament he was among the most conspicuous of the anti-petitioners—in opposition to those who petitioned for the assembling of parliament—who went by the name of abhorrers. But soon the necessities of the crown brought the parliament together again, and no time was lost by the popular party of turning upon the abhorrers, among the most active of whom was the recorder. An address to the crown for his dismissal was voted; he himself was brought to the house, and reprimanded on his knees; and being frightened from all propriety, he—craven-like—resigned the recordership, and was laughed at for his pains by the king, in whose eyes he lost credit, as a man not parliament-proof; and was burnt in effigy along with the devil and the pope, by the populace of the city, with whom his judicial intemperance had made him no favourite.

Thus driven backward some steps in his career, he made attempts to rejoin his old party; but they suspected him and repelled his overtures: and no resource was left him but sticking steadily by the crown, and making up for lost time by more activity. Though fallen, he fell upon his legs; he was still not without influence; he lost nothing for want of looking after it; and was soon, though to the sacrifice of some portion of his practice, made chairman of Hickes's Hall. Here he quickly again distinguished himself, and took his revenge on the Presbyterians—whom on another occasion he said he could smell forty miles off—by absolutely excluding them from juries. He was supported by the judges in this exclusion. Luckily for him, he got employed in Fitzharris's case, where he roared lustily against the unfortunate and indiscreet spy; and again, successively in the trials of Plunket, the titular archbishop, and College, he was still rougher, meeting occasionally himself with rubs and rebuffs from judge, counsel, and witnesses, but parrying all with no ordinary dexterity; and finally fought himself up once more into the favourable notice of the court.

Jeffreys had had his revenge upon the dissenters; and an opportunity was soon flung in his way of wreaking it upon the city. The city had opposed the court in the matter of sheriffs, and some rioting had ensued. In the trial of the old sheriffs, Pilkington and Shute, with the rioters, Jeffrey's opinion was appealed to, as a man who knew the city, and the abilities of the parties to pay fines; and he did not forget to lay them heavily on his enemies. But his great triumph was in the quo warranto cause, by which the city was called upon, in consequence of its resistance to the wishes of the court, to prove the validity of the charter—and lost it—undoubtedly on the suggestion of Jeffreys.

One of the last causes, in which he was engaged as a pleader, was Lord William Russel's, in which he forgot his old rules of evidence, for which he had once so laudably stickled, and was ready enough to support the doctrine of hear-say evidence of the most doubtful kind. In September 1783, he was made chief justice, on the death of Sanders, and a privy counsellor. In this elevated station, he presided at the trial of Algernon Sidney. The new judge's wrong, in this case, was not—as the prisoner charged—in refusing to hear his defence, but in listening to inadmissible evidence, and mischarging the jury; and on these grounds it was the

attainder was afterwards reversed. Jeffreys' violence in the case of Armstrong, the biographer, who has a sharp eye for palliatives, attributes to a severe fit of the stone. In the cabinet, to gratify his patron the Duke of York, he proposed the release of the recusants, but was successfully opposed by the keeper, North.

On the accession of James, Jeffreys was made a peer; and very shortly afterwards had his revenge upon Oates, in a trial for perjury—who on a former occasion had twitted him with his reprimand in the house—by inflicting on him a sentence of extraordinary severity; and in the case of Baxter, his rankling hatred against the Presbyterians had a sweet indulgence. Now came on Monmouth's rebellion; and Jeffreys' extraordinary commission, as judge and general, for the suppression and punishment of the rebels in the West. But this is all so well known, as to make any detail quite superfluous; 351 are said to have been executed, and many hundreds transported. The sums pocketed by the judge, for commutations, were immense; though the court doubtless shared the spoil. The money exacted from the parents of the twenty-six girls, who, at a school, and under the direction of the mistress, had worked a banner for Monmouth—in sums of £50, and £110, was given to the queen's maids of honour. The biographer makes a question, whether Jeffreys or his master were most to blame for the severity exercised by the judge under this commission, and sums up the case against the king thus:—

> King James put Monmouth to death, and then sent out his chief justice to punish some western rebels. He refused to respite Lady Lisle for a day, because he had promised the said judge that he would not do so. Either he sent out an order to save the prisoners, after 351 were hung—or he made a judge, who had disobeyed his orders, Lord High Chancellor of England, tarnished as that person must have been with a very massacre, if he had no orders for his conduct. The king moreover made a present of a rich man (Prideaux) to the said judge, and permitted the members of his court to enrich themselves at the expence of some poor western widows.

But what tells trumpet-tongued against Jeffreys, is his *insisting* upon the miserable conditions he did with respect to Lady Lisle and Mr. Prideaux; his brutal exultations at the numbers he had slain;—and, be the king's wishes what they might, the impossibility of executing them without such a wretch to carry them into effect. Jeffreys said he was "snubbed at" for not doing more; but what credit is to be given to this declaration, when he was welcomed by the seals on his return?

As chancellor, he was still Jeffreys, and before two months had passed over his head, he accepted £6,000 of Hampden for procuring his pardon. For his subsequent career as chief of the "High Commission"—for his treatment of the universities and the bishops, in all which he was the ready tool of the court, we have no space. A few days before his flight, the king took the great seal from Jeffreys—not actually dismissing him; but Jeffreys had lost ground with him by adhering to the Church; and he had said, the "chancellor was an ill man, and had done many ill things." In the confusion that followed James's flight, the chancellor had a narrow escape from the vengeance of the mob; and was placed for security in the tower—where a charge of high treason was laid against him; but he died before he was brought to trial, at the age of 41. So early began and ended his mischievous and profligate course.

The biographer is apparently an unpractised hand. Things are not always in their places; the anecdotes have little point in them; nor are the sentiments always well sustained. But it is an honest book;—the writer speaks his convictions freely, and sometimes forcibly.

The Annual Peerage of the British Empire; 1827.—In so aristocratic a country as England, where so much real worship—in the midst of abundance of professed contempt for what the very worshippers affect to call silly idolatry—is directly or indirectly paid to rank and titles, a peerage is a vade-mecum perfectly indispensible. "Peerages" of course there are in plenty—how many we know not—but with the fast spreading demand, no wonder new ones should start from new candidates, with claims fresh and fresh upon our admiration. Accordingly here are three sister ladies—the very graces doubtless of genealogy—Anne, Eliza, and Maria Innes, who, very harmlessly it may be thought, very acceptably no doubt to others, and to their own infinite delight in the fascinating and certainly not unsuitable occupation, have busied themselves in getting up, under Mr. Murray's auspices, a pair of new and beautiful volumes, tastefully decorated, with delicate shadings and brilliant gildings—all smooth and glistering—not to leave a stain on the purest white kid, that kisses the sweet little hands which may be destined to grasp them.

With so much eagerness and avidity was the attractive manual seized by the admiring devotees, that the first edition was actually exhausted in three little weeks; and such rapacity on the part of the tufted and tuft-hunting circles has of course whetted the industry of the fair and surely wondering trio to administer still farther to the fond appetite, and make it grow by what it feeds on. Behold the sweets, which the blessed possessors of the second and improved edition will find to tickle their palates.

"The work embraces the parentage

births, marriages, and issue of all living members of each family descended in the male line from the first peer, or in case of a barony in fee, from the marriage, by which the honour passed into the family now in possession. In peerages of very recent creation, the living and married brothers and sisters of the first peer, and the descendants from the brothers are included. All individuals who have married are retained so long as any member of their generation survives. All who have died unmarried are omitted, unless one or other of the parents is living, or unless the individual was heir-apparent to the title."

Every member of a family occupies a distinct paragraph; and what, it seems, is worthy of notice, all the males of each family appear in the work in the rotation in which they would be called to the inheritance of the title. The names of those who are known to be deceased are printed in italics.

When a collateral branch is introduced, all its subsequent descendants are denominated by their relationship to the present head of the branch, and not, as in other cases, to the existing peer.

The whole peerage is distinguished by its three grand divisions into English, Scotch, and Irish—"thus avoiding the perplexity which the more strictly correct subdivisions of the first class into peerages of England, of Great Britain, and of the United Kingdom."

The titles of the peer are given at the head of each article, but the actual title only is expressed, without adding the place from whence it is taken. As some compensation, however, the christian names are printed in capitals.

"In the successions of the respective peerages a difference will, in many instances, be found between the present computation and that hitherto in use; peeresses in their own right not having formerly been taken into the account (shocking!) as they are in this publication; and in cases of attainted peerages now restored, and those which have been dormant, the persons who are entitled to them by inheritance are also reckoned, but this is always noticed in its place."

Some very ingenious and some very effective abbreviations will also be found in references—for instance, instead of the round-about "Admiral the Honourable John Forbes, second son of George, third Earl of Granard," you have "Admiral the Honourable John Forbes of GRANARD"—and if you want to know any more of him and his genealogy, you must turn to the family of Granard, where he will appear at full length. The word "dec." also is affixed to the name of any dead person, instead of "the late."

The whole peerage is thrown into *one* alphabetical arrangement; but to mark the legal order of precedence, a list is prefixed, according to seniority of creation.

The family of Saxe Coburg Saalfield—"a novelty in an English work of this nature." Another novelty, by the way—all the STILL-BORNS are enumerated.—Vide Grantham family.

But the bishops—we declare the treatment is scandalous, particularly of the plebeian ones. Just one line a piece for the name and date of appointment, unless they have had the luck of translations. Not a word for the ladies—nor for sons and daughters. Just as if they had none to bless themselves with. Nor even the date of their birth—how are expectants to calculate the day of their death?

Elements of Geometry, with Notes, by J. R. Young. Baldwin, London. 1827.—The same sort of boundless respect for the name and example of a great man, which led our countrymen to overlook for so many years the progress which science had made upon the Continent, has occasioned their almost universal adherence to the Elements of Euclid; and while many introductory treatises on geometry have appeared from the foreign press, very few indeed have issued from our own. None have equalled the Greek mathematician in rigorous demonstration. In perspicuity he has no rival—except, perhaps, in the part of his work which treats of geometrical proportion. This is abstruse, and subtle, and intricate. The doctrine of proportion, as connected with geometry, must necessarily be so. Hence Legendre has excluded the consideration of it from his Elements, leaving all knowledge of the subject to be acquired from numerical proportion. This is a defect which Mr. Young has ably supplied. Indeed, we have never seen a work so free from pretension, and of such great merit. We will briefly mention a few points wherein it is superior to all similar productions:—

In reference to the general plan of the work (observes the author), I have taken a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the Elements of Geometry than I believe has hitherto been done; as I have paid particular attention to the converse of every proposition throughout these elements—having demonstrated the converse wherever such demonstration was possible, and in other cases shewn that it necessarily failed.

By introducing the well known and very elegant proposition of Da Cunha, the theory of parallel lines is rendered free from ambiguity. Of the improvements in the doctrine of proportion we have already spoken. Of the demonstrations throughout the work, some are new, and the rest judiciously selected. Various fallacies latent in the reasonings of some celebrated mathematicians, both of ancient and modern date, are pointed out, and discussed in a tone of calm moderation, which

we regret to say is not always employed in the scientific world. One of these—a proposition in Simpson's Geometry, which has been for upwards of seventy years received as genuine, and adopted by more modern geometers, we may venture to particularize. If two triangles have one angle in the one equal to one angle in the other, and the sides about either of the other angles proportional, then will the triangles be equi-angular, provided these last angles be either both less or both greater than right angles. This is most satisfactorily proved to be false. We conclude with saying, that we have never seen a work so admirably calculated to accomplish the purpose for which it was designed—to supply all the wants of the student in geometry with the least expenditure of time, and, in a manner, free from ambiguity, vigorous and elegant.

Ursino, Dr. G. F.. Logarithmi VI. *Decimalium scilicet numerorum ab* 1 *ad* 100,000 *et sinuum et Tangentium ad* 10″, *&c. &c. &c. Christianæ.*—When we first saw these tables, we were at a loss to conceive the use of publishing a set extending only to 100,000, and to six places of decimals. A closer inspection has convinced us that, from the extreme accuracy with which they are printed, there are none so well adapted for general purposes; while, in the clearness and size of the type, they possess a recommendation which can be appreciated by those alone who are familiar with logarithmic calculations. While Mr. Babbage's Tables are requisite for all the more delicate investigations of science, we shall expect to see those of Ursinus employed in all the numerical operations of ordinary life.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 17.—W. H. White, Esq. was ejected from the society. A paper was read, "on the secondary deflection produced in a magnetized needle by an iron shell, in consequence of an unequal distribution of magnetism in its two branches, discovered by Captain Wilson, by P. Barlow, Esq." Also another, "on the difference of meridians of the royal observatories of Greenwich and Paris, by T. Henderson, Esq." This gentleman has detected an error of one second, committed at Greenwich, in the reduction of the observations made officially for determining the differences of longitude of these two places, which amounts, in all probability, to 9ʰ·21″·5. A letter was read from Mr. Rumker of Paramatta, giving an account of several series of observations made at the observatory there.—24. The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne was elected into the society; and a paper read, "on destroying the fire-damp in mines by the chloride of lime, by F. Fincham, Esq., by sprinkling the chloride of lime in places where the fire-damp had gathered." This gentleman has succeeded in rendering part of Bradford colliery, where explosions were frequently taking place, exempt from danger. A paper was also read, "on some properties of heat, by R. W. Fox, Esq."—31. E. W. Pendarves, Esq., M. P.; Lieut.-Col. Miller; Major-Gen. Wavell, and Dr. Harwood were admitted members of the society. A paper was communicated, "on the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them, by J. Walker, Esq." Also, "corrections of the pendulum depending on the value of the divisions of the level of the small repeating circle, as recently ascertained by the experiments of Captain Skater, by Captain E. Sabine." Also a paper, "on the effect produced on the air-cells of the lungs when the circulation is too much increased, by Sir E. Home."—June 16. W. J. Guthrie, Esq., was admitted a fellow; and a paper read, "on the ultimate composition of simple alimentary substances, with some preliminary remarks on the the analysis of organized bodies in general, by Dr. Prout."

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

May 21.—A favourable report was delivered by M. M. de Prony, Molard, and Girard, on a model of a carriage with a moveable pole, invented by M. Van Hoorich, and on which principle several coaches are now being constructed for the public conveyance. M. Arago communicated a memoir of Mr. Cowper, Professor at Kasan, on different questions relative to the magnetism of the globe. M. Giron de Buzareingues, a correspondent, read a memoir, entitled "Experiments and Observations on the Reproduction of Domestic Animals." A botanical communication was received from M. Broget, naturalist at the Isle of France.—28. M. M. Gay Lussa, and Thenard reported on a memoir of M. Polydore Boullay, concerning the double iodures which is to be inserted in the collection of papers by persons who are not members. M. M. Thenard and Chevreul reported on a memoir of M. Bonastie on a combination of the volatile oils. This gentleman was recommended to continue his labours.—June 4. M. Arago read an extract from a letter of M. Brunel to M. Delessart, relative to the proceedings in the tunnel under the Thames. M. Cagnard de Latour read a note on the two kinds of vibration of the artificial glottis.—11. The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes was held this day; when the mathematical prize was awarded to M. M. Colladon and Sturen of Geneva. La Lande's astronomical prize

was divided between M. Pons, director of the observatory at Florence, and M. Gambart, of that of Marseille, for having observed or calculated the three last comets. M. Montyon's prize in experimental philosophy was bestowed on M. Adolphe Brongniart. Two prizes were given for improvements in the healing art to M. M. Pelletier and Caventon, who discovered the sulphate of quinine; and to M. Civiale, who first succeeded in breaking the stone in the bladder, and has continued the practice with success. Several medals of encouragement were bestowed for minor considerations. The prize in statistics was equally divided between M. M. Braylo and Cardeau. After these prizes had been distributed, and the subjects proposed for the ensuing year, an historical eulogium would have been pronounced upon M. Charles, who is principally known for the invention of balloons which were substituted for those of Montgolfier, by M. Tourier; but that gentleman was too ill to attend. M. C. Dupin explained the statistical researches in reference to the cabals of the north and south of France, and drew a comparison between the means of executing them in the reign of Louis XIV. and at present. M. G. Cuvier then read an historical panegyric upon Conizart; and M. Cordier communicated an extract from his memoir on the interior temperature of the globe. There was not time to allow the panegyric of M. Penil, by M. G. Cuvier, being read.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

August's Psychrometer.—A German philosopher, of the name of August, when comparing the temperature produced by evaporation and that of the circumambient air at the same time—or, in other words, comparing the difference of temperature indicated by a moistened and a dry thermometer with the difference of temperature of the interior and exterior thermometer of Daniel's hygrometer, or the diminution of temperature necessary to produce a deposition of dew—found that the first was very nearly and pretty constantly the half of the second, at the moment of condensation. This ratio being established, it is only necessary to compare a moistened thermometer with a plain one to determine the variable quantity of water contained in the atmosphere. A particular combination of the instruments for facilitating these observations, M. A. has named a psychrometer, from ψυχρος (cold). The nearer the temperature indicated by the two thermometers constituting the psycrometer approach, the more moist will the air be; and twice the difference of the two indications will tell how much the temperature should be lowered to produce condensation of the atmospheric vapours. The ratio between the psychrometer and Daniel's hygrometer is not, however, absolutely constant and universal, and holds good exactly only in the ordinary state of the barometer (from 331 to 340 Parisian lines), and at mean temperatures (from 10 to 24 Reaumur). The mathematical formula of M. August, for expressing the quantity of vapour contained in the air, is

$$e = \frac{e' - \frac{\gamma}{\delta\lambda}(b - e')(t - t')}{1 + \frac{k}{\lambda}(t - t')}$$

e being the tension of the atmospheric vapour, or its expansive force; t the temperature of the air; t' the cold produced by the evaporation of a moistened thermometer; e' the maximum tension of the vapour, corresponding to the temperature t', and reduced to the state of the barometer; b the height of the barometer, expressed by unity at 0°, the same as the tension of the vapour; γ the specific heat of dry air, =0·2669, according to Kiot; k that of the aqueous vapour, =2·847; δ the density of the vapour, compared with that of dry air, =0·62349 (Kiot); λ the latent heat of vapour, according to M. Gay Lussac, 550° of the centigrade scale. M. August observes, that Daniel's hygrometer cannot exactly indicate the quantity of vapour contained in the atmosphere, because the exterior surface of the instrument has constantly a higher temperature than is indicated by the interior thermometer. The error is greater, as the difference between the temperature of the point of precipitation and that of the air is greater—disadvantages, to which the psychrometer is not liable. The indications, however, of this latter instrument are greater in the sun than in the shade—an effect arising from the radiation of heat. The same results are observable in the morning and in the evening. Whether this instrument can be employed in winter, the inventor has not yet determined. At all events, it is necessary to substitute for the value of λ=550° λ=550°+75° =625° if there be a formation of ice. In general, the indications will be more perfect as the values of γ and k shall be better known. The approximative formula calculated for the mean heights of the barometer, gives $e = e' - 0{\cdot}26\ (t - t')$ in Parisian lines.

Diamonds in Siberia.—The platiniferous sand of Nischni-Toura, in Siberia, offering a striking analogy to that of Brazil, in which diamonds are generally found, has led to an expectation of their being discovered in that inhospitable region. The sand of Brazil is principally composed of rolled fragments of hydrate of iron and jasper, and contains more platinum than gold. The sand of Nischni-Toura is visibly formed of the same component parts; and the presence of hydrate of iron is the more remarkable, as it is in a conglomerate of this species that the Brazilian diamonds are enveloped—as if these two minerals were not accidentally combined, but were the remains of one and the same

formation. No steps had been taken, by the director of the mines at Nischni-Tourn, so late as February last, to promote this discovery; but it is believed that the government will not long allow it to be neglected.

Petroleum Oil in Switzerland.—In searching for pit-coal in the canton of Geneva, abundant springs of a bituminous oil, called oil of petroleum, have been discovered. The elevated ridge of the communes of Dardagny and Chalex, although isolated on three sides by the Rhone, the Allondon, and the stream of the Rouleve, appears to be a continuation of the strata which extend on the other side of the Rhone, and from its bed. The strata of which it is composed seem to rise from the river in an acute angle from the east to the west, and from the north to the south, and are broken near Dardagny by the course of the Allondon. It is towards this place that the strata impregnated with bitumen appear at the surface, wherever the water has removed the vegetable mould and clay. The bituminous bed actually worked is about twenty feet thick.

Quadruple Rainbow.—Two rainbows are frequently seen together—rarely three, and never four. On the sea-coast, however, a sort of quadruple rainbow may be seen; but then the bows are concentric in pairs. A phenomenon of this sort was observed by Mr. Schulz, at 6 *p. m.*, July 31, 1824, on the island of Rugen. In a south-east direction, and very near him, he saw a double rainbow, of which the colours were extremely vivid. These two were surrounded by two others, of which the extremities cut the two others very near the earth; so that, at the two points of the horizon, there was a double intersection. The sea being opposite, and in a north-west direction, the explanation of this phœnomenon was not difficult. It was evident that the two first bows were formed by the sun itself, and the two others by the image of the sun reflected in the sea.

Aerolithes.—A circumstance, which appears not to have been generally known in Europe, appears in No. 10 of the "Zeitschrift für Mineralogie," *viz.* a shower of aerolithes fell, in 1824, at Sterlitabrak, 200 versts from Rembourg: the masses were of a regular octaedral form.

Organic Remains.—Near Hiederhohen, on the Werra, below Eschwegein-Hesser, a skull of a rhinoceros has been found in a gypsum-quarry; and a league from thence, at Grebendorf, on the right bank of the Werra, in alluvial clay, a mammoth-tooth, weighing twenty pounds, has been discovered. At Stolberg, in the Hartz, at the entrance of the valley of Rottleberode, bones of the primitive buffalo have been met with in the calcareous mountain of the Krieselsberg.

Mensuration.—In the second chapter of the fifth book of Columella de Re Rustica, a rule is given for determining the superficies of an equilateral triangle, which, in algebraic terms is this—Let a be on one side of the equilateral triangle, then its superficies is $=a^2\ (\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{10})$; or in decimals, a^2 0·433. The exact formula is $a^2\ \frac{\sqrt{3}}{4}$; or in decimals, a^2 0·4330. It is curious that the irrational $\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{3}$ should have a rational expression, coming so near it, yet so simple; and it is certainly singular that Columella should have been in possession of this formula.

Telescopes.—Professor Amici, of Modena, to whose practical as well as theoretical skill the scientific world is indebted for some optical instruments which have never been surpassed, concludes that, for an achromatic telescope and a Newtonian, of the same focal length, to produce the same effect, the diameter of the mirror of the latter must be to that of the object-glass of the former as 4 : 3. The ratio assigned by the late eminent Sir W. Herschel was that of 7 : 10. The professor has likewise given an infallible criterion by which to distinguish the spurious disc which even the best telescopes assign to a fixed star, from the real discs of a satellite or small planet. It consists in separating the image into two with the divided eye-glass micrometer of his construction; when, if the disc be real, it will remain perfectly round; if spurious, it will be elongated in a direction perpendicular to the section of the lens—the other diameter remaining the same. This, however, supposes the power employed to be sufficiently high to render the phœnomenon visible. The same effect will arise from closing half the aperture of the telescope.

Ancient Glass Bottles.—Among the curious and interesting objects lately discovered in the excavations at Pompeii are five glass bottles, in some of which were olives in an extraordinary state of preservation. These olives were soft and pasty, but entire, and had the same form with those called Spanish olives; they had a strong varied odour, and a bitter taste, leaving a biting astringent sensation upon the tongue. A part of these olives have been analyzed, and the rest have been deposited in the Neapolitan Museum in the same bottles in which they were found.

Enviable Employment.—There is a generally received notion, on the authority, we believe, of the visions of Quevedo, that ladies who from necessity have passed a life of single blessedness, shall hereafter be employed in leading apes through the Asphodel fields allotted them. Von Swedenborg disposes of these maidens in a different way. By him they are placed in his second heaven, there to nurse for ever the babes of grace who die before they can walk and talk. What is to become of the sucklings?

Improved Coach Springs.—In the manner in which coach springs are generally constructed, a swinging motion is allowed to the body of the vehicle, by which, when the roof is much laden, great danger of overturning is incurred. A Lancashire coachmaster, of the name of Lacey, has recently contrived and adapted to carriages a sort of spring, by which this danger is perhaps entirely obviated. His invention consists in attaching the body of a carriage to shackle-

bars, rings, or plates, which are supported by elastic bearings, constituted of helical or elliptic springs, or even of cubical pieces of caoutchouc, enclosed in a box or cylinder made fast to the rail of the carriage. We have seen of late few patent inventions so well entitled as this to the patronage of the public.

Origin of the Saxons.—The most probable derivation of the Saxons which has been suggested, is from the Sacaesienii, or Sacassani, a people mentioned by Pliny and Strabo as originally inhabiting the regions of Persia, about the Caspian Sea. In support of this derivation, it has been observed that several words in the present language of Persia nearly resemble those of the same signification in Saxon. Of such resemblances five remarkable instances are adduced, by Camden, from Joseph Scaliger. This hint has given rise to an attempt, by Mr. Sharon Turner, to ascertain, by a comparison of the two languages, whether such a number of coincidences are discoverable as materially to confirm the belief that Persia was originally the country of our Saxon progenitors. Although, supposing that belief well founded, the total separation of the two nations for at least 2,000 years, the progressive migration of the Saxons along the north of Asia, and through the whole breadth of the upper surface of Europe, together with the numerous vicissitudes which have befallen them, must have tended greatly to obliterate the marks of original similitude between their respective languages; yet the result of the comparison made by Mr. Turner, during a very brief period of leisure which he was able to devote to this object, has been the discovery of 162 Persian words, which have a direct affinity with as many Anglo-Saxon terms of the same meaning. He has likewise given a list of fifty-seven similar resemblances between the latter tongue and the Zeud, or ancient Persian; and a third, consisting of forty-three coincidences of it with the Pehlier, an intermediate language used in Persia, between the modern Persian and the Zeud. In the learned writer's opinion, a more elaborate investigation of these analogies would further confirm the Asiatic derivation of the Saxons.

Influence of Strata on the Atmosphere.—The following is a summary of the leading points of a novel hypothesis recently submitted to the Royal Society by W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. He begins by stating that, residing in the vicinity of Southampton, about seven miles from the great bed of chalk that runs through part of Hampshire and the neighbouring counties, he was struck with the difference of the air when on the chalk to what it was when going towards the New Forest, though both were equally distant from the water. That, in consequence, experiments were tried with the hygrometer (De Luc's whalebone, and Daniels'); and the result of these was, that invariably a greater degree of dryness was found in the atmosphere over the chalk than over clay or alluvial substance. Mr. M., however, adds, that the hygrometer is an instrument so very uncertain in its results, and so liable to inaccuracy, that little reliance ought to be placed on experiments made with it, unless confirmed by other observations. He says, however, that every subsequent observation confirms the hypothesis—that if chalk be laid on a field as a dressing, it will, at the end of some hours, become damp, even if no rain or little dew have fallen, which dampness can only arise from the atmosphere. Also, that turf-grass over chalk or lime-stone, even in the hottest summer, always looks green and healthy; which must, it is thought, arise from the absorption of atmospheric moisture, by a sort of capillary attraction from the chalk or lime-stone, which moisture, passing through the slight covering of mould, keeps the roots of the grass sufficiently moist to look green; whereas the same heat burns up turf-grass over clay, or alluvial substance, or gravel, in a remarkable degree. Many other arguments are brought forward in favour of this assertion. It is added, that, from this absorbing power or capillary attraction of atmospheric damp by certain strata, a house built on a chalk foundation, or of chalk materials, will commonly be damp; and for the same reason, if lime-stone or sea-sand be used. The paper farther states, that if the dryness or dampness of the atmosphere be affected by the stratum, that must influence the spirits or the health of the inhabitants; and even some other qualities of individuals or nations may depend more on the substratum than is commonly imagined.

Saline bitter Waters of Saidschütz.—A new analysis of these celebrated waters has been made, by Professor Steinman, of Prague; and a pound of sixteen ounces was found to contain,—

	Principal Spring.	Korens Spring.
Sulphate of magnesia	78·735	81·056
Nitrate of magnesia	20·247	7·903
Hydrochlorate of magnesia	2·606	1·338
Carbonate of magnesia	1·100	1·238
Sulphate of potash	22·932	14·027
Sulphate of soda	27 113	22·136
Sulphate of lime	2·496	0·786
Carbonate of lime	4·838	4·203
Carbonate of Strontian	0·024	0·018
Carbonate of the protoxyde of iron	0·108	0·163
Carbonate of the protoxyde of manganese	0·028	
	0·018	
Subphosphate of alum	0·061	0·163
Silex		
[Extracting]	0·385	0·434
	160·691	133·292
Carbonic acid	3·304	2·967
Atmospheric air	0·105	0·286
	164·100	136·545

Communication between the Atlantic and the Black Sea.—The original design of uniting by a canal the Rhine and the Danube is due to Charlemagne, by whom it was undertaken, but, owing to political events, was soon abandoned. Lately, the Marquis

de Dessolles, peer of France, and at that time chief of Moreau's staff, renewed the project (in 1801), to which Bonaparte gave much attention; and doubtless, but for the subsequent convulsions of Europe, would have ensured its completion. The subject is again agitated; and the design seems to be to ascend the course of the Altmuhl from Kelheim, where it discharges its waters into the Danube, to Graben, to form a canal from thence to both, so as to connect the Altmuhl and the Reidnitz. The canal need not be more than five leagues in length, and the plain through which it would run presents no difficulty. At three-quarters of a league from Bamberg, the Reidnitz falls into the Mein, which latter, at Mayence, unites its waters to the Rhine. The advantages resulting from this extensive line of navigation are too manifest to require any comment; and it is to be hoped that no considerations of a private or local nature will be allowed to interfere with the interests of Europe.

Commerce of Russia.—During the last five years the importations of spun cotton into Russia amounted to, in 1822, 14,641,483 paper roubles; in 1823, 20,353,698; in 1824, 37,223,625; in 1825, 33,277,436; in 1826, 33,120,544. The whole product of the Russian manufactures, in 1824, amounted in paper roubles to—

Cloths, casimirs, drugs, shells, and woollen goods	59,748,085
Silk goods	10,154,791
Cotton goods	37,033,354
Linens	10,689,504
	117,625,734

Importation of Foreign Manufactures:

1820.

Woollen goods	22,350,114
Silks	10,491,039
Cottons	22,932,933
Linens	2,381,028
	58,155,114

1824.

Woollen goods	9,196,733
Silks	6,687,327
Cottons	10,408,299
Linens	189,420
	26,481,779

Manuscript of Boccacio. — Professor Ciampi has discovered, in the Magliabecchi library at Florence, a manuscript, which is found to be the common-place book of the celebrated John Boccacio de Cestaldo. This curious manuscript not only throws some light on the different circumstances of the life of this great writer, but shews how learned and laborious he was. It comprises many valuable particulars of a period when the discovery of America was in agitation, and literature was dawning in Italy. M. Ciampi has communicated this work to the public, with notes, and a fac-simile of the writing of Boccacio.

Steam-Gun.—On the 29th October 1826, M. Besetzny, a native of Austrian Silesia, made some experiments at Presburg with a steam-gun of his invention, in presence of a great assemblage of military men, who were astonished at its extraordinary power. The furnace of iron-plate which contains the steam-boiler has the form of an alembic, and holds twenty (pots?). It rests upon a frame having two wheels. This machine, with all its apparatus, and carrying 2,000 balls, can easily be dragged by one man on a level road. The barrel which receives the balls through a funnel is fixed by some mechanism to the right of the furnace. In fifteen minutes the steam is sufficiently raised to bring the engine into play. Each movement of the handle disengages a ball; and the discharges succeed each other so quickly, that they scarcely can be counted. Every one of the balls pierced a plank three-quarters of an inch thick, at the distance of eighty paces; and many pierced a second plank, of the same thickness, at the distance of 150 paces. M. B. expects to bring this machine to a much higher degree of perfection, and the details will then be communicated to the public.

Parlby Rockets.—The following account of the effect of Major Parlby's rockets has appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, extracted from the Government Gazette of Calcutta of February last. The experiments were instituted at Meerut. Twenty-four of the 32-pounder rockets and twelve 18-pounders were discharged without a single failure. They were fired with hand-shafts only twelve feet long, and, at the following elevations, gave the ranges severally attached. Three rockets were fired from each elevation.

32-POUNDERS.

Elevation.	Average Range in Yards.
20°	1,000
25°	1,120
30°	1,080
35°	1,600
40°	2,080
45°	2,210
50°	2,283
54°	2,123

18-POUNDERS.

20°	1,308
25°	2,133
30°	2,833
35°	2,870

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE polite world are now on the wing. The nobility of Whitechapel and the opulent of Moorfields, find London insupportable, and are roving like butterflies through the meadows of Margate. Steamers fly down the Thames at the rate of three hundred miles a day, and discharge a fair, gallant, and amatory cargo at the rate of five hundred tons of humanity a voyage. Stage coaches race with double velocity, new establishments of reception houses for the fractured are propogating along the favourite roads, and the five hundred operatives on man, who have not a month ago taken their degrees in Edinburgh, in direct defiance of Lord Ellenborough's famous Act, are already absorbed into the London surgical circulation, and giving encouragement for a fresh relay of men of the *tourniquet*.

For all this there is a reason, for our countrymen are nothing without one. The bee and the ant are honoured by philosophy for making provision in summer for the wants of the times of frost and snow, when they can seek and steal no more. Margate, Brighton, Hastings, the Strand at Dover, the huts at Sandgate, the three houses and a half at Eastbourne, the little white-washed crescent at Weymouth, which, from the first south-wester, and first angry spring-tide may heaven long preserve, for nothing else can do it; the whole circuit of our sweet island, on which the whole water-loving population are at this hour performing their ablutions, some in machines, some in green serge, some in *propatulo*, as the doctors of the London University will have it, clothed only in the sinless covering of Eve; some, as at Brighton, washed by woman, unlike Macbeth's witches only in one point, that their want of beards distinguishes them from men; and some, as at Yarmouth, and through the delicate realm of Norfolk, washed by men—a fortunate contrivance, which makes bathing the most popular amusement possible in that province of patriots, smugglers, and turkies. But in all, the grand stimulant is matrimony. The toil of glory and gain in London is, unhappily, too headstrong for the tender passion. The Lord Mayor's coach passing once a week down Cheapside, the glittering supremacy which even the sheriffs hold, as surrounded by laced liveries and bowing constables, they move through the adoring rabble, and in the sublime sensation of the moment scarcely deign to recognize their own shops, much less honour with a glance the genuflexions of their own shopmen, performing their civic homage at the door; even the more sober, green-tea-coloured, snuff-coloured, drab-coloured, trade-complexioned coaches of the aldermen and common-council, make an impression on the apprentice sensorium that puts to flight all sentiment. The brightest belles look fatal in vain; the curls of the most glossy wig of the Ross dynasty are absolutely thrown away, and the whole *art de faire sauffrir*, the last perfection communicated by the last Parisian *femme de chambre* of the last Parisian academy, just imported into the romantic vicinage of Camberwell, Hoxton, or Lambeth Marsh, might as well be expended on the fish at Billingsgate. To be Lord Mayor one day or other, is, as Alderman Waithman says, an object of glorious ambition, "worth dying for within an hour after one was born." But once set the parties on the shore (any shore will do, from the Isle of Dogs inclusive), and they feel at once that Venus was born of the sea, and was in fact nothing but a handsome kind of Greek oyster. Come unto these yellow sands, and then *take hands*, in the language of nature, by its natural organ, the lips of Shakspeare. There the most remote approximate, the most tardy accelerate, the most feeble invigorate; the odours of the great, both from which the goddess of beauty rose fuming, penetrate the brain; they smell the vegetative mud; saunter along the shingle to the breathing of the low water breeze; exchange their mutual morning gatherings of shells and sea-weed, and sigh that confession, soft, sweet, and irrevocable, for which Moorfields shall yet rejoice through all her stalls, and the Minories shall exult in new shops, hops, and sweet singers of Israel. But London still retains some few, either whose days of being smitten have not come, or have past, or who have lingered to hear Parson Irving's hot weather cuttings up of the carnality of the Kirk, or who take an interest in the election of some doctor to some new college, bringing from the land of poleetikal ekoonomy, satisfactory credentials that he involuntarily wears breeches, and that he does not believe in God; or waiting to see what new ministry we are to have in the next twenty-four hours; and how Lord Goderich will pacify Mr. B. for not being turnspit in the king's kitchen, *malgre* his being unrivalled in his qualifications for the office; or console the Marquis of L. for not having the exclusive appointment of those noble whigs who are ambitious of being made gentlemen and women of the bedchamber, and airing the shirt and slippers of His Majesty, whom heaven long preserve, in the possession of his own health and his own kitchen.

There are some still unranked in any of these classes. Steady scorners of the locomotive propensities of mankind, and who make a point of going to the theatres only when something is to be seen worth going to see—a principle which generally implies a very slight breach of their dislike to motion. Yet it would be unfair to deny that an evening may be sometimes spent pleasantly enough at the summer theatres at the present sitting.

The Haymarket still exhibits the "Rencontre," of which we gave the panegyric last month, which continues to be popular, and which acted the part of featherbed to harlequin, in the matter of Mr. Planchés heavy fall last week. In the success of the "Rencontre," the translator had hazarded a flying leap at fame, called, "You must be Buried." It was treated, as we hope Mr. Planché himself will not be treated, when *he* "must be buried." In short, a sentence set upon it, from which no piece in one act, or in five, will have much the better name; and "You must be buried," after two sickly efforts to prove that it "must live," happily disappeared from the eyes of man. Having had the single merit of possessing the most appropriate of all titles, and standing among those happy instances of modern genius, by which one journalist entitles his work the *Ass*, another the *Viper;* another heads his poems "Nonsense Verses;" and another goes about the world soliciting subscriptions for his epic, called "Absurdity." "You must be buried" was equally significant and prophetic; the only possible improvement of the title would be the addition of "You shall be d—mn—d" The whole affair was meant to have some allusion to the very profitable and unpopular profession of Undertaking. But the audience thought it a too *grave* subject for a farce. Some felt it personal, and considered that none but a doctor should remind them of death; some thought *one act* of the kind a great deal too much; and Reeve, a much pleasanter person off the stage than on, gave it as his private opinion behind the *coulisses*, that the dramatis personæ much resembled a deputation of the Humane Society. Colman, who never misses a good thing, says, that from the moment he saw it, he pronounced it "asthmatic," and on being pressed for an explanation, said—"It was sure to go off in a fit of *coffin*." But by the help of Miss E. Tree's bright eyes and handsome figure, by Madame Vestris's furious *favouritisme*, Mr. Farren's oddity, though we think the attitudes of his love scene with the Soubrette *gross*, *low*, and *common-place* in the most contemptuous sense of the word, and altogether disreputable to this clever actor, together with Mr. Cooper's *Girth* and worn-out pantaloons, for we must give him some commemoration, the "Rencontre" goes off swimmingly.

Mr. Poole, too, the essential dramatist of the Haymarket, the Apollo of its three-act pieces from the French, has had, like Apollo in Midas, a "pretty decent tumble." "Gudgeons and Sharks," a piece burlesquing the avidity of the vulgar for place, and the tricks of their betters to cheat them; a subject that came in the very crisis of the most showy display of public trickery witnessed for half a century, fell dead at once; dropped like a victim of the law without a struggle; perished in its prime like an apoplectic Alderman; went off in universal clamour like Lord Ellenborough's Marriage Act; and was buried, like an annuitant, to the delight of all the parties concerned.

The known talent of the author was on this occasion however most vilely seconded by the actors. Nothing in the annals of acting could be duller than every soul on the stage. Reeve seemed to repeat his part trusting to the inspiration of his own genius. Laporte, an actor whom we shall return to France improved, as an original offender is improved by a six months residence Horsemonger-jail, looked unspeakable horrors, and talked as he talks English, a style for which language can find no name. The combination was irresistible, and we scarcely know whether it was better to perish in Highway Grattan's Bye-way manner, or not being recited at all; or in Poole's, of being recited at the mercy of Monsieur Laporte's unteachable tongue.

The Adelphi is getting a new face. The Strand, destined from its infancy to a life of dirt, has added to its other species theatrical rubbish; and if the coat is to be evidence of the connexion, no man can pass within some thousand yards of the pile without bearing a portion of the drama on his shoulders.

The Italian Opera is shut, after a stirring season. The house is useful now chiefly as an excellent place for placarding. The columns are of a convenient height; and we suggest to Mr. Ebers, the revenue that he is throwing away by his neglect of the square foot value of his architecture. The "Balm of Gilead," and "Warren's Blacking" alone would be a fortune, if he had any of the genius of finance within his configuration.

The Lyceum is full, up to 110 of the thermometer. Matthews, with his "Jonathan in England," certainly among the most repulsive of all his performances, a disagreeable picture of the disagreeable, a caricature of a caricature, the low, selfish, squalid, and impudent specimen of the lowest human brute that degrades even an American seaport, fights his way be-

fore the audience night after night. Why does the ingenuity of the ingenious manager, himself a man of taste, and a poet, suffer the talents of the most *dexterous* comedian of his school to be thus humiliated? Why not produce some spirited sketch of English character, some gentleman-like performance, in which an educated audience can take some kind of interest. No man could do it more easily than the manager.

The "Serjeant's Wife" is the popular afterpiece. It is taken from a newspaper anecdote of ages ago, since published among the hideousness of Irish Romance; and finally turned into French location and character by the theatre. The plot is merely the introduction of a French soldier's wife with an old fellow-traveller into a ruined chateau, where an attempt is made by the inhabitants to cut the old man's throat. Miss Kelly, the best melo-dramatist since the brilliant days of Miss Decamp, plays terror, anxiety, poisoning, and the sight of murder in perfection; but the whole conception of the crime is too *real* for the stage. The regular steps of the throat-cutting scene, shock the audience, and every one is glad to discover that no blood is actually running under the curtains. The piece has an interest, but it is a forbidden, repulsive *un*theatrical interest; and though we hate "*licencers*," we should almost have wished that the same policy which prohibited the display of Thurtell's catastrophe, for the benefit of the suburbs, had relieved us of the Irish-French assassination in the Strand. We were sorry to see Miss Kelly looking so more than melo-dramatically thin; she ought to forswear murder till Michaelmas, and go to the country for the benefit of the legitimate drama to come. The character of this house for music is cleverly sustained by "The Freebooters," an opera of *Paer*. Mere music, with but the usual tyrant, lover and lady of the Italian Opera, but on the whole various, graceful, and, though long, not *very* exhausting.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

Lady Morgan's new work, the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, is on the eve of publication.

A complete Collection of the Parliamentary Speeches (corrected) of the Right Hon. George Canning, with an Authentic Memoir, which have been some time in the press, will very shortly be published, illustrated by a correct and finely executed portrait.

A Portrait of Lady Grantley is being engraved by Meyer, from a painting by Sir W. Beechey, which will form the Thirty-fourth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, in the course of publication in La Belle Assemblée.

The Literary Annuals for 1828 are all in a state of great forwardness. The Forget Me Not, The Amulet, and The Literary Souvenir, announce fresh attractions, and additional interest to their former numbers. There will be two or three new ones this season.

A Defence of the Missions in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, against the charges and misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, in a letter addressed to the Editor of that Journal.

Rev. Dr. Pye Smith has in the Press a New Edition, very much enlarged, of his Discourse on the Sacrifice, Priesthood, and Atonement of Christ.

The Horticultural Society of London will commence a Periodical Work on the 1st of October, to be called the "Pomological Magazine."

Mr. Ventouillac has in the press a Translation into French of Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible.

Mr. Thomas Easton Abbott, of Bridlington, has a Poem in hand, entitled, the "Soldier's Friend," Sacred to the Memory of the late Duke of York.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood, are very nearly ready for publication.

A Second Edition of "The Coronation Oath" considered, with reference to the Principles of the Revolution of 1688. By Charles Thomas Lane, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Mr. Alex. Irving, of Guildford, is about to publish a Latin Grammar, with Exercises in construing and composition.

Dr. Hibbert is in considerable forwardness with the System of Geology, which he has many years been preparing for publication.

Mrs. West, Author of a Tale of the Times, &c., has in the press a New Novel, entitled "Ringrove," or "Old Fashioned Notions,' in 2 vols.

Dr. Scully has nearly ready for publication, Observations on the Climate of Torquay and the Southern part of Devonshire generally, comprising an Estimate of its Value as a Remedial Agent in Pulmonary Disorders, &c.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras, 4to., with plates.

Mr. Thomas Maule, Author of Bibliotheca Heraldica, is preparing.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

AGRICULTURE.

The British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine, devoted entirely to Rural affairs. No. 4. 4s.

Monteath on Woods and Plantations. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

BOTANY.

The Botanical Register, containing eight Coloured Plates and Descriptions. By Sydenham, Edwards, and others. No. 7, of vol. 13. 4s.

The Florist's Guide and Cultivator's Directory. By R. Sweet, F.L.S. No. 3. 4s.

Flora Australasica—the Evergreen and Scented Plants of New Holland, &c., intended for Conservatories and Rooms. By R. Sweet, F.L.S. No. 4. 3s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

The Chronology of Ancient History in Questions and Answers. By Mrs. Sherwood. Vol. 2, and concluding volume. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Buchanan's History of Scotland, continued down to the present time. By John Watkins, LL.D. 1 vol. 8vo. price 15s.

Chronicles of London Bridge. 8vo. 28s. boards; large paper, £2. 8s.

Bibliotheca Parriana; or a Catalogue of the Library of the late Rev. and learned Dr. Parr, interspersed with his Notes, Observations, and Opinions on Books and their Authors. 8vo. 16s. boards.

Rutter's Questions on Roman History. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Memorandums, Maxims, and Memoirs. By W. Wadd, Esq., Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, &c. 8vo. 9s. boards.

LAW.

Pratt's Criminal Law. 8vo. 5s. boards.

Howard's Colonial Law. 2 vols. royal 8vo. £3. 3s. boards.

Coventry and Hughes's Index. 2 vols. royal 8vo. £3. 6s. boards.

Williams's Abstracts of the Acts of 7 and 8 George IV. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Cary's Law of Partnership. 8vo. 14s. bds.

Supplement to Hamilton's Digest. royal 8vo. 8s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Obadiah's Address from Ireland to the Worshipful and all Potent People of Almack's. 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

The Art of Modern Riding, to enable all to perfect themselves, particularly Ladies, without the aid of a Master. By Mr. Stanley, of Vernon's Establishment, Grosvenor-place.

Remarks on the Mustard Tree mentioned in the New Testament, with a Coloured Plate. By John Frost, F.A.S. F.L.S. 1s. 6d.

A Portrait of Mrs. George Lane Fox; being the Thirty-third of a Series of Portraits of Ladies of Distinction. India proof, 5s.; plain, 4s.

The State of Society in the Age of Homer. By W. Bruce, D.D., of Belfast. 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Foreign Quarterly Review. No. 1. 7s. 6d.

Crowgey's Universal Calculator, and general International Accountant; containing a Table of Algarisms, or Series of Numbers in Duplex Arithmetical Progression, &c.

The Practical Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer, and Decorator. By Peter and Michael Angelo Nicholson, with 103 Coloured and other illustrative Designs. 1 vol. 4to. £2.

Remonstrance of a Tory to the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel. 2s.

Twenty-six Illustrations to Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler. 8vo. prints 21s., 4to. India proofs £2. 2s.

A Treatise on the Disposition and Duties of Outposts. Abridged from the German of Baron Reichlin Von Meldegg by C. W. Short, Capt., Coldstream Guards. 8vo. 5s. boards.

Architettura Campestre, displayed in Lodges, Gardener's Houses, and other Buildings, composed of simple and economical forms in Modern or Italian style, introducing a Picturesque mode of Roofing. By T. F. Hunt. royal 4to. 21s. boards.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not. 12mo. 5s. half bound.

The Common-Place Book of British Eloquence. 18mo. 4s. boards.

Lectures on the Study of Natural History, &c. By Dr. Wm. Lemprier. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Alison's Child's French Friend. 18mo. 2s. half bound.

A Course of Elementary Reading in Science and Literature. By J. M. M'Culloch, A.M. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

A Vocabulary to the Œdipus Rex of Sophocles, containing the English Signification, &c.; on the Plan of the Charter-house Vocabularies, for the Use of Schools. By George Hughes, A.M. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Cabinet Conversations and Castle Scenes. 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Euclid's Elements systematically Arranged. 2vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Emblems pour Les Enfants. Royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Classical Manual; or, a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Æneid of Virgil, with a very copious Index. 8vo. 18s. boards.

The Annual Register for 1826. 8vo. 16s, boards.

The Florist's Guide and Cultivator's Directory, No. 2. Price 3s.

Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. Part I. of Vol. VII. In 4to. £1. 16s.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Part XXI. Price 21s.; large paper, 30s.

Lyrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination.

The Journal or Itinerary of Thomas Beckington, Secretary to Henry VI., and afterwards Bishop of Bath, Sir Robert Roos, Knt., and others, during their journey from Windsor to Bourdeaux, on an embassy to negociate the marriage between Henry VI. and one of the daughters of the Count Arminack, in June 1442; from a contemporary M.S. With illustrative notes, historical and Biographical. By Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq., F.S.A. 1 vol. 8vo.

Rambling Notes and Recollections, suggested during a visit to Paris, in the winter of 1827. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner.

Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Asia and Europe. By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to.

Self-Denial, a Tale. By Mrs. Hoffland. 1 vol. 12mo., with a frontispiece.

Conversations on Animal Economy. With plates and wood-cuts. 2 vols. 12mo.

An Historical Essay on the Laws and Government of Rome. Designed as an Introduction to the Study of Civil Law. By — Burke, Esq.

POETRY.

Specimens of Sonnets from the most celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations. 8vo. 6s. boards.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus and Centaur, and other Poems. By Thomas Hood, author of Whims and Oddities, &c. &c. post 8vo. 8s. boards.

The Pelican Island, and other Poems. By James Montgomery. 12mo. 8s. boards.

The Orlando Furioso translated. By Wm. Stewart Rose. Vol. 5. post 8vo.

Mont Blanc, and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, in her fifteenth year. 8vo. boards.

Townley on the Law of Moses. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Battle of Waterloo, a Poem. By Wm. Cartwright. 8vo. 5s. boards.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

A Summary View of Christian Principles: comprising the Doctrines peculiar to Christianity as a System of Revealed Truth. By Thomas Finch. 5s. 6d.

The Reasons of the Laws of Moses, from the More Nevochim of Maimonides; with Notes, Dissertations, and a Life of the Author. By James Townley, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Existence, Nature, and Ministry of the Holy Angels, briefly considered as an important branch of the Christian Religion, contained in the volumes of Divine Revelation. 2s. 6d.

Finche's Christian Principles. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

A Journal of a Mission to the Indians of the British Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the Mohawks, on the Ouse, or Grand River, Upper Canada. By John West, M.A. 8vo.

The Reign of Doctor Joseph Gaspard Roderick Francia, in Paraguay; being an Account of Six Years' Residence in that Republic from 1819 to 1825. By Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps. 8vo. boards.

New Publications lately received from America.

Notes on Colombia, taken in the Years 1822-3; with an Itinerary of the Route from Caracas to Bogota. By an Officer of the United States army. 1 vol. 8vo.

A connected View of the whole Internal Navigation of the United States, Natural and Artificial, Present and Prospective; with Maps. 1 vol. 8vo.

American Annual Register, for the Years 1825-6. 1 vol. 8vo.

Federalist. New edition. 8vo.

American Natural History. By John D. Godman, M.D. Vol. 1. Part 1—Mastology. (To be completed in 3 vols.)

A Treatise on Physiology applied to Pathology. By F. J. V. Broussais, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

America: or, a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent; with Conjectures on their future Prospects. By the Author of Europe, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Report to the Secretary of War of the United States, on Indian Affairs. By the Rev. Jedidiah Aboise, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, from the Clavis Philologica of Christ. Abr. Wahl. By Edward Robinson, A.M.

A Greek Grammar of the New Testament, translated from the German of George Benedict Winer. By Moses Stuart and Edward Robinson. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Diplomacy of the United States; being an Account of the Foreigh Relations of the Country, from the first Treaty with France in 1778 to the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 with Great Britain. 1 vol. 8vo.

Constitutional Law: comprising the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation; the Constitution of the United States; and the Constitutions of the several States composing the Union. 1 thick volume, 18mo.

Elements of History, Ancient and Modern; with Historical Charts. By J. E. Worcester. 1 vol. 12mo.

Sermons by the late Rev. Samuel C. Thacker; with a Memoir by F. W. P. Greenwood. 1 vol. 8vo.

Elements of Mineralogy, adapted to the Use of Seminaries and Private Students. By J. L. Comstock, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

American Quarterly Review, No. 2, for June.

North American Review, No. 56, for July.

American Journal of Science. By Professor Silliman. Vol. 12, part 2.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

List of Patents sealed, 1827.

To Edward Dodd, of Berwick-street, Soho, in the county of Middlesex, musical instrument-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on pianofortes. Sealed 25th July; 6 months.

To Thomas Peck, of Saint John-street, in the parish of Saint James, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of the construction of a new engine, worked by steam, which he intends to denominate a revolving steam-engine—1st August; 6 months.

To William Parkinson, of Barton-upon-Humber, in the county of Lincoln, gentleman, and Samuel Crosby, of Cottage-lane, City-road, in the county of Middlesex, gas-apparatus manufacturer, for their having found out an improved method of constructing and working an engine for producing power and motion—1st August; 6 months.

To Joseph Maudsley, of Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on steam-engines—1st August; 4 months.

To Lionel Lukin, of Lewisham, in the county of Kent, Esq., in consequence of communications made to him by foreigners abroad, and discoveries made by himself for certain improvements in the manufacture of collars for draught and carriage horses, and saddles for draught carriage and saddle horses—1st August; 6 months.

To Eugine du Mesuil, of Soho-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of an improvement or improvements on, or additions to, stringed musical instruments—1st August; 6 months.

To Anthony Scott, of Southwark Pottery, in the county of Durham, earthenware-manufacturer, for his invention of an apparatus for preventing the boilers of steam-engines and other similar vessels of capacity becoming foul, and for cleaning such vessels when they become foul—4th August; 2 months.

To Peter Burt, of Waterloo-place, in the parish of St. Ann, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, mathematical-instrument maker, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of an improved steam-engine—4th August; 6 months.

To John Underhill, of Parkfield iron-works, near Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, iron-master, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for passing boats and other floating bodies, from a higher to a lower, or a lower to a higher level, with little or no loss of water, and which improvements are also applicable to the raising or lowering of weights on land—13th August; 6 months.

A grant unto Robert Dickinson, of Bridge-street, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, tin-plate merchant, for his invention of an improved buoyant bed or mattrass—13th August; 6 months.

To Thomas Breidenback, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements on bedsteads, and in the making, manufacturing, or forming articles to be applied to or used in various ways with bedsteads, from a material or materials hitherto unused for such purposes.—13th August; 6 months.

To William Alexis Jarrin, of New Bond-street, in the county of Middlesex, Italian confectioner, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for cooling liquids—13th August; 2 months.

To William Chapman, of the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, civil engineer, for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of waggons that have to travel on railways or on tramways—14th August; 2 months.

To Henry Pinkus, of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania in the United States of North America, but now resident at the Quadrant Hotel, Regent street, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his having invented or found out an improved method or apparatus for generating gas, to be applied to lights and other purposes—15th August; 6 months.

To William Spong, of Aylesford, in the county of Kent, gentleman, for an invention for diminishing friction in wheel-carriages, water-wheels, and other rotary parts of machinery—15th August; 6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Mansfield-street, Borough-road, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his having invented or found out certain improvements in the construction of cranes—17th August; 6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Mansfield-street, Borough-road, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his having invented or found out certain improvements in machinery for cutting tobacco—21st August; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in September 1813, *expire in the present month of September* 1827.

4. Jacob Brazil, Great Yarmouth, for *a machine for working capstans and pumps on board ships.*

— Frank Parkinson, Kingston-upon-Hull, for *a still and boiler for preventing accidents by fire, and preserving the contents from waste in the operation of distilling and boiling.*

— John Westwood, Sheffield, for *embossing ivory by pressure.*

23. Henry Liston, Ecclesmachan, Linlithgow, for *certain improvements upon the plough.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE RIGHT HON GEORGE CANNING.

The political life of Mr. Canning must be read in the history of his country, in the parliamentary debates, in the state papers, &c. of the last thirty or five and thirty years. Regarding it through these media, different inferences will be drawn, different estimates will be formed, according to the principles or prejudices of the reader. Under any circumstances, however, it seems impossible—and we make not the remark disrespectfully—to consider Mr. Canning otherwise than as an adventurer; as a man who, without family or connexions, made his way by dint of talent, perseverance, and a suppleness of ambition, to the highest honours of the state. Mr. Canning, too, was the creature of circumstance. He was not a greater man in the summer of 1827 than he was in the summer of 1825; yet, had he passed away two years ago, his death would, comparatively, not have been felt or noticed. Twenty years hence, if our judgment deceive us not, his memory will be but little regarded. At the best, his policy on many points was doubtful. As a scholar, Mr. Canning was elegant and accomplished; as an orator, he was caustic, shewy, brilliant, and sparkling; as a statesman, he appears not to have been consistent, profound, or comprehensive in his views. It is not a little remarkable that from his warmest eulogists, his reputation has, since his death, received the deadliest stabs. Facts, however, not comments, are our present aim.

Mr. George Canning, the father of the late premier, was a native of the sister kingdom, and related to the family of Garvagh, the present representative of which was recently elevated to the peerage. He was educated for the law; and, without fortune himself, he married a lady equally destitute. This offended his wealthy relations; and, with only the paltry stipend of £150 per annum from his father, he came over to England, became a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the bar. He was a man of considerable poetical and literary talent. He wrote several tracts in favour of public liberty; and, amongst other effusions, the verses supposed to have been written by Lord William Russell, the night before his execution, are said to have been his. He is understood to have lived in humble circumstances. We have seen it stated that he died on the 11th of April, 1771. If so, he died on the very day that his son George, the subject of this sketch, completed his first year, as, according to the inscription on Mr. Canning's coffin-lid, that gentleman was born on the 11th of April, 1770. Mrs. Canning subsequently became the wife of Reddish, a theatrical performer of some celebrity, who died insane; and his relict, who died in March last, at the age of eighty-one, afterwards married a person—either a linen-draper or an actor—of the name of Hunn.

George Canning was born at Paddington. Under the auspices of a paternal uncle, he was placed at Eton, where his genius soon became apparent. In the year 1786, he was one of the senior scholars. He was the projector and editor of "The Microcosm," a periodical paper, which was published by him and his school-fellows, under the fictitious direction of Gregory Griffin, Esq. To this work, commenced on the 7th of November, 1786, and closed on the 30th of July 1787, Mr. Canning contributed ten or twelve papers, under the signature "B," all of them distinguished, more or less, by playfulness of fancy, originality of thought, and elegance of diction. The Microcosm has passed through three editions—a fourth is now in the press, and it is not incurious to remark that the document still exists, bearing Mr. Canning's signature, and dated July 31, 1787; which, for the sum of fifty guineas, assigned the copyright to Mr. Charles Knight, of Windsor.

From Eton, Mr. Canning was transferred to Christ's Church College, Oxford, where his orations attracted extraordinary notice, and his Latin poetry was greatly admired. Having completed his studies at college, he entered himself at one of the Inns of Court, and was in due time called to the bar. In the public debating societies at that period, he may be said to have schooled himself for the senate.

At college Mr. Canning had formed some good connexions. He was intimate with the present Earl of Liverpool, and, upon his entrance into life he is understood to have derived considerable advantage from the friendship of Mr. Sheridan. It is said to have been owing to the advice of that gentleman, that he attached himself to the ministerial party. Mr. Pitt became his patron. At the age of three and twenty, he succeeded Sir Richard Wolesley, as M. P. for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight; and, on the 31st of January, 1794, he delivered his maiden speech in parliament, in favour of the subsidy proposed to be granted to the King of Sardinia. His reception was auspicious, and his subsequent political progress was rapid. In 1796 he was appointed one of the under secretaries of state. A more important event occurred to him in the year 1799: this was his marriage with Miss Joan Scott, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of General Scott, whose immense fortune had been made by play. Miss Scott's two sisters were married; one to Lord Downe, and the other to the Marquis of Tichfield, now Duke of Portland.

About the latter period, or rather before,

"The Anti-Jacobin Examiner," a weekly satirical paper of great wit and talent, was brought out in support of the administration. Mr. Frere, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Canning are understood to have been the parties chiefly concerned in its publication. Mr. Pitt, himself, is said to have been a contributor; and that Mr. Canning was one of its principal supporters, there is no doubt. His "New Morality," a parody on Milton's "Morning Hymn"—his "Lives of the Triangles," in which Dr. Darwin's poetical style, and the principles of the jacobin reformers were most laughably burlesqued—"The Student of Gottingen," a mock tragedy, in ridicule of the German drama, &c., and his "Universal Benevolence," a parody on one of Southey's Sapphics, entitled "The Widow," constituted some of the severest and most effective satires of the time.

Mr. Canning went out of office with Mr. Pitt, in 1801; and, during the ensuing short administration of Mr. Addington and his colleagues, he showed himself a most powerful antagonist both in and out of parliament. His poetical squibs of that period were equally laughable, and perhaps equally severe with those which had appeared in "The Anti-Jacobin Examiner;" but, in elegance and sarcastic point they were certainly inferior.

With Mr. Pitt he returned to office in 1804, and succeeded Mr. Tierney, in the office of treasurer of the navy, which he continued to hold till Mr. Pitt's death in 1806. He was also honoured with a seat at the Board of Privy Council. On Mr. Pitt's death, he again went into opposition: but, soon afterwards he joined the Duke of Portland, and became Secretary of State for the Foreign department. It was during this secretaryship that he made his famous speeches on the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish Fleet; and, during his secretaryship, also, that (on the morning of September 1, 1809), he fought a duel upon a dispute arising out of the conduct of the Walcheren expedition, with the late Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh, Secretary for War and Colonies. The parties met on Putney Heath; on the second fire, Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh; but, as there was no fracture, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign his seals of office. Lord Castlereagh also resigned. Mr. Canning had declared that Lord Castlereagh was a man whom he could not act *with*; but both parties afterwards came into office, and Mr. Canning condescended to act *under* Lord Castlereagh. The discussion of this affair alone might occupy several pages. All that we shall observe is —the conduct of politicians appears to be directed by principles and feelings very diffdifferent from those of the rest of mankind.

In 1812, Mr. Canning identified himself with the Marquis of Wellesley, endeavoured to effect a coalition with the Grey and Grenville party, and was very active in the political discussions of the period. In 1812, too, he first offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Liverpool. He was four times elected a representative for that town, but never without a strong opposition. The second election took place after his embassy to Lisbon, the third in 1818, and the fourth in 1820.

It was in 1816, that Mr. Canning went out as ambassador to the court of Portugal, on the allowance of £14,000 a year: his acceptance of which was severely animadverted upon in parliament. In 1818 he came into office as president of the Board of Controul, for India affairs. In 1820, on the commencement of proceedings against her Majesty Queen Caroline, he resigned his office, and retired to the continent. Having returned to England, he was in the ensuing year appointed Governor-General of India. He had actually taken leave of his constituents at Liverpool, for the purpose of proceeding to Bengal, when the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry offered to him the more desirable post of Secretary of State for the Foreign department. He accepted that office, and held it until the lamented illness of the Earl of Liverpool rendered it necessary to appoint a successor to that nobleman. Mr. Canning considered the premiership as his inheritance; he received his Majesty's commands to re-organize the cabinet; his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Mr. Peel, and three or four other members of the Liverpool administration resigned; and Mr. Canning becoming first lord of the treasury, formed a coalition with several of the leading Whigs. Every thing connected with this subject is of a date too recent to require further illustration from us.

Mr. Canning's talents, as they were displayed in the composition of state papers, during the war of the French Revolution, were of a very high order. He appeared to equal advantage in the long and voluminous correspondence, which during his secretaryship he carried on with the American minister, Mr. Pinkney, respecting the points in dispute between the British and American governments. During the time that Mr. Canning is undersood to have had the arrangement of the royal speeches, delivered at the opening and close of every parliamentary session, those documents were remarkable for perspecuity, point, and luminous expedition. Mr. Canning's oratory was similar in its character so his literary productions. It was fluent, perspicuous, brilliant, and epigrammatic. Mr. Canning was more eloquent than argumentative, more persuasive than convincing, more sarcastic than impressive. Altogether, he was a man highly gifted, eminently qualified to arrest and command attention.

Mr. Canning's health had for some time been seriously affected; but, we believe, not

the slightest apprehension of danger was entertained. It is more than probable that his death was accelerated by the high mental excitement to which he had been for many weeks, if not months, subjected. The disease which ultimately consigned him to the grave, appears to have been a general internal inflamation. It was not until the morning of Sunday, the 5th of August, that the first bulletin respecting his illness, was issued, that the public were first apprised of his alarming indisposition; and so rapid was his illness in its progress, that at ten minutes before four o'clock, on the morning of the Wednesday following (Aug. 8) he expired.

During his illness, Mr. Canning was sedulously and unremittingly attended by his amiable wife, and his daughter, the Marchioness of Clanricarde. Mr. Canning's eldest son died on the 31st of March, 1820, in the 19th year of his age. He has left two other sons: the first a post captain in the navy, and the second, a youth about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Mr. Canning's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Mr. Pitt, on the 16th of August. The funeral was strictly private. The chief mourners were Mr. Canning's son, the Duke of Portland, and the Marquis of Clanricarde. There was nine mourning coaches, and several carriages of the nobility, &c. Amongst the distinguished personages who attended, were the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, and Devonshire, the Marquises of Anglesea and Lansdown, the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Goderich, Seaford, and Cowper, Count Munster, and about fifty other noblemen.—The funeral service was read by the Dean of Westminster.

The coffin in which were inclosed the remains of the late premier, was covered with crimson velvet. On the coffin plate was engraven the family arms and motto of the deceased; and beneath, the following inscription:—

Depositum.
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,
One of His Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council,
First Lord Commissioner of HisMajesty's Treasury,
Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the
Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland,
And a Governor of the Charter-house, &c. &c.
Born the 11th of April, 1770.
Died 8th August, 1827.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., of Sloughton Grange, in the county of Leicester, D.C.L., F.R.S., and S.A., and a Trustee of the British Museum, was born at Dunmow, in Essex, in November 1753. He was the only child of Sir George Beaumont, by Rachel, daughter of Matthew Howland, of Stonehall, Dunmow, Esq. He succeeded to his title and paternal estate in 1762. He was educated at Eton, and at New College, Oxford. In 1778, he married Margaret, daughter of John Willes, of Astrop, in Northamptonshire, Esq., the eldest son of Lord Chief Justice Willes.

Sir George Beaumont commenced the tour of Europe in 1782. At the general election in 1790, he was returned as one of the representatives of the borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire; but he sat during only one parliament.

Sir George Beaumont was long known as an amateur and connoisseur of the Fine Arts. Many admirable productions of his pencil have at different times graced the walls of Somerset House. He was honoured with the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who bequeathed him his Return of the Ark, by Sebastian Bourdon. This is one of the sixteen pictures which Sir George, a year or two before his death, presented to the National Gallery. A portrait of Sir George, engraved by T. S. Agar, from a painting by Hoffner, in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, was published in the year 1812, in Cadell's British Gallery of Contemporary Portraits.

Sir George Beaumont died of an attack of erysipelas in the head, at his seat Cole-Orton Hall, Leicestershire, on the 7th of February. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded in his title and estates by his first cousin, now Sir George Howland Willoughby Beaumont, who has married a daughter of the Bishop of London.

THE REV. DR. DAUBENY.

The Venerable Charles Daubeny, D.C.L., Archdeacon and one of the Prebendaries of Salisbury, Fellow of Winchester College, and Vicar of North Bradley in the county of Wilts, was born about the year 1744. He was of lineal descent from a Norman attendant on the conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and collaterally from Sir John Daubeny, brother of the Earl of Bridgwater. Through life he appears to have been deeply impressed with a high sense of the real value of hereditary distinction—that of exciting its possessor to honourable action, that he may reflect lustre, rather than disgrace, upon the name of his ancestors. Educated for the church, he had long been one of its most distinguished, most efficient members, evincing, at all times, the highest sense of official duty, combined with the most zealous solicitude to defend and support the great cause in which he was engaged in an age of sceptical indifference to the interests of truth. His literary productions, in several volumes, constitute splendid monuments of ecclesiastical knowledge and attachment to ancient principles. Amongst these may be particularly mentioned his celebrated *Guide to the Church:* also his *Vindiciæ Ecclisiæ Anglicanæ, in which some of the False Reasonings, Incorrect Statements, and palpable Misrepresentations in a Publication entitled "The True Churchman ascertained," by John Overton, A.B., are pointed out.* The latter was published in the year 1803, the former at an earlier period. In 1803 he

also wrote, and preached at Christ Church, Bath, "*A Sermon on His Majesty's Call for the United Exertions of his People against the threatened Invasion.*" In 1805, his "*Charge delivered at the Primary Visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Sarum,*" attracted much notice by the excellent sense, and correct feeling which it throughout displayed. We cannot resist the inclination of transcribing from it the following paragraph respecting the behaviour of a clergyman:—"It is a remark not uncommonly made, that what may be done by a Christian without offence, may also, without impropriety, be done by a clergyman! But this remark is certainly founded in error; an error which, in its application to our present subject, may be productive of most important effects. The example of the clergy is at all times necessary to enforce the precepts they inculcate. A minister of Christ, therefore, should abstain from *apparent*, no less than from *positive* evil, because his influence on the public mind should be preserved in as unimpaired a state as possible. Should therefore his indulgence in pursuits and amusements, in themselves indifferent perhaps, when considered with respect to others, tend in any degree to lessen that reverence for his character, which is essential to the effectual discharge of his important office; should he not be able to restrain himself from temporary gratification that is to be enjoyed at such an expense, with what grace will he preach to others the necessary practice of self denial on still more important occasions. To all such cases, the doctrine of *expediency*, on the authority of St. Paul, strictly applies. For in matters which may affect the salvation of others, admitting that they are allowable in themselves, the charity of our religion calls on us to respect even the scruples of our weaker brethren. It is the position of St. Paul, that when we sin against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, we sin against Christ."

Dr. Daubeny, if we mistake not, was one of the chief theological contributors to the Anti-Jacobin Review. Independently of his discussions with Mr. Overton, we have reason to suppose that he was also concerned in the Blagdon Controversy; a controversy in which Mrs. Hannah More, as one of the patronesses of what is termed the Evangelical Sect in the Church of England, was implicated, and which excited considerable attention in the religious world, about four or five and twenty years ago.

Through the combined influence of a tranquil disposition, unremitting abstemiousness, and studious habits, Mr. Daubeny retained his intellectual vigour unimpaired till the close of his earthly existence. He had recently committed a controversial production to the press; and, at the earnest recommendation of a literary friend, he had made considerable progress in an auto-biographical work. It is much to be wished that whatever may have been written of the latter may be given to the public.

Possessed of extensive erudition, inflexible integrity, and sterling worth, it is not surprising that Dr. Daubeny should have been, on royal suggestion, under three successive administrations, selected, as he was qualified, for the episcopal church. Through intervening contingencies, however, he was unfortunately suffered to remain unrequited with prelacy.

The parochial district entrusted to Dr. Daubeny's care will transmit to posterity extraordinary indications of his pastoral regard. He was the founder of an elegant chapel of ease at Road, and of two almshouses at Bradley, with three official manses. He also became a parochial benefactor to the amount of 10,000*l.* superadded to augmentation of incumbency, by surrender of his personal interest in the rectorial tithes, with an annual donation of 100*l.* to the poor. Christ Church, Bath—a structure, the lower aisle of which was intended solely for the public of every description, and was thence generally called the Free Church—owes it existence to Dr. Daubeny.

This truly Christian pastor completed an archdeaconal visitation the week before his death; and he delivered an address to his congregation at Road, only forty-eight hours before he was summoned to surrender his important charge. It is hardly necessary to add that Dr. Daubeny was a decided opponent to the doctrines of Calvinism, and also of what is termed Catholic Emancipation. His decease, at the present eventful crisis, will consequently be regarded in different lights by different religious and political parties.

Dr. Daubeny's kindness, no less than his munificence to every branch of his family, was exemplary. He died universally regretted at his vicarage, North Bradley, on the 10th of July.

SIGNIOR SAPIO.

Signior Sapio, the father of Mr. Sapio, the distinguished tenor of Covent Garden theatre, and of Mr. A. Sapio, a bass singer, attached to the Royal Academy of Music, was a celebrated Italian professor of singing. At Paris, he was chapel-master; he was the instructor of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI.; and he had the honour of being preferred to Piccini, Sacchini, and Gluck, his rivals at the French court. He had married a French lady; but, from the nature of his connexions, he was under the necessity of emigrating with his family at the commencement of the Revolution. He came over to this country; and so widely had his fame spread, that, immediately on his arrival, he was appointed singing-master to the Duchess of York, and afterwards to the Princess of Wales. These appointments gave him additional éclat; he was courted

for his instruction by all the higher nobility; and, for many years, he continued at the head of his profession in the fashionable world. The superiority of his style was ascribed to its incomparable feeling and expression; nor was the facility with which he imparted its peculiarities to his pupils less extraordinary. Signior Sapio died on the night of the 30th of June, after a short illness. He was in his 77th year.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Clouds, showers, and light winds have prevailed in the metropolis and its neighbourhood very generally since the date of the last Report. One or two days have been characterized by a close and sultry heat; but the usual range of the thermometer has been from 65° to 75°. The evenings have been cool, and the nights, in general, cold. With such a condition of the atmosphere, it is not to be expected that any very violent epidemic should reign. The complaints have, indeed, partaken of that character which is common at this season; that is to say, they have been *bilious*. The functions of the liver and upper bowels have been manifestly disordered, and from this source have proceeded many other groupes of symptoms; but there has been no virulence or malignity in the disease, and the mortality from this cause has proved below that of ordinary seasons.

One important distinction may be drawn among the bilious cases which the last month has presented. Some have been attended with alternate chills, and flushes of heat, and weakness of the limbs—in other words, with *fever;* while others have been free from all marks of pyrexial excitement. The following may be taken as an instance of the latter, or the *simple* bilious disorder of the season. A school-boy, aged about thirteen, came under the Reporter's care, on the 2d of August, complaining of the severest pain and stiffness of the lower extremities. He was unable to walk across the room, or even to raise his foot upon a stool. Sleep was totally denied him by the violence and obstinacy of the pain. His pulse, however, was unaffected, his tongue clear, and the skin natural. His appetite was good, and the expression of his countenance unaltered. A moment's reflection convinced the Reporter that this singular affection of the lower extremities could have its source only in sympathy with the stomach and liver, that important *centre* of healthy and of unhealthy action, where, rather than in the heart or in the brain, the old pathologists fixed the domicile of their archæus, or governing principle of the animal œconomy. An emetic was prescribed, which detached from the stomach and duodenum a large quantity of viscid mucus and of acrid bile. Some amendment followed instantly; and the cure was completed in forty-eight hours, by the aid of some appropriate aperients. A variety of cases, varying in the character of the leading symptom, but pathologically allied to the preceding, have been recently met with.

Wherever, from the greater severity of the disease, its more gradual advances or other less obvious circumstance, fever has been superadded to the truly bilious symptoms, more time has been required for the cure, and more delicacy in the administration of the necessary remedies. The following have been the most usual complaints of patients labouring under the *bilious fever* of the present season.—Alternate chills and flushes; a feeling as if they had been beaten all over the body with sticks; pains of the legs and arms in particular; dryness of the mouth and throat; nausea and disposition to sickness; oppression at the chest; head-ache, particularly severe on one side; great languor; and total loss of appetite. To the physician's eye, the tongue appears but little affected. The pulse is small, feeble, and, as it were, oppressed. The bowels are sometimes confined, sometimes in a natural state. Piles have been a very frequent concomitant of the other symptoms, and have contributed to shew that the proximate cause of the disorder is a constricted state of the vessels supplying the chylopoietic viscera. The obvious means of relief are the employment of calomel, emetic tartar, ipecacuanha, and Dover's powder, in doses and combinations suited to the strength of the patient's habit, and the irritability or torpor of the stomach and bowels, but for which no specific rules can possibly be laid down. The treatment thus began is to be actively followed up by a solution of Epsom salts in peppermint-water, or by a mild infusion of senna with aromatics or carbonate of soda, according as languor or acidity predominate. Perseverance in these or similar means, for several days after the apparent cessation of urgent symptoms, is requisite to prevent relapses, which have been, unfortunately, but too frequent.

It has not occurred to the Reporter to witness as yet any cases of decided cholera; but he has seen several of very pure dysentery, and he has reason to believe that this disorder is daily becoming more prevalent. It has for its predisposing causes, *warmth*, with moisture of the atmosphere; just as catarrh, the corresponding affection of the

other extremity of the great alimentary tube, has for its source atmospheric moisture, with *cold*. In one instance, the dysenteric symptoms were so urgent as to call for the loss of blood from the arm; but the remedy which the Reporter has *hitherto* found efficacious is the combination of calomel with opium. Three grains of the former with one of the latter, repeated at intervals of eight hours, have afforded the greatest relief. Castor-oil has proved a valuable auxiliary, superior to Epsom salts.

This month has proved very fatal to consumptive patients. A high range of atmospheric heat is more oppressive to them than even severe cold; and we may readily judge, from the facts which are now passing before our eyes, how highly injurious it must be to send patients, in the last and confirmed stage of this disorder, to a very hot climate; such, for instance, as that of Naples or Malta. There they sink rapidly under the debilitating effects of excessive heat; and their last moments are thus unassuaged by the sympathies and solaces of surrounding relatives and friends!

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John Street, Golden Square, Aug.* 21, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat harvest commenced generally with this month throughout all but the northern districts; in some parts however, suddenly and unexpectedly, as in Berks, where perhaps this golden crop has sustained more damage than in any other districts. The latter end of last month was so dry and scorching in that county, though heavy rains fell elsewhere, that there appeared a sudden and unexpected necessity for the immediate employment of the sickle. A strong, drying, W.N.W. wind did considerable damage in exposed situations, to the extent, it is agreed on all hands, of full eight bushels per acre, most of those lands having more wheat blown from the ears than would have sufficed for seed. The forward oats, also, were considerably shaken and damaged. Instant recourse was had to the sickle, but the fine days which succeeded, rendered the wheat more ripe and apt to be shaken out; and notwithstanding all possible care in binding the sheaves, a large succeeding portion of wheat has been shaken out, and numbers of ears broken off. Happily, such loss has occurred in very few places. As far as can be yet determined, wheat on all good lands is heavy enough to stamp the crop an average one throughout. It is nevertheless not sufficiently prolific to signalize the year in which it occurs. As far as we have either seen or heard, there is not that profusion of ponderous, nodding, and highly-filled ears, which usually distinguishes the great wheat year in our reckoing. We have not yet found a wheat ear containing eighty to ninety odd kernels, such as we have both formerly seen and grown.

The present harvest will produce a q. s. of smutty and discoloured wheat, the produce equally of steeped and unsteeped seed; a consideration which we humbly submit to a writer some years since in the Farmers' Magazine of Scotland, (if happily now living) who pronounced with the utmost gravity, that "It was equally disgraceful to a farmer to grow smutty wheat, as to be personally afflicted with a certain disease." Barley is generally deemed the largest crop, and beyond an average. Oats have been much improved by the late rains, and in certain fortunate districts will approach an average. Pulse will be generally defective in the pod, but the quality good. Hops will be three parts of a full crop. Turnips the same. *Mangold wurtzel* abundant, and good. That *root of scarcity*, so decried and ridiculed in its early day, is now universally and duly appreciated by the farmers, and has certainly proved the best preventive of scarcity of any article of the same kind ever introduced into this country; due thanks and honour to Sir Mordaunt Martin, the *wuzzelly-fuzzelly knight* of Long Melford, Suffolk—so the honourable baronet, within our recollection, was styled at market dinners. This root, however (of which Sir Mordaunt was the earliest and most sanguine experimenter), it must be acknowledged, as a cattle food, is greatly inferior in quality to carrots, Swedish turnips, and even to our English turnips, on real turnip soils. The chief merits of mangold wurtzel are its great productiveness, its success on inferior soils, even on clays; and the resistance which its substantial and hardy leaves offer to the amber louse, parent of the fly. It is however dangerous food to cattle in the autumn, and previously to its sweat, or being freed from its superfluous and unwholesome juices.

Hay is fine in quality, but defective in weight of crop. The rains have been generally insufficient, and it is now too late to think of a crop of after-grass. Large breadths of failing oats were fed off with sheep, and the land sown with rape and turnips for winter food; but great difficulties must yet be expected in feeding live

stock. Vetches are expected to be a good crop. It seems a general fruit season. It scarcely needs repetition, that all fat stock finds a ready sale and good price, with the reverse of the picture for lean stores, though sheep are said to have somewhat advanced, and pig-stock sell readily and well. The dull and plentiful season for horses is at hand, but the young and good seem to command a price at all seasons. It should be universally known that Mr. Coke, of Holkham, uses ox-teams with his horses; an example well worthy to be followed in those counties, where that most profitable practice is neglected through mere prejudice and want of experience. On that topic reference may advantageously be had to "The General Treatise on Cattle, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine." Farmers complain—let them then search out every mode of profitable retrenchment; and it is submitted to them, whether a recourse to certain of those crops beneficially cultivated by their fathers, in turn with corn crops, might not suit the present posture of their affairs.

It is observed universally, that "farmers were never more ready for harvest," and thus far, it appears, there never was a more quick and favourable harvest. The fallows, too, are in great forwardness (indeed upon lands where there ought to be no fallows) and much manuring has been done. It is to be regretted, however, that foul tilths are too general, and an immense breadth of land, perhaps in every county, is wasted in growing weeds instead of corn. Ghosts, which so opportunely appeared in former days, have unfortunately cut our acquaintance in these latter, now that the appearance of old *Jethro Tull* is so much wanted; but however grave he might look in viewing our luxuriant crops of couch, and lock, and thistle, and charlock, *et id genus omne*, his reverend phiz would surely relax into a smile, at the felicitous idea of laying salt, by hand, upon the heads, not the tails, of thistles!

In the north of Scotland, reports of their crops are most favourable, indeed more so than on their best soils, whence the accounts of the wheat crop are not so flattering. They write of "a tulip-root disease" in oats, of which we in the south would thank them for a description. The wheat crop in Ireland, and upon the continent generally, is said to be abundant; the result to this country we shall without much doubt have an opportunity to witness, in the course of the ensuing year. Much is said in the tone of complaint, of the immense import of oats; but were they not wanted, they could not be imported.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s.—Mutton, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 68s.—Barley, 28s. to 36s.—Oats, 19s. to 40s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 80s. to 120s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 150s.—Straw, 36s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 6d. to 39s. per chaldron; about 12s. addition for cartage, &c.

Middlesex, Aug. 27, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—Since our last Report, the Sugar market has been daily advancing in prices.—Low Browns, 63s. to 64s.; and finer qualities in proportion. The sales have been very extensive—as much as that 7000 hgds. have been sold in the course of four days—and the stock on hand greatly reduced. *Refined Sugars* are in such great demand, that there is not at present a sufficient quantity in the market for the consumption; and the price advanced full 2s. per cent. since our last Report.

Coffee.—The quantity or St. Domingo Coffee lately brought forward for sale has been very extensive. Jamaica Triage, 39s. to 50s. in bond; good, 46s. to 50s.; fine, 50s. to 52s.

Cotton.—The Cotton market, both here and at Liverpool, remains very dull.—Common West-India, 6d. to 7½d. per lb.; Smyrna, 8d. to 9½d.; New Orleans, 6½d. to 8½d.; Demarara, 7d. to 16d.

Rum.—The Government contract of 100,000 gallons has nearly cleared the market of this description of Leward Island, which sells at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d. per gallon.

Brandy and Hollands.—Little has been done in either, and the prices uncertain, and in little or no demand.

Flax, Hemp, and Tallow.—The latter article has fallen in price, owing to the expectation of the arrival of large quantities exported from Russia, which have been purchased there at favourable prices; and there is no alteration in the prices of Flax and Hemp.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 4.—Rotterdam, 12. 4.—Hamburgh, 37. 1.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 80.—Bordeaux, 25. 80.—Frankfort on the Main,

154.—Vienna, 10. 8.—Trieste, 10. 9.—Madrid, 34.—Cadiz, 34.—Barcelona, 33.—Bilboa, 34¼.—Seville, 34.—Gibraltar (hard dollar), 45.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 115 per oz.—Lisbon, 40.—Oporto, 40¾.—Bahia, 41.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Portugal Gold in Coin, 0.—*Bullion per Oz.*—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in bars, standard 0.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 305*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 107*l.*—Grand Junction, 307*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 30*l.* 10*s.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 390*l.*—Oxford, 730*l.*—Regent's, 30*l.* 10*s.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,700*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 290*l.*—London DOCKS, 87*l.* 0*s.*—West-India, 205*l.* 0*s.*—East London WATER WORKS, 122*l.*—Grand Junction, 64½*l.*—West Middlesex, 68*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1 *dis.*—Globe 151½*l.*—Guardian, 21¼*l.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 95*l.*—GAS-LIGHT, Westmin. Chartered Company, 59*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 14 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 23d of July and the 21st of August* 1827 *; extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Corbyn, J. Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, master-mariner
Corfield, C. W. Norwich, carrier
Edwards, C. Cambridge, money-scrivener
Franks, K. Portsea, glass-dealer
Hubbard, E. and W. H. Alexander, Norwich, manufacturers
Robertson, A. White Horse-terrace, Stepney, baker

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 82.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Andrews, J. Swindon, Wiltshire, mercer. [Meggison and Co., Gray's-inn; Crowley, Swindon
Allen, W. London-road, Surrey, dealer. [Vincent, Clifford's inn]
Bell, T. Liverpool, grocer. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Parkinson and Co., Liverpool
Barnes, T. Wittersham, Kent, linen-draper. [Egan and Co., Essex-street, Strand
Bryce, D. Liverpool, cabinet-maker. [Finlow, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn
Britton, T. Pensfold, Somersetshire, dealer. [Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn; Greville, Bristol
Barrett, H. Gloucester, musical instrument seller. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square
Booth, W. Duke-street, Manchester-square, bookseller. [Suttcliffe, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars
Brown, G. Banbury, Oxfordshire, miller. [Aplin, Banbury
Brown, S. Old-street, straw-bonnet-manufacturer. [Willis, Sloane-square, Chelsea
Boyce, G. P. Princes-street, Haymarket, stove-maker. [Goren and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square
Beardmore, W. Levenshulme, Lancashire, malt-dealer, [Milne and Co., Temple; Pickford, Manchester
Bent, R. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, master-mariner. [Tilliard, Old Jewry
Chisholm, J. late of Harwich, chemist. [Crouch, Union-court, Broad-street
Croft, G. Oxford-street, mercer. [Crowden and Co., Lothbury
Courtney, J. Bristol, banker. [Cooke and Son and Haberfield, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Cropley, E. Frith-street, Soho, merchant. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Coupland, W. T. Liverpool, factor. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Co., Liverpool
Clarke, W. Northampton, innkeeper. [Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Jeyes, Northampton
Carpenter, W. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, bookseller. [Suttcliffe, Bridge-street, Blackfriars
Chieslie, R. I. Green-street, Grosvenor-square, milliner. [Goren and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square
Child, D. Beauvoir-place, Kingsland-road, pianoforte-maker. [Phipps, Basinghall-street
Chittenden, I. senior, Chittenden, I. junior, Hay's-wharf, Hay's-lane, Southwark, hop-merchants. [Thompson and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
D'Oyle, N. L. Vauxhall Bridge-road, painter. [Finch, Dean-street, Soho
Davison, J. W. Crown-street, Westminster, flint-merchant. [Bowden, Cloak-lane
Dugdall, J. Portsmouth, coach-proprietor. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square
Davies, J. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer. [Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street
Denny, J. T. George-street, Baker-street, Marylebonne, victualler. [Ellison and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
Darby, W. A. Edgeware-road, builder. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho
Downer, W. Leadenhall-market, poulterer. [Harrison and Co., Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane
Ellman, W. Lambeth, miller. [Lewis, Crutched-friars
Elliott, C. Brighton, grocer. [Frampton and Co., New-inn; Colbatch, Brighton
Franks, K. Portsea, glass-dealer. [Norton, White-cross-street
Fornachon, L. V. Manchester, merchant. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester
Graves, I. Upper Crown-street, Westminster, dealer in pictures. [Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark
Gibbs, C. late of Cumberland-gardens, Vauxhall, tavern-keeper. [Boren, Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street
Harrison. H. Lower Peover-cottage, Cheshire, merchant. [Davenport, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn
Harris, T. and I. Fairman, Watling-street, warehousemen. [Turner, Basing-lane, Bread-street
Horner, M. Cottingley, Yorkshire, fell-monger. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Parkinson and Co., Liverpool
Hennell, F. Potton, Bedfordshire, linen-draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Horsfield, P. Manchester, dealer. [Ainsworth and Co., Manchester; Milner and Co., Temple
Harvey, J. Penryn, Cornwall, tanner. [Brooking and Co., Lombard-street, London; Elworthy, Devonport
Howe, S. Devonport, currier. [Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Blackmore, Devonport
Hall, W. Falmouth, tallow-chandler. [Young and Co., St. Mildred's court, Poultry

Isaac, N. sen. Marshfield, Gloucestershire, maltster. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Batchellor, Bath

Joseph, A. Compton-street, Brunswick-square, merchant. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square

Jones, E. Alston, Warwickshire, builder. [Tooke and Co., Gray's-inn; Unett and Co., Birmingham

Jordan, F. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant. [Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury

Lacon, T. H. and T. A. Dale, Liverpool, ironfounders. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lacon, Liverpool

Letts, G. Nine-elms, Battersea, barge-owner. [Vanducon and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street

Laight, R. Worcester, coal-merchant. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Wilson, Worcester

Lever, B. Woolwich, linen-draper. [Hurd and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple

Linton, T. Crowle, Lincolnshire, ironmonger. [Pearson, Crowle; Lever, Gray's-inn-square

Moseley, W. Manchester, grocer. [Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Harding, Manchester

Marden, R. London, merchant. [Barendale and Co, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street

Neupert, G. J. Pall-Mall East, tailor. [Surman, Lincoln's-inn

Perkins, H. Cheapside, warehouseman. [Abbott, Roll's-yard, Chancery-lane

Priestly, R. High Holborn, bookseller. [Hopkinson, Red-lion-square

Phillips, J. and W. Gray, Platt-terrace, Somerstown, plasterers. [Willliams, Bond-court, Walbrook

Paine, T. Weston-street, Hackney, carpenter. [Shaw, Fenchurch-street

Pilbrow, T. Exeter, music-seller. [Brutterton and Co., Old Bond-street, Brutterton, Exeter

Percival, W. Leicester, grocer. [Robinson, Leicester; Emly, Essex-court, Temple

Roberts, J. Manchester, common-brewer. [Beaston, Manchester; Cuvelje, Staple-inn

Richards, C. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane

Robinson, I. Calversike-hill, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Dawson, Keighley.

Sudell, H. Woodfold-park, Mellon, Lancashire, merchant. [Milne and Co., Temple; Neville and Co., Blackburn

Sheppard, M. H. Wilsden-cottage, Harrow-road, surgeon. [Templar and Noy, Great Tower-street

Sherratt, J. Prescot, Lancashire, money-scrivener. [Avison, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row

Smart, C. Chalford, Gloucestershire, baker. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Stone, Tetbury

Sarell, R. D. Bideford, Devonshire, victualler. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Benson, Exeter

Thompson, H. Manchester, merchant. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Gardener, Manchester

Talbot, J. and H. Francis, Threadneedle-street, brokers. [Humphries and Co., Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.

Tumley, R. H. Lad-lane, Manchester. woollen-warehouseman. [Winter and Co., Bedford-row

Underwood, J. S. Woolwich, Kent, linen draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street

Window, I. Craig's-court, Charing-cross, agent. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square

West, J. L. Albermarle-street, Piccadilly, coal-merchant. [Smith, New Clement's-inn-chambers, Picket-street, Strand

Whittenbury, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester

Winder, T. Lancaster, licensed post-master. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Thompson and Co., Lancaster

Williams, R. Newtown, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman. [Yates, Vyrnwy bank, near Oswestry; White, Lincoln's-inn

Walker, W. London, hop merchant. [Bodenham, Furnival's-inn

Warwick, C. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, braid-manufacturer. [Gregory, Clement's-inn

Whitham, C. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer. [Tattershall, New-inn; Palfreyman, Sheffield.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Grenside, to the Rectory of Crathorne, Yorkshire.—Rev. T. Wise, to the Rectory of Barley, Herts.—Rev. C. G. R. Festing, to the Vicarage of St. Paul, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Pike, to the Vicarage of Uphaven, Wilts.—Rev. W. Ward, to be Chaplain to Viscount Goderich.—Rev. T. Stacey, to be Chaplain to the Earl of Dunraven.—Rev. R. Remington, to be Chaplain and Vicar of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.—Rev. E. Mellish, installed Dean of Hereford.—Rev. L. Clarke, collated to the Archdeaconry of Sarum, and to the Prebend of Minor Pars Altaris.—Rev. Dr. Irvine, to the Living of Chatham.—Rev. M. Davy, to the Rectory of Cottenham, Cambridge.—The Hon. and Rev. H. Stanhope, to the Rectory of Gawsworth, Cheshire.—Very Rev. Dr. W. Landon, to the Vicarage of Branscombe, Devon.—Rev. B. G. Bridges, to the Rectory of Orlingbury, Northampton.—Hon. and Rev. E. A. Bagot, to the Deanery of Canterbury.—Rev. T. Tuston, installed Prebendary of Hador-with-Walton, in Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. J. W. Harding, to the Vicarage of Sulgrove, Northampton.—Rev. H. Barber, to the Rectory of Stretham, Isle of Ely, and to the Rectory of Little Stukeley, Huntingdon.—Rev. H. Evans, to the Perpetual Curacy of Bylaugh, Norfolk.—Rev. F. D. Perkins, to the Vicarage of Down Hatherley, Gloucester.—Rev. W. H. Roberts, to be Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. T. Westcombe, to the Vicarage of Letambe Regis, Berks.—Rev. H. W. Barnard, to be Canon Residentiary of Wells Cathedral.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Vicarage of Llangunner, Carmarthen.—Rev. W. Henderson, to the Pastoral Charge of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh.—Rev. C. Haycock, to the Rectory of Withcott, and Perpetual Curacy of Owston, Leicester.—Rev. S. Cooper, to the Rectory of Wood Walton, Huntingdon.—Rev. E. J. Bell, to the Vicarage of Wickham Market, Suffolk.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Duke of Portland, President of the Council —Lord W. H. C. Bentinck, and J. C. Herries, esq., Privy Councillors.

The Duke of Wellington is appointed Commander-in-Chief.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 24.—H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral, after a minute inspection of Plymouth, &c., arrived at Milford, and visited Pembroke Dock, &c. He was accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Clarence.

29 and 30.—One of the most tremendous thunder storms ever remembered occurred in various parts of the country. At Kettering, the lightning consumed three houses.

August 1.—The Bill for limiting the power of arrest came into operation, by which no person owing less than £20 can be arrested.

4.—The Sublime Porte has officially declared to the ministers of the different powers of Europe, that it will not suffer any interference between it and the Greeks, and that "there remains no ground for discussion on these affairs;" concluding with "health and peace to him who followeth the paths of rectitude!!!"

9.—H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral honoured the admirals, captains, and commanders of the Royal Navy, at Portsmouth, by dining with them, before he completed his tour of inspection.

— A Russian fleet arrived at Spithead; it consists of 16 sail, under the command of Admiral Sineavin.

10.—The Russian corvette Krotky, commanded by Baron Wrangel, arrived at the Motherbank from a voyage round the world.

11.—Petition presented to His Majesty from the Assembly of Jamaica, in behalf of "the calumniated, oppressed, and impoverished people whom they represent."

13.—By order of the Lord High Admiral, the schoolmasters in H.M.'s Navy are to wear the uniform of gunners, boatswains, and carpenters, without swords.

21.—Four sail of the line, four frigates, and a corvette, of the Russian fleet, sailed from Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, under the command of Rear-Admiral Count Hayden.

— The Recorder made his report to His Majesty in council, of 17 prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when they were all respited but one, who was ordered for execution Aug. 27.

— The Parliament prorogued to October 25.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, W. Ramsden, esq., son of Sir I. Ramsden, bart., to Lady A. Paulet, daughter of the Marquis of Winchester.—The Rev. J. W. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late General Sir H. Calvert, bart.—At Mary-le-bone, R. H. Close, esq., to Caroline Sophia, niece to Sir J. H. Palmer, bart.—G. C. Norton, esq., M.P., to Caroline, second daughter to the late T. Sheridan, esq.—At Lambeth, F. J. Perceval, esq., second son of the late Right Hon. S. Perceval, to Miss M. Barker.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, F. L. Holyoake, esq., to Miss E. M. Payne.—At Hammersmith, Sir J. Chetwode, bart., to Miss E. Bristow.—At Lewisham, Lieutenant-Col. P. Dumas, to Miss M. Smith.—At Mary-le-bone, R. Dashwood, esq., to Henrietta Mary Annette, daughter of Major Eyre.—T. Melrose, esq., to Miss Macnaughten.—Captain T. P. Vandeleur, to Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, bart.—At Rickmansworth, C. P. Meyer, esq., to Miss Walton.

DEATHS.

At Earl Fortescue's, Grosvenor-square, Susan, Viscountess Ebrington.—In the Temple, 71, F. B. Reaston, esq.—At Chiswick, the Duke of Devonshire's, the Right Hon. George Canning.—In Brunswick-square, 74, Catherine, widow of the late A. Burnley, esq., and mother-in-law of J. Hume, esq., M.P.—At Cheshunt, Elizabeth, wife of W. Harrison, esq., attorney-general to the Duchy of Lancaster.—In Jefferys'-square, 69, W. May, esq., consul-general to the King of the Netherlands.—In Abingdon-street, 76, G. Reddle, esq., surveyor-general examiner of the excise.—At Deptford, 80, W. Payne, esq.—At Hampton Court Palace, Miss Barbara St. John.—At Clarence-terrace, Marianne, eldest daughter of G. Townsend, esq.,—At Yardley, Rev. W. Parslow, 35 years vicar of that parish.—Mrs. Russel, of Roundcroft.—In Hertford-street, 78, John, Earl of Stradbroke.—68, Mr. W. Blake, engraver.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, Count Victor de Jecqueville, Lieutenant-Colonel in the French Army, to Miss Anne Tulloch.—At the British Chapel, Leghorn, the Rev. E. Ward, to Miss Emma Crump.—At Paris, G. W. Prescott, esq., eldest son of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart, to Emily Maria, daughter of Colonel Symes.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Havre, 75, A. Lindegren, esq.—At Rome, the Chevalier Italinski, minister plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Pope.—At Munich, 92, Count de Preysing, councillor of state.—At St. Zanbre, near Rochelle, where he had been rector from the year 1816, the Rev. P. Royer, formerly of Ashbourn, Derbyshire.—On his passage from India, Sir H. Giffard, bart, chief justice of Ceylon.—At Paris, J. T. Bryett, esq.—At Barbadoes, the infant son of the Bishop of Barbadoes.—At St. Maloes, Mr. Denis Dighton, military painter to His Majesty.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The famous fishing station at Wick is likely soon to be rivalled by another now forming upon the coast of Northumberland. The fishermen of Bead-

nel and North Sunderland have discovered that the adjoining sea offers the most inexhaustible resources for supporting an extensive fishery; and persons of capital and enterprize are now erecting convenient buildings for curing fish. &c. This establishment must rapidly augment the wealth and population of this district.

A stem of oats was plucked in a field belonging to Mr. Crass, of West Bolden, a few day ago, which contained no less than 689 grains. The head measured in length two feet three inches.

An extraordinary *crim. con.* case has been decided by the Sheriff's Court, at Durham, pursuant to a writ of inquiry from the Court of King's Bench, where the defendant had suffered judgment to go by default; the plaintiff, a wooden-legged shoemaker, and the defendant, a blind fiddler, both belonging to Shields. The damages were laid at £500, and the jury awarded *one farthing!*

At Durham Assizes, 3 culprits were condemned to death, 2 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

At Newcastle Assizes, one recorded for death, one transported, and one imprisoned.

At the Northumberland Assizes, one recorded for death, and one imprisoned. Mr. Baron Hullock complimented the county on its scantiness of crime, as highly creditable to its people and police.

Married.] At Durham, J. S. Green, esq., to Miss D. Lambton; H. Cattley, esq., to Miss S. T. Warner.—At Hexham, Mr. Thompson, to Miss Whitfield.—Mr. J. T. Carr, of Newcastle, to Miss Sophia Balleney.—At Clifton-hall, J. M. Hog, esq. to Helen, daughter of Sir A. C. M. Gibson, bart. —At Bernard-castle, Dr. Macklin, to the Hon. Miss Jessop.—At Temple Sowerby, the Rev. H. Brown, to Miss Bazruom.—W. C. Trevelyan, esq., to Miss Tait.—At Staindrop, G. Hodgson, a sighing swain of 80, to Elizabeth Dunn, a blooming lass of 28.—At West Bolden, J. Yellowley, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Stewart.

Died.] P. Jackson, esq., of Rainten-hall, Durham.—At Sunderland, 85, Mrs. Middleton.—At Barningham, 78, Mr. M. Newby; he presided over the school there for upwards of half a century.—At Bishopwearmouth, 89, Mrs. Richardson, relict of the late T. Richardson, esq.—83, Mrs. Paxton. —At Lilburn-tower, H. Collingwood, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

The Yorkshire Philosophical Society have given notice for plans for the immediate erection of a museum.

The new Cliff Bridge, at Scarborough, was opened lately with great pomp and ceremony, the archbishop of York joining the procession, with a highly respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, in the following order:—The labourers employed in their work, with their various utensils; the children of the Auxiliable Society Schools; band of musicians; ladies guarded on each side by gentlemen with white wands; the clergy; the archbishop, supported by the bailiffs and town-clerk in their robes; the projector; and the members of the committee, proprietors, &c. Upwards of 10,000 spectators were present.

At a numerous vestry-meeting lately held at Leeds, it was resolved, "That it is inexpedient and unjust to impose a rate upon the parishioners of Leeds for the repairing, or for defraying any other expense connected with the three new churches recently built in this parish by His Majesty's Commissioners."

At the recent assizes at York, 25 prisoners received sentence of death, 4 were transported, and 8 ordered to be imprisoned.

The manfactures of the West Riding have attained a steady and prosperous condition in the woollen cloth, the worsted stuff, linen, and cotton branches; and the abundant harvest seems likely to secure a good home trade, while the prospects from North and South America are of the most favourable kind.

Married.] At Pontefract, W. G. Taylor, esq., to Miss Sophia Shaw.—At Leeds, P. Larid, esq., re-married Miss Felicie Mesmer, of Dresden, having been previously married at Dresden; F. Sheppard, esq., to Miss E. H. Peat.—At Scarborough, F. Jansen, esq., to Miss S. Tindall.—At Humbleton, Rev. I. Dixon, to C. Helen, third daughter of Sir W. Bagshawe.—At Scruton, H. R. Glaister, esq., to Miss Newsham.—At Knaresborough, W. Garnett, esq., to Miss Achewyde.—At York, J. Blanchard, esq., to Miss Richardson.—At Bridlington, A. Coates, esq., to Miss Jefferson.—At Pontefract, the Rev. C. Smith, to Miss Truman.—At Welmsley, the Rev. R. D. Pape, to Miss Hugill.—At Sutton, the Rev. J. Watson, to Miss Alden.—At Sheffield, L. Smith, to Miss Shore.

Died.] 86, J. Lacy, esq., of Larpool-hall.—At York, Caroline Julia, the white negress.—At Huddlestone, the second son of J. K. Watson, esq., of Hull; he was drowned in endeavouring to save a little dog.—At Ryther, A. Holmes, esq.—At Heakston, E. Carter, esq.—At Guisboro', Mrs. Clarke, relict of H. Clarke, esq.—At Richmond, J. Foss, esq.—At Lutton, near Hull, J. Norman Crosse, esq.—At Hull, Huddleston, second son of J. R. Watson, esq.—At Henley, near Wawn, Mrs. Manby.—At Hull, Miss Jane Carlill.—At Wath, W. D. Wadel esq.—At Leeds, M. Temple, esq.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

At the assizes held at Stafford, 20 prisoners were sentenced to death, 4 for transportation, and 20 imprisoned for various periods.

At the same assizes, an action was brought for a libel against the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and the jury very properly awarded *one farthing* damages. This is the fifth action of a similar nature—and for which the whole five have, for their fame, been allowed *three farthings*, so intent the juries have at length become to protect printers and publishers from wanton prosecutions. "The greater the truth the greater the libel," seems to be gone out of fashion.

A meeting, numerously and respectably attended, was held recently at Bridgenorth, to take into consideration the state of the salmon fishery in the Severn: when after a luminous speech from Mr. Whitmore, M.P. for Bridgenorth, it was unanimously agreed to form a committee of 40 gentlemen, whose object should be to watch this question, and to disseminate information upon the subject, and to petition Parliament for a Bill for its protection.—"In order to give an idea of the prolific powers of the salmon, I will merely state that," said Mr. Whitmore, "arithmetically speaking (without estimating accidents, I mean, of the effects of seasons), 12 salmon would produce as many fry as, when full grown, would supply the London market with all the salmon exported annually from Scotland—the great source of its supply. 184,000 salmon are sent to London from Scotland upon an average in a year; and 12 spawners, as I have said, would furnish this supply, if there were no contingencies. That there are contingencies every one knows; but making due allowance for them, it is not improbable that 100 or 200 mother fish

would suffice for this large export, if the law were fixed on more judicious principles, and duly executed.

At the Shrewsbury Assizes, 9 culprits were recorded for death, 7 were transported, and a few imprisoned. The grand jury prepared and passed a petition to the House of Commons, "for the more effectual protection to the breed of salmon."

Married.] P. Wynn, esq., of Crickett, to Mary Eliza, only daughter of E. Dicken, esq., of Plass Thomas.—At Litchfield, Mr. Shelton, 84, to Mrs. Mansell, 76; this is the bridegroom's third visit to Hymen's temple; his first wife died about two months since, aged 102.—At Cannock, W. Palling, esq., to Miss Wright.—At Eccleshall, G. Grey, esq., eldest son of the Hon. Sir G. Grey, bart, to Anna Sophia Ryder, eldest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

Died.] 92, T. Gabriel, formerly huntsman at Aston-hall, near Oswestry.—At Tunstall-hall, 83, Rev. P. S. Broughton, rector of East Bridgford, which living he and his three predecessors enjoyed for little short of 200 years, averaging nearly half a century each.

CHESHIRE.

At the annual sermon in behalf of the Church Sunday School, at Congleton, the collection amounted to £58. 3s.—being £22. more than last year.

The amount of deposits from Nov. 20, 1826, to July 30, 1827, of the Stockport Savings' Bank, is £4,916. 1s. 7d. the sum withdrawn £2,035. 17s. 9d. making the increase £2,880. 3s. 10d., and 172 new accounts have been opened. Total amount of cash in the bank and treasury, £11,843. 9s. 9d.

Married.] At Walton, J. F. Hindle, to Miss Lodge.—At Darley-dale, B. Michaelis, esq., to Miss Anne Gisborne.—At Bolsover, Mr. Carter, to Miss Hancock.

Died.] At Birkenhead, W. Walley, esq., of the Royal Welsh Fusileers.—At Neston, 71, Rev. T. Ward, vice-dean and prebendary of Chester Cathedral.—At Bolsover, 85, Mrs. Fidler.—At Holloway, 67, Mr. Wass.

LANCASHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

Amongst the felons sentenced to transportation for life, at the late Preston sessions, there is a boy only *seven* years of age! He began his thieving career at the age of *four*, and has regularly continued to the present time; first at Blackburn, then at Manchester, then again at Blackburn; his last theft was in the House of Correction, at Preston, from his fellow prisoners!

The first stone has been recently laid at Tyldesley, for the St. George's National and Sunday School; the usual ceremonies were observed on the occasion; and the building is to correspond with the new parliamentary church, and is to accomodate 500 scholars.

At Lincoln Assizes, 3 prisoners had sentence of death recorded against them; the deputy postmaster of Grantham was ordered to be imprisoned seven months for altering the postage of letters for his own advantage; and £130. were given as damages to a person who suffered by the explosion of the Graham steam-packet, in her passage from Gainsborough to Hull.

We are happy to state that another advance upon calicoes has taken place in our markets, which, when added to the previous advances which have from time to time been obtained, makes the rise of that description of cloth full 25 per cent. above the lowest quotation at which they were sold during the late depression. The stocks of calicoes have not been so low, we believe, for some years as they are at the present moment. There has not however been much done in yarn for exportation. The demand for that article has indeed been limited for some time past in the continental markets; but there has been an increasing demand for India, especially for the finer yarns. We understand that the demand from the continent also has lately been for finer numbers than formerly. We are happy to add that the wages of weaving are now sufficient to enable the weavers to earn, by industry, a comfortable livelihood, having risen, in some instances, as much as 125 per cent.

Married.] At Bury, Mr. Shearson, to Miss Ann Kay; and Mr. Sherwin, to Miss Pollett.—At Manchester, Mr. Glover, to Miss Birch; Mr. Fallows, to Miss E. Harrop.—At Shipley, the Rev. W. P. Allen, to Miss Judith Denney.

Died.] 72, E. Rigby, esq., of Castle-park, and magistrate for Lancashire.—At Huddersfield, Mr. J. Horsfall.—76, Mr. W. Cooke, of Denton.—At Manchester, 68, Agnes, relict of Captain F. A. Wynne; 68, Mrs. Bagshaw.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

At the assizes at Nottingham, 9 received sentence of death, 5 were ordered for transportation, and several to be imprisoned.

The expenditure for the last year of the town and county of Nottingham, amounted to £7,918. 4s. 6¾d. There is a charge in the account of £1,160. 7s. 1d. for costs of prosecutions, and another of £498. 15s. for constables at the election!

Married.] At Derby, the Rev. J. P. Mosley (son of the late Sir J. P. Mosley, bart,) to Mrs. F. Pole.—At Newark, Mr. Deakin to Miss M. Martin.

Died.] At Sudbury-hall, 61, the Right Hon. Lady Vernon, sister-in-law to the Archbishop of York.—At Ashbourn, 79, Mrs. Nicholson.—At North Muskham, 70, R. Welby, esq.—At Newark, 81, Mrs. Norris.—At Watton, 81, Mr. Tunnicliff.—At Shottle, 98, Mr. J. Janney.—At Mickleover, the Hon. Mrs. F. Curzon.—At Mansfield, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Hutchinson.—At Basford, 72, Mrs. Farrands.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the assizes for Rutland, there were only two prisoners for trial, and one civil suit. The culprits received sentence of death, and the action at law was arbitrated.—At Leicester, 9 received sentence of death, and 5 were transported.

Married.] At Loughborough, Mr. Polkey, to Mrs. Underhill.—Mr. Newland, to Mrs. Blower.

Died.] At Old Dalby-hall, the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Lord Feversham.—At Leicester, 64. Mrs. Harris.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough Cathedral having lately made their utmost exertions in repairing the cathedral, and in restoring the architectural ornaments of the exterior, solicit the inhabitants of the diocese for subscriptions to remedy the deplorable defects of the interior—£5,000 will be wanted. The Dean and Chapter have voted £1,000 towards it, being the largest sum their means will allow; they have also, to their honour be it said, added £1,050 by their personal subscriptions.

At Warwick assizes, 10 prisoners received sentence of death, 12 transported, and several imprisoned for various periods.

At Northampton Assizes, 5 received sentence of death, 6 were transported, and 10 imprisoned.

An address, signed by 2,000 of the most respectable inhabitants of Birmingham has been presented to Mr. Peel, "for his exertions in consolidating the Criminal Laws, and his inflexible adherence to the Protestant Church." An address also from the mayor and inhabitants of Northampton has been presented to him.

The new church of St. Peter, in Birmingham, was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese, August 10; the procession to the church was in great ceremony; and after the service a collection, amounting to £70. 16s. 4½d. was made towards erecting an organ. The building is in the Grecian style, and contains 1,900 sittings—1,380 being for the poor; the interior is chaste and beautiful. Its total cost is £13,087. 12s. 3d.

Married.] At Foleshill, Mr. Beale, to Miss Burton.—W. E. Spencer, esq., to Miss Mary Rennie, of Long Itchington.

Died.] At Stratford-upon-Avon, Mrs. Thompson.—At Aynho, Emma, daughter of W. R. Cartwright, esq., M.P., Northampton.—At Ecton, 77, S. Isted, esq.—At Birmingham, the Rev. G. Holbrook.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

Sentence of death was recorded against 10 prisoners at Worcester Assizes, 6 were transported, and 8 imprisoned.—At Hereford Assizes, 7 were condemned to death, 8 transported, and 3 imprisoned.

The Worcestershire Friendly Institution have just made their annual report, in which they press the utility and importance of the institution which contemplates the general well-doing and happiness of mankind.

Died.] At Leominster, 73, Capt. G. Dennis.—Mr. Ridgway, of Hereford.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Married.] Mr. W. A. Williams, of Monmouth, to Miss Williams, of Langibby-castle.

Died.] At Bentham, 67, A. Bubb, esq.—At Cirencester, 81, J. Ellis, esq.—81, Mr. T. Gardner, of the Horsepools.—At Tewkesbury, Mrs. Chandler.—Mrs. Hall, of Treworgan, Monmouth.

BEDFORD, BUCKS, BERKS, AND ESSEX.

There were only 10 prisoners for trial at the Bedford Assizes, one of whom was sentenced to death, two transported, and two imprisoned.

The Buckingham Assizes had also few for trial; 3 were condemned for death, and 4 transported. Of the latter, 3 were concerned in a robbery, in which 2 were transported for 7 years, whilst the third, hitherto a respectable tradesman, was sentenced to 14 years for having bought the stolen goods from the others.

At Essex Assizes 15 prisoners received sentence of death.

Died.] At Burghfield, the Rev. M. Robinson, rector, and nephew of Lord Rokeby.—At Leighton Bussard, 87, Mrs. Tilcox.—At White Waltham, Colonel Thearney, magistrate for Berks, and a descendant of the Duke of Chandos.—At Martens-Hern, 90, J. Maslin; he served in the navy during the reigns of George II. and III., and was at the taking of Quebec, and helped to carry Gen. Wolfe off the field of battle.

KENT AND SURREY.

A very destructive fire has taken place at Sheerness; it consumed as many as forty houses before it could be got under, and although they were chiefly wood, the loss of property was immense.

At the Surrey Assizes, two young men were sentenced to 7 years transportation, for causing the death of Mr. Dunn, by furiously driving against his chaise; and another person was also sentenced to the same punishment for driving carelessly a waggon over a child and thereby killing him.

Married.] At Dodington, Sir J. Croft, bart., to Miss A. Knox.—At Herne, T. E. Scott, esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Col. Williamson.

Died.] At Tunbridge Wells, Lady Henrietta Neville, only daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny. At Ripple, the Rev. R. Mesham.

OXFORDSHIRE.

At the azzizes at Oxford an action was brought by the mayor and corporation, to recover from Mr. Farraday a compensation in damages for trading within the limits of the city of Oxford, he being disqualified from so doing, not being a freeman; when the jury delivered their verdict as follows:—"We find that Oxford is a city from time immemorial, and that it has had citizens from time immemorial; we find, also, on the custom, for the plaintiffs." This decision was received in the hall with shouts of applause.

Married.] At Ilmington, Mr. Tompkins to Miss Potter.—Rev. W. Copley, of Oxford, to Mrs. E. Hewlett.

Died.] At Oxford, 73, Mr. C. Haddon.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

At the Suffolk Assizes, 17 prisoners received sentence of death, 1 transported, and 6 imprisoned.—At Norwich, 16 recorded for death, 3 transported, several imprisoned; 15 rioters found guilty, but bound over to receive judgment when called upon.

The expenses of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital last year amounted to £4,169. 0s. 4d.

Married.] At Thorpe, H. D. Goring, esq., eldest son of Sir C. F. Goring, bart., to Augusta, sixth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Harvey; and Capt. T. Blackiston, fourth son of the late Sir M. Blackiston, bart., to Harriet, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Harvey.

Died.] Rear-Admiral W. Carthew, many years a magistrate for Suffolk.—63, A. G. Mackay, esq., of Bagthorpe-hall.—At Hethersett, 74, Mr. T. Smith.—At Wramplingham, Mr. C. Fisher.—At Sudbury, Mr. Young.—At Harpley, T. Herring, esq.—At Yarmouth, 77, Mr. W. Norfor.—Near Welney, Mrs. W. Cox; Mr. W. Cox, junior, her nephew; Mrs. Isaac Cox; and her daughter M. Cox, all in the space of two months.—At Quiddenham, at her uncle's the Earl of Albemarle, Mrs. W. Wakefield, of a broken heart in consequence of the imprisonment of her husband, who joined in the infamous abduction of Miss Turner. She was the only daughter of Sir J. Sidney, bart., of Pemhust-place, Kent.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The first stone of a new chapel of ease has been recently laid at Wisbeach; it will contain accommodation for about 1000 persons.

The expenditure for the county of Huntingdon last year amounted to £9,501. 9s. 10½d.—£6,000 of which was paid towards building the new prison.

At the Huntingdon Assizes, death was recorded against 3 prisoners, one of whom was for the atrocious murder of the Rev. J. Waterhouse, of Stukeley, aged 79; and the principal witness (king's evidence) was afterwards tried and transported for a felony.

At the Isle of Ely Assizes few prisoners, and no capital punishment.

Died.] At Bottisham, 77, B. Rider, esq.—At March, 81, Mrs. Morgan; and her daughter, Mrs. Jones.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the Hants Sessions, it was stated by Sir T. Baring, that the expenses of last year had been £3,000 less than those of the preceding year; and that £8,000 of the county debt had been liquidated.

Married.] At Southampton, T. S. Warner, esq., to Miss H. Hennessay.—At Brighton, G. Hillhouse, esq., to Miss A. Barclay.

Died.] At Brighton, the lady of M. Ricardo, esq.,—At Worthing, 87, the Right Rev. S. Goodenough, bishop of Carlisle.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At Salisbury Assizes, 8 prisoners received sentence of death, 12 transported, and 18 imprisoned. Chief Justice Best addressed the grand jury on his conviction of the melancholy fact of crime and vice being so much increased in this country.—"I am afraid," said he, "that they are not now that peasantry which were formerly called their country's pride;" and then alluded to the necessity of allowing the inferior orders of society such wages as they can decently subsist on without parish allowance. "There can no greater curse befal a country," said his lordship, "than that it should be reduced to a state in which the virtue of the peasantry is undermined by the destruction of that self-esteem, and that honest, industrious, manly pride, which makes a peasant prefer his own exertions to any other mode of obtaining a subsistence. Unless such are his feelings, the country which he inhabits can never become, or never remain, a great country. Gentlemen, the greatness of the country does not consist in the extent of its empire, nor even in the knowledge and publicity of useful and ornamental arts. Such things may be among the proofs of its greatness, but they are not its cause, nor by them alone can a nation always hope to remain great. *A country may truly be said to be great, when the mass of the people are in the enjoyment of comfortable and easy circumstances*—a state in which alone they can always be expected to be virtuous; and he is the greatest benefactor who lends his aid to introduce such a state among them."—Chief Justice Best gave public notice on trial for furious driving of stage coaches—that in every future case, in which a conviction followed a charge of furious driving, he would, beyond all doubt, transport the offender for life.—The grand jury requested his lordship to print his charge, to which he acquiesced.

Married.] W. Hallett, junior, esq., of Phillfots, to Miss Radclyffe.—At Downton, R. Broancker, esq., to Miss M. Shuckburgh.

Died.] At Warminster, 78, H. Wansey, esq., F.S.A.; he had devoted his attention and time in collecting materials for the History and Topography of Warminster, for the magnificent work on the county of Wilts, of which Sir R. C. Hoare is the director.—88, J. Wickens, esq., of Mapperton.—At Stinsford, 85, Right Hon. Susan O'Brien, sister to the Earl of Ilchester.—At Downton, 92, Mr. Huxham.

DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSETSHIRE.

The imposing structure which Mr. Beckford has erected on the brow of Lansdown, is now completed, as far as regards the masonry work. The building is square, to an altitude of 130 feet from the foundation; it then assumes an octagonal form, for 12 feet more; and this is crowned by 12 feet of octagonal wood work, of a lantern shape, which will be protected by an iron pillar at each angle, and these pillars will be gilt. This will constitute the apex of the tower, the summit of which presents to the eye of the spectator the meanderings of the Severn, the immense tack of Salisbury Plain, and even Mr. Beckford's former residence, Fonthill.

At the Devonshire Assizes, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, 3 transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods.

A meeting has been held at the Palace, Wells, the Bishop of Bath and Wells in the chair, for establishing a friendly Society, to be called "The East Somerset Friendly Society," when a committee was appointed to prepare rules and regulations for that purpose.

At Somerset Assizes, 27 prisoners were sentenced to death, 21 were transported, and 16 imprisoned for various periods. Chief Justice Best charged the grand jury at considerable length, in which he very strenuously alluded to the sad state of the poor, respecting their wages, the Game Laws, and the *battus* of the modern feudals; the dreadful increase of crime in the county; modern education; boxing; the absolute necessity of obliging people to go to their respective places of worship on a Sunday, &c. &c.

Married.] At Burnham, G. P. Dawson, esq., to Miss Dodd.—At Sturminster, Newton-castle, S. W. Long, esq., to Miss A. Bird.—At Tor, W. T. Lear, esq., to Miss E. Templer.—Rev. H. Taylor, rector of South Pbole and West Oswell, to Marianne Hallifax, third daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph.

Died.] At Plymouth, 67, Lieut. Dennis Lahiff; 53 of which were spent in the service of his country in various parts of the world; he was the first person who instructed Cobbett in his drill (55th regt.) in North America.—At Bath, Mary, relict of the Hon. D. Anstruther.—At Exmouth, 96, Mr. T. Elson.—At Endicott, Cadbury, 69, Mr. J. Turner, an experienced agriculturist; not only Devonshire, but all the western counties, have considerably benefited by his spirited exertions in producing some of the largest and most extraordinary sheep ever bred in this kingdom.—At Yorksouse, Bath, J. Buller, esq., of Downes; he represented Exeter in four parliaments.

CORNWALL.

At the assizes held at Bodmin, 5 prisoners received sentence of transportation, and six imprisoned. Chief Justice Best, after remarking on two or three other cases in the calendar, made some striking observations on the state of the labouring people of Cornwall.—"I am gratified to learn," said his lordship, "that the rate of wages in your county is not pressed down to the extreme point at which it is possible the labourer can exist. The best and wisest economy is to reward the labourer, that, by the exercise of a due industry, he may not only be enabled to provide the necessaries of the day as it passes, but to make some provision for old age and infirmities." The learned judge then eulogized the existence of friendly societies, as tending, under proper regulations, to the most beneficial results. His lordship then adverted to several points in the Criminal Law, as altered by Mr. Peel.

The Looe and Polperro driving boats have taken a considerable quantity of fish, some of them as many as 6,000 pilchards on a night. The driving boats belonging to St. Ives have even been more for-

tunate: some of them took as many as 40,000 pilchards in one night. There were landed one morning from the St. Ives' boats about 200 hogsheads of fish. It is several years since pilchards have appeared so early in St. Ives' Bay; it is stated that great shoals of fish have been seen to the eastward,; and it is fully expected that should the weather prove moderately favourable, a considerable quantity will be secured during the ensuing spring tides; the pilchards already taken are exceedingly fine.

Married.] At St. Germans, W. Porter, esq., to Miss Humbly.

Died.] At Falmouth, 72, J. Harris, esq.—At Bodmin, 61, Mrs. Commins.—At Truro, 87, Mrs. Taunton.—At St. Neot, Capt. Sibley.

WALES.

The Goliah, an 84 gun ship, was launched at Pembroke Dock, July 23. In consequence of H. R. H. the Duchess of Clarence being present (accompanying the Lord High Admiral) the name was changed, and christened by Her Royal Highness "The Clarence." Upwards of 20,000 persons were present.

It appears by the last report of the expenditure for the year ending June 1, 1827, that the "Swansea Infirmary for warm and cold sea-water bathing, and for the relief of the sick and lame poor, from every part of the kingdom," have relieved upwards of 10,000 patients since its establishment, and that its expenses of last year were £623. 11s. 0½d.

At the annual meeting of the "Glamorganshire General Agricultural Society," prizes were awarded to two labourers for having brought up their families without parish aid—one had 11, the other 6 children. Prizes were likewise awarded to several for length of service—3 for 14 years—2 for 20—1 for 29, and one for 49 years!

Married.] Rev. V. W. O. Jones, of Nerquis (Flint) to Mis Anne Elizabeth Ward.—At Lamphey, near Pembroke, W. E. Parry, esq., to Miss Johnson.—At Llanelly, Rev. E Morris, to Mrs. Williams.—At Swansea, Rev. H. S. Pocklington, to Miss A. G. Smyth, only daughter of the late Major-Gen. Smyth, Lieut.-Gov. of New Brunswick.—At Lampeter, J. H. Thomas, esq., to Jane Isabella, third daughter of Sir G. G. Williams, bart., of Llwynywormwood.—At Carmarthen, C. Smallridge, esq., to Miss Thomas.

Died.] At Williamsfield (Carmarthen), 81, R. Price, esq., formerly major in the 56th regt.; he was at the storming of the Havannah, 1762; and at Gibraltar (1783) during its siege; he was also not an unsuccessful wooer of the muses.—At Carnarvon, J. Evans, esq., deputy prothonotary for the North Wales circuit.—At Carew Parsonage, Pembroke, 66, W. Francis, esq.

SCOTLAND.

The Commissioners for the Caledonian Canal have published their annual report. The rate of duty was doubled two years ago, but there has not been a proportional increase of the produce. It is found that ship-masters will rather encounter the storms of Cape Wrath, than pay 2s. 7d. per ton for a passage through the canal. The money expended on the works is, £973,271., and as much is required to complete them as will make the amount up to a million. The dues have yielded rather less than £3,000 per annum, while the annual charge for management and keeping the canal in order exceeds £4,000!!!

There is at present a very great demand at Glasgow for weavers of every description, and, in consequence the carriers to different places around that town feel the difference materially. Some of them who, during the late dulness, found one cart more than sufficient, now can scarcely carry the work required with two, and double the quantity of money continues to be sent to the agents in the different towns and villages.

The herring fishing in Lochfine, this season, has been all along full of promise. Fishers who had given up the trade for some years back, on account of the difficulty of keeping a wife and family at all respectable upon hope and potatoes, have this year fitted up their old boats, purchased new nets, and are getting on wonderfully, although a little behind hand at first.

Married.] At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. D. Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk, to Miss C. C. Smythe, daughter of the Hon. D. Smythe.—J. Ramsay, esq., of Barra, Aberdeen, to Mrs. F. G. Campbell, daughter of General Patrick Duff.

Died.] At Woodside, Roxburghshire, 94, Lady Diana Scott, widow of W. Scott, esq., of Harden, and daughter of the late Earl of Marchmont.—Dr. J. Millar; he superintended the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and designed and edited the Encyclopedia Edensis.—At Edinburgh, 107, J. McDonald, (father to the pipe-maker to the Highland Society of London); he retained possession of all his faculties to his dissolution. He was the identical person that met Flora Macdonald and the Pretender, Prince Charles Stuart, in their great distress, in the Highlands, as two ladies, and conducted them to the "Virgin Well" to assuage their parched thirst, and afterwards escorted them to a gentleman's house where they received protection, and he to his surprise and admiration discovered who they were; on which he ever after used to dilate with enthusiastic satisfaction and delight.—At Edinburgh, the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrief Wellwood, bart.

IRELAND.

The following extract from a Scotch paper will at once prove the necessity of something being done for the relief of the unfortunate Poor of this very unfortunate country:—"The emigration of the poor destitute and miserable inhabitants of Ireland into this quarter of the country still continues without abatement. On Sunday morning two steam-boats brought over about 150 each; and it is ascertained that during the last week about 1,800 persons of this description were added to the population of this city and neighbourhood. They are all, or very nearly all, mere labourers of the very lowest class, and profess to have come over in search of employment in cutting down the harvest. When informed that there will be no harvest-work in this quarter for several weeks, and that there are already more than a sufficiency of hands for this sort of employment, many of them expressed a determination to find their way to the northern counties of England, in expectation of the harvest being earlier begun there. They say that they have no fear of getting work from the farmers, as they will work for whatever wages are offered them, and that such is the state of misery that they were in at home, that they cannot be worse go where they will. It is pretty well ascertained that, during the last six weeks, the number of labourers who have arrived from Ireland is about 12,000."—*Glasgow Chron.*

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of July to the 25th of August 1827.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	211 212	87⅛ 88	86⅛ 87⅛	94⅛	94⅛ ⅝	101 ⅜	20 1-16	252½	87 89p	55 58p	86⅜ 87½
27	—	86⅞ 87⅜	86⅛ 87	94	94 ½	100⅝ 1⅛	19 15-16 20	253	88 89p	56 58p	86⅜ 87¼
28	211	87½ ⅜	86⅜ ⅝	—	94⅛ ¼	100⅝ 1	19 15-16 20 1-16	253½	88 90p	57 59p	87 ⅛
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	212 213½	88⅛ 89	87⅜ 88⅜	—	95½ ⅝	101⅛ ⅛	20 ⅜	—	90 91p	58 60p	87⅛ 88½
31	214	89 ⅛	88¼ ⅜	96	95¾ ⅞	101⅛ 2⅛	20 ⅛	258	91 94p	60 61p	88¼ ¾
Aug											
1	216 217	89¾ 90⅛	89 ⅜	97	96½ ⅞	102⅛ ⅝	20⅛ ¼	—	94 95p	60 62p	89⅛ ⅝
2	215 216½	89⅜ 90⅝	88½ 89¼	96½	96 ⅝	101⅞ 2⅜	20 3-16 5-16	263	96p	61 62p	88⅜ 89½
3	214½ 215½	89 ⅛	88¼ ⅜	95½	95½ ⅝	101½ ⅛	20 1-16 ⅛	259 260	88 94p	59 61p	88¼ 89
4	214½	89 ⅛	88½ ½	95⅝	95½ ¾	101⅜ ⅝	20 1-16 3-16	259½	92p	60 61p	88½ ⅞
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	213	87⅜ 88⅛	86⅜ 87½	—	94 ⅝	100½ 1⅛	19⅞ 20	—	—	57 61p	86½ 87⅝
7	—	87⅜ ⅜	86⅜ 87⅛	94⅛ ¼	94⅛ ⅝	100⅛ ⅝	19 15-16 ⅜	—	87p	57 59p	86⅞ 87¼
8	212	87⅜ 88⅛	87⅛ ⅜	94⅜	94½ ⅝	100⅜ ⅝	19 13-16 15-16	—	87 88p	57 58p	86⅜ 87½
9	214½ ½	88½ ⅝	87⅜ 88⅛	95⅜	95½ ¼	101⅛ ⅜	19 15-16	256	87 88p	57 58p	87⅜ 88⅝
10	214 ¼	88½ ⅝	87⅜ 88	95⅜	95½ ⅝	101⅛ ⅜	20 1-16	256	89p	57-59p	87½ 88¼
11	214	89 ½	88½ ⅜	—	95⅜ ⅝	101⅛ ¼	20 1-16 ⅛	—	90 91p	58 60p	88⅛ ⅜
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	215½	89½ ¼	88½ ⅝	—	95½ ⅝	101⅞ 2	20⅛ ¼	—	—	58 59p	88⅝ ⅝
14	215	89½ ⅝	88⅜ ⅝	95⅞	95⅝ ⅜	101⅞ 2	20 3-16 ¼	—	92 93p	58 60p	88⅜ ⅝
15	216 ¼	89½ ⅝	88⅜ 89	96⅜	95⅝ 96¼	101⅞ 2⅛	20 3-16 5-16	—	93p	58 60p	88⅜ 89⅛
16	216½ ¾	89⅜ 90	88⅜ 89¼	96⅜	96¼ ½	102 ⅛	20¼ 5-16	260½	92 94p	59 60p	89⅛ ¼
17	216½	89½ ⅝	88¼ ⅜	96	95½ 96	101⅞ 2	20 3-16 ¼	259 260	92 93p	59 61p	88⅜ ⅜
18	—	89 ½	88½ ⅜	—	95¾ ⅞	101⅞ ⅞	20⅛ ½	—	93 94p	61 62p	88½ ⅝
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	214 215	88½ ⅛	87½ ⅜	—	94⅞ 95⅛	101⅛ ⅛	20 1-16	—	92 94p	60 62p	87⅞ 88⅜
21	215½	88½ ⅝	87⅝ 88	95⅜	95 ⅛	101⅛ ⅜	20 1-16	—	94p	60 62p	87⅜ 88
22	—	88 ½	87⅛ ⅞	94⅞ 95	94⅝ 95⅛	100⅜ 1⅛	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	—	57 60p	87⅛ ⅞
23	—	87⅞ 88⅛	87½ ⅜	94⅜	94⅜ ⅝	100⅜ 1	19 15-16 20	—	—	57 59p	87½ ½
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	87½ ½	86½ ⅞	—	93⅝ 94⅛	100⅛ ⅜	19⅞ 15-16	—	88 90p	56 58p	86½ ⅞

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From July 20th to 19th August inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			60	67	55	29 63	29 72	88	72	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Fine
21			62	70	52	29 81	29 93	78	70	WNW	WSW	—	—	—
22			64	64	57	29 91	29 86	75	92	SSW	SSW	—	Rain	Rain
23	19		66	74	64	29 88	29 96	93	88	SSW	SSW	Rain	Clo.	Fine
24		◑	66	73	62	29 96	29 91	92	88	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	—
25			66	74	56	29 85	29 90	90	82	WSW	SW	—	Rain	—
26	28		64	73	60	29 83	29 78	78	97	SW	SW	—	—	Rain
27			64	76	67	29 77	29 97	78	85	NNW	SW	Fair	Fair	Fine
28			70	78	64	30 08	30 09	88	77	W	WNW	—	Fine	—
29			76	84	67	29 99	29 87	82	85	SE	E	—	—	—
30			74	79	56	29 67	29 95	77	72	W	WNW	—	—	—
31		◑	64	73	61	30 11	30 11	78	68	W	NW	—	—	—
Aug.														
1			65	75	60	30 04	29 93	75	70	SW	NW	—	—	—
2			64	80	65	29 81	29 66	75	72	SSE	SW	—	—	—
3	26		67	75	60	29 65	29 55	80	82	SW	SW	—	Fair	Rain
4	10		64	73	61	29 54	29 76	84	76	SW	W	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
5			69	73	55	29 94	30 16	72	88	WNW	NE	—	Fair	Rain
6			57	68	53	30 16	30 20	90	86	NE	E	Rain	—	Fine
7		○	60	69	52	30 18	30 10	77	72	ESE	E	Fair	Fine	—
8			57	72	55	30 03	29 95	77	78	ENE	E	—	—	—
9			62	70	50	29 90	29 80	82	76	NE	SW	—	—	Fair
10			53	73	56	29 56	29 54	86	71	SW	W	Clo.	—	—
11	32		60	69	55	29 48	29 50	74	80	WSW	W	—	Rain	—
12			61	68	52	29 57	29 77	82	67	NW	NW	—	Fair	Fine
13			59	67	60	29 79	29 69	75	88	W	WSW	—	Clo.	Rain
14		◐	65	70	63	29 56	29 35	93	88	W	SW	—	Fair	Fair
15			65	72	59	29 27	29 31	81	78	W	SSW	—	—	Clo.
16	34		62	69	56	29 31	29 45	88	93	E	E	—	Rain	—
17			62	69	57	29 63	29 81	88	92	E	ENE	—	—	—
18			61	69	55	29 86	29 91	92	85	ENE	ENE	—	Fair	—
19			62	68	55	29 87	29 92	74	82	ENE	ENE	Fair	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of July was one inch and 18-100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] OCTOBER, 1827. [No. 22.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF IRELAND.

A VAST improvement has taken place in the press of Ireland within the last thirty years. Before the union with Great Britain, there were but two daily (morning) journals in the metropolis of the sister kingdom: at present, there are four; and, until very lately, there were so many as six. In the memorable year of 1798, there was but one evening paper in Dublin: now there are four or five. Weekly journals are, in Ireland, the offspring of the last eight or nine years; yet there are, at present, five published every Saturday in the city of Dublin.

In the provinces, the spread of intelligence has been as wide as within the city. Formerly, a provincial paper in Ireland was a kind of nine days' wonder: now, the "brethren of the broad sheet" have spread their light wings, and flown all through the country.

Nor is the writing in Irish papers, or the general matter, of the same character as it was a few years ago. In the best days of the Irish parliament, there was not a competent reporter in the city of Dublin; and the few hasty sketches of the debates of that period were taken by Sir Henry Cavendish, a member of the hon. house, for the satisfaction of the treasury bench. Sir Henry was what, in parliamentary parlance, is called an excellent hack, or servant of all work. It is recorded that his avarice was equal to his memory; and the wits of the day used to say that he was a capital hand at *taking notes*. After Sir Henry's death, his place was sought to be supplied by a regular reporter; but this person made sad work of it, as will appear from the following anecdote. At the period alluded to, Hussey Burgh (afterwards chancellor) was attorney-general. He was one of the most eloquent and persuasive persons that ever sat in a popular assembly—if we are to credit the vague and uncertain text of tradition, or the more certain though not less flattering description of his powers recorded in a popular novel of that day—"*Ned Evans*." It will be readily believed, that to such an advocate was frequently allotted the no very easy task of defending the measures of an administration as corrupt as it was imbecile. On one of these occasions, Burgh was arguing a point of constitutional law, and, to enforce his view, quoted the opinion—after a suitable panegyric—of an eminent authority—Sergeant Maynard. The paper of the next day appeared; and, after recapitulating the heads of the hon. member's speech, the reporter proceeded as follows:—"Here the hon. member became so eloquent and impassioned, that we found it impossible to follow him. He, however, most completely refuted the

arguments urged by the gentlemen on the other side of the house, and quoted the opinion of an eminent '*sergeant-major,*' in support of his view of the subject!"

This was certainly the *pis aller;* but many instances of blundering equally exemplary might be adduced, if it were to any useful purpose. Suffice it, however, to state, that so incompetent were the "gentlemen of the press" in these days found, that whenever any question of moment was under discussion, and the government wished to preserve a record of the debate, a note-taker from London was despatched across the channel for the purpose. Mr. Woodfall (of wonderful memory) reported the debate on Mr. Secretary Orde's commercial propositions; and a Mr. Clarke (who is still living) was employed by Mr. Pitt to record the debate on the Union. On ordinary occasions, however, when a speech appeared in the papers a degree superior to the professional reports, in point of style and arrangement, it was always concluded that the note of it was furnished by the speaker himself; and, indeed, several members of the Irish parliament—among others, Mr. Wm. Smith (now a Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland), Mr. C. K. Bushe, (now Chief Justice of the King's Bench), and occasionally Mr. Grattan and Mr. Curran—furnished reports of their own speeches. In the observations that I have made respecting the general incompetency of the reporters of these days, I would not be understood to include all the class; for I am aware that there were two or three of these men of superior endowments. One of the persons thus honourably excepted (Mr. Peter Finnerty) transferred himself to the English press; and, after a life of singular vicissitude and toil, he died as he had lived, fixed in those principles of which in early life he had been the martyr. Mr. Finnerty was, in truth, a man of the most vigorous intellect and the strongest sense. His mind was at once logical, acute, and discriminating; but his feelings and his passions were untamed; and he was but too often the victim of the one, and the slave of the others. His stock of acquired knowledge was but small, yet it was select; and he was better acquainted with great principles, than familiar with facts. He was not of the Scotch utility school, nor did he make his mind the storehouse of fanciful theories, or of the exploded lumber of literature. Neither was he a mere Irishman—all fancy and fury, "signifying nothing;" but all that was best in the Irish and English character he combined. He was strong without being dull, and fanciful without being weak; copious without redundancy, and argumentative without being scholastic. But all these attributes were "dashed and brewed" with the waywardness of a will which was sometimes wild, oftener capricious, and almost always arbitrary; and the sway of passions, whose imperfect mastery he had suffered to grow, even in mature age, to absolute dominion. Hence his follies and his faults, by which a "noble mind was here o'erthrown."

Another of the gentlemen to whom I alluded is now a distinguished member of the Irish bar, one of his Majesty's council at law, and lately elected a member of parliament. In power of mind, he is altogether inferior to the late Mr. Finnerty; but the application of the one was settled—that of the other, desultory. Mr. Finnerty was prodigal; his rival was prudent. The one *will* die in ermine; the other has already died in ——.

But I am wandering. The daily paper at this epoch the most in the confidence of the patriots of the time was the *Freeman's Journal.* This paper was originally instituted by Dr. Lucas, a celebrated member of the Irish parliament, who, having served his country faithfully, died, leaving

her no other legacy than an orphaned and unprovided daughter. The corporation of Dublin, of which Lucas was the guiding spirit, perpetuated the recollection of the man by a statue raised to his memory in the Royal Exchange ("*inane munus*"); but his daughter they left to starve, though they "pressed proudly to the funeral array" of the father. From Dr. Lucas the *Freeman's Journal* fell into the hands of a person named Higgins, but better known in Ireland by the appellation of the "sham 'Squire." Of this singular individual some account may not be amiss. Higgins was the son of the most illustrious shoe-black of his time; whose "*cirage*," in the immediate vicinity of the University and Parliament House, oftentimes reflected a lustre on the members of both. The occupation of our young hero while yet in his teens was two-fold. When no pump invitedhis peerless polish, he became, like Shakspeare, a holder of horses; and I have been told by an ancient member of the Imperial Parliament (who has lately gone to reside at Boulogne, and who is no longer member for Galway), that he excited an inconceivable interest among the equestrian members of both houses. But Higgins was much too shrewd a person to continue long in this degrading avocation; and he gladly accepted the proposal of a certain notorious attorney, who was smitten with the boy's smartness, to become an inmate of his office. While in this employ, Higgins recommended himself to the good graces of his master by the performance of the most menial offices. Our solicitor, though by no means scrupulous as to the length of a bill of costs, was, nevertheless, a rigid Catholic; and much of the property of that rising class of religionists passed through his hands. Presently, Higgins was a devotee; and it is even recorded that he became the most relentless mass-goer of his day. The priests poured forth his praises, and the laity took them on trust. Such, however, is the odour of a good reputation, that it was whispered Higgins was rich, because the clergy said he deserved to be so; and all the "stout grocers" and "strong merchants" vouchsafed him their daughters to wive. From one of this class he selected a companion; but she soon became the victim of his ill-treatment, and, fortunately for herself, was hurried to a premature grave. With this lady's fortune he purchased the *Freeman's Journal*, and soon after became a person of some consequence.

From Higgins, the *Freeman* came into the hands of Mr. Philip Whitfield Harvey, its late proprietor, who rendered it one of the most (if not *the* most) popular papers in Dublin. This journal was, from 1806 till 1812 or 1813, what the *Morning Chronicle* was in London during the lifetime of the late Mr. Perry. It was exclusively the Whig organ—moderate in its tone, but firm in its principles. During the viceroyalty of the Duke of Richmond, the sittings of the Catholic Board, and the prosecution of the Catholic delegates under the Convention Act, the *Freeman* was distinguished by the earliest intelligence, the most copious reports, and the most consistent and constitutional articles. Even now it must be admitted that the journal alluded to is the most popular of the Irish morning papers. Although its leading articles display no depth of political research, or disclose no views new to the political economist, yet the absence of all political and religious animosity, its perfect tolerance, and freedom from personality, secure to it the support of all that is moderate among the Catholics and respectable among the Protestants. The *Freeman* is a *mesne* between the *Evening Mail* and the *Morning Register*. It abhors the Protestantism of the one, and rejects the Popery of the other. It is not the journal of

Sir Harcourt Lees, or Mr. O'Connell—but the journal of the public. Its distinguishing features are its moderation and its general decorum.

In the years 1823-24-25, there were some literary and political articles in the *Freeman's Journal* which were highly creditable to the character of the Irish press; but, since the commencement of the present year (1827), its "leaders" have been distinguished by the worst imitation of the worst style of Grattan. The articles of which I speak have all the involution of phrase which so felicitously distinguished that renowned man, without any of the depth of thought or solidity of reasoning which he uniformly disclosed. Besides, they appear written at random, and without any apparent purpose.

The next paper to which I shall draw the attention of the reader is the *Dublin Morning Register*. This is the journal of Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Association. It has not been (I believe) more than three years in existence; yet has its progress to full maturity been completed within so singularly short a period. Much of the success of the *Register* is doubtless owing to the high excitation of political feeling, of the intensity of which its conductors availed themselves; but more of that success may be attributed to its positive merits as the organ of a party. The *Register* was certainly the first, and, for a time, the only paper which made the attempt to introduce the English system of reporting into Ireland—and, I must say, with complete success. In the year 1823, frequent complaints were made by the public of the bald and meagre reports of public meetings, and particularly of the meetings of the Catholic assemblies, which appeared in the Irish journals. Indeed there was one journal (the *Dublin Morning Post)* which excluded all Catholic reports from its columns. To meet this evil, as well as to arouse the country into a participation and concert with the leaders of the Association in town, the *Morning Register* was started; and it has well and truly performed its purpose. Its reports were not less ample than accurate; and if its leading articles were not always strictly in accordance with the most fastidious taste, they were always pregnant with a large cargo of Irish indignation and truly Popish feeling. True, the epithets of "Purple Goulbourn," and "Orange ruffianism," and "Parson Darby Graham," sound somewhat queer in this Christian country; but in Ireland these things are no way amiss; and they had their effect—for there was not a Catholic clergyman, from Doctor Doyle down to Father O'Mulligane, the curate of Shanagolden, who did not take in the paper.

The next of the Irish morning papers to which I shall call the attention of the reader, will be the *Morning Post*. This journal has been in being about twelve or fourteen years, and was originated in consequence of the cessation of what were then called the "day-notes." These day-notes were nothing more nor less than fifty or sixty small slips of paper, on which were printed all the mercantile advertisements for a week to come. This is now the practice in Paris, the *petites affiches* of which city are similar to what the Dublin "day-notes" were. It was discovered, however, at Dublin that the more convenient practice would be to print these notes on one large sheet of paper; and when this undertaking was achieved, it was conceived that some portion of this sheet might be devoted to news. Hence the origin of the *Morning Post*, which, though it has always borne the character of a mercantile paper, and been patronized by the advertisements of the commercial world, has nevertheless, on many occasions, assumed a bold political tone; and, indeed, the leadership of a particular, though not very numerous party in Ireland—I mean the Radicals. The

articles which have appeared in the *Morning Post* have been more distinguished by nerve and brevity than by elegance; and they certainly deserve all the praise and gain which consistency can confer on public writings. On many topics merely local, and in the discussion of which local interests alone were involved, the *Morning Post* has been perhaps the most useful print in Dublin; and we need but refer to its files to find the many vigorous and successful exertions it has made against the abuses of the toll-system, and the grand array of corporate exactions. Of late, however, I believe the *Morning Post* has not been so popular, or had so large a sale, chiefly in consequence of its very determined hostility to a certain popular Catholic leader: but, in truth, I am bound to record that its devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty in the abstract is very apparent; and I do not know whether even now it does not sell as many numbers as any other morning paper.

Saunders's News Letter is the last of the Dublin morning papers, and the least worthy of note. In many respects it resembles that very washer-woman-like journal, the London *Morning Herald.* Like the *Herald, Saunders* affects to have no political opinions, and to be quite neutral; but, like the *Herald* too, it is always to be found advocating every measure opposed to freedom and liberality; and it is the chosen champion of Orangeism, Protestant ascendancy, and the Dublin corporation. Nevertheless, *Saunders* drives a profitable trade. There never is an original article in his columns; but they abound with advertisements: and there is not a cadet,* from Connaught to Cape Clear, who does not pay his *5s. 5d.* for an *affiche*, containing all the many mental as well as bodily qualifications of the advertiser. These, with the array of horses and carriages to be sold, houses to be let, and matters lost and found, vouchsafe unto the proprietor, in all their various alternations, an abundant quantity of meat, drink, and raiment; and Mr. Potts is, in consequence, "a man well to do in the world."

Among the three-day journals, the *Dublin Evening Post* takes the first rank; and I doubt if there be many journals in the great metropolis better conducted. The *Post* is a paper received with traditionary reverence by the liberal gentry and substantial yeomen throughout Ireland; and it must be confessed that its character for honesty, ability, and devotion to its party remain unquestioned, as indeed they are unquestionable. In the stormiest periods of Irish history, the *Post* was under the direction of Father Taafe, the author of a History of Ireland, a man of unquestioned patriotism, and —what was considered as valuable in those days—"most potent in potting." But, however settled were the political sentiments of Taafe, his religious opinions appear to have been worn loosely; for, whether from necessity or caprice, he abandoned the profession of the Catholic religion, and became a parson, with the appendages of £40 per annum in money, and a sum untold of obloquy and disgrace. The public affection, which had so fondly lingered over even the errors of the priest, became diverted from the apostate; and he was now assailed with as much ignominy as he had been formerly caressed with gross and deluding flattery. The shock was too much to bear. Taafe sought consolation in the fascination of the wine-cup, but found it only in death. The conduct of the *Dublin Evening Post* now devolved on its printer, the celebrated John Magee, of whom so many anecdotes are related in Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs of his Own Times. Magee was full of shrewdness and eccentricity; and, com-

* A cant term for a servant out of place.

ing from Belfast—at this period the focus of republicanism—his political opinions were above suspicion. He was, however, a martyr to his fidelity; for he underwent many prosecutions, instituted by the government; and, what was still worse, he had to meet the devil in his own court;—for John Scott, Lord Clonmel, was at this period Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Many "keen encounters of the tongue" took place between Lord Clonmel and Magee on these occasions, in which the latter was usually the victor. In addressing the court in his own defence, Magee had occasion to allude to some public character, who was better known by a familiar designation. The official gravity of Clonmel was all agog; and he, with bilious asperity, reproved the printer, by saying, "Mr. Magee, we allow no nicknames in this court."—"Very well, *John Scott!*" was the reply.

After the death of John Magee the elder, the *Evening Post* became the property of John Magee, his son, whose fidelity to his principles and his party were but ill-requited. To the memory of this interesting and amiable young man, who perished prematurely from an illness contracted during a long imprisonment for a libel on the Duke of Richmond, a deep debt of gratitude is due by the Catholics of Ireland. During the sittings of the old Catholic Board—pending the trials of the delegates, when a journalist had nothing to hope from an ill-compacted party, and every thing to fear from a vindictive and incapable government—the *Evening Post* spoke to the sense and passions of the people with an energy and eloquence worthy more durable record than the unpermanent and fleeting columns of the most popular print. But it was not alone by eloquence or passion that its articles were distinguished. There ran through them a strong current of common sense—a depth of thought and profundity of acquirement, relieved by a rich vein of wit and satire, of which latter weapon the author proved himself to have the entire mastery.

I am happy to have it in my power to state, that those talents which, at the period I allude to, secured to the *Evening Post* the greatest circulation of any paper in Ireland, still continue to guide it, without the compromise of any principle, or the forfeiture of a single friend. Even while I write, the editor labours as Mr. Conway in the Catholic Association, and as "Monsieur le Rédacteur" at No. 11, Trinity-street. In both capacities, he has rendered the most eminent services to the Catholic cause; and were I asked to point out a man who knows best the temper of the Irish mind, the resources of the soil, the capability of the population, the grievances of the country, and the remedies to be applied for its salvation, I would unhesitatingly point to Mr. Conway. Let me not be understood, however, as meaning to convey that the knowledge of Mr. Conway is merely local; I am aware it is very various, and not less profound; and he is perhaps the only editor in Ireland who can discuss, with a ready pen and with easy freedom, the complex questions of the currency, the corn laws, and all the details embraced under the head of political economy.

The evening paper the next in circulation to the *Evening Post* is the *Evening Mail.* This journal has only been established about four years; yet has it, from a strange concurrence of circumstances, risen to maturity in a time incredibly short. When Lord Wellesley came to Ireland, and Mr. Plunkett was appointed attorney-general, the Ascendancy-men and the Orange-faction began to take the alarm, and to withdraw their support from the *Patriot,* heretofore the Protestant paper, and now the supporter of Lord Wellesley's government. In order the more successfully to accomplish these designs, the editor of the *Patriot* was spirited away; and,

being a needy person, was induced, by the prospect of greater gain, and a promise of a share in the *Mail*, to undertake the conduct of the new paper. The government was libelled, collectively and individually, in the most gross and shameless fashion—the private history of individuals was set in detail before the public—domestic intercourse invaded—and no tie held sacred which binds man to man, or society together. This was the system patronised by the Orangemen of Ireland and the dignitaries of the church by law established. To the church and the public functionaries, the *Mail* is indebted for success. The poor parson contributed the efforts of his pen, the rector his subscription, and the bishop his patronage. The Customs and Excise, the Ordnance and Castle, the police and constabulary, were all put under contribution; and where the individuals could singly not afford to take the paper, clubs were instituted for the purpose of nourishing discontent against the government, and a salutary hatred of popery, the priests, and the Catholic Association. It is a singular coincidence, however, that almost all the diatribes against the Catholic religion were written by persons of that persuasion, or who had formerly belonged to it; and that the editor of the obnoxious journal was himself a Papist!

Although I differ altogether from the *Mail* in principle, and abhor the practices it has pursued, yet justice obliges me to confess that many of the articles which have appeared in it were written with spirit and gaiety; and it appears very thoroughly to understand the business of dramatic criticism. It is, however, more than hinted at Dublin, that the light articles to which I have made allusion are the productions of a gentleman holding a high official situation, and receiving a salary of £2,000 per annum from the public purse. Persons not ill-informed add further, that the person at the head of the Irish government is well aware of this fact.

The *Patriot*, the organ of the government, is but the wreck of what it once was. Those causes which have contributed to the success of the *Mail*, have tended to the downfall of the *Patriot*. All its Protestant readers ceased to subscribe when it became the organ of Lord Wellesley's sentiments. But, in truth, independently of this, the *Patriot* is a dull paper, and has never recovered the loss which it sustained in the death of Mr. Comerford (a gentleman of the bar), who was formerly the editor.

Mr. Comerford was a person possessed of rare endowments from nature, improved and matured by cultivation. In early life he had been educated in France, and took the highest honours at the *Sorbonne*. But the Revolution, which changed so many other things, operated powerfully to thwart Mr. Comerford's original design of entering the Catholic church. He returned to his native land, and renounced Popery for a wig and gown; for, in these days, a Catholic could not be called to the bar. His success, however, was not commensurate with his expectations, or indeed his deserts; and he was forced to recur to literature for a livelihood. Hence his connexion with the *Patriot*, whose columns had been for years adorned with the graceful effusions of his pen. Yet, although Mr. Comerford was in comparative affluence, he was, notwithstanding, an unhappy man, and entertained a *presentiment*, which threw a shade over the sunshine of his gayest hours—that his end would be unbidden and melancholy. This fancy, alas! was too fatally verified by the fact; and the vulgar and superstitious, who are the most numerous in every country, did not fail to attribute the fulfilment of the unhappy man's prophecy concerning himself to a just judgment for the abandonment of his early faith. I remember to

have seen Comerford the morning before his death—it was a Saturday; and there is a mournful preciousness about the recollection which makes me recur to it with a sigh. His manner was hurried, and there appeared to me something wild and supernatural in his air. "I have had a dream last night," said he, "of the most extraordinary nature, and the memory of which agitates me even now. I dreamt that I fell into the water, and swam till I reached the bank; when the moon, which hitherto had been hid, was unveiled, and disclosed to my view alongside the bank, on which I was ineffectually clambering, a coffin—on the plate of which my name was writ." As he concluded these words, I could hardly suppress laughter; but I saw that what I thought a vision had indelibly impressed itself on his mind, and I went my way. The next morning I walked on the Royal Canal, when the first object I beheld was—Comerford a corpse! On the Saturday evening he had dined with Mr. Frederick Edward Jones, the then patentee of the theatre royal, and sat late. The night was dark and rainy; and, in crossing a small bridge over the canal, he slipped his footing and fell in. He must have swam a long way; for his body was found nearly a quarter of a mile lower down, with his fists firmly clutched in the bank, in the act of clambering up; but the edges were steep and slippery, and his struggles were in vain. With him perished a brilliant genius, and a memory of almost incredible retention. He spoke French with the idiom and purity of a native, and could repeat *verbatim* some of the speeches of Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, which he had heard in early youth. With him, too, vanished the literary reputation of the *Patriot*, which now drags out a miserable existence by the aid of proclamation-money and government advertisements.

The *Irishman*, a paper lately established, is conducted on popular principles. Though its reputation for honesty cannot be questioned, yet its style is verbose and declamatory, and reminds one of Cicero's description of Asiatic eloquence.

The story of the other three-day and weekly papers in Dublin may be briefly told. The *Correspondent* delights in sesquipedalian syllables, and may be read, for aught I know to the contrary, in many lunatic asylums: I know it is read nowhere else. The *Weekly Freeman* and the *Weekly Register* are transcripts of the morning papers whose names they bear; and they have a very extensive circulation in the provinces. Suffice it to despatch the *Warder* by saying, that Sir Harcourt Lees—Parson, Baronet, and Fox-hunter—writes in it sundry articles, which would entitle him to high consideration in Bedlam or Swift's. Many of the provincial papers are respectable. Among others, I would mention the *Cork Southern Reporter*, the *Leinster Journal*, the *Carlow Post*, the *Connaught Journal*, and the *Northern Whig*: the last mentioned is the organ of the dissenters of the north, and is ably and temperately conducted. The journal of George Faulkener, the friend of Swift, and Dublin alderman, has lately perished.

I have now exceeded my space, and given, I hope, a not unfaithful—I am sure a very unprejudiced—account of the Press of Ireland. Unquestionably it has much improved of late years; but still, when compared with "the brethren of the broad sheet" in this our isle of Britain, there is much room for improvement. But the German proverb tells us, "*Der zeit bringt rosen*;" and why should not time also, the greatest innovator (as Lord Bacon says), bring improvement to the Press of Ireland? I shall next month take a glance at the "*Literature of Ireland.*"

LAUDES CARBONARIUM,

OR THE PRAISES OF COALHEAVERS.

It has been an opinion common to the philosophers and moralists of all nations, ancient and modern, and of every age, past and present, that the world is too much guided in forming its notions by the mere appearances of things. Complaints so long continued, and testimonies so invariably concurrent, would be worthy of the highest consideration (especially when the respectability of those who prefer the accusation is considered), even if our own experience did not at once constrain us to admit the truth of the charge: with this farther concession—that, as society moves on in the career of luxury and refinement, the disguises of pretence must still become more numerous, and the artifices of fraud less easy of detection. The amount of benefit conferred on the species by those who have made the aforesaid exposition—followed up, as it has generally been, by their admonitory counsels—it may not be easy to calculate, nor have I now either leisure or inclination to inquire; but I think I may safely assume in brief, that often has the beacon of their advice warned from the quicksands of *fudge*, or the rocks of *humbug*, and thereby prevented the bark of many an honest man's fair fortunes from suffering total shipwreck. Having said enough in the way of generalizing, I now proceed to the illustration which particular examples bring.

"As chaste as the moon" was, till the other day, the very expressed image of purity; but, thanks to my Lord Byron, the saying is now, by his great authority, battered down, and the supposition involved in the comparison scouted by all; the proofs he brought forward to shew that Luna is the most rakish of all planets, having settled that point in every reasonable man's mind for ever. "As gentle as a pigeon"—"as meek as a dove"—"as constant as a turtle"—are household words, and convey so many undisputed propositions: yet, if they are true, or at all applicable to the creature they pretend to describe, then say I, "Abel killed Cain"—so diametrically opposed are they to fact; and the honour has been reserved for me of proclaiming in the face of the world (what seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of every one else), that doves are, of all God's creatures, the most quarrelsome—the most coxcombically vain in their deportment—the most capricious and inconstant in their salacity! Of all the feathered knaves that wing the sky or cleave the air, your pigeon is the most eminent; he is absolutely an unprincipled, good-for-nothing, thievish rake. But the matter I have more immediately at heart to bring forward in judgment against the public, is its continued and unaccountable blindness to the great and manifold merits of Coalheavers; and my present essay will, I trust, be found to contain a complete and satisfactory (though succinct) summary of their virtues, as regards *manners*, *habits*, and *deportment*—ending with a touch at their peculiar opinions. Thus will I endeavour "to shame the rogues."

It was on a fine evening in the middle of last summer, that I, an incorrigible *street-walker*, was passing through that region of the city of Westminster that lies between the Adelphi and Whitehall, and had come pretty near to Hungerford Market, when I saw suddenly before me a moving group of rather an unusual aspect. There was a goodly number of people close together, and a man's head and shoulders rising high over all. On a

nearer view, I found they were principally *Coalheavers*, two of whom carried the man aforesaid upon their shoulders, sitting astride a pole. Much ungratified curiosity seemed to be excited in the neighbourhood by the presence of this phenomenon; and, as a matter of course, the "ears of the houses" within view (so Shylock called his casements) were all thrown wide open to catch information. For a moment I supposed that this uneasy exaltation of the chosen individual above his fellows might be the reward of merit, and that "thus was it always done to those whom [Coalheavers] delight to honour." So pursuing this idea, my imagination flew back on rapid pinions to the heroic ages when warriors were wont to exalt and bear on their shields him they chose for chieftain or for king! But, upon inquiry, I found myself quite *out* in this conjecture, and all my fine speculations sent to the dogs.—"This here wagabone," said my kind respondent, "* * * * * *."—[The gist of what he did say was this—that the pot-girl of the public-house having loved a young comrade "too fondly and too well," had become—as the overseers of the parish thought pot-girls ought not to become.]*—"And so we're making *un* ride the stake, just to mend his manners *summat:* that's all, Sir."—"Here then," thought I, as the current of my thoughts ran with velocity in another channel—"here is the homage that humble, untaught nature pays to virtue! Till now I had always believed that, in the commerce of the sexes, equity had no place, and rectitude was banished from the earth; that through all ranks, in all situations, man was permitted to exult in the ruin of woman; that the seducer invariably had a triumph awarded him for his iniquity, and that his victim had, in no instance, the poor consolation of knowing that the world censured his fickleness or his falsehood. I lifted up my hands in an ecstacy, and fervently thanked Heaven that I had at last met with men in whose hearts the feelings of natural justice found an abode; men, who could not look tamely on and see, without practical reprobation, the tender blossom fall withered at their feet; or press to their hearts him whose pestilential breath had blighted it in its freshness! Virtue (thought I, in continuation—for I now felt the sentimental *furor* strong upon me)—virtue, driven from the palace of the proud, has indeed taken refuge in the dwellings of the lowly. I will go even now, and make myself acquainted with these unsophisticated men, and refresh all my better feelings by a closer scrutiny of their character."—All this while the penitent sat unmoved, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and seemingly altogether unconscious of the intense interest his appearance had excited in my anxious bosom.

Each member of the procession had in his hand a pot of porter; and as it moved on in slow progression, at intervals the grateful beverage was handed by several to the delinquent, "for grief (they said) was dry." And I could not help remarking herein the operation of that humane and wise principle which all judicious legislators so much recommend, though marvellously seldom able to reduce to practice—*viz.* that mercy should always temper the awards of justice; and that punishment ought to be corrective, but not vindictive. In a word, I followed those sooty objects of my rising esteem, and soon arrived at the public-house called the Northumberland Arms, situate at the bottom of Northumberland-street; which is, I understand, a kind of head-quarters or trysting-place for all

* I beg pardon of my worthy friend who so kindly let me into the secret, for thus playing the scholiast on his rather licentious text.

those who heave coal. I entered, and following the sound of trampling feet along an unlighted passage, found myself in a large apartment; wherein, having groped my way to a corner, under a large-faced antique clock, there I determined to sit for the remainder of the evening, and make observations.

A London tap-room is, not unfrequently, in one sense, like to the Temple of Knowledge—in that all is dark when you first enter; and it is only by a diligent use of the faculties, and after a lapse of time, that you begin to arrive at discoveries. Being Monday night, a period when the week is yet young, and while the pecuniary stream has not as yet ebbed very low in the pockets of the industrious, the place was quite full; and I had good reason to congratulate myself on the possession of the convenient nook which fortune had taken care to leave unoccupied for my convenience. As soon as the converse became general, it ran most on the example they had just been making; and bets were freely offered and taken on all sides, as to the probabilities of *Ben's* (the culprit) making an honest woman of ruined *Sukey*, the ex-Hebe of the place. Ben's looks were much consulted on this head, and many indirect suggestions were pointed his way; but he, to use the expressive language of vulgarity, "cocked his eye," looked knowing, and smoked a quiet pipe, but said nothing. Much animated conversation ensued, and that not a little miscellaneous. Politics, trade, the corn-laws, with "the cursed dear loaf" in front, were some of the topics handled in a manner wonderously original. Many a piquant observation was sported on these knotty points; but as I have made a vow with myself not to publish any thing that can any way tend to the discredit of my *protégés*, I say no more.

Presently, one man expressed a common sensation by saying he was *wery peckish*, and called for a rump-steak with a lordly air. I took particular notice of this individual; for he seemed to be the acknowledged wit of the house; and, certainly, he was a great wag in his way. He experienced much success in his endeavours to raise laughter, and seemed to have as absolute a power of relaxing the jaws of his auditors into the broadest of grins, as the sun has in distending the shells of oysters. But it is with sorrow I say it, that his jokes were too racy, and do not admit of insertion here: tender stomachs must be fed with babes' nurture. There he sat, however, like Apollo, shooting his rays on all sides—between his steak and his pot—turning from the one to the other, as a man passes from his mistress to his friend, the perfect picture of happiness. "Why am I not (thought I, as I looked on, almost ready to burst with envy)—why am I not, ye too partial gods, a Coalheaver?" In the course of the night, I experienced personally that hospitality is a virtue not unknown to this dingy community. "The barbarians"—I beg pardon of the straitlaced for the quotation—"the barbarians," I say, "shewed me no little kindness." Their politeness was not the poor sickly plant of drawing-rooms—all leaves and no fruit; but, rooted in the rich soil of a warm heart, threw out its vigorous shoots liberally. Many were the invitations given (for their courtesies went straight to the mark) to "the gentleman in the corner:" but all I wanted of them was to forget me if possible, lest my presence might check their mirth or modify their manners, though the event proved that any anxiety of this kind was needless. One fine fellow early bawled out, in the pride of his heart (and he seemed to speak a general sentiment), "I drink no mixed liquors, to be sure; but I *loves* my gal

and my friend, and I don't care a —— for *no* man!" Here I remembered that he held the first godlike *penchant*, in common with the Jupiter of the ancients, to whom libations of wine were always offered *neat*. Nevertheless, the first article of his creed was rather an unhandsome glance at me, who happened to have something of that sort before me just then.

It has been remarked by sages (and I believe them for once in a way), that when a man cannot contain himself for joy, the turbulent jubilance of his heart does naturally break forth in song. A grim associate accordingly soon called out for one: each and all echoed the cry, "a song, a song!" one adding, by way of rider, "and let's have a jolly *coalbox* to it!" Incontinent, a question arose in my mind whether a toper's song be really worth any thing without a chorus. I have often noticed its blissful effects in increasing good humour, and how mightily it favours the honest endeavours of the singer to please his hearers; for who can help applauding a chaunt, in the hubbub of which his own lungs have been so powerfully exerted? But before I could settle the question aye or no, *enter* the spouse of one of my consociates—an actual *Coalheaveress*—on an errand. Here was an opportunity for display of gallantry, and it was not lost. Their attentions were all on the alert in a moment. One poured out cordial gin for her; another made room, and insisted she should sit down; others filled both her hands with pewters of beer—till she was distracted with choices. She stood for one delicious moment, in pleased bewilderment and happy hesitation—as inactive, for the time, as the ass of the logicians between his two bundles of hay.

This interruption in the flow of affairs once past, "the fun grew fast and furious." The first call was answered by my friend the wag; and his song was something about crossing "the wide ocean for to chase the buffalo." One reason why I have remembered the burden of it possibly is, because I thought at the time the idea expressed somewhat of the least patriotic; but the song that succeeded made an ample *amends*, by its redeeming anti-Gallican qualities. The latter was sung by a thick-set, brawny, husky-voiced, under-sized man, who looked as if he had been newly dug out of the bowels of the earth, and who performed the promise of *Bottom* to the very letter. "I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove." The chorus is all I can recollect; it ran "somehow so:"—

> "For no rebel Frenchmen, sans-culottes,
> Or sons of tyrants bold,
> Shall conquer the English, Irish, or Scots,
> Or land upon our co—o—oast,
> Or land upon our coast."

A petty spirit of criticism might point out a slight dissociation of rhyme from reason in this nervous lyric; but as it was given with befitting spirit, this trifling flaw was no ways perceptible at the time. "The harmony" —I use the established erroneous phrase—went on unceasingly; and much, very much hot breath was turned into good melody; insomuch that I began to quake for my character at my lodgings; and as a good name is better than riches, I determined to seize the first opportunity that offered of slipping away unperceived—not knowing but that the ceremony of taking leave here might be as tiresome as an ambassador's at court; and I had, moreover, now seen enough of the real nature of these excellent people to establish favourable ideas of them in my heart of hearts firmly and for ever. I could not miss observing that the landlord of the house was the

common butt for the company to launch their bolts at; but his good humour or his cunning turned off every shaft innocuous. So long as he had plenty of orders for liquor, he seemed to mind their rough jests not a fig. At last, indeed, being vigorously pressed on all sides, his temper did give way for a moment, but he quickly gathering his wits about him again, with the policy of an old campaigner, diverted the attention of the enemy with a story. One man having quoted against him the common reproach of tapsters—that of using grooved chalk, so as to mark a double tale against their customers—"Now you mention chalk," said he, "I'll tell you how I got *done* the other day." And here he treated us to a rigmarolish story about a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood, who having permitted some bricklayers to run up a beer score at his house, the debtor would not pay till he had inspected the original account; and that this last having been set down on the window-shutter of the tap-room, he was unreasonable enough to desire to retain it, that he might fix it on his file along with other *small* matters. "And so, gemmen," concluded the landlord, "I was *reg'larly queered* out o' my window-*blinkers*."

A cachinnatory explosion, which convinced me that till now I had never rightly known what the common phrase, *a horse laugh* meant, followed the recital of this abominable lie, under cover of which sly Boniface retreated; and, I thinking it a good chance for me, followed his example. Before I quit this part of my subject, it may be as well to mention (as it involves a point of character, and coupled with other traits, goes to point the fallacy of Burke's assertion about the non-existence of a chivalric spirit among the moderns, at least in so far as regards these knights of the black diamond), that two several quarrels arose in the course of the evening—for, after all, coalheavers are in the main frail men. Yet their differences were only the natural result of the workings of "humours which sometimes have their hour with every man," as Shakspeare very rightly observes: these were settled in the true Old English way; there was no riot, no brawling; the parties, with their seconds, kindly bade the company good bye for a moment, each posited his tobacco-pipe upon the table, so as in some sort to represent his person, *ad interim*; and there were fought two fistic duels in the back-yard, with every circumstance of equity and scrupulous regularity of form. On their return, the visages of the heroes seemed a little worse for the rencounter; but the owners of them the best friends in the world; being fairly beaten into a loving *tenderness* and regard for each other. the general comfort was scarcely disturbed for a moment, and it was evident such things were common.

> "So gallant in love, and so dauntless in war,
> Was ever true knight like the brave Coalhea*var*?"

I now mean to digress a little. It has long been a cherished opinion of mine, that the English character has in our times undergone a total change. The sturdy independence of mind, and straightforwardness of manners, shadowed forth in the image of *John Bull*, are now almost extinct; that gruff, but honest and warm-hearted, personage is now our "virtual" and not our actual representative; in dress and deportment all is changed: all ape the gentleman; and a second and third hand politeness takes place of the ancient English plain dealing. There is at this day (in the metropolis at least) no genuine English people; yet, as most rules have their exceptions, I mean to say that the coalheavers alone have maintained their integrity amid the prevailing degeneracy.

Although in this age of all but universal hypocrisy and make believe, every man has at least two fashions of one countenance; it is in dress principally that most men are most unlike themselves. But the Coalheaver always sticks close to the attire of his station; he alone wears the consistent and befitting garb of his forefathers; he alone has not discarded "the napless vesture of humility," to follow the always expensive, and often absurd fashions of his superiors. All ungalled of him is each courtier's heel or great man's kibe. Yet, is not even his every day clothing unseemly, or his aspect unprepossessing. He casts as broad and proper a shadow in the sun as any other man. Black he is, indeed, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem. To begin with the hat which he has honoured with a preference—what are your operas or your fire-shovels beside it? they must instantly (on a fair comparison) sink many degrees below zero in the scale of contempt. In a word, I would make bold to assert that it unites in perfection the two grand requisites of a head covering, beauty and comfort. Gentlemen may smile at this if they will, and take exceptions to my taste; but, I ask, does the modern round hat, whatever the insignificant variations of its form, possess either quality? No, not a jot of it. One would think, by our pertinacious adherence to the headach-giving, circular conformation, that we wished to shew our anger at the Almighty for not shaping our caputs like cylinders. In fine, though the parson's and the quaker's hat has each its several merits, commend me to the fan-tailed *shallow*. The flap part attached to the cap seems, at first sight, as to use, supernecessary, although so ornamental withal. It no doubt (as its name, indeed, indicates) had its origin in gallantry, and was invented in the Age of Fans, for the purpose of cooling their mistresses' bosoms, heated—as they would necessarily be—at fair time, by their gravel-grinding walks, under a fervid sun, to the elegant revels of West-end, of Greenwich, or of Tothill-fields. Breeches, rejected by common consent of young and old alike, cling to the legs of the Coalheaver with an abiding fondness, as to the last place of refuge; and, on gala-days, a dandy might die of envy to mark the splendour of those nether integuments—which he has not soul enough to dare to wear—of brilliant eye-arresting blue, or glowing scarlet plush, glittering in the sun's rays, giving and taking glory! But enough of the dress of these select "True-born Englishmen—for right glad I am to state that there are but *two* Scotch Coalheavers on the whole river, and *no* Irish: I beg leave to return to the more important consideration of their manners.

Most people you meet in your walks in the common thoroughfare of London, glide, shuffle, or crawl onward, as if they conscientiously thought they had no manner of right to tread the earth but on sufferance. Not so our Coalheaver. Mark how erect *he* walks! how firm a keel he presents to the vainly breasting human tide that comes rolling on with a shew of opposition to his onward course! It is he, and he only, who preserves, in his gait and in his air, the self-sustained and conscious dignity of the first-created man. Surrounded by an inferior creation, he gives the wall to none. That pliancy of temper, which is wont to make itself known by the waiving a point or renouncing a principle for others' advantage, in him has no place: he either knows it not, or else considers it a poor, mean-spirited, creeping baseness, altogether unworthy of his imitation, and best befitted with ineffable contempt. He neither dreads the contact of the baker—the Scylla of the metropolitan peripatetic; nor yet shuns the dire

collision of the chimney-sweep—his Charybdis. Try to pass him as he walks leisurely on, making the solid earth ring with his bold tread; and you will experience more difficulties in the attempt than did that famous admiral, Bartholomew Diaz, when he first doubled the Cape of Storms. Or let us suppose, that haply you allow your frail carcass to go full drive against his sturdiness; when lo!—in beautiful illustration of those doctrines in projectiles, that relate to the concussion of moving bodies—you fly off at an angle "right slick" into the middle of the carriage-way; whence a question of some interest presently arises, whether you will please to be run over by a short or a long stage.—But to return. Who hesitates to make way for a Coalheaver? As for their drays—as *consecutive* a species of vehicles as a body can be stopped by—every one knows they make way for themselves.

In conclusion, I would fain say something informing respecting *the religious opinions* of Coalheavers. And as these our modern English *nigri fratres* do, by a rather curious coincidence, abound in the district that owes its name (Blackfriars*) to rank Papists, its former possessors, it was much to be feared that the mantle of their erroneous belief also might have descended upon the shoulders of those who followed them in possession; yet, so far as my information thereon goes, I can declare with safety that these our much-respected "black brethren" all are good men and true; consequently, undoubting sons of mother church. Your Coalheaver is, in fact, no schismatic: *his* soul at least is as yet untainted with the plague-spot of dissent—that prevailing pest. He plods on quietly, in blissful security of never wandering in the mazy paths of theological deviation—as not well knowing how to set about it.†

To sum up all, I DO REALLY LOVE AND RESPECT COALHEAVERS; and if the judicious acknowledge that I have evinced myself an efficient instrument (though unworthy) of shewing forth their praises, I shall be blest indeed.

CAROLUS COMMA.

---

* The sweet smelling neighbourhood—
Where loving Fleta finds her long sought Thames,
And pours her filthy dark contrasting wave;
So moves an endured blackguard in good company,
True to himself, in dirty colours shown.

† I one Sunday met a party of my favourites in St. Paul's Cathedral. They seemed to view with becoming respect and even awe that splendid place—the proud fountain head as it were of the hierarchial grandeur of Protestantism; and they listened to and observed, with apparently profound attention, the operation of that rather popish-looking piece of sacred machinery—cathedral service. Yet I must confess my favourable opinion of their grave looks was rather staggered by overhearing afterwards one of them say to his neighbour, casting a look all round the while,—"My eyes, Tom, what lots o' *coals* this here place would hold." Perhaps the observation was meant in honour.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.—Wordsworth.

There's Beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage-window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear, beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen-stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! Beauty dwells in all our paths—but Sorrow too is there;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright still summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do ev'n thus—to wander as we will—
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oft-times bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts and the violet-dingles back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time hope and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right!

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
—Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the Beauty and the Grief alike, we are training for the skies!

F. H.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

In our May number we inserted an epitome of the Charities in trust with the Mercers' Company of London; and, in July, those of the Haberdashers. At present, we have not the means of proceeding with the rest of the City Companies. The Commissioners for Inquiry into the State of Public Charities have themselves been guided by no discoverable order; and we follow that of the indefatigable compresser of their reports, to whom we have before acknowledged ourselves so much indebted—an acknowledgment which we feel it incumbent upon us here to repeat.

The Charities of the City of Bristol will occupy the present paper; and of these, those which are under the management of the corporation will of course take the precedence. They consist of Landed Estates, Money Legacies, and Loans.

I. Landed Estates.

Queen Elizabeth's Hospital—Instituted in 1586, by John Carr, a gentleman of Bristol, for bringing up poor children and orphans of the city, and the manor of Congresbury, in the same manner as the hospital of Christ Church in London. They are clothed like the boys of Christ Church, but are taught only reading, writing, and arithmetic. Considerable estates have since been added by several benevolent individuals, which have brought up the average income to 2391*l.* 6*s.* 4½*d.*, independently of occasional falls of timber. There are now thirty-eight boys, for whose support the master is allowed 20*l.* a head, which amounts to 760*l*; the incidental charges swell to at least as much more; and the remaining sum of 700*l.* or 800*l.* goes, it seems, towards liquidating a debt due to the corporation. This debt—how originating it does not appear—stood, in 1819, at the enormous amount of 46,669*l.* 6*s.* 3½*d.*; from which, however, the Commissioners deducted 15,523*l.* 14*s.*, as illegally charged for compound interest. The incumbrance, therefore, now stands at 28,970*l.* 8*s.* 6½*d.* The Commissioners speak favourably of the management; but, whatever it may be now, with such ample funds it must, at some time or other, have been bad enough. An income of 2391*l.* in effect supports only thirty-eight boys, at 20*l.* a head.

The Free Grammar-School,—which owes its origin to Robert Thorne, who, in 1532, left 1000*l.* to be employed by his executors "as might seem best for his soul," without specifically directing the establishment of a grammar-school; but, in consequence of this bequest, the corporation, by letters patent of Henry VIII., were empowered to establish a grammar-school, and receive for its support the houses and lands appertaining to the dissolved hospital of St. Bartholomew; that is, the corporation, for this 1,000*l.*, purchased the hospital lands of Henry. By the foundation-deed, the school was stated to be for the better education and bringing up of children and others, who will resort thither to the honour of God and the advancement of the city. School education, in those days, meant Greek and Latin, doubtless; but, in this case, there was no specification of Greek and Latin; and, therefore, the governors are surely at liberty to interpret the words in favour of whatever instruction shall seem most serviceable to the "advancement of the city," which, though it be not Greek and Latin, may be equally to the "glory of God," and, it may be hoped, equally for the "good of the founder's soul." Now, what is the state of

things with this foundation? The endowments consist of 590 acres of arable, meadow, pasture, and wood, besides messuages. By some strange oversight, the value is not recorded by the Commissioners; but the rents of lands—some of them in the very heart of Bristol—must be something considerable. The number of boys actually educated is FOUR or FIVE—not more than ten for many years; and each of these, too, pay to the master 5*l.* 10*s.* per annum. What becomes of the income then? The master and the usher have each 80*l.*; but what becomes of the rest? No answer. But how is it, in so populous a place as Bristol, there are not more than four or five scholars? The master's reply to the Commissioners is—"I must teach nothing but Greek and Latin; and the Bristolians will have nothing to do with either." Then why do not the corporation bestir themselves, and open a school to teach what they wish and will learn? The corporation prefer, we suppose, pocketing the rents. The blame is wholly with them: the masters—as all masters will—get as much as they can, and work as little as they may.

RED MAIDS' SCHOOL, 1627.—Alderman John Whitson instituted this school for the maintenance of a matron and forty girls, to be taught to read and sew, and do such work as the mayor's wife and matron approve. The girls, now forty-one, are apprenticed to the matron for eight or ten years, who receives 12*l.* a year each with them for board and clothing, except some few articles furnished by the trustees, and the children's earnings, amounting usually to 100*l.* The girls are clothed in *red* cloth. The same Alderman John Whitson appropriated other sums:—20*s.* for twenty poor married women lying in child-bed, and 20*s.* for the distributor—no person to have the benefit of this gift more than three times; 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* and three bushels and a half of wheat for the master of Redcliff school; 12*l.* for the poor of Newland and Clowenholl, in Gloucestershire; 20*s.* for the poor of Burnett, in Somersetshire; 10*l.* to the schoolmaster of Newland; 2*l.* for repairs of St. Nicholas' Church, and 1*l.* for two sermons; and 500*l.* for loans to the freemen of the city. With the exception of the last, all these donations are yearly payments, charged on the real estate of the alderman. Two-thirds of the residue were to be applied to such good uses in the city as the mayor and aldermen should approve; the other third to be given to his relations. The portion left to the disposal of the corporation is chiefly appropriated to the augmentation of the charities of the testator. The estate produces 1,828*l.* 15*s.* 3½*d.* The average payments amount to 1,368*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a balance of 461*l.* 11*s.* 2½*d.* not consumed on these charities. The kind-hearted man—for such he must have been—directed that the surplus profits should be employed in *portioning* the girls brought up in the Red Maids' School; but the careful Malthusians of Bristol have, in their wisdom, thought proper utterly to disregard the founder's wishes in this respect. What becomes of the surplus? Is it better disposed of?

COLSTON'S FREE-SCHOOL.—In 1798, Edward Colston, of London, by indenture granted certain manors, lands, and messuages for the support of a school established by him in St. Augustin's Back. The nomination to vacancies was given to the company of merchant adventurers and his executors; and, after the death of his executors, half to the merchants, and half to persons named by himself. This circumstance seemed to the cautious Commissioners to take the case out of their hands. The establishment is a very important one, and apparently well conducted. What the revenue may

be is of course unknown. One hundred boys are boarded, clothed, and educated. Chatterton was brought up in this school. It is classed by the Commissioners under the corporation trusts; but it does not appear that they have any thing to do with it.

Temple Street School.—The same munificent Edward Colston left the only funds by which this drooping school is supported. Till 1711 it was maintained solely by voluntary subscription, when Mr. Colston erected the present school and dwelling-house, and endowed it with an annuity of 80*l.*, charged on the manor of Toomer, in the parish of Hensbridge, in Somersetshire. This sum was then found sufficient for clothing and educating forty boys; and even now thirty are clothed and instructed, with a balance of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* still remaining. Let the efforts of the City grammar-school be compared with this. There, with an endowment of 590 acres of land, four boys, sometimes five, are educated, at least with the additional payment, on the part of the parents, of 5*l.* 10*s.* each: here thirty boys are educated and also clothed for less than 80*l.* Surely the corporation might turn over some of the enormous surplus to the Temple-street school, and at least keep up Mr. Colston's number of forty.

Temple School for Girls.—This school was instituted about a century ago, and was supported by voluntary contributions till 1798, when the ample amount of the funds, from donations and legacies, rendered farther subscriptions unnecessary. By subsequent gifts, the funds have been increased to 1,750*l.*, five per cents.; and a legacy of 100*l.* still remained to be paid. In 1797, an old house and a piece of freehold ground were purchased. The house was pulled down, and the present school built on the site of it. Forty girls are entirely clothed and educated.

Trinity Hospital.—This is a very ancient institution, the origin of which is involved in obscurity. The corporation are in possession of a charter believed to be of Henry V.; but the words are too much obliterated to determine which Henry. It appears to recite a previous grant by the predecessor of the reigning sovereign, to one John Barnstaple, empowering him to erect, in the suburbs of Bristol, a perpetual hospital, and the grantees to take the profits of lands and other possessions to them and their successors for ever. A regular series of conveyances brings the property to the corporation. Considerable additions have been made to the funds; the total income of which now amounts to 789*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* Ten men and thirty-six women receive each five shillings a week, making 598*l.*: the average expenditure is 647*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* The hospital consists of two buildings on the north and south side of the old market place.

Foster's Almshouse, founded 1492.—John Foster, a merchant of Bristol, directed his executor to find a priest daily to sing in the chapel of his almshouse in Stepe-street, for twelve years, for his soul and the souls of his family; and distribute 2*s.* 2*d.* for forty years after his decease among the poor of the said almshouse. The lands vested in feoffees for the endowment consist of several houses in the city, the rent of which, together with some fee-farm rents, now amount to 333*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* The almshouse consists of fourteen apartments, each of which, we suppose, is occupied; and each occupant has 4*s.* a week, and half a ton of coals at Christmas, with 4*s.* extra at Christmas, and 5*s.* at Easter and Whitsuntide, divided among them. The bailiff of the corporation inspects the institution, and has fifty guineas per annum—nearly one-sixth of the whole establishment.

Temple Hospital,—founded in 1613 by Thomas White, doctor of divinity, and incorporated under the name of the Ancient Brothers and Sisters of the Temple Hospital of Bristowe. The property left for the support of the charity consists of houses in London and Bristol, the annual rent of which is now 609*l.* 18*s.* The building has forty-eight apartments; each person has two. The sum allowed each person is not specified; but between 400*l.* and 500*l.* is stated to be expended on the hospital; leaving a considerable balance, and one that will be very much augmented, when the new rents come in, in favour of the foundation.

The same Dr. White left in trust to the corporation four houses in Gray's-inn-lane, London, then held at a rent of 40*l.*, for the following annual payments:—40*s.* to the poorest persons in the gaol of Newgate, Bristol; 20*s.* for a sermon on the festival of St. John the Baptist, at the Cross in the parish of Temple: 10*l.* for four sermons by the minister of St. Warborough's; the same by the minister of All Saints; 5*l.* for one sermon by the minister of Temple church; 6*l.* to the poor of Temple Hospital, for the increase of their alms; 40*s.* towards the expense of the annual dinners of the governors, "whereby the diet of the poor people there that day might be amended;" and the remaining 4*l.* for any necessary expenses of the said hospital. The rent of the premises has increased, and the disposal of the surplus is now under consideration.

Sion College, London.—The same Dr. White, in 1622, left 3000*l.* "for the buying of a fair house and backside, fit to make a college for a corporation for all the ministers, parsons, vicars, lecturers, and curates within London and the suburbs;" also for an almshouse adjoining, subject to the same regulations as the Temple Hospital of Bristol, for ten men and ten women; the governors of which almshouse are to be the president, the two deans, and four senior ministers of the college. For the support of the college and almshouse, Dr. White left 160*l.* out of his real estate—120*l.* for the almshouse. The occupants were to be taken, six out of St. Dunstan's in the West, two out of St. Gregory, four out of Bristol, and the rest out of the company of Merchant Tailors, London. The corporation of Bristol accordingly appoint four, who are allowed by the governors of Sion College to be out-pensioners. At present they all receive 8*l.* a year each: the sum varies with the funds of Sion College, an account of which will hereafter be given.

The same Dr. White left 100*l.* a year for the repair of the highways within five miles of Bristol, and for the highways most used leading to Bath and Oxford; and in case this expenditure should become unnecessary, 30*l.* were to be lent for two years to each of two poor tradesmen; and 10*l.* given to each of four poor maidens of honest fame, as marriage portions. This 100*l.* a year was provided for by the Bradley and Hockley estate in Essex, the rents of which were so divided between Sion College and the corporation of Bristol as to give the latter seven-tenths; two-sevenths of which were appropriated to Temple Hospital. The produce of the road estate has been, upon an average of some years (to 1821), 479*l.* 2*s.*; and as the turnpike-acts rendered the appropriation of the money to the roads unnecessary, a surplus accumulated to the amount of 3,395*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, which, by the Chancery, was directed to be expended chiefly in building additional almshouses. The future disposal of this 479*l.* 2*s.* is to be, for repairing roads (notwithstanding the turnpike-acts!), 100*l.*; for loans and gifts, 100*l.*; for eight additional almsfolk, 162*l.*, for an additional shilling

a week to the whole thirty-two—leaving thus a surplus of 33*l.* 18*s.*; and not one thought for the poor maidens of honest fame and their marriage portions. This is the second instance of a disposition on the part of the Bristol corporation to repress matrimony—among the poor.

Charity *to Twenty-four Corporations in England.*—This was the singular gift of 2,000*l.*, by Sir Thomas White, to the corporation of Bristol, to be laid out in land, on condition of lending 50*l.* each to two persons for ten years—of employing 200*l.* in the purchase and sale of corn to poor people, without profit—and of paying, from the year 1577, 104*l.* to twenty-four corporations, in rotation, annually for ever. The rental in 1821 amounted to 197*l.* 3*s.* 3½*d.*; and attempts have been made by the corporations to force an augmentation, but the Chancery decided against them. These corporations were directed, by Sir Thomas White, to lend 25*l.* to each of four persons for ten years, and take the remaining 4*l.* for their trouble. The corporations are York, Canterbury, Reading, Merchant Tailors' Company, Gloucester, Worcester, Exeter, Salisbury, West Chester, Norwich, Southampton, Lincoln, Winchester, Oxford, Hereford East, Cambridge, Shrewsbury, Lynn, Bath, Derby, Ipswich, Colchester, Newcastle. *Canterbury* received it in 1821. Whether these corporations fulfil the intention of the donor, falls not within the Commissioners' jurisdiction, because the College of St. John, Oxford (of which Sir Thomas White was the founder), and the corporation of Bristol, each does or should nominate an honest and discreet person to ride to and view the said corporations, and inquire into the execution of the trusts confided to them—who are, therefore, *Special Visitors.*

Kitchen's Charities, 1594.—Alderman Robert Kitchen left, by will, his house in Small-street, Bristol, and a part of his personalty, for the relief of the poor of Bristol, and of the town of Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland. 1000*l.* was in consequence paid to the corporation by the executors; they stipulating for a rent-charge of 32*l.* on the city lands, in lieu of 600*l.* out of the 1,000*l.* Of this 32*l.*, was to be given 26*l.* in weekly payments of 10*s.* to a poor householder of one of the seventeen parishes in rotation for ever, and the remaining six to poor kindred of the testator. The other 400*l.* was to be lent gratis to freemen in small sums, which will come among the Loan-money Charities of the corporation. The houses now standing on the site of the alderman's premises (called New Market Estate) produce 50*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, of which 40*l.* 15*s.* is stated to be distributed in charity. Considerable irregularity appears to have taken place with respect to this property; but the Commissioners are of opinion the corporation have, one way or other, more than fulfilled the charitable purposes of the donor. They recommend, however, the corporation to carry the rents and profits of the New Market Estate in future to the account of Alderman Kitchen's Charities—that is, to observe the directions of the giver.

Old Market *and* Temple Almshouses, 1679.—Alderman Steevens left lands and houses in Breachyate, Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, for the building and support of two almshouses. One has sixteen rooms, the other twelve, now given wholly to women. The rents, in 1821, amounted to 731*l.* 2*s.* The 28 occupants of the rooms have each 6*s.* a week, and occasionally coals; and the same sum is given to thirteen out-pensioners. The funds are wholly spent on the purposes of the institution. The expenditure, in 1821, was 696*l.*, including 60*l.* for repairs.

White's Charities.—Thomas White, in the reign of Henry VIII. left certain lands, tenements, and rents for the payment of 4*s.* a month to each of five hospitals: 20*s.* annually towards the maintenance of the convicts of St. John's and Allhallows; 1*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* to the prisoners in Newgate; and 6*s.* 8*d.* to St. Ewan's parish: these together came to 11*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* The income from the property—on a part of which stands the county house of correction, and for which compensation was made to the charity—now amounts to 42*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* No account is given of the disposal of the balance.

Spencer's Messuage.—William Spencer, in 1494, left a messuage in Bristol, then let at 4*l.* a year, for "pious uses;" namely, sermons, ringing church-bell, and spreading Redcliff church with rushes. 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* is still paid for the sermons and rushes at Whitsuntide; but no account is given of the present value of the property. There are too many hiatuses of this kind in the reports.

Brown's Gift, 1629.—Humphry Brown left his estate, in the parish of Filton, in Gloucestershire, to provide for four sermons in St. Warborough's church on the days in which he came into this "vale of misery" and quitted it, and those of his baptism and marriage; for a lecture every Sunday in the same church or St. Nicholas's; for a sermon in each of the churches of Westbury-upon-Trim, and Acton; and 40*s.* to the poor of each of these latter parishes on the day of the sermon. The sermons and lectures are still preached, and the money distributed to the poor of Acton and Westbury. But, again, the Commissioners have forgotten to state the value of the Filton estate, nor do they tell what sums are paid. They might as well, almost, have left the thing alone.

Lady Rogers gave 20*l.* to the corporation, to provide a sermon at St. Thomas's, for which 20*s.* is annually paid.

William Gibbs likewise, in 1602, left 10*l.* for a sermon at the Church of the Gaunts. This is now called the Mayor's Chapel, and the whole expense of providing church-service is defrayed by the corporation.

Chester Estate.—This was a grant in the reign of Elizabeth, by Alderman Chester, of certain premises in the parish of St. James, on condition of the corporation paying 7*l.* 16*s.* to the poor of St. John; 4*s.* to the almsfolk of St. James's Back; and 40*s.* for the maintenance of the House of Correction. The corporation are in possession of two houses let on a lease for ninety-nine years, determinable upon their lives, at a reserved rent of 6*l.* They have also a fee-farm rent of 20*s.*

Bagod's Charity.—In the 9th of Henry VII., John Bagod granted the corporation four messuages in Grope-lane, on condition of their distributing 3*s.* 4*d.* in bread to the poor prisoners in Newgate. The corporation hold many houses on this spot, now called Nelson-street; but they are unable to distinguish Bagod's property. They expend not less than 1000*l* a year for the benefit of the prisoners in Newgate; and the bread-bills alone amount to 400*l.* for some years past. Bagod's is mixed up with the rest.

II. We come now to the Money Legacies.

Jackson's Charity, 1658.—There is some doubt whether the original bequest was one or three hundred pounds. The sum of ten guineas, however, is paid to the overseers of five parishes in Bristol—for the relief of the poor, we hope, and not of the poor-rates.

Prison Charities.—Peter Matthew left 100*l.*; Sir John Young, 20*l.*;

and Mrs. M. Brown, 10*l.*, for employing the prisoners in Bridewell. This prison is wholly supported by the corporation, at an expense of not less than 500*l.* Thomas Finnes also left 100*l.* for setting the poor to work—whether in prison or not, does not appear.

Merlott's Charity *for* Blind Persons.—Alderman Merlott, in 1784, left 3,000*l.* on the death of his wife, which happened in 1800, to be vested in government securities, and the income to be applied, as far as it would go, to the relief of blind persons, in sums of 10*l.* each, subject to the same regulations as a similar charity instituted in London by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington. To this sum was added 4,000*l.*, by a Miss Elizabeth Merlott, probably the daughter of the founder; and 3,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* three per cents. by Richard Reynolds. The whole amount of stock belonging to the charity in 1821 was 15,152*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, producing a dividend of 454*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* Forty-three blind people receive 10*l.* each. Persons in any part of England are eligible: preference is given to the most aged.

Mrs. Mary Ann Peloquin's Charity.—This lady, in 1778, left 19,000*l.* to be vested in government securities, or in the chamber of Bristol, under the security of the city seal, at *not less* than three per cent., on condition that the corporation should pay the interest of 300*l.*—to the rector of St. Stephen, 5*l.*; the curate, 2*l.*; and the remainder, be it what it might, to the clerk and sexton for attendance on St. Stephen's Day; the interest of 15,200*l.* to thirty-eight men and thirty-eight women, all free of the city, housekeepers, and not receiving parochial relief—that is, 6*l.* each, while the interest is three per cent.; the interest of 2,500*l.* to poor lying-in women, wives of freemen, 30*s.* each; and the interest of the remaining 1,000*l.*, in equal shares, to twenty single or widowed women and ten men of St. Stephen's, not receiving parish relief. The corporation expend 570*l.* in the manner directed; but they have at no time, since 1778, be the general rate of interest what it might, ever dreamt of giving more than three per cent. We shall presently find the Commissioners recommending another company, in a similar case, to allow four instead of three per cent.; and they might have done the same here.

Miss Elizabeth Ludlow also, in 1812, left 1,000*l.*, three per cents., the dividends to be distributed among five poor widows, who had been the wives or were the daughters of freemen, on the nomination of the mayor and aldermen. This also is done.

Mr. Samuel Gist, in 1815, left 10,000*l.* three per cents., to be applied to the support of six men and six women,—to pay 5*l.* to each of them on St. Thomas's Day,—to maintain six boys and six girls in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital,—and to provide apprentice-fees of 10*l.* for the boys. No girls it seems could be received in Queen Elizabeth's Hospital; and application was accordingly made to the Chancery, where poor Mr. Gist's wishes were treated with very little ceremony. The Chancellor finally directed, that *three* boys should be placed in the hospital at 30*l.* each,—*three* girls in the Red Maids' School at 24*l.*,—that *three* poor men should receive 6*s.* a week, and *three* poor women 5*s.* These sums together amount to 253*l.* 16*s.* We should like to know why 30*l.* is paid for the boys at Queen Elizabeth's, while 20*l.* only is paid for the rest; and why 24*l.* is thought necessary for the girls, when the other Red Maids require only 12*l.*?

Mrs. Thurstin, in 1778, left 300*l.* in trust, the interest of which was to be paid to lying-in women, 20*s.* each. This produces 12*l.*, and is duly distributed according to the directions of the donor.

Thomas Hobbins, in 1619, left 100*l.* on condition that 4*l.* 10*s.* be paid to the poor of St. Thomas on St. Thomas's Day; and 10*s.* for a sermon on the same day. 5*l.* is accordingly paid to the churchwardens.

Newgate Charity.—Matthew Havyland, alderman of Bristol, left 80*l.*, the interest of which to be paid for the preaching of twelve sermons in Newgate. His executor also gave 20*l.*, the interest of which was to be distributed among the prisoners. George White left 100*l.* in like manner, for their relief.

George Harrington, in 1637, covenanted with the corporation, in consideration of 540*l.*, to pay to himself 37*l.* for life; and after his death 26*l.* to a poor householder, being a freeman, and 20*s.* to the clerk for his trouble.

Thomasine Harrington, the widow of George Harrington, gave 52*l.*, to pay to the churchwardens of Redcliff one shilling a week, for bread to be brought to Redcliff Church, and there distributed;—52*l.* on the same condition, for the poor of St. Michael;—and double that sum for St. James's.

Alderman Long, in 1739, gave 100*l.*, and the corporation pay 5*l.* a year, to the parish of St. Stephen.

John Pearce, in 1663, left 20*l.* for a sermon on the 5th of November, in St. James's Church. The sermon is still preached, and 20*s.* paid for it.

Edward Cox, in 1622, left 200*l.*, the interest to be employed in "apprenticing poor boys, and relieving decayed handicraft men, and such like uses"—the parish of St. Philip to be mainly respected. Accordingly 8*l.* are paid annually to the churchwardens of St. Philip, and 1*l.* each to St. James's and Redcliff.

Among several almshouses are distributed 30*s.* as the gift of "one Parson Powell;" and 16*s.*, in like manner, on account of the gift of —— Silk. The commencement of these gifts appears not to be known.

Dr. Charles Sloper, chancellor of the diocese of Bristol, left, in 1727, a house in the College Green, which was sold by the corporation, and the proceeds afterwards invested in a rent-charge, to which a small allowance has since been added by the corporation, making the whole 20*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* This annuity accumulates for three years, and is then laid out in the purchase of large bibles for the poor.

Alderman Humphrey Hook gave the sum of 680*l.*, on condition that 4*s.* for coals, and 4*s.* for bread, be paid weekly to the poor of St, Stephen's, and the remainder of the interest to go to Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. 20*l.* 6*s.* is annually paid to the churchwardens; but nothing is said in the reports of any surplus for the hospital.

III. In addition to these land and money charities, no less than fourteen individuals, at different periods, some very remote, have bequeathed different sums for Loans—a considerable part without, and the rest at a low interest. The corporation consider themselves liable for 5,567*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* Of this large sum, 1,888*l.* is outstanding in Loans; 155*l.* invested in the three per cents. for a reserve against losses; 1,412*l.* is in the chamberlain's hands unapplied, and always to be had by proper applicants; and for the remainder the corporation have executed bonds under the city-seal. Nobody it seems cares about sums of 10*l.* 20*l.* &c.; but for sums of 50*l.* and upwards there would be great demand. An application to Chancery is talked of for discretionary powers.

Numerous as are the charities we have already particularized, belonging

to the corporation of the city of Bristol, there are many others under the management of other public bodies. The principal of these is the Society of Merchant Adventurers.

Merchants' Almshouse, in King Street—formerly called St. Clement's Almshouse,—which seems to have been founded in the reign of Edward VI. Lands and money have been granted by several individuals, particularly Mr. Colston, down to Mrs. Mary Ann Peloquin, whose liberal bequests we have already commemorated. The buildings consist at present of thirty-one rooms, which are occupied by nineteen men and twelve women—each receiving 3*s.* a week, except the chief brother, who has 5*s.*, and all some articles of clothing. The expenditure, exclusively of repairs, on an average of nine years is 310*l.*; but the permanent income appears to be only 188*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* The deficiency is made up by the society's general funds. Connected with this institution, there are also eighteen other rooms, called 'perquisite' rooms, at present occupied by twelve men and six women, to whom small, very small, payments are occasionally made.

Colston's Almshouse, instituted in 1696, for twelve men and twelve women, by Edward Colston, founder of the free-school, and a most munificent benefactor to the city. In addition to the lands and rents with which Mr. Colston endowed his institution, the late Mr. Hart Davis gave a piece of land in Westbury-upon-Trim, now a nursery-ground, which brings up the whole annual income to 297*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The expenditure, however, in 1820, was 415*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*;—the deficiency is supplied from the surplus income arising from Mr. Colston's gift for specific purposes to the Merchants' Almshouse. Of the almsfolk, twenty-three receive each 4*s.* a week, and the chief brother 7*s.* They must all be free of the city, and members of the Church of England. 40*l.* is paid to a chaplain for reading prayers.

Merchants' Hall School, King Street.—This school appears to have been instituted for the purpose of teaching ten boys the art of navigation. Some time in the last century, the funds, amounting to 460*l.*, were made over to the Merchants' Society, on condition that they should find a person, well skilled in navigation, capable of instructing twenty boys, and pay him 20*l.* a year. The school now consists of forty, and the master has 80*l.* All above 20*l.*, which the society covenanted to pay, is to be considered a contribution of their own, and entirely voluntary. The master is not bound to teach navigation to more than ten, nor do the society supply instruments, charts, and navigation books for more than that number. There is no restriction as to the age of admission.

Bridge on the Avon.—Mr. William Vicks, in 1753, left 1,000*l.*, to accumulate till it amounted to 10,000*l.*, for the building of a bridge on the Avon—he having understood a bridge might be built for less than that sum. The merchants accepted the trust, and allowed three per cent. In October 1821, the principal and interest of this sum amounted to 4,139*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* The society, however, having from the year 1782 actually been paying four per cent. for money borrowed, the Commissioners considered them as taking an unfair advantage, and recommended an advance of interest at least from the year 1782. They, in consequence, reconsidered the case, and finally agreed to credit the trust with the sum of 6,074*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*—calculating at four per cent. The Commissioners are thus doing some good, besides the communication of facts. When the accumulations reach the sum of 10,000*l.*, if a bridge

be thought undesirable (as it will undoubtedly prove to be impracticable—building, and particularly bridges, is one thing in our days, and was another in Mr. Vicks's), the donor directs 4,000*l.* to be employed in loans, and 6,000*l.* for the founding of an hospital for *illegitimate* children.

Eleanor Hammond, in 1774, left to the society 200*l.* for shoes to the women of St James's parish, and also 400*l.* to be given to twenty-four widows of the same parish—reckoning the interest at three per cent. These charities are distributed on All Saints' Day.

Alice Cole left in the hands of trustees, for charitable uses, the two rectories of Worle and Kewstoke, in Somersetshire. The last conveyance was made in 1787 to three persons, one of whom is dead, the second in a state of incapacity, and the third has never acted, and seems not discoverable. The property is therefore in danger of being lost. The tithes are let at 124*l.*, and the holders hesitate to pay. There are 2,350*l.* in the three per cents.; and two houses, purchased from savings, in St. James's Back—making the whole income 216*l.* 10*s.* Of this income, 4*l.* are paid to each of four hospitals; 12*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, a fee farm rent, to the crown; a chief rent of 2*l.* 17*s.* to the chamber of Bristol; and the secretary takes 3*l.* 3*s.* No one apparently has authority to act but the secretary, and his authority must be very questionable. The trustees some years ago contemplated a school, and actually built a house for a man and woman to teach children in, on a piece of ground given them by the city. Somebody should stir in this; it seems a very fit occasion for the corporation to do so. The Commissioners class this charity among those which are under the management of the merchants; but how they are connected with it does not at all appear.

Charities in the Parish of St. Mary Redcliff.

Fry's Mercy House, situated in Colston's Parade—for the maintenance of eight poor women. The present value of the endowment is 49*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* Expenditure 51*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* The women have 2*s.* 6*d.* a week. But, by a recent bequest, another sixpence is added to the allowance.

Pile Street School, for clothing and educating forty boys of this parish and St. Thomas's. The income of the charity is 173*l.*; about 110*l.* of which depends on annual subscriptions. The expenditure is 55*l.* for the master; about 65*l.* for clothing, and 23*l.* for coals, books, &c., which, with repairs, bring it up to 150*l.* or 160*l.* It is under the control of the vicar and twelve parishioners, and sixteen of St. Thomas's.

Almshouse of Redcliffe Hill.—A very ancient institution originating with William Cannynge, in 1448, who founded two chantries in Redcliff Church, for two priests to sing at the altar,—for two annual obits,—and moreover to distribute certain monies yearly for ever to the relief of the poor. The lands belonging to the chantries were of the annual value of 34*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, out of which 26*l.* 8*s.* was given to the poor—probably to the alms-people. Upon the seizure of the chantries this payment of course ceased. There are still fourteen alms-people occupying the rooms as paupers; the whole surviving funds appear to be 16*l.* paid by the corporation to the vestry of Redcliff. They participate slightly in the general charities of the parish. The same imperfect account must be given of the Temple-Gate Almshouse, which consists of eleven rooms, occupied by the same number of paupers, and no better endowed than the other.

Queen Elizabeth's Free Grammar and Writing School, was

instituted in the thirteenth of her reign, under the management of twelve governors, with power to choose their successors, and have a common seal. Annuities of 21*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and accumulations to the amount of 89*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* constitute the present funds. There are no scholars at all. The Commissioners are at a loss to account for this, because the school was destined for writing as well as grammar, and English has been superadded. It must be, in their opinion, for want of being sufficiently promulgated. There are doubtless better reasons. What has become of the governors and their common seal?

To this parish belong miscellaneous bequests from forty or fifty individuals, amounting to 2,337*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, the income of which is 93*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*—to particularize is impracticable—to which must be added rent-charges of about 30*l.* Of these sums 75*l.* 10*s.* is distributed in money at Christmas; 36*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* in bread; 8*l.* in clothing; 2*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* to the minister; 20*s.* to ringers; and 12*s.* 7*d.* to the sexton—generally according to the will of the donors.

To these funds must still be added what are called the Church and Pipe Lands, for the reparation of the church—declared to be "one of the most famous, absolute fairest, and goodliest parish churches in England"—and the public pipe or conduit. The average value is as much as 1,031*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; and the whole is actually expended in repairs—in the church service, on the pipe, in some gifts to the poor, and now and then a little feasting; but all is moderate, compared with London doings. In 1820, nearly 2,000*l.* was expended on the church, and a considerable sum wasted in mourning decorations on royal funerals. The entire control of these large estates is in the minister and the vestry.

Parish of St. Thomas.

Burton's Almshouse, said to have been founded in 1292; and certainly in Elizabeth's reign it is spoken of as having existed beyond the memory of man. The income is derived from the benefactions of individuals, some of a very ancient date—and amounts at present to 48*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The alms-people are sixteen old women of the parish.

The Market.—This was granted by Elizabeth to aid the parish in supporting the almshouse and aqueduct. The markets have long been let, and produce an income of 170*l.*, which is blended with the general funds of the parish, from which the repairs of Burton's almshouse are defrayed, and the weekly allowance of 8*s.* supplied. The feoffees are expressly restrained from letting the markets; but interest tramples down all scruples.

Church Lands.—The origin of these lands is no longer traceable; but, by a trust-deed, dated in the 44th of Elizabeth, it appears certain lands, messuages, and premises, were granted to the vicar and fourteen others of the parish, for the maintenance of God's divine service, repairing the church, &c. The present rents and average fines amount to 300*l.* The expenditure for the last ten years (1821) has averaged 420*l.* 10*s.* 9d.

Miscellaneous Charities.—The total of money-legacies received by the vestry of this parish from 1567 to 1805 is 1,519*l.*; and rent-charges and annuities chiefly payable out of houses in the city are 50*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* This is spent mainly in distributions of bread—at least 105*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* out of 112*l.* 8*s.*

Parish of Temple.

Here are nearly fifty small benefactions, some few in land, some in rent-charges, but the greater part in money, producing together to the

parish an income of upwards of 150*l.*, destined for the most part to be expended in bread, sometimes on sermons, and sometimes in distributions of small sums on certain days. Generally the sums are fixed; and are disposed of according to the directions of the donors. Here and there those directions are neglected, but in no important instances; and in two or three cases, where the Commissioners have observed deviations, they have made representations, and promises have been given of stricter observance. But there are two others, of more importance, which require specification.

St. Paul's Fair.—This is held, by charter, in this parish on the first of March and seven succeeding days. Tolls are taken, and the profits, after 20*s.* paid to the corporation, go to the maintenance of the poor, and the repair of the conduits. The average profits for ten years are 70*l.* 15*s.* 5½*d.*; and the average expenditure on the conduits 63*l.* 14*s.* 5½*d.*; the balance does not merge in the poor rates, but is distributed on the recommendation of the vestry.

Church Lands.—The oldest deed of feoffment is of the reign of Edward IV. The lands were given for the maintenance and repairing of the parish church, the relief of the poor, and other good uses within the parish, with the consent of the vestrymen, or the most of them, and not otherwise. The rent of these estates amounts to 557*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* The expenses of the churchwardens for some years past considerably exceed the funds; but the deficiencies will by and by be met by fines, &c. The following is the average annual expenditure for ten years to Easter 1820 of all the rents and revenues under the controul of the vestry:—

	£.	s.	d.
In charities, including allowance in bread, money, gifts for sermons, &c.	132	4	0
On account of the income of St. Paul's Fair, for rent and repair of water pipes, gifts to poor, and ROYALTY EXPENSES	103	7	0
Repairs of church and church-yard	325	12	3½
Service of church, viz. vicar for prayers, organist, clerk, sexton, ringers, and incidental expences	172	6	6
MAKING RATES, surveying, law expenses, printing, receiver of rents, &c.	52	14	3
Sundry expenses, including church-clerk's account, sealing, DINNER EXPENSES of perambulations, DRESSING THE CHURCH IN MOURNING, WATERLOO subscription, and incidental expenses	75	6	7
	£861	10	7½

In this statement we have marked by large letters certain expenses for which we cannot conceive the trustees have an atom of authority, and some of which rather outstep the bounds of decency, so long as there is one miserable object within their reach. From the profits of the fair and the church lands, it will be observed, surely with some surprise, how very little the poor are benefited.

Bristol is rich in charitable endowments—we have still some to enumerate, particularly

Old Bachelors and Maids' Almshouse, instituted by Mrs. Sarah Ridley, 1726, for five old bachelors and five old maids, "who are not, nor ever have been Roman Catholics, or inclinable to be such, and never received alms." This lady left 2,200*l.*; and subsequent benefactions by others, particularly one of 1000*l.* by John Joacham, in 1768, have augmented the funds. The stock is vested in Bank and South Sea Annui-

ties; and the dividends amount to 155*l.* To the ten maids and bachelors 4*s.* 6*d.* a week each is given, which comes to 117*l.*; the elder brother receives 25*s.* a year more than the rest; and 14*l.* is distributed at Christmas among the poor—leaving thus about 22*l.* for repairs, &c.

Almshouse in Milk Street.—Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard also left six houses for this endowment in favour of three old maids of the baptist meeting, now held in King Street, and two from the country. The deacons of the chapel act as trustees, though no regular appointment was ever made. The annual income is now 95*l.* Five women reside in the almshouse, and one at Sodbury, receiving each 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, and the five in the almshouse 10*s* 6*d.* each at Christmas. The expenditure amounts to 44*l.*; but the houses have lately undergone thorough repair, and one rebuilt, which will exhaust a balance of 200*l.* in hand, and the surplus income for some time.

School and Almshouse belonging to Protestant Dissenters, *in Lewin's Mead*—The school and almshouse consist of a large stone building fronting the street called Stoke's-croft, instituted in 1726. Four thousand pounds, though not all paid, were subscribed originally for the building and endowment. The funds were, however, from time to time augmented, and now produce a dividend of 283*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* The school and almshouse accounts are separately kept. In the almshouse there are eleven women and one man, each receiving 12*s.* 11*d.* a month—the man something more. In the school, thirty boys are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic—books and stationery found by the trustees. The master has 120*l.* Prayers morning and evening. In 1794, Dr. John Wright left 700*l.* three per cents., for different purposes connected with the interests of the congregation—all carried into effect according to the donor's wishes.

The Infirmary.—The income of this institution arising from voluntary subscription, exceeding that which results from the permanent property—precluded the Commissioners from entering into any inquiry as to the management.

Elbridge's School.—This school was instituted, in 1738, by John Elbridge, who left 3,000*l.* for its maintenance. It is in the parish of St. Michael's, and the rector has the entire management. It is now confined to girls, and twenty-four are clothed and educated. The income, arising from South Sea Annuities, amounts to 78*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The property has manifestly not been well taken care of—and money has been lost for want of due control.

Reynolds's Charity, 1809.—Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, left lands in Wales, now producing 240*l.* a year, for the benefit of all, or one, or more of seven institutions supported by voluntary subscriptions—the Bristol Infirmary—Bristol Samaritan Society—Strangers' Friend Society—Asylum for Orphan Girls—Society for discharging Small Debts—Bristol Dispensary—and Bristol Female Misericordia. The property, and the disposal of it, are placed under eleven trustees—the donor expressly excluding the clergy, lawyers, and medical men, and any president, treasurer, or person holding office of profit in the institutions to be benefited by his property. These institutions are well supported by voluntary subscription—and therefore Mr. Reynolds's charity is considered to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the Commissioners.

Wesleyan Girls' School, for the benefit of the members assembling at Ebenezer Chapel, Old King Street.—The founder left 700*l.*, but con-

cealed his name. Thirty girls are clothed and educated. Contrast this with Elbridge's school in the parish of St. Michael's.

Corporation of the Poor.—The poor of Bristol, by several Acts of Parliament, are entrusted to the management of a select body. To this body divers gifts and bequests have been made in general terms for the use of the poor—but some for specific purposes. 25*l.* by Samuel Wallis, for a sermon on the day on which the officers are elected;—an estate by John Knight, producing, in 1809, 130*l.* a year, for the employment of boys and girls at the Mint Workhouse, thereby qualifying them for obtaining a living when they attain maturity; 50*l.* by the Bishop of Bristol (1708) for bibles, to be given to children when apprenticed; and 50*l.* to the infirmary, which is supported out of the general funds of the corporation.

Almshouse belonging to the Merchant Tailors Society of Bristol.—The charter of this society is of the reign of Richard II. The tailors of Bristol successfully resisted some claims of privilege about fifty years ago, and since that period, to be a member of the society has ceased to be an object of interest or of ambition. The consequence of which is, that one Isaac Amos has come to be the only survivor—himself the sole and whole corporation. The estates belonging to the society, —if *society* it can be called — are considerable; the reserved rents amounting to 55*l.*, and most of them on leases of ninety-nine years; and from other sources there is an income of about 15*l.* The almshouse is a very handsome and capacious building; and 66*l.* 18*s.* was, in 1821, paid to the poor then residing in it. Legally, perhaps, the property has already escheated, or certainly will do so, on the death of Mr. Isaac Amos. The account of this property given by the Commissioners is very meagre and unsatisfactory. Nor have they entirely completed their reports for the city and county of Bristol.

MIDNIGHT.

Wake, my love! the moon is up;
Wake, my love, and speed away;
Now the monk doth leave his cup,
Lingering through his cloisters gray:
While the solemn, silver knell,
Rolling from the chapel-tower,
Singeth "Midnight" in its swell.—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

"'Tis the Midnight!" sighs the wind;
"'Tis the Midnight!" shines the moon;
"'Tis the Midnight!" owlet blind
From the tree doth wake his tune:
Every star in yonder skies
Striketh "Midnight" from his tower;
"Midnight!" every blossom sighs.—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

Lady, art thou to be sought
By the Christian warrior's fame?
In the land of lands I've fought,
Through the flood and through the flame;
Stood by lion Richard's side;
Bore with him the iron shower,
Till the sands in blood were dyed.—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

Lady, can thy heart be won
By the song and by the string?
From the Danube to the Rhone,
I have played to prince and king;
Raised the lids of many an eye
Beaming on the Troubadour;
Won from queenly lips the sigh.—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

By thy window stands a steed,
Never nobler felt the rein;
Never Turkman shot the reed
Swifter o'er the desert plain:
On his brow a bridal band,
On his back a bridal dower,
Waiting for my lady's hand.—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

O'er the hills our way we'll wind,
Down beside the valley tree,
In best true love's chains entwined,
Still the freest of the free:
Free to rove through hill and glen,
Where no sullen kinsmen lour,
What have we to do with men?—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

What to love on lordly halls,
Covered with the weeds of care,
Where the foot on velvet falls,
Where the bosom throbs despair?
What are all the gilded things
Round the sleepless couch of power,
To one wave of Love's white wings?—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour!

When the storm is on the sky,
We will scorn it in our dell;
When the tempest-cloud doth fly,
We will bid it sweet farewell;
Gazing from our mountain-brow,
As on valley, stream, and bower,
Spans the purple-tinted bow,—
Sweet one, 'tis the Lover's Hour

HERMES.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE HASSAN:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE Island of Savages resounded with shouts of joy; and the frightful rocks with which it is surrounded re-echoed the noise of the warlike instruments and cries of these barbarians. The sea, which broke with violence against the rocks, mingled its roarings with these strange noises, and augmented the horrors of the scene. These monsters, who took delight in murdering all the unfortunate wretches who were cast on their coast by the fury of the elements, were now assembled to choose a king. Already streams of human blood had flowed around the altars of their gods; the shore was wet with it; and the bodies of these unfortunate victims were heaped up on a pile, ready to be reduced to ashes;—already had the savages began to dance around the pile—when they perceived the wreck of a vessel. Broken masts, sails, and cordage were all driving about at the mercy of the waves. They perceived also at a distance several unfortunate creatures, who were endeavouring by swimming to gain the island. The hope of deliverance reanimated their efforts, already nearly exhausted by long struggling. Alas! they sought their fate in landing on this unfriendly shore: and their lot, which appeared to snatch them from the waves in safety, only prepared for them on this fatal shore a death a thousand times more dreadful.

No sooner had they gained a landing than they were seized by the savages, who bound them, and dragged them to the altars of their deities. There they were put to death; and their foaming blood was caught in cups, which these barbarians drank in honour of their gods. They only spared one of these strangers, whose beauty, gracefulness, and youth would have moved to pity any but this savage race, nourished upon blood and carnage. His figure, above the common height, was noble and commanding; long flaxen locks of great beauty hung in large ringlets over his shoulders; his face shining with a soft majesty; his eyes were black, and sparkling with fire; and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, more seducing even than beauty, rendered him the most amiable of mortals. He was destined by these barbarians to serve as a feast for the king whose lot it would fall to be chosen.

Their manner of electing a king was not less cruel than the rest of their customs. They chose six of the most considerable and renowned for their cruelty; and the one of these six who pierced with an arrow the heart of the widow or nearest relation of the departed king, was elected as his successor. Already they had bound their queen to a rock, and five of these savages had struck their arrows in various parts of her body; when the sixth, advancing to the barrier, drew his bow. The arrow flew through the air, and pierced the heart of this unfortunate princess. The air was rent with acclamations. All the people prostrated themselves at the feet of the new king, and they bore him triumphant round the island. The women and their daughters, their hair dishevelled, and a poniard in their hands, marched the first: their chaunt resembled the cries of furious Bacchanals. The old men, bending under the weight of their crimes, as much as from years, followed with a more leisurely step; and the king, surrounded by the youth of the island, closed the procession. The stranger who had been respited, seized with horror, followed with his eyes this horrid solemnity. Two savages held him chained, and led him along like a young victim that is brought to the altar.

After having made the circuit of the island, these people at length made

a stop in the midst of a grove, which was the place appropriated for their festivities. Thousands of savages were stretched on the turf, and large bowls full of blood were ranged at equal distances: the most exquisite wines, even nectar itself, was not so delicious to them as this beverage. The newly-elected king was placed on a throne covered with lions' skins; and, to commence the feast, he had seized the young stranger, and with a dagger he was prepared to pierce his throat—when, all on a sudden, the dagger fell from his hand, and the king fell dead at his feet. The people, surprised, turned their eyes with astonishment on the unknown; but all the barbarians experienced the same fate, and fell weltering in the blood which flowed from the vases which they had overturned in expiring.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of the young man, at the sight of a whole people, whom an invisible hand had exterminated in a moment. These barbarians were extended on the earth, with all the horrors of death depicted on their countenances: their eyes, turned towards heaven, seemed to accuse the gods of their deaths; their open mouths seemed to blaspheme them; and their arms, that the coldness of death had stiffened and held stretched out, seemed yet to menace them.

The unknown then, quickly arming himself from the spoils of the king, and passing through the midst of the dead bodies, plunged into the forest. He gained a rock, from whence issued a spring of water, which, falling from rock to rock, augmented by its noise the horrors of this desert. There the stranger, reflecting on his misfortunes, abandoned himself to despair. He could not reflect without shuddering on all he had suffered since he had departed from the Isle of Brilliants, where his father reigned as sovereign. Rocks of crystals and emeralds formed the boundaries; the hills were sprinkled with precious stones; the trees were loaded with fruit, the colour of rubies; and the superb towers of diamonds which formed the gates of the capital city, dazzled the eyes. It was an entire year since he had quitted it, and had been wandering on the seas. All that had befallen him appeared before him at that moment. He could not refrain from tears when he reflected that he was for ever separated from the king his father.

He recollected at length that the king, at parting, had given him a little box, which he charged him not to open till a year after his departure. The time having now expired, the prince opened it, and found a paper, which he read with eagerness. It was in the handwriting of the king; and it was in these terms that the unfortunate father informed him of the cause of his misfortunes:—

"I wish in vain, my dear son, to hide from you the evils that threaten "you. The gods are my witnesses of all that I have done to assuage their "wrath; but the fairy Noirjabarbe, enemy of this island, destined you "to the most cruel trials from your birth. Why did she not deprive you "of life? I should then have been more easy, and it would have been a "lesser pain to me! That cruel fairy arrived in my kingdom at a time "when the other fairies came to bestow on you all the gifts necessary to "you an accomplished prince. They wished by these presents to prevent "the fairy Noirjabarbe from hurting you. But what will not cruelty and "barbarity imagine to be revenged. The fairy, not being able to deprive "you of the gifts the others had bestowed, wished to render you the "horror of the universe, and condemned you to kill on the spot all those "who looked at you after you had attained the age of twenty years.

" Judge of my grief when she pronounced these terrible words! I did all " in my power to prevent it; but it was of no avail: she even forbad me to " mention it to any person but yourself, and that not before your twentieth " year; hoping that myself and all my subjects would become victims, " and that you would become our executioner. Alas! I offered her my " own life: she was insensible to my tears, and vanished in the midst of " a black whirlwind of flame, bitumen, and pitch. You know the cares " I have taken in your infancy; you know the tears you have cost me— " fatal price of my tenderness! I shall never see you more; and already " you have made a fatal trial of the ills to which the fairy Noirjabarbe has " condemned you! Seek out a desert, my son, where you can spare the " lives of mortals, by hiding yourself for ever from their eyes; and ever " remember your unhappy father."

Hardly had the young prince (who was named Prince Hassan) finished reading, when his eyes were full of tears. " Ah, ye gods!" cried he, " how have I merited so cruel a fate! what place, sufficiently desert, shall I find on the face of the earth to hide me from the eyes of mortal men! Happy yet in my griefs, that my lot has placed me on this barbarous shore, and that these monsters have been the first victims that I have immolated." This unfortunate prince now arose, and left the forest. He found himself at one of the gates of the city of these savages, built in a valley surrounded by high mountains covered with wood. A torrent which precipitated itself from the top of the rocks with a horrible noise, separated the city into two parts. The houses were low, all stained with blood, and almost covered with dead bodies and limbs: the air of this island had the property of preserving the bodies, so that they never corrupted. The prince was shocked at so horrible a spectacle. He left the place, and consoled himself under his misfortunes, that he had purged nature of such cruel monsters. He resolved to remain on the island, and to live on the fruits that the earth produced. He chose for his retreat a cave hollowed out of a rock, from whence he could behold the sea. The horror of finding himself quite alone on these unknown shores was a little alleviated by the necessity he was placed in of living away from the human race. The cruel fate which the fairy Noirjabarde had destined him from his birth, had banished him for ever from the commerce of men. He had already made a sorrowful experiment; and his solitude was the less afflicting, when he thought that at least his sight was fatal to no one.

He was consoled in his griefs by the pleasure of a quiet and tranquil life, if Love had not aided the cruel fairy to distress him—but he loved. Devoured in secret by an increasing flame, he sighed night and day; and, to add to his sorrow, he did not even know the name of the person he loved: he only possessed her portrait. Occupied without ceasing with the pleasure of gazing on it, it augmented every moment his passion and his regret. " I love," said he. " Love has inflicted on me his most violent displeasure. I do not know whom I love; and I can never hope to see her whom my sight would deprive of life. My sight, so fatal to all mortals, would destroy her whom I adore! Oh, ye gods! to what a cruel punishment have you condemned me!" Such were the reflections of this unhappy prince.

Very often he went to walk in an island planted with oranges, which nearly joined the one he inhabited. One day he fell asleep there, and

was awakened by the awful claps of a thunder-storm. Already the sea was rising; a land-wind was dashing it against the shores, and every thing announced an approaching storm. Prince Hassan thought, nevertheless, he should be enabled to regain his island. He got into his canoe, and had nearly landed, when a violent gust of wind drove him out to sea. The tempest increased every minute; and his canoe, which was only the trunk of a tree hollowed out, was soon driven far away. He waited for death with tranquillity, not expecting to escape it—when his vessel struck against a rock and overset. He swam for a long while; but night coming on, new dangers arose. He knew not which way he was going, and feared he might be leaving the shore, instead of nearing it. He still kept swimming, and was almost exhausted, when he perceived an iron ring, which was fastened to a tower: he seized hold of it, and held by it, resolved to wait till day broke, that he might make for the nearest shore. He was complaining of his destiny, which persecuted him with such cruelty, when he heard a voice which said to him, "Unhappy stranger, that the sea and winds have thrown on these shores, cease to lament your lot! Alas! why cannot you end my woes, as I can your sorrows, in saving your life? Take hold of this cord; the gods have not yet ordained you to die." The prince hesitated for some time. He reproached himself with risking the life of the person who saved his; but his strength was so overcome that he could not remain where he was without risk of perishing. The darkness emboldened him: he seized hold of the cord, and ascended the tower, when he found himself in a chamber; but the darkness was such that he could distinguish nothing. He resolved to throw himself into the sea as soon as dawn appeared, and to make for the nearest island—not wishing to deprive of life a person who had extricated him from such imminent peril. "What do I not owe you?" said he to his deliverer; "and how can I make you any recompence for your goodness? But what can an unhappy prince, whom the destinies persecute, do? Your pity in saving my life may subject me to new perils, which death would have freed me from. Let me not, however, remain ignorant of the name of the place where the waves and wind have driven me."—"It is near the Island of Night, where my father is king," replied the unknown voice. "This tower is called the Tower of Darkness; it was built by the hands of a fairy. Never do the rays of the sun, or the pale beams of the moon, enlighten it: an eternal obscurity surrounds it, and the nearest objects cannot be distinguished." This discourse consoled Prince Hassan. He no longer feared that his sight would cause the death of this princess, as death was only occasioned by seeing him. The profound and eternal darkness which surrounded this tower reassured him. "But to what climate do you owe your birth?" continued the princess; "and how happens it that the tempest has cast you on this shore? Do not refuse me the recital of your adventures." After several sighs, occasioned by the recollection of his misfortunes, the prince commenced his history in the following terms:—

"I was born on the Island of Brilliants; and my father, who had reigned there for a long time, beheld with grief the sterility of the queen, my mother. At length she became pregnant. Several fairies assisted at my birth, and presented me with all the virtues that a prince could desire. My father, to pay them proper respect, had prepared for them a magnificent repast in the saloon of the palace. Already the feast had commenced—

when, on a sudden, the air was obscured; a black vapour spread itself around the saloon, and my father perceived himself lifted up by an invisible hand. All the fairies immediately knew that it must be the fairy Noirjabarbe who had played this prank; but they had no power over her: they only feared for my father, knowing the cruelty of that fairy. He returned some time afterwards, but so afflicted and so sad, that he was not like the same person. The fairies were very anxious to know what Noirjabarbe had said to him: he dared not or could not reply to them; grief had taken possession of him; he shed a torrent of tears. The fairy Noirjabarbe had forbidden him, under pain of the most terrible punishment, to relate to any other than to me, what she had said to him.

"My father had me educated with all possible care; but that which is a pleasure to other parents increased his grief. He beheld with sorrow my advancing years. The more I improved by the education he gave me, the more he lamented, and the more I cost him in tears. At length I was now arrived in my nineteenth year, when one day he led me to the sea-side. He kept a profound silence; I followed him trembling: he had never before appeared to me so overcome. He stopped by the side of a wood, and embraced me tenderly. 'Fly, my son!' he said; 'fly this unhappy land, to which you owe your birth! The time is come when we must separate. I have concealed your departure from my people: it would have been opposed, and they would perhaps have perished in wishing to save you. Go then, my son! You will find, on the other side of this wood, a vessel which I have equipped expressly. I must not appear before the crew who are to accompany you; my grief would probably make them suspect something. Hasten your departure, and go where the winds may conduct you. Above all things, my son,' continued he, 'do not open this box till an entire year after you have quitted this unhappy shore.' He said all this, still holding me in his embrace, and bathing me with his tears. I was so overcome that I had scarce power left to throw myself on his neck, and say, 'What have I to fear? Can it cost me more than life? No, no, my father! if I must die, let me at least die in your embraces.'—'Fly!' said he; 'and, obedient to the prayers of your father, hasten from this place!' He forced himself away from me, and buried himself in the woods. I remained immoveable, and was unable to move a step to follow him. I soon came to myself; but I searched in vain for him in the wood; I never saw him more. I found the vessel which had been prepared for me. They only waited for me: they had been informed that I was going to the Fortunate Islands, which are not very far distant from the Isle of Brilliants.

"I now embarked, after having prayed the gods to preserve my father's life. We steered for those islands; when, on a sudden, the wind changed, and drove us towards an island, where we were obliged to anchor. We landed to repair our vessel which the storm had damaged. I walked into the interior of the island, which appeared an enchanting retreat. No rocks defended the coast; it presented an even surface, where you breathed an air soft and agreeable. Alleys of orange-trees, planted in all directions, conducted to the city, which you perceived from the shore. Fine corals were in the centre of each walk; and borders of anemones, ranunculuses, jonquils, and tulips were planted on each bank.

"I kept advancing, when I perceived a man at a distance, who was coming towards me, whose dress much surprised me. I joined him. A long robe, open before, and reaching to the ground, covered a vest of the

richest manufacture: the sleeves were very full. His head was covered with a cap ornamented with precious stones. He carried a book in one hand, and in the other a golden wand. He stopped on seeing me, and, after having regarded me for some time, he thus spoke:—'Young stranger, whom the tempest has driven on our coast, follow me, and profit by the short time you will remain on this island.' I perceived myself, at these words, drawn on, as it were, in spite of myself. I followed him. He proceeded to that side of the city which was seen at the end of the alley. During our walk, he acquainted me with their customs and manner of living. 'This island,' said he, 'where every thing the most rare in nature is collected, is the Island of White Magic. The number of the inhabitants is fixed. There is no jealousy among us: our power is equal. We live together as friends, as neither envy nor interest can trouble us. We are all of the same age, and we all die on the same day. We do not keep here our wives, and we never have but one son. At the age of twenty-five, we marry such of the princesses of the earth as we most desire. Genii, whom we have at our service, bring us their portraits, and we each make choice of one. They lie-in on the same day of a son, whom they bring up with them till the age of twenty-five—for then we are fifty; and as that age is no longer proper for pleasure, it is at that period we all die. We summon our wives and sons to this island, and, after giving to the latter our books and wands, we are enclosed in our tombs, together with our wives, whose affection for us carries them with us to the Black Empire. It is to-day that we must die. Soon this heaven, that sun, will disappear from my eyes; I shall be plunged into eternal night, and shall cease to exist.'

"We had arrived at the city when he ceased speaking; it was all built of marble, and of most magnificent architecture. He shewed me every part of it, and afterwards led me to an eminence, from whence I had a view of the whole island. There, after having embraced me, 'I wish,' said he, 'to shew you, by means of my art, a part of what will befal you. Happy if that may preserve you from the dangers that threaten you!' He then made a circle with his wand, and placed me in the middle. He opened his book, and waved his wand three times. At the third time I perceived a black vapour arise all around me. As it increased, I could not see: the heavens were hidden from my eyes—the earth disappeared; and when this vapour vanished, I was surprised to see nothing of the magician who accompanied me, nor the hill upon which I was standing, nor the island; in short, nothing I had before observed. I found myself in a vessel which was tossed about by a tempest; and after having been struck several times by the sea, it was driven on some rocks. I was swallowed up by the waves. Here I beheld horrible monsters, who disappeared from my sight, leaving in my arms a princess of unequalled beauty. Fear had deprived her countenance of its beautiful bloom, and her eyes hardly bore the light; but her colour returned when she saw me. I have never seen any thing so beautiful. It seemed to me as if she thanked me for having restored her to life; but she was torn away from me at that moment by a monster of most terrible figure. I tried to snatch her from his claws—when again every thing vanished from my eyes. The vapour, which had hitherto surrounded me, disappeared gradually. I perceived myself standing on the hill, by the side of the magician. I regretted that I was not for a longer space under such a delusion. The

delightful recollection of so charming a princess occupied me entirely: I would have wished the enchantment to have endured for ever. Love had already taken possession of my heart. I still cherish those features which, since that time, have caused my greatest sorrows. I remained immoveable. I endeavoured to retrace those charming features which had just disappeared. Alas! love had already painted them on my soul. I demanded of the magician, as a favour, to tell me if this charming princess was only an illusion; or if it were possible that the gods themselves had created a mortal who would deprive them of the honours which are only due to the divinity. He replied to me in these terms:—'The object who has raised such a flame in your heart, at the mere sight of her portrait, reigns on the borders of the seas; but you are not fated to behold her, except at the foot of your tomb.'—'Will the gods prolong for many years my life?' cried I. 'Why will they not shorten it, that my shade may enjoy the pleasure of seeing so charming an object? Of what value to me is life, if I retain it only on condition of never beholding her I adore?' This growing passion so confused me, that I had not perceived the magician quit me, and advance towards a grove, whither I followed him. It was a forest of myrtles, whose sweet perfume was diffused to the skies. All the alleys were of the same width, and were in every respect similar. Between each myrtle was a tomb of black marble, ornamented with magnificent statues of white marble. 'This,' said the magician, 'is the sepulchre of my ancestors. There are as many tombs in each alley as there are persons; therefore each generation reckons by alleys and ranges of tombs.' I traversed the alleys where had been interred the first magicians. The profound silence which reigned in these groves—these myrtles, which were never agitated by the slightest breeze—these tombs, ranged at equal distances—inspired me with a holy fear. We arrived at an alley where the tombs were uncovered. I demanded of the magician the reason. He informed me that they were intended for him and his friends, and that, in a short time, I should see the island repeopled.

"At that moment I heard a terrible noise. The heavens were darkened—the thunders rattled in the air—the earth shook under my feet; but all these signs gradually subsided, and daylight returned by degrees. I beheld the air filled with an infinite number of cars, which descended in the alley where I was standing. From each of these cars alighted a princess, holding a young man by the hand. They all advanced towards the magicians, who were seated by the side of their tombs. They embraced, and after having delivered their books and their wands to their sons (for these princesses were their spouses), each one entered his tomb, accompanied by his wife; and instantly all the tombs closed over them. The son of the magician who had taken me under his protection advanced to me, and said, that I could remain no longer in the island—that profane eyes could not behold the mysteries which they were about to celebrate to the shades of their fathers—and I must therefore depart. He embraced me, and gave me, at parting, the portrait of the princess that I had seen at the bottom of the sea. I recognized the features which I had there beheld, and my wound re-opened at this fatal sight. Charmed with a gift so precious, I returned to the coast, my eyes still fixed on the portrait. I embarked. Ever occupied in admiring it, I could do nothing but adore it. I kissed it a thousand times a day; and I resolved to search the universe over to discover the original. We had departed eight days, when a

new tempest drove us from our course. Our vessel, broken by the waves, sunk; and we endeavoured to save our lives by swimming towards an island we perceived at a distance. But oh, ye gods! rather a thousand times we had all been swallowed up, than to land on that fatal shore! All my companions were butchered by the savages who inhabit that shore. I saw their blood caught in bowls, to serve as a repast for these barbarians: myself they reserved as a feast for their king. Already were all the people assembled in a grove destined for their festivities; already their king, with his arm raised, a poniard in his hand, was about to stab me, when suddenly he fell dead at my feet. The savages regarded this prodigy with astonishment; but they all experienced the same fate: I saw them all expire on the spot. I armed myself with speed, fearing I might be pursued by others, and hid myself in the forest. There, reflecting on my misfortunes, I recollected a box which my father had charged me not to open till a year after my departure. I reckoned the time, and finding that the year had that day expired, I opened it."

The princess of the Island of Night, hearing the noise of drums, fifes, and trumpets, interrupted Prince Hassan. "Sensible of your misfortunes," said she, "I wait with impatience the end of your tale. But the king, my father, whose barge I hear dashing through the waves, obliges me to postpone it for the present. Enter, prince, into this cabinet; and allow me to flatter myself that, as soon as the king shall depart, you will not refuse me the detail of a fate I feel so inclined to pity." The princess advanced on the esplanade of the Dark Tower to her father. "Come, my daughter," said he, "your misfortunes are ended. The gods, whom I consult daily, have at length declared that there is nothing farther to fear. Come, and embrace a father, who has wished for this moment so long."

The princess descended into the barge to her father: they tenderly embraced, but without seeing each other; for an eternal darkness reigned around the tower. They then proceeded towards the island, to the noise of instruments, and acclamations of the people, who lined the shore, and made the air resound with their songs and rejoicing. The princess would rather have remained a little longer, to hear the rest of the adventures of Prince Hassan: but there were no means of discovering it to her father—for the oracle had threatened the most terrible punishment if ever she received any one in the tower. She landed on the Island of Night. Her eyes, for the first time, beheld the light. Large and magnificent vases of bronze, filled with a liquid that burned for ever without being consumed, lighted up the shores of this island: they were placed upon lofty columns of marble, at equal distances, and quite round the island. Without these fires, an eternal obscurity reigned. The princess was conducted to the city by an avenue of pines, whose branches were hung with the same kind of lamps, which never were extinguished. She arrived at the gate, which was lighted up in the same manner, and entered her father's palace, which was of the finest architecture in the world. Large vases of fire were placed on the roof of the palace, which entirely illuminated it: the same with respect to the gardens, where they burned continually. They led the princess up a terrace which was near the palace, from whence you might behold the whole island. The art of the fairy Protectrice of this kingdom had, by these lamps, corrected the defects of nature, which had refused the gift of the sun to this island.

The princess was astonished to behold so grand a city, and one built so magnificently. The walls were distinguished, by which it was surrounded, by the lamps. Every tree in the country was lighted up the same: the hills and groves appeared like brilliant stars, whose soft light did not offend the eyes. This sight astonished the princess; but her heart was not at ease. The idea of Prince Hassan was continually before her; she was quite distressed not to have heard the end of his adventures. Although she had not seen him, she could not but be interested for him. She imagined that a prince, on whom the fairies had bestowed such gifts, must be amiable: she wished much to see him. Alas! doubtless, that desire would have been diminished, had she been aware of the risk she ran, and that the sight of him would have cost her dear. She did not know how to break it to her father, in order that she might return to the Dark Tower. And then of what use would have been this voyage, as it was absolutely forbidden to take a light outside the island?

Walking one day in a grove which was at the bottom of her father's garden, she was reflecting on what Prince Hassan had related, and how she had been destined by a fairy to pass her solitary life in the Dark Tower, until a terrible monster, whose aspect killed whoever looked at it, should come to her deliverance. She could not but think that the prince was her liberator. Her father, who consulted the destinies every day, to know the time when his daughter's perils should be at an end, did not understand, more than herself, what the fairy meant by a monster who killed all that looked at it; but, notwithstanding, the oracle had proclaimed that the time had arrived. It was this which alarmed her so much. "What!" said she, "is this prince—whom I figure to myself as so amiable—is he the monster I am threatened with? Why do I wish to see him? Can I doubt the fact, since the oracle has said so?" It was thus she tormented herself; and she had almost given up the wish to return to the Dark Tower, when she found herself at the entrance of a temple: it was dedicated to Morpheus. A magnificent portico conducted to a vestibule of marble and porphyry: from thence you entered the temple. The most delicious perfumes were for ever burning before the statue of the god, who appeared at the upper end, seated, and resting on one arm. Banks of turf, intermingled with beautiful flowers, invited repose. Poppies, the only gifts offered to this deity, covered a table which was in the middle of the temple. It was only necessary to offer them up, when you perceived a soft languor creep over you, which it was impossible to resist. You yielded insensibly to sleep, which closed your eyelids; and then whatever you most wished to know appeared in a dream. The princess presented the poppies; and, at the instant, perceiving her knees to tremble under her, she lay down on a bed of turf sprinkled with violets, and fell asleep, hoping to behold Prince Hassan.

Scarcely had the god of sleep closed her eyes, when the prince appeared before her. Her surprise to see him so different from a monster was so great, that she awoke.—"Oh, ye gods!" cried she, "can a mortal appear so amiable?" She wished to sleep again, and offered anew poppies to Morpheus. But in vain; that favour is granted but only once: it was useless. Morpheus, insensible to her intreaties, dozed even at hearing them. She left the temple, burning with a desire to see the prince.

Love had now entered her breast; she was no longer mistress of herself; she thought of nothing but the prince; she followed no certain path, but

wandered at hazard. She found herself, without thinking, on the sea-shore, and at the very spot where she left the bark which had brought her from the Dark Tower. Her first movement was to embark, and go to invite the prince to come to the court of the king her father. She entered the boat, and following a cable, which was fastened from the shore to the tower, she soon arrived at it. She then heard the voice of the prince, who was complaining aloud of what he had suffered for love. "What injury has love done you?" replied the princess. "I am come to hear the rest of your adventures. Relate them, I pray you. The winds and sea are calm and still; as if, like me, they listened to your misfortunes."

The prince was charmed at her return; for the idea had struck him that she might be the same princess the magician had shewn him. He thus continued his story:—"I was seated on a rock, when, with trembling hands, I opened the box my father had given me. I there found a paper, where I read these cruel words which my father had written."—[The prince then repeated to her what was written in the letter. He informed her of the cruel penalty that the fairy Noirjabarbe, to be revenged on his father, had imposed on him, and that he was fated to kill all who regarded him.]—"I cannot express my ideas on reading this paper. My first impulse was to precipitate myself from the rock, where I was sitting, into the waves. But, alas! to add to my woes, an invisible hand retained me, and I perceived that I was constrained to live. I was no longer astonished that the savages had fallen victims on beholding me: I even thanked the gods for having made me the instrument of purging the earth of such inhuman monsters. I wandered all over the island, which I found full of horrors. I chose for my abode a grotto, formed out of a rock; there I lived on the wild beasts I killed in the chase, and the fish I caught. I rambled along the shore. The only moments of pleasure I enjoyed were in contemplating the portrait, which I admired more every time I looked at it. I frequently passed over to a neighbouring island, planted with oranges. I lay down one day to sleep there: a tempest arose during my slumbers. I had the imprudence to endeavour to gain the other island. The wind, which increased every moment, blew me away out to sea; and I was cast against this tower, where you saved my life."

"Ah, prince!" cried the princess, "I can then never behold you without its costing me my life!"—"I would willingly resign mine, for the privilege of seeing you for a moment," replied the prince. "The charming remembrance of her whom I beheld at the bottom of the sea is graven on my heart too deeply ever to be effaced by time. I love her, and a certain presentiment assures me that you are that lovely personage. Oh! ye gods, to what punishment am I condemned? I love, and I cannot see her whom I love, without depriving her of life!"—"You are not the only one to complain in this world," said the princess; "and not to know whom you love is not so tormenting as to know, and to love, without being able to see the object." These words were an enigma to the prince: he could not penetrate the thoughts of the princess; and the words which had escaped her appeared to him to have been spoken at random. He entreated her to inform him the reason why she had passed her life in that tower. The princess told him that a fairy, the Protectrice of her father's island, had been summoned at her birth; and, having predicted that she was menaced by some dreadful misfortune, she had ordered her to dwell in that tower, until the monster, who killed all on beholding him, should come

to deliver her. The princess did not confess her curiosity, which caused her to go to the temple of Morpheus; and, fearing to betray her secrets, she quitted the island.

The princess explained to her father what the fairy meant by a monster who killed by being looked on, and related to him the history of Prince Hassan. The king, affected by the misfortunes of that unfortunate prince, caused to be taken to the Dark Tower every thing that he could require to make life agreeable. He frequently went there to entertain him, accompanied by his daughter; and they both endeavoured to alleviate the rigours of his prison. But, alas! in endeavouring to contribute to his ease, she lost her own. She loved with a violence that she could not restrain; she hid herself in the depths of the forests, to tell it to the echoes. Her words were broken, and, at times, were without meaning; her eyes had lost their brilliancy; her complexion had lost its fine transparency; her beauty was nearly effaced: scarcely could they trace in her the likeness of her former self. She could no longer resist: it was absolutely necessary that she must confess her love to her conqueror.

She embarked for the Dark Tower: her heart beat violently as she approached it. She had no sooner arrived than she called on Prince Hassan. That prince, who had always replied to the slightest signal, now appeared not. The princess trembled. She called him several times, but in vain. As the tower could not be ascended without a ladder, she returned to her island, and sent one of her slaves to fetch one. She went back to the tower, and ascended herself, as she knew every part of it. Alas! she did not search long. Scarce was she mounted on the balcony, when she struck something with her feet. She felt it, and found it was a body without motion, and colder than marble. She doubted not it was the prince.—"Oh, ye gods, my love is dead!" screamed she. A torrent of tears came to her relief, and her sighs deprived her of words. It at length became necessary to tear herself away from the corpse, which she caused to be brought away by her slaves, and erected a magnificent tomb, in the midst of a grove of cypresses, on the sea-side. Then she caused a funeral pile of cedar-wood to be made, where the body was consumed. She herself collected the ashes, which she put into an urn made out of a single emerald. This urn was inclosed in the tomb. The tomb was of black marble—four bronze statues ornamented the four corners—and on the front was engraven these words:

"Here lies the unfortunate Prince Hassan!"

It was at the foot of this tomb that the princess passed every moment that she could steal away from court. She no longer feared to avow her love for Prince Hassan; she made the echoes resound with it; she told it to the brooks and fountains; her sighs and lamentations broke the silence of the groves; she thought he was no more. Useless tears! superfluous sighs! The prince still lived. Some pirates, who had heard that the king of the Island of Night had shut up his daughter in a tower built in the middle of the sea, attracted by the hopes of a considerable ransom, had come to carry her off; but, instead of the princess, they had found Prince Hassan, who, in spite of his resistance, had been compelled to yield to the efforts and numbers of these barbarians. He had strangled the first who had attacked him; but, having all closed on him, they seized him, and bound him to the mast of their vessel, and made sail. It was thus he was constrained to

quit a place where he had so often enjoyed the conversation of the princess.

These pirates did not go long unpunished for their villainy; for scarcely had they passed the dark zone which surrounded the Island of Night, but, at the first rays of light, they fell dead at the sight of Prince Hassan. That prince was much to be pitied. He was bound to the ship's mast, and in danger of perishing of hunger, it not being possible for him to be rescued by any mortal; for whoever saw him must die immediately. The winds and waves drove the ship at their pleasure. At length it struck on a bank of sand, and stuck fast. He then expected nothing but death. The thoughts of the princess still occupied him, notwithstanding the impending fate which he perceived approaching. Already was he so oppressed with languor, that his sight failed him, his weakness increased, and he remained motionless. This swoon lasted for a long time. At length he came to himself; but what was his surprise, on his revival, to find himself in a meadow! He was yet so feeble that he had not strength to rise. He was endeavouring in vain to make out by what means he had been conveyed thither, when he perceived a female approaching him, carrying a basket of fruit. She came near him, and thus addressed him:—"Endeavour, unfortunate prince, to prolong your days, which the gods protect, in spite of the cruelty of the fairy Noirjabarbe." At that hated name, Prince Hassan thought he should have relapsed into his former state of weakness: but the unknown continued her discourse.—"I am a fairy," said she; "and I dwell on a rock near where your vessel ran ashore. I saw you from the top of the rock, where I was walking that day, and, having pitied the state in which you were, I released you, and brought you here. My art has acquainted me with all your trouble: I know your most secret thoughts; I know you love a princess, whom the fates forbid you seeing, for fear of depriving her of life: but I also know that a day will arrive when your griefs will have an end." This hope reanimated the strength of Prince Hassan. He arose, and threw himself at the feet of his benefactress.—"Rise, prince," said she; "you cannot remain here longer than one day." The fairy then conducted him to the rock, near which his vessel had run aground.—"I cannot," said she, "free you from the charm which the fairy Noirjabarbe has imposed on you; but this wand, which I will give you, will free you from many evils you would endure without it. It has the power of putting to sleep those on whom you wish it to operate. You have but to turn it three times, and sleep will immediately close the eyes of those you wish to affect; and turning it back again, they will awaken as quickly. By this means your appearance, so fatal to all mortals, will cease to be so, when you wish it—as they only perish who see you. But this is not all. This vessel, in which you have been wrecked, obedient to your orders, will conduct you to any place you wish to go to. Go, prince! faithful to your vows, remember that the god of love will never abandon those who are truly attached to his service."

As Prince Hassan thought of nothing but the princess of the Island of Night, he ordered his vessel to bear him to the Dark Tower, where, in spite of the eternal darkness which surrounded it, he would at least have the pleasure of conversing with the princess. He landed at the tower, and, casting himself into the sea, swam to a grove which was on the sea-shore of the Island of Night. He wandered from thicket to thicket, till he came to a place where he perceived a tomb, on which he read the following inscription:

"Here lies the unfortunate Prince Hassan!"

He did not know what to think of this, and was in a profound reverie, when he heard a noise, which made him conceal himself where he could not be seen. The noise increased, till he saw the car, wherein was the princess, approaching. He recognized her as the same person represented in his picture. She alighted, and approaching the tomb, she embraced it, and bathed it with her tears. The prince attributed to his absence the idea she had formed of his death. Hid from all view, his joy was extreme to find so exact a resemblance in her to his picture. He recollected what the magician had told him—that he should never see the princess but at the foot of his tomb. Not only did he see her, but he was persuaded she loved him. He never felt so severely the penalty the fairy had inflicted on him; he would willingly have thrown himself at her feet, if the peril to which he would have exposed her had not prevented him; he scarce dared breathe; he feared the least noise would cause her to look round. What a situation for a lover!—to see her he loved—to see what he had so long sought—and to tremble for fear of being observed—what a trial! He knew not how to announce to her his return. Her grief increased his own. He saw her drowned in tears, and not able to tear herself from the tomb. At length he recollected the enchanted wand the fairy had given him: he profited by the opportunity of putting the princess to sleep, and then wrote the following line on the tomb:

"Go to the Dark Tower, and you will there find an end to your griefs!"

The prince was charmed with such an opportunity of contemplating the beauty of the princess; but he trembled, as he had not yet made a trial of the virtue of his wand. He, therefore, quitted her, after having put an end to her enchantment; and, regaining the shore, he returned to the tower, agitated with the most lively sensations.

Hardly had Aurora began to enlighten the rest of the universe, when the princess left her palace, and returned to the tomb of the prince. She there read what he had written. Her heart expanded with joy when she found herself so near a termination of her sorrows. She flew to the sea-side, embarked, and arrived at the foot of the Dark Tower. Prince Hassan heard with joy the dashing of the waves against her boat, as it approached nearer and nearer. They had a most tender meeting. She avowed her passion, and expressed to him the grief she felt at supposing him dead. On his part, he told her how he had been carried away by the pirates, being obliged to yield to numbers, after having killed the first who attacked him, and whom she had honoured with so splendid a funeral. He recounted the risk he ran of perishing with hunger while he was bound to the mast, and how a fairy had extricated him from so perilous a situation. This recital rendered him still more dear to the princess. It was on her account he had run such risks. Could she repay him otherwise than by all the tenderness of which her heart was capable? They swore an eternal fidelity, and separated. The princess tore herself away at this period, and returned to her palace, rejoiced at having regained her lover.

Not a day passed that she did not go to the Dark Tower. They were as happy in each other's society as possible; they loved with an equal tenderness; they passed the whole day in conversing. The hopes that the fairy had given the prince, that his troubles would have an end some day, lessened, in some degree, the cruel chagrin of not being able to see each

other: but fate, jealous of the happiness of mankind, will not let them remain long so, and they had to experience greater evils.

Not far from the Island of Night was another island, where reigned the son of the fairy Noirjabarbe: he was a thousand times more wicked than his mother; he was a monster; he was a dwarf, with a hump before, and another behind, which rendered him still more deformed. His eyes were small, sunken, and bordered with red; his nose was flat; his red hair covered his forehead, which was full of pimples; his large mouth discovered his black teeth; his legs were crooked; and his heart was a thousand times more frightful than his person. One day, passing through the air, in a car drawn by dragons, he beheld the princess of the Isle of Night, as she was walking in the palace gardens. He was struck with her beauty, and instantly demanded her hand in marriage. Her unhappy father, dreading the fury and anger of so wicked a prince, sacrificed his daughter to the interest of his people. He knew the power of the fairy Noirjabarbe's son; and he was aware that he would have destroyed the whole island, if he had refused him his daughter.

This unfortunate princess was, therefore, delivered up to the monster, who carried her off to his palace. Never was a princess so much to be pitied. She had not even time to acquaint her lover. It is not possible to express her despair. The inquietude of Prince Hassan was not less. He could not suspect her of inconstancy, but did not know what to think of her long absence. Death would have been more welcome than the state of suspense he was in; but how much more would he have suffered if he had known the real state of the case.

The princess was confined under a hundred locks, and guarded night and day by her husband, in a palace, the walls of which were of brass. This monster never quitted her but to go into a cabinet, which was near the chamber where she was confined. It was either in this cabinet, or with the princess, that he passed night and day. There were no windows in this palace. It was lighted up by a single lamp, to which the prince fairy had given the power to traverse the air, and to light up whatever place he commanded. The princess passed the nights and days in tears; and, as Prince Hassan possessed her heart, she could not but feel for his anxiety at her long absence. But what could she do to put an end to it? Her cruel husband never quitted her. One night, when he appeared to sleep sounder than usual, curiosity induced the princess to enter the cabinet where her husband passed so much of his time, and to see what it contained. For that purpose, she took the key from his side; and, rising without noise, ordered the lamp to shew her light. She quitted the chamber, opened the door of the cabinet, where she saw nothing but a table, on which was a book, and all round it an infinite number of phials. She took up one to read the label: it contained a liquid, one drop of which applied to the eyes caused sleep for a hundred years. She took this phial, and stepping on tiptoe, and holding her breath, she approached her husband's bed. The time was too precious to think of drawing the cork: she broke the bottle over his face, and put him to sleep, not only for a hundred years, but a hundred millions. Being now mistress in the palace, she returned to the cabinet: she opened the book, and there read that these phials contained the spells which the fairy Noirjabarbe and her wicked son had cast over the greater part of the princes and princesses in the universe; and so long as they were not broken, the charm remained. She searched for that of her lover, and found it; and, charmed at the idea of releasing

him she loved, she quitted the palace, after having broken all the phials in the cabinet except one, which contained a liquid that restored life, but, at the same time, with gentle and tractable manners. She gained the sea-shore, and from thence proceeded to the Dark Tower. She dared not return to the king her father, for she feared his anger. Her love attracted her towards her lover.

How great was the joy of this unhappy prince when he heard her voice! She made him descend into her bark. After having told him all that had happened, she broke the phial which contained the spell that had been cast over him; and, letting the boat drive at random, they were soon far away from the Dark Tower. Already they perceived the rays of the sun; and, charmed at the pleasure of seeing each other, they let their bark drive without any attempt at directing it, till it struck on a rock, and went to pieces. The prince took hold of the princess, and swimming with one hand, and supporting her with the other, he gained the coast, which he recollected as the Isle of Savages, where he had been before wrecked by a storm. They found it deserted. He shewed the princess the inhabitants who had perished on looking at him. He took pity on them, and proposed to the princess to restore them to life by means of the liquid which she had in the phial, and which had that power. She consented. They then applied it to all the dead bodies, and reanimated them; but they had lost all their former ferocity, and received the prince and princess unanimously as their sovereigns. From that time this island, which had been an island of horrors, became at once civilized, and was named ever after the Fortunate Island.

THE TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.

> "Baked be ye pies to coals! Burn, roast meat, burn!
> Boil o'er, ye pots: ye spits, forget to turn!
> Cinderella's death!" &c. M. Lewis.

The late author of "The Traveller's Oracle" was our valued friend. When he lived, his claret and his conversation oftentimes contributed to our happiness;—his pen, on more than one occasion, to our Miscellany. But he is dead; and his jokes and his cutlets — and both were *à la minute*—shall delight us no more. It is thus, as we advance in life, that our intimates drop—as an over-roasted fowl may drop from the spit—off beside us; but cannot—like the fresh fowl that succeeds that over-roasted fowl upon the spit—be replaced! A void is in our heart—as well as in our stomach—since the author of the work before us died; and, regularly as we miss the once regularly recurring invitation for—"Five minutes before five on Wednesday"—we sigh, and say—to the looking-glass and the card-racks — "Where is our friend!" He had the pleasantest humour—he whom we loved—at squeezing a lemon; the most mathematical candour in dividing the fins of a turbot! The most dexterous master of legerdemain could not have outdone him in snuffing a candle; and we never recollect to have seen him angry but once in our lives—and that was when a monster, at a tavern-dinner, cut a haunch of venison the wrong way! But he is gone! Dead! *Mort!* as the French say—which, as George Colman

---

* The Traveller's Oracle: or, Maxims for Locomotion. By the late W. Kitchiner, M.D. 2 vols. Colburn.

observes, means "*no more!*" He who was never *late* in all his life, is now "the *late*" Dr. Kitchiner! It may be asked—with these feelings present to our minds—"whether it is possible for us fairly to review our late friend's book?"—"Most possible!" is our answer. Criticism—as he himself said, over and over again, at his own table—"Criticism, Sir, is not a pastime: it is a verdict on oath: the man who does it is (morally) sworn to perform his duty! There is but one character on earth, Sir," he would add, "that I detest; and that is the man who praises, indiscriminately, every dish that is set before him. Once I find a fellow do that at my table, and, if he were my brother, I never ask him to dinner again!" Therefore it is with the confidence that his very ghost—(we see it now—shrouded in a damask table-cloth!)—will rejoice in our impartiality, that we sit down to comment upon the posthumous counsels of our whilom associate;—counsels which his modesty has designated only as "Maxims for Locomotion," but which, in truth, are pandects for man's guidance almost in every emergency to which nature can be subject. Fortunately, as the chance falls with us, in the midst of his eccentricity, the good sense of the doctor has left us sufficient to laud; while very little, indeed, presents itself which we can differ from, and nothing at all to discommend.

In discussing a book dedicated to the use of travellers, it may well be expected that our first notice will touch some point connected with a journey; and, in fact, Dr. Kitchiner sets out in his work—beginning, as an instructor should do, *ab initio*—with a list of the *matériel*, or "necessaries," with which the voyager, by land or sea, should be provided. We shall ourselves, however, pass over this list, not because it is not excellent, but because it will be obvious that its utility or inapplicability must depend almost entirely upon the means and circumstances of the party who is to proceed with it; and begin our notice with some portion of those directions which will be available to all classes;—as, for example, the argument instructing us—"How to eat and drink upon a Journey:"—

"People are apt to imagine, that they may indulge a little more in high Living when on a Journey:—Travelling itself acts as a stimulus; therefore, less Nourishment is required than in a state of Rest: what you might not consider Intemperance at home, may occasion violent Irritation, fatal Inflammations, &c. in situations where you are least able to obtain Medical Assistance.

"During a Journey, endeavour to have your Meals at the hours you have been accustomed,—a change in *the Time* of taking Food, is as likely to affront your Stomach, as a change in the *Quality or the Quantity* of what is taken.

"Innkeepers generally ask their Guests, "what they would please to have for Dinner?" The best Answer you can make to this, is the Question, "What have you got in your Larder?" to which, beg leave to pay a visit.

"Be cautious how you order *Sea Fish* in an Inland town; and there is a silly custom prevails of keeping Fresh water Fish, such as Carp, Eels, and other Fresh water Fish, in Tubs and Cisterns, till they are very unfit for the Mouth."

"Choose such Foods as you have found that your Stomach can digest easily—Nutritive, but not of a Heating nature, and so plainly dressed, that they cannot be adulterated: *the Safest Foods* are Eggs, plain boiled or roasted Meat, and Fruit:—touch not any of those Queer Compounds commonly ycleped *Ragouts, Made Dishes, Puddings, Pies,* &c.

"Above all, be on your guard against *Soup* and *Wine*.—Instead of Wine, it will often be better to drink water, with the addition of one-eighth part of Brandy, which Travellers may carry with them.—"*The Oracle*" declares, that if "a Man is not a very fastidious Epicure, he need never fear Hunger or Languor, when he can get good Bread and Water—*i. e.* provided he carry with him a Brunswick Sausage and a Bottle of Brandy."

"Never give any Order for Wine to Waiters,—go to the Master or Mistress of the Inn, and request them to oblige you with the best Wine, &c. that they have; and beg of them to recommend whether it shall be Sherry, Madeira, &c.—telling them that you are perfunctory about the *Name* and *the Age* of the Wine, and particular only about the QUALITY of it.

"There are many particulars as to Meat, Drink, Exercise, Sleep, Cold, Heat, &c. which people soon find out from their own Observations, which they will generally find their best Guide. "There is perhaps no article of our usual Diet, however Insignificant, or however Important, which has not been at one time highly extolled, and at another extremely abused, by those who have published *Books on Diet*, who, wedded to their own whimsies, and estimating the Strength of other Men's Stomachs by the Weakness of their Own, have, as the fit took 'em, attributed "all the Evils flesh is heir to," to eating either too much or too little—Salt,—Sugar,—Spice,—Bread,—Butter,—Pastry,—Poultry,—Pork,—Veal,—Beef,—Lamb, and indeed all Meats, excepting Mutton, have been alternately prescribed and proscribed. A prudent Traveller will cautiously abstain from every thing that his own Experience has taught him is apt to produce Indigestion."

The whole matter delivered here is orthodox; especially the advice as to considering "what you are likely to *get*," when you arrive at a strange inn, rather than "what you would like to *have*." There can be no doubt that the best order—whenever you do not feel quite confident of your ground—is—(delivered to the master of the house in person)—"Send me up what you can *recommend*." No man can be expected to acknowledge that any thing that he has to sell is *bad;* but he may be disposed to treat you fairly if you relieve him from the dilemma of such a confession; which you do—and compliment him into the bargain—by desiring that he will send you up what he pleases. For wine—at an inn of respectability—you must call for it; but recollect that *there* the obligation ceases. "Live, and let live," should be every liberal man's motto: therefore, according to the *dictum* of a writer of great experience in these matters, "Let your hosts live by ordering the liquor, and live yourself by forbearing to drink it."—N. B. If you are economically disposed, you may as well, on such an occasion, order the *cheaper* description of wine; as the name will make no difference in the bin that it comes from, and it makes some difference in the bill. If you are a wine *drinker*, and must perforce—no matter at what hazards—swallow something for your comfort,—recollect that port wine may be rendered drinkable by *mulling*, which, in its raw state, would have been impracticable altogether.

The next chapter is—"Of a Traveller's Appearance;" and the author sets out with the following sentence:—

"Wear a plain Dress;—upon no account display any Ring, Watch, Trinkets, &c. nor assume any Airs of Consequence."

Here we don't quite agree with our excellent friend. He does not mean, by this caution, as to assumption of "consequence"—"Don't make an ass of yourself;" or, "give yourself the airs of a lord, or a swindler;" but—"Be retiring, and quiet generally in your demands and your deportment." Now we are not quite sure that, in a strange vicinity, this policy—though excellent where a man is *resident*—may not be carried too far. He who makes himself of no importance, will be apt sometimes to be made of no importance by other people. We should say—"Exact calmly, but most rigidly, every respect and attention which is your due: he who passes over a *mistake* to-day will infallibly have to make some arrangement or other with a *negligence* to-morrow." That which immediately follows this passage, however, is worthy of the strictest attention:—

"Be Liberal.—The advantages of a Reputation for Generosity which a person easily acquires, and the many petty annoyances he entirely avoids, by the annual disbursement of Five pounds worth of Shillings and Half Crowns, will produce him five times as much Satisfaction as he can obtain by spending that sum in any other way—it does not depend so much upon a man's general Expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all—he who gives *Two Shillings* is called Mean, while he who gives *Half a Crown* is considered Generous; so that the difference of these two opposite characters depends upon *Sixpence.*

"He shall not be accused of Prodigality, in whose accounts not a more extravagant charge appears than such a sum set down annually for "Good Humour."

"Those who Travel for Pleasure must not disquiet their minds with the cares of too great Economy, or, instead of the Pleasure, they will find nothing but Vexation. To Travel agreeably, one must spend freely: 'tis the way to be respected by every Body, and to gain Admittance Everywhere. Since 'tis but once in your Life that you undertake such a Thing, 'tis not worth while to be anxious about saving a few Pounds."

Where you are to sleep on the road—

"The Earlier you arrive, and the Earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance you have of getting a Good Bed: this done, order your *Luggage* to your Room:—A Travelling Bag, or a "*Sac de nuit,*" in addition to your Trunk, is very necessary—it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of Linen—a Night Shirt—Shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth, and hair brushes. If you travel by Diligence, some of which stop during the Night, the Travelling Bag is a great luxury, as it is not always convenient to be continually unpacking a Portmanteau. Take care to see your Sheets are well aired, and that you can fasten your Room at Night:—in the morning, when you are to set off again, see your Luggage stowed safely as before.

"In Lonesome places, where an accident may oblige you to rest, if you carry Fire Arms, it may be well to let the Landlord see (as it were accidentally) that you are well Armed. "*Mr. La Combe,* in his Picture of London, advises those who do not wish to be robbed, to carry a Brace of Blunderbusses, and to put the muzzle of one out of each Window, so as to be seen by the Robbers!!!"

"However well made your Pistols, however carefully you have chosen your Flint, and however dry your Powder, look to their Priming and touch-hole every Night:—if you have reason to think that they may be required for actual service, fire them off, clean them out, and reload them; but never use these deathful Instruments merely to save a little Money, and no prudent Traveller will carry much:—if your Pistol takes effect you may preserve your property, but it is a melancholy price you pay for it, if it costs the Life of a fellow Creature; and if it misses fire, you will most likely not only be Robbed, but Murdered!"

It will be advisable also for the traveller, "as well as the priming," to examine, from time to time, the "loading" of his pistols, and make sure that it is safe. A friend of our's, riding alone on the frontiers of Spain, was stopped, in open day, once by three robbers; at one of whom he fired in a manner to *bruler le cervelle,* according to the French idiom—the pistol being within three feet of the enemy's head. To his great surprise, the man stood unhurt! And—the fleetness of his horse extricating him (with a bullet through the cape of his cloak) from the scrape—during a two hours' ride to his quarters, he came to the conclusion—for to miss his aim at such a distance appeared impossible—that his servant must have put powder into his pistols only in loading them, and been privy to the attack. On reaching home, however, fortunately the suspected domestic was absent; and our friend proceeded to put up and attend to his horse himself; when, as he took off the saddle, and turned it up on the ground ("crutches not being, in that part of the world, invented), the ball that had missed the head of the robber fell out of the holster-pipe!

"Never stir without *Paper, Pen, and Ink*, and a Note Book in your Pocket—Notes made with Pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of Travelling.

"Commit to Paper whatever you See, Hear, or Read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it;—do this upon the Spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes; at all events, do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity."

This is a very admirable rule; and, by attending to it, a traveller may bring home a tour with him—or, what amounts to the same thing, the heads of chapters which should fill it—without ever feeling the trouble of composition as he goes along. Short notes are sufficient; and, indeed, perhaps the best; because, if you lose your pocket-book, the contents are then (according to the formula of advertisement in such cases) "of no use to any but the owner." We recollect seeing a chapter of twenty pages upon the town of Chelmsford once written, in the course of a "tour," by a traveller; for which the only words taken in his note-book had been—"Fleas"—"a cheating landlady"—and "a large church."

Beds:—

"As Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the Beds before them, were not afflicted with some *contagious Disease*, whenever they can, they should carry their own sheets with them."

The same caution is said to be necessary with respect to shaving-tackle; as the doctor assures us—and "doctors" should know—that "a man might get his *death* by being cut with a razor which had shaved a diseased person!"

"The safety of your Bed Room Door should always be carefully examined; and in case of Bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the Room, by putting a Table and Chair upon it against the Door; such precautions are, however, less necessary in England than they are on the Continent, where it is advisable to choose a Room with Two Beds, and to let your Servant sleep in the Room, and to burn a light all Night:—when you enter the room to go to rest, take a peep behind and under the Beds, Closets, &c. and all places where concealment is possible.

"I read the above to an old Traveller, who told me, that when travelling in Italy, about thirty-five years ago, he always adopted this plan; and that on one occasion, at a poor solitary Inn, he could not obtain a double Bedded Room, and was told that his attendant must sleep in another part of the House—observing that there was no fastening to the Bed Room Door, and apprehending some bad intention, he placed a Bureau against it, and thereon set a Basin and Ewer, in such a position as to easily rattle, so that on being shook they instantly became "*molto agitato*," and seemed to say, "*Don't ye—Don't ye—I'll tell if You do.*"

In proceeding from town to town, we are cautioned that—

"Trunks, &c. should not be fastened behind Carriages, unless with Chains; except Servants ride behind and attend to them."

Perhaps it would be an improvement to this suggestion, in the last case, if the *servants* were to be *chained* too.

In the chapter upon "General Travelling," the author differs entirely from Shenstone, Johnson, and various other authorities, who have pronounced "a tavern chair to be the throne of earthly felicity." The "welcome" at an inn none can dispute; but as to the felicity, we are disposed to be of the same opinion with our friend. "Felicity" is a word necessarily of comparison or reference; and we suspect that those persons who are violently delighted with inns will commonly be found to be in that station of life which admits of but little luxury—and perhaps not of very perfect convenience—in their own dwellings. There are not ten inns

throughout England in which a man of moderate fortune will find himself served as he may be in his own house. In fact, it can hardly be otherwise. Some people are accustomed to complain of tavern charges; but the cost of doing things really well (where a trader looks to realize a competent interest upon his capital) would be enormous. Say that a man who kept a fine inn was entitled to gain twenty per cent. on his capital,—and thirty is not at all too much, looking to his risk,—what price ought wine to be sold at, which has been lying five years (for age and improvement) in his cellar?

"Never ask another person the motive of his travelling, the time he intends to continue in a place, &c.

"When you go out of an Inn, ride slow for half a Mile, and then you will perceive if any one passes you; and if he eyes you too much, be assured he's not right; then either go back or stay for less suspected Company; but it is your Business to be cautious of them too. Ride at some little Distance, if a single Man forces himself into your Company, notwithstanding the above-mentioned Cautions, tell him you heard of a Hue and Cry after a Highwayman in the last Town you came through; observe his Countenance."

This chastisement to gossips may be beneficially considered by other persons besides travellers. There is not so offensive a rogue on earth as he who cannot be alone; and, even when he jumps out of bed in a morning, runs into his neighbour's room before he can put on his breeches. The only chance is to affront such people at once—and have it over; a course painful to the benevolent mind, but necessary.

The several chapters of the work dedicated to the management of horses and carriages, do great credit to the sagacity and knowledge of the author, both as regards the rules which he lays down for the purchase and pecuniary arrangement, and those which concern the guidance and bodily management of such properties. The suggestions addressed to the keepers of horses, touching "large stalls,"—"easy fitting harness" (this should especially be attended to in those parts of the furniture connected with the head), and the necessity for keeping the padding of saddles dry upon a journey, and the stable always clear from every kind of litter and impurity, are worthy of a veterinary surgeon of dragoons. Stables at new inns in the country will almost always be found built with stalls so wretchedly narrow, that a horse accustomed to better residence refuses to lie down in them. There is always a serious danger, too, that your horse may injure himself—perhaps irreparably—in having "his head brought round," as the grooms call it, in such miserable cribs. For carriage keeping—as well for the horses as the vehicle—our author patronizes "jobbing." Men, however, who can afford to be particular about their cattle, and are fond of personally attending to such details, will reject this system. A man who is disposed to treat his horse kindly, too, generally likes him to be *his own*. The doctor, however, shall speak for himself upon the subject; for he does speak on it at much length, and "scholarly and wisely:"—

"It is a very frequent, and a very just complaint, that *the Expense of a Carriage* is not so much its *First Cost*, as the charge of *Keeping it in Repair*. Many are deterred from indulging themselves therewith, from a consciousness that they are so utterly unacquainted with the management thereof, they are apprehensive the uncertainty of the Expense, and the trouble of attending it, will produce Anxiety, which will more than counterbalance the comfort to be derived from it.

"Few machines vary more in quality than Carriages, the charge for them varies as much;—the best advice that can be offered to the Reader is, to "Deal with a Tradesman of Fair Character, and established circumstances.—Such a person has every inducement to charge reasonably, and has too much at stake, to forfeit,

by any silly Imposition, the Credit that he has been years in establishing by careful integrity.

" Of Chariots, that appear to be equally handsome to a common Eye, which has not been taught to look minutely into the several parts of their machinery; One may be *cheap* at 250*l.*, and Another may be *dear* at 200*l.*: notwithstanding, the Vender of the latter may get more Profit than the Builder of the former.

" *The faculty of Counting*, too frequently, masters all the other Faculties, and is the grand source of deception which Speculating Shopkeepers are ever ready to take advantage of; for catching the majority of Customers, *Cheapness* is the surest bait in the world,—how many more people can count the difference between 20 and 25, than can judge of *the Quality* of the article they are about to buy?

" Be not so perfunctory as to permit your Coachman to order what he pleases. If you send a Carriage to be repaired, with the usual Message, " To do any little jobs that are wanted," you will most likely not have a little to pay.

" When any Repair is required, desire your Coachman to tell you; examine it with your own Eyes, and with your own hand write the order to the Coachmaker, &c. for every thing that is wanted; and warn him you will not pay for any Jobs, &c. not so ordered, and desire him to keep such Orders, and return them to you when he brings his Bill, that you may see it tallies therewith, and you may keep a little Book yourself, into which you may copy such Orders.

" Persons who order Carriages, are frequently disappointed in the convenience and appearance of them, from not giving Directions in terms sufficiently explicit; —when those who buy Carriages make any such a mistake, it is said, that those who sell are not always remarkably anxious to rectify it, unless at the expense of the proprietor.

" An Acquaintance of the Editor's, ordered that the interior of a New Chariot should be arranged exactly like his former Carriage:—when it was finished, he found that there were several very disorderly deviations from the old plan, which were extremely disagreeable to him:—the Builder said, civilly enough, that he was exceedingly sorry, and would soon set it all right—which he did; but presented a Bill of Ten pounds for mending these mistakes, which having arisen entirely from his own Inattention to the fitting up of the Old Carriage, his Customer successfully resisted the payment of, having been prudent enough to have the Agreement for building the Carriage, worded, " That it should be finished *in all respects to his entire satisfaction, by a certain Time, for a certain Sum.*"

Tables follow, given at considerable length, of the cost at which all descriptions of carriages can be built and maintained (or jobbed); with calculations as to the expense of keeping horses; their wear and tear, with wages of servants, &c. &c.,—well suited to shew a man who has made a stroke in the stocks how he should go about to commence gentleman; and all done with an evident personal knowledge of the matter on which the writer treats.

Of the purchase of horses, as well as carriages, the author speaks like a man who has kept them:—

" I would not recommend a Carriage Horse to be less than Seven years old, especially if to be driven in *Crowded Streets;*—Horses that have not been taught how to behave in such situations, are extremely awkward and unmanageable, and often occasion Accidents.

" *If you keep Horses for useful purposes*, you must not be too nice about either their Colour, or the condition of their Coats.

" *The ordinary Town Carriage Work* can be done just as well by a Pair of Horses, which may be had for 70*l.* or 80*l.* as with those that cost three times that Sum; indeed it will most likely be done better. If you have Horses worth an hundred pounds a piece, you will be afraid of using them when you most want them, *i. e.* in Cold and Wet Weather, for fear of their catching Cold and breaking their Coats, &c. Moreover, *the Elegance of an Equipage*, in the Eyes of most people, depends more upon the Carriage, Harness, and Liveries, than

upon the Horses:—all can judge of the former, but few of the latter; and, provided they are the same Size and of the same Colour, the Million will be satisfied."

As times go, they must be small horses, and not very strong ones, which can be bought for 80*l.* a pair; but horses at 120*l.* will be good enough for ordinary purposes. In a large establishment, however, it is often economy to keep perhaps a greater number of horses than are absolutely wanted; so that you can have a certain number for show occasions, and a number also for rough duties.

"*Horses in Pairs* are sometimes worth double what they are singly—and Horse-dealers do not like to buy any but of the most common Colours, *i. e.* Bays and Browns; because of the ease in matching them. Horses of extraordinary Colours may be purchased at a proportionably cheap rate, unless they are in Pairs, and happen to be an extraordinary good match, when they will sometimes bring an extravagant price.

"*An Ancient Equestrian* gives the following advice:—

"'*If you have occasion to match your Horse,* do not let the Dealer know you are seeking for a *Match* Horse, or he will demand a higher price; nor do not send your servant to select for you.'

"If you will be contented with the useful Qualities of your Horses, *i. e.* their Strength and Speed, and are not too nice about their matching in Colour, you may be provided with capital horses, at half the cost of those who are particular about their Colour; and moreover, you may easily choose such as will do double the service."

On this subject of colour, it may be recommended to those who want horses for hard work, and in uncertain weather, always to choose greys. Grey horses—especially the dark grey—if their figures are bold, and their condition good, look excellently well, although their coats are not glossy. Brown, and still more especially black, look shabby, unless they are very fine indeed. There are no journey-horses—for appearance—equal to greys; and don't have them trimmed *too* close about the heels: they look none the better for it, and work the worse.

"*To Job Horses,* is particularly recommended to persons who are ambitious of having an elegant Equipage;—a pair of fine Horses that match exactly are always expensive to purchase; and if one of them dies, it is sometimes, to a private Gentleman, extremely difficult to find a fellow to it.

"Horses cannot work equally, nor at ease to themselves, if they are not nearly of the same Size, of the same Temper, and have the same Strength, and have the same Pace, and Step well together.

"A Hackneyman or Horsedealer, who is in an extensive way of business, has so many opportunities of seeing Horses, that he can match a Horse with much less Expense, and more exactly, than any Gentleman or any Groom may hope to do: therefore, those who are particular about the match of their Horses, will find it not merely more expensive, but much more troublesome, to Buy than it is to Job.

"Job Masters, in general, Sell, as well as Let Horses;—therefore, stipulate in your Agreement, that you shall be supplied with various Horses till you are suited to your satisfaction; and then, that neither of them shall be changed without your consent:—for this, a Hackneyman may demand, and deserves, a little larger price; but it is Money paid for the purchase of Comfort,—is the only way to be well served, and prevents all disputes. If you do not make such an Agreement, and your Hackneyman happens to be offered a good price for one of your Horses, he may take it; and Your's, like many other Carriages in London, will be little better than a Break:—nothing is more disagreeable, nay, dangerous, than to be continually drawn by strange Horses."

There is no much better method of buying carriage or gig horses than to have them on a job for a time first. It may cost a little more money; but it is a cheap expense in the end: you lose more by having to resell one horse, after having bought him, than it would cost you, by jobbing, to try half a dozen. The ordinary horse-dealers' "trial"—a trial of a few hours, or even of a day—is worth nothing: you can neither judge of the temper of a horse, of his bottom, nor—of what is of still more consequence—his feeding and his health. It is no pleasant thing to have paid a hundred guineas for a horse who behaved excellently well on trial in Hyde Park, and, the first time that you drive him forty miles on end, see him smell to his corn, and turn away from it, at the end of the journey.

The chapter upon the Construction of a Carriage, with the dangers of trying such appliances second-hand, ought to be read by every man who keeps even a buggy; but its length compels us to refer our readers for it entirely to the volume. The travellers in stage-coaches, however, as well as those who use their own vehicles, are held worthy of our author's care; and rules are given, with great care and consideration, for their guidance.

"Secure a Place a Day or two before you set off; in which case, if you are at the Inn at the Time appointed, and the Coachman is gone *before*, you may take a Post Chaise and go *after* him, and the Proprietors must pay the Expense of your Ride.

"It is necessary to be at the place in due Time; for, as the saying is, "Time and Tide," and it may be added, "Stage Coaches, stay for no man."—As Clocks vary, you will do wisely to *be there full Five minutes before what you believe to be true Time.*

"If the Coach sets off very early, order the Watchman to call at your house half an hour before you wish to have your breakfast:—if you wish to ride to the Inn the evening before, give the Waterman at the Coach Stand next your House a Shilling for his trouble, and desire him to provide you a Hackney Coach, which order to come half-an-hour before the time you wish to start, that in case of a Coach not coming, you may have time to walk there.

"*On your arrival at the Coach Office*, give your Trunks, &c. in charge to the Coachman, and see them placed safely where they may not be rubbed, &c.—In long Journeys, the Horses are not only changed, but the Coach also, when the wary traveller will see his Luggage taken out of the one, and safely stowed in the other Coach.

"Persons have their choice of Places in the order that they get into the Coach first, a Place so taken remaining with the Possessor the whole of the Journey.

"People are generally anxious to secure *Front Places*, either because they cannot ride backwards; but if they travel at Night, the Wind and Rain, while sitting in front, will beat into their faces, the only remedy for which is to draw up the Glasses (a privilege vested by travelling etiquette in the occupiers of those places), and thus must they sit the remainder of the Night in an Atmosphere too impure for any Gentleman who has not previously served an apprenticeship in the exhausted receiver of an Air Pump.

"When persons travel in a Stage Coach, Time is often idly wasted: and just when the Passengers are set down to enjoy a comfortable repast, Notice is given that the Coach is going to start. To prevent this evil, previously inquire of the Guard or Coachman how Long the Coach is allowed to stop, and regulate matters accordingly.

"'If the Driver of a Stage Coach quit his Horses or the Box until a proper person can be procured to hold them, or permit any other person, without consent of the Proprietor, or against the consent of the Passengers, to Drive the same, he is subject to a penalty of not less than 10*s.* nor more than £3.'

"'By stat. 50 Geo. III. c. 48. § 12. in case the driver or guard of any such Coach or other Carriage shall use abusive or insulting language to any passengers, or shall insist on or exact more than the sum to which he is legally entitled, then and in every such case the driver or guard (as the case may be) so offending, and

being convicted thereof by his own confession, or the oath or oaths of one or more credible witness or witnesses, before any justice, &c. shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than *5s.* nor more than 40*s.* for every such offence."

It would not be at all a bad plan, it strikes us, for a man to have these penal acts *copied out* (the doctor gives a great many more of them in other parts of the work), and so carry them about with him, to be shewn always to guards and coachmen at the commencement of every journey.

The arts of hiring and managing servants are treated of with the author's usual particularity and good sense; as well as the advantage of having your stables attached to your house; so that you can, at all times, enter them when you are least expected. It will be very well, too, we may add, to make use—habitually—of this power. Servants, in many cases, do not like it: no matter; there are abundance abroad:—get those who do. Never permit yourself to be regarded as an intruder in any part of your own domains; and accustom your domestics to pursue their avocations under your eye: those who don't like this are not such as you need be much distressed at losing.

In the circumstance of livery, our author's taste is grave:—

> "'Costly thy Habit as thy Purse
> Can buy, but not expressed in fancy,
> Rich not gaudy: for the Apparel oft proclaims
> The Man.' *Shakspeare.*

"We recommend a Blue, Brown, Drab, or Green Livery, the whole of the same Colour. To have a Coat of one Colour, and lined with another, a Waistcoat of another, and the other Clothes of another Colour, claims the Poet's censure—it is "Gaudy"—unless for a full Dress Livery on a Gala Day."

We are not quite sure about this; a good share of the "outward and visible sign" of servitude rather tends perhaps sometimes to keep the bearer in proper remembrance of his condition. We have known very judicious persons who have thought that a footman should always look as much like a jack-pudding as possible. If you are a humourist, there is a comicality in giving a man a livery that does not fit him.

In many passages, servants are schooled and instructed as to their duties. Not in the usual ironical and contradictory style—as, "always to lean as light as possible when they rub a table, and as hard when they clean a window"—"never to wake in a morning without being called: if their masters cannot wake, how should they?" &c. &c.—but always with a due effect of gravity and good sense. As for example—touching the shutting of a coach door:—

"Never permit officious Strangers to shut your Carriage Door; in order to save their own time and trouble, and to accomplish this at once, some idle and ignorant people will bang it so furiously, one almost fancies that they are trying to upset the Carriage, the pannels of which are frequently injured by such rude violence; therefore, desire your Coachman to be on the watch, and the moment he sees any one prepare to touch your Door, to say loudly and imperatively '*Don't meddle with the Door!*"

A well-trained coach-dog, by the way, might be taught to seize any person whom he saw meditating such an act as this.

Page 82, the author notices a peculiar grievance to which those who have equipages are subject, and shews the means of remedying it:—

"*Do not permit Strangers to place themselves behind your Carriage* at any time, or under any pretence whatever. There are innumerable instances of Carriages having been disabled from proceeding, and Travellers robbed and finished, by

allowing such accommodation. The Collectors of Check Braces, and Footmen's Holders, assume all kind of Characters, and are so expert, that they will take these articles off in half the time that your Coachman can put them on; and will rob you of what you cannot replace for a Pound, though they cannot sell them for a Shilling.

"Therefore, Spikes are indispensable when you have not a Footman; otherwise, you will be perpetually loaded with idle people, *i. e.* unless you think that two or three outside passengers are ornamental or convenient, or you like to have your Carriage continually surrounded by Crowds of Children, incessantly screaming, 'Cut! Cut behind!'"

An excellent mode to abate this nuisance, when you go to a race, a fight, or other place of public diversion, is to have your hind standards fresh painted about ten minutes before you set out. If it be a hackney coach, use coal-tar.

To intruders, however, upon his peace, of whatever character, the doctnr shews no mercy; and, in particular, chastises that most indefensible custom of carpenters, masons, and others getting up to work at six o'clock in the morning. One of the most beneficial acts of the legislature, he affirms, would be to abolish by law, that—

"*Vulgar and Barbarous Custom* which prevails among common Workmen, when they first come to work in the Morning, to make as much Noise as they possibly can; thus, if you live near any Manufactory, &c., or if a house is building or repairing near you—from Six in the Morning till half-past, they will raise such a horrible din of Hammering, &c., that all within Ear shot of them are presently awoke; and indeed they seem to do it for that sole purpose; for the following hours they are often quiet enough."

It appears, too, that there is a double villainy premeditated in this practice:—

"Those who are so outrageously active so early in the day are technically termed *Powters*, *i. e.* such extraordinary industry being very often a mere manœuvre to deceive their Neighbours, which they artfully affect to gain Credit, and which, like setting up a shewy Shop Front, *is one of the usual tokens of approaching Bankruptcy.*"

The animals who are given to early rising come, as well as their masters, within the scope of our author's malediction:—

"Fowls, Parrots, Dogs, or any other of those Beasts or Birds, which (because they make most Noise) are vulgarly called *Dumb Animals*, bleating, barking, bellowing, in the Front Area or back Garden of a House, &c., are an offence against the Public Peace—are an Indictable Nuisance; and on the complaint of a Neighbouring Housekeeper, are as cognizable by Constables, Street Keepers, Watchmen, &c. surely as justly as the Owners of such Animals would be, were they to hoot and bellow there,—for which they would, in the first instance, be taken to a Watchhouse, and in the second Indicted and fined or sent to the Tread Mill.

"Qy. What difference does it make whether the Peace is broken, and Sleep destroyed, by an "*Animal plumis, vel implumis et bipes*," *i. e.* whether it wears ready-made Clothes, or employs a Tailor? Surely it will not be allowed in this Age of Refinement, that the former is entitled to more consideration than the latter.

"They manage these things better in France. All Dogs, Fowls, &c. found in the Streets of *Paris*, are finished forthwith by the *Gens d'Armes*."

The above were to have been part of the provisions of a "Sleep Act," of which Dr. Kitchiner's premature death has unfortunately deprived us. The principle, however, upon which it was to have proceeded is preserved in the present book—*to wit*, "That nothing of any value was ever done after eleven o'clock at night!"

The treatise on "Lending your Carriage," is obviously from the pen of a man hackneyed in the ways of the world:—

"As soon as you set up a Carriage, lots of Idle and Impertinent People, and all the various branches of 'the *Skin-Flints*,' and 'the *Save-Alls*,' are up early on the alert, setting all kinds of Traps to ride at your cost.

"Caution those Friends to whom you may give such accommodation, not to mention it: if they trot about, telling every one that they and you know, that '*Mr. Benevolus* was so good as to lend us his Carriage, and we had such a nice ride all round here and there, and, &c.'

"If any of the numerous members of the '*Free and Easy*,' or 'the *Save-All*' families, who happen to have the slightest acquaintance with you, hear that you have given this accommodation to some very old and excellent Friend, who may have honestly earned every attention that you can possibly offer:—I should not wonder, if they were to Whisper to one another, 'Oh, oh! is it so?—well,—I have really a vast respect for Mr. B.—hav'nt you? And if he is so exceedingly fond of Lending his Leathern convenience, don't you think that we ought to do him the favour to Borrow it?—it will be so exceedingly convenient when we go to our Uncle *Makefeasts*—for we can't hire a Glass Coach to take us Ten miles and back under *Thirty* Shillings, you know!'

"*If you have any regard for Punctuality*, take care who you carry with you, especially *when going out to Dinner!*

"If you undertake to carry people to one place, some unreasonable selfish beings are, not seldom, so pleased at an opportunity of shewing off '*en carrosse*,' that they will plague you with perpetual solicitations to stop at almost every Door they pass;—Aye, and act as if they fancied that they were jumping in '*an Errand Cart*.' Tell such Free and Easy folks very plainly, that *you must be at a certain Place at a certain Time*, and have not a moment to spare.

"If you have any Mercy for your Horses, lend them not to others, unless you limit the *Time* they are to be out, and the *Distance and Pace* they are to go; say not exceeding ten Miles."

On the whole, our readers, we think, will find it safer never to lend at all.

As you do not lend your carriage yourself, it is not worth while to allow your coachman to lend it for you. And there are a set of impudent people about town who would hire a gentleman's carriage at night in the street—if they met with it—as soon as a hackney-coach. If ever you detect a *gentleman* in such a situation as this, it will become your duty to give him in charge to a watchman immediately. It will also be no moral sin if you make his head (for a limited time) the pillow of your cudgel. For your coachman, send him about his business next morning; and—whenever you find it necessary to discharge a servant—let the one who succeeds him know the crime for which he suffered.

"Desire your Coachman never to dispute with, or return any uncivil language to any Coachman, Carman, &c.: if your Carriage is obstructed or offended by any disorderly persons, take out your Pocket Book, and let them see you are setting down their Number, and then coolly tell them you will summon them if they do not immediately clear the way.

"By the 1st Geo. I. c. 57, 'Drivers of Hackney Coaches are to give way to Gentlemen's Carriages, under a penalty of 10*s*.'"

We pray Heaven this act be not repealed!

Again:—

"If curious Children ask 'Whose Carriage is this?' tell your Coachman to Stare full in their face, and Say Nothing: if they have the Impudence to repeat the Question, he may reply, 'it belongs to Mr. Pry.' If equivocation be ever allowable, it is to such Impertinents."

Or he may call out to the footman—"Tom! has Towzer been fed this morning?"

Tom.—"No."

Coachman.—"Then bring him here, and let him breakfast upon these children!"

The presence of a large dog keeps off intrusion a good deal: and, if he won't bite, have him muzzled, that he may look as if he would.

Moreover, it must be taken care that those do not offend themselves who are to reprehend offence in others:—

"If any of your Coachman's own acquaintance speak to him while he is either driving or waiting for You, he must answer them only by a civil movement of his Head or Whip hand. Nothing is more disrespectful and disorderly than Gossiping while on Duty."

We might go on into far greater length—for the whole matter of the book is eccentric and interesting; but our limits warn us to draw to a conclusion. The work before us, we may repeat, is one which does credit both to the heart and to the head of the writer; for, with abundant perception of that which is economical, and a becoming aversion to being imposed upon, there is nothing like an oppressive or parsimonious spirit displayed in any page of it, from the beginning to the end. On the whole, it is a book which will be generally read, and deserves to be so; no less for the whim and eccentricity with which it is written, than for the knowledge of almost innumerable things in which many men are interested, with which it abounds. As a code for our guidance in the little affairs and details of life, it becomes, perhaps, the fairest and truest index to what was the state of the author's own opinion and feeling upon such subjects. And the result (as regards that point) which we should deduce is—that he possessed penetration enough to detect the little faults which every man must have to allege against his fellow-creatures, in this world; with sufficient prudence, as well as *bon-homme*, to induce him to pardon or make the best of them.

TO A LADY.

"Sing thou of me!" Sweet lady, dare
I listen to that dangerous prayer?
Can I of thee sing coldly?
My tongue's root very near, indeed,
Is to my heart, and it will plead
That poor heart's cause too boldly.

"Sing thou of me!" Apelles' doom
Will sure be mine, who dared presume
Campaspe to pourtray;
The form to which he task'd his art
Stole from his tablet to his heart,
And reft his peace away.

"Sing thou of me!" Yes; I must bow
To thy decrees as fate's—yet thou
Wear not Ithuriel's frown,
If, while my obedient lips essay
A theme so soul-entrancing, they
Should come too near thy own.

H. N.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The political arrangements, of the last month, are important rather in that which they are likely to lead to, than from any results which have yet arisen out of them. The new government is completely formed; and a strong earnest of its stability is, that some of its most vehement opponents, find so little chance of overturning it as *Whig*, that they have turned round and are assuring the world that it is *Tory!* This is whimsical; but if such a reading gratifies the feelings of any party, there can be no objection to its being adopted. The fact is, that the government is composed of the moderate men of both sides; and whether it be called "Whig" or "Tory," will make little difference, so long as it acts upon that policy which those of the late ministers who were esteemed Tories by preference, resisted. As the list stands—except that it wants shining talent—it stands well; and shining talent (combined with political knowledge and fitness) is not to be found on either side the House. The Marquis of Lansdown, as Home Secretary, is pledged to the support of Catholic Emancipation; a measure, the success of which *alone*, we take to be of the most *vital* importance to this country. Mr. Huskisson will not forget that he was the founder of the system of *open trade;* although his immediate office is that of Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Herries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is said to hold rather strait-laced opinions; but his place is not one of patronage; and, without any offence to his pretensions, his political consequence is not at present enough to make his opinions a matter of much importance. And the Duke of Wellington is again commander-in-chief; which—no matter what his political opinions are—we rejoice to see him, and he well deserves to be. It will be a circumstance of some regret in the country, that to the names above-mentioned (joined to that of Lord Goderich), Mr. Peel's name cannot be added. We do not despair, however, of seeing it in that position yet. Mr. Peel wants but a very short step to acquiescence in the principles, upon which the present Ministry (as it is understood) are to proceed; and that step, we are inclined to hope, reflection and increasing experience will induce him before long to take. He must feel, that, whatever difference may exist upon some peculiar questions, he possesses in the main (independent of all "party,") in a very eminent degree, the confidence of the country; and that it is his duty, if he can do so without an absolute compromise of principle, to give that country the benefit of his services. His steady temper and consideration will also find no difficulty in discriminating between those wild innovations, which a few talking people may have vapoured about, but which no influential party can ever have thought to realize, and those more gradual changes which an altering condition of society, in every country, must from time to time demand; and which in England, up to a certain (and not to a very limited) point, no man than himself has been more forward in promoting. The secondary appointments of Government have been given chiefly to people at present very little known; and might, we think, in one or two instances, have been bestowed more advantageously. If the object in such nominations be to initiate men of talent and station into the duties of office, it seems to be a very great mistake, that Lord Althorpe should be suffered to remain without employment—if he would accept it. Mr. Brougham has as yet received nothing; it is said, because (with very excellent taste and judgment) he will take no appointment that is not connected with his profession.

The learned gentleman evinces as much sound sense in this resolution, as he is in the habit, on all occasions, of displaying shining talent: with his faculties—which make the highest grades of honourable success certain—it would be ill calculation for him to take up the *trade* (always questionable), of a politician. Sir James Scarlett will probably have the first vacant judgeship, and make way for Mr. Brougham in his present post of attorney-general.

One of the first contemplated measures of the new ministry, is said to be a plan, by Lord Lansdown, for reforming our metropolitan police. This, at least, is the report; whether founded in fact, or born of commercial indignation for the burglaries lately committed in Bread-street, we do not pretend to determine. Whichever way the fact may be, however, attempts at improvement can do no mischief, and can scarcely avoid producing, in detail, some advantage; but we are not disposed to be sanguine as to any very material change, so far as the abatement of crime is concerned, to be effected by the noble Marquis's exertions. There are but two courses, in the way of police arrangement or criminal legislation, which we can take to check the quantity of crime currently existing in the country; and it is hardly possible to take a step in either of them without doing that which is open to objection. An increased severity in punishing offence cannot be the remedy which is proposed: that course would be no less in the teeth of the spirit of the new government, than contrary to the general opinions of society. And for the system of prevention—the advantage of that engine has long been understood; but it is impossible to take any material steps in the employment of it, without trespassing to exactly the same extent upon the liberties of the subject: the freedom which we lose is of more value than the security which we gain. The fact is, that the very constitution of society in a country like England, leads inevitably to the creation of offences against property—and those are the only offences which increase with us—in a very wide and extended degree. Independently of those crimes which arise out of the want of employment or of food, the very abundance of riches that exists in the country, and the absolutely vital necessity which is felt (and inculcated) for possessing them, must have the effect of making some men knaves, while it renders so many productively stirring and industrious. "*Affaires, embarras, servitudes, projets,*" says a French writer; "*tout cela se lit sur tous les visages. Dans une société de vingt personnes,* DIX-HUIT *s'occupent des moyens d'avoir de l'argent, et* QUINZE N'EN TROUVERONT POINT!" This is but a fair description of the state of society in England; and where so many men are bent upon gaining one object, there will always be a proportion who will attempt to gain it in an illegal way.

The *Times* of the 25th ultimo—it is going rather far back for a notice, but we want to say a word upon the subject—throws out a hint to the "nepotism" of English bishops, in an account of church employments held by one family only—a father and two sons—no fewer than *eight* appointments—to the annual amount of 26,000*l.*! The paragraph concludes with an intimation, that "the clergy in general of the country are deeply disgusted at these arrangements." What cause the "clergy" may have for disgust, we shall not stop to inquire; because a fact of more extended importance is most certain—that the *public* has deep cause for disgust at the *general disposition* of church property in this country. It is not enough that the most extravagantly enormous revenues are raised every year from the people, to support a list of superior church dignitaries—

who actually perform no duty for these sums, even in the way of their calling; but the persons whom these well-paid sinecurists hire to execute their sacred office, are so wretchedly remunerated for their work, that they are compelled literally to become beggars for private bounty, and *cap* for a *douceur* at the end of their task, like postilions or mail coachmen. We have nothing to do here with the abstract question of the degradation or non-degradation of poverty; an immense sum is levied, for the maintenance of a certain class of public functionaries; and the least that we are entitled to expect is to see those functionaries credit the country by presenting the style and habits of respectability. Men whose livelihood is gained by the daily soliciting of gratuities (according to the opinions and feelings that prevail in England) do not do so. It is offensive—we might almost say disgusting—to see in a wealthy and populous London parish—a parish which pays perhaps to its resident clergy an income of four or five thousand pounds a-year—the officiating minister of that parish, after delivering a solemn exhortation from the pulpit to fifteen hundred, or two thousand persons, lay his sacred garments (and tone) briskly aside, and bow, as he receives the church dues after the performance of a wedding or a christening—"For so much"—(whatever are the regular fees)—"I am *accountable* to Dr. (So-and-So) the rector: *any thing* you please to give me *over* that sum, I am allowed to keep for myself!" It has been said, that a religion—like every other institution in which mortals have concern—has but its day and its termination: and perhaps the condition of any system must be something advanced, under which such advertisements as that in a Gloucestershire paper that lies before us at this moment—"To be sold, the next presentation to a living of 800*l.* a-year; *in a good sporting neighbourhood*"—may be found twice a week in half the newspapers in England. But this practice of clergymen *asking alms* in the church is too disgraceful, where a liberal and large allowance (as far as the public is concerned) is already made. We have no intention, by these remarks, to wound the feelings of individuals. On the contrary, we entertain no doubt that the parties whose conduct we complain of, are the sufferers under a bad system, rather than the offenders. But still the system *is* disgraceful, and ought to be altered. It may be difficult for any church establishment to secure the consistent private conduct of all its members; but it is scandalous that a church, endowed as that of England is, should leave them without the means (in public) of maintaining a deportment of independence and respectability.

Letters from Cheltenham state, that "Mr. Terry (late of Covent Garden) who is the manager of the theatre there, takes his benefit this evening. *Colonel Berkeley* performs on the occasion, and is to wear a dress which has cost *seven hundred guineas*. The character which the noble amateur enacts is his favourite one of "Richard *Cœur de Lion*"!!

Fowling Extraordinary!—"The Duke of St. Albans," an Evening Paper says, "intends to commence the shooting season *in good earnest*. His Grace has ordered *fifty canisters* of gunpowder; *sixteen bags* of shot; and two double-barrelled guns, with *gold touch-holes*, and *armorial bearings!*" *Devant tant de belles choses, les perdrix se prosternent!*—or ought to do. But we are surprised it has never occurred to his Grace, since his marriage, or to other persons of his rank, to shoot with *gold shot!*

"It is said that Sir James Mackintosh has sold his *History of England*

(now finished) to Messrs. Longman, for six thousand guineas."—*Globe.* It may be *said:* and, if it were *sworn*, we would not believe it.

The wretched egg-shell style of building houses, which modern foppery and parsimony has introduced among us of late years, in London, is extending itself, it appears, to America. In the course of the last week (at home), a large portion of new brick work, belonging to some of the rascally edifices that are running up about Spa Fields, came down *upon the labourers who were building it!* the case not having gone on to the proper time for crushing future hirers, or inhabitants: and the *New York Advertiser* describes the falling down, in that city, of "one of those miserable shells which modern meanness has substituted for substantial edifices," just as the workmen were putting the last touch to it,—"finishing slating the roof!" *One* man was killed on this occasion, and *five* seriously injured. A considerable crowd, however, collected, who looked sharp for the *speculator*; and it is supposed that (although they did not find him) the "demonstration" exhibited will not be without its general effect. The American Paper very justly (as it seems to us) observes, that the safety of all classes of the community, calls for a *penal law* upon this subject; and that persons employed upon such houses are exposed even to more danger than those who become resident in them. "Our *firemen*," the Editor says, in particular, "who are daring enough upon firm and well built edifices, will be justified if they leave such traps as these to their fate."

The indifference, however, to personal danger which is displayed by labourers of almost every class (unless it be some danger that *certainly* and *presently* exhibits itself), would be matter of surprise, were its manifestation less incessant. It is scarcely three months past since all the science of London and Paris was rampant about the new "Disinfecting Agents" discovered —the *liqueurs Labarraque;* the operation of which was so rapid and powerful, that accidents from putridity or unwholesome air were to be considered at an end: the most poisonous common sewer, or vault, or drain, was cured instantaneously by their exhibition! The experiments made on some of the Paris "*Egouts*" surprised all Europe; and it was under calculation how much it would cost to keep the streets of Edinburgh sweet by the year—beginning at five o'clock in the morning; as well as whether it might not be possible (now they have got a "Constitutional" government) to do something for Lisbon. Now the *use* to which we turn discoveries like this, is curiously exemplified by the papers of to-day (August 5th). The *Globe* quotes from a weekly paper, the *Gazette of Health*, a recipe for a cheaper "disinfecting liquor" than those "advertised for purchase" (those of Labarraque)—a mixture of oxymuriatic acid, with nitric acid and water, instead of the choluret of soda, or choluret of lime: so that it appears the advantage of employing these safeguards is not at all lost sight of or forgotten. We then come to the Morning Journals, which contain, first, a notice, headed—"Dreadful Accident from Foul Air," taken from the *Journal des Débats;* from which it appears that *seven* persons have just been destroyed in emptying a sewer under the House of Correction at Riom: this is in the country where the discovery originally came from. And, secondly, an account, that at the soap manufactory of Messrs. Crossfield and Fell, in Warrington,—"Three men who were engaged in stirring a boiler, into which vitriol had been poured to bleach the soap, fell down in consequence of the emitted stench; and, before assistance could be had, the contents

of the copper boiled over upon them," by which horrible death, *two* died: this is in the country where twenty pamphlets upon the discovery have been written.

Royal Bon Mot.—"During the time that his late Majesty George the Third was indisposed at Windsor, it was frequently his custom to play a game at cards. On one occasion, while playing with Dr. ——, one of his physicians, at picquet, the doctor was about to lay down his hand, saying, as he wanted but twelve of being out, he had won the game; for (added he), "I have a quatorze of tens." The King bid him keep his cards. "Tens" were good for nothing just then. "For," said his Majesty, looking *significantly* at Dr. ——, and laying down four *Knaves*—"here are my four *physicians!*"—*Examiner.* The late King—rest his soul!—was a heavy joker; but surely he never could have volunteered a *niaiserie* like this! The *Examiner* does not like kings, and must have invented it.

The *Théâtre Odeon* has opened, with its English company, at Paris, during the last month; and the opinions of the French critics upon the merits of our actors and drama, recal to us a theory which we took the liberty to hazard, a short time since, touching the entire incompetency of the people of one country ever to judge (with real accuracy) upon the dramatic representations of another. The English performers who have most delighted the Parisians, are those whom we either never hear of, or consider perfectly detestable, in London. A Miss Smithson, who used to play minor characters, at Drury Lane Theatre, is ravishing all Paris, in *Ophelia*, and *Juliet*. Mr. Power, who (though an extremely good actor in low Irish characters) is literally horrible when he attempts any thing in the way of a gentleman, the French journals pronounce to have been admirable, in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*,—"an actor, possessing great intelligence, with remarkable correctness!" while Liston is described in *Acres*, as "a mannerist, whose voice is sluggish, and whose jerking pronunciation too often degenerates into huskiness—these defects being the more to be regretted, as he appears *to have passed the age* when they might be remedied!" Eventually the writer admits that Liston is "amusing, and likely to be a *useful* member of the company;" but he evidently rates him low; for the tone changes directly he comes to discuss the merits of Mr. Abbott—who is said to have "a noble appearance, and to wear the military costume with great advantage!" Poor Mr. Abbott! A "Mr. Chippendale" too—who he is we have not an idea—is mixed up with the grandees—("Liston, Abbott, Chippindale, and Power")—as one of the *genuine* stars from the London boards, who have already appeared at the *Odeon;* and great commendation is bestowed upon a "Mrs. Vaughan," for her performance of—the *Queen*, in *Hamlet!* As for Miss Smithson, the journalist, if we recollect right, draws a parallel between her and Mademoiselle Mars!"

The fact is, as we some time back asserted, that there can be very little perception, in any country, of the merits of a foreign performance. Humorous, or what is called "broad" comedy, must, nineteen twentieths of it be local; and the nicer circumstances which go to the composition of accomplished acting, even in genteel comedy, and in tragedy, have quite as much reference to an ideal standard of manners, &c. maintained in the country to which the performer belongs, as to any principles existing in nature. It is true that we can make a rough estimate; an English actor *totally* destitute of manner and deportment, who attempted to act the heroes of Congreve and Farquhar, would be detected, perhaps, in Paris:

but such a degree of vulgarity and destitution of those qualities as would hopelessly shut out an actor from that caste of characters in a London theatre, a French audience would not be in the slightest degree sensible of. In fact, the native of any country, who looks at a foreign actor, stands—giving him every allowance for qualification—in the position of a man not conversant with painting, who looks at a picture: he finds out the *excellencies*, if there are any, but he passes over all the blots. Nine times in ten there is a great deal that such a spectator feels he does not quite understand; he has never a very entire confidence in any portion of his judgment, and the more ability he has, the more afraid he is of making a mistake; and a whole crowd of faults will pass over unquestioned, under the single shade of some supposed taste or habit "peculiar to the country to which the actor belongs"—to his being "out of his element before a foreign audience"—entitled to "allowance under such circumstances," &c. &c.

The value of this last admission, in dramatic affairs, is prodigious: actors are constantly applauded very highly—and by discerning persons—at Minor theatres (where this "consideration" is extended), who fail entirely when they come to the ordeal of a full audience in a national theatre. The great mass of people, however, who attend (and up to a certain point must decide upon) the merit of *foreign* performances in every country, by no means possess the most elementary qualifications for criticism in such a situation. The English who attend the theatres in France, and who frequent the little French theatre, in London, do not, one in ten of them —even those who read French, and even speak it intelligibly—understand one word in six that they hear uttered! and the French confess, without hesitation, that they are in the same difficulty with respect to us. We always hear the "Mon Dieu!" and they always catch the "God damn!" but of every sentence, amounting in length to thirty words, the last two and twenty (even where the speaker means to be particularly intelligible) are invariably lost. The French *Globe*, which contains the most sensible notice of our Anglo Parisian exhibitions, describes Mr. Abbott, as being "what the English call *a nice gentleman*."

The non-payment of the Dividend upon the "Mexican Bonds," this 1st of October, of which due notice has been given on the Stock Exchange, and at which Cobbett last week (Saturday the 22d Sept.) is quite rampant with delight, falls rather unluckily as to time, for a "Letter upon the Affairs of Greece," that has appeared in most of the daily papers, in which the unhappy position of that interesting country is very ably described, and a sort of suggestion thrown out, that something in the way of a "further loan" from England might be very sovereign in the removal of its difficulties. The argument used (for Greece) on this occasion, is ingenious; it amounts shortly to this—that England having already lent a great deal of money to Greece, which (as matters stand) is in a fair way of being lost, the best thing that we can do will be to lend a little more. But still—though no doubt there is a great deal in this—it has not entirely the effect of satisfying our scruples. We fully agree that all the money which has been sent to Greece—(we beg pardon, we should say, all that has been *paid by individuals* in England, *on account of the Greek loan*)—is irrecoverably gone; but we are rather afraid that the most prudent course will still be—to let it go, and say no more about it. Our *loss* being made the measure by which we are to *lend*, is pleasant as a hypothesis; but, as there can hardly be a doubt that every fresh loan would, under such circum-

stances, increase the expediency of our farther advancing, there is no saying —as long as we have a penny left in the country—where such a principle might stop. To speak seriously, with every wish for the success of Greece, and even for the interests of those whose views are to be advanced by her success, we cannot recommend to our countrymen to advance that object by the loan of another *sixpence*. Were they inclined to *give* any thing, it may be another matter: because then we know what we are about. Though even then a difficulty might arise in the manner of bestowing the bounty; for the wants, throughout Greece, seem to be so general, that there is considerable danger that the first Greek who got hold of the money, would—as charity begins at home—conceive he could not better fulfil the donors' intention than by letting it end there, and applying that which had fallen in his way to the relief of himself. At all events, however, we take it to be a matter beyond doubt, that a further Greek loan would be a project too desperate—even for the jobbers of the Stock Market. The intrinsic value of the securities already existing, is not—with any reference to the chance of payment by Greece—five pounds in the hundred; we should say scarcely as many shillings. Besides, the people of England have not so soon forgotten the transactions connected with the *last* loan: at least we hope they have not. If they have, let them look to the papers and periodicals of six months back, and refresh their memories. "Greece" is coming again rather too soon.

A View to Essentials—

"No Venus of stone, but of good flesh and bone."—*Old Song.*

The Place of St. Mark at Venice, which is the great focus of gaiety and luxury (the *Palais Royal*) of the city, was, prior to the overthrow of the French regime under Bonaparte, a good deal inhabited, as well as promenaded, &c., by females of a doubtful reputation. On the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, the Austrian government becoming ascendant, found this state of things objectionable; and in a general reform of the police of Venice, purified the Place of St. Mark, by turning out all the ladies. The inhabitants, however—as it is dangerous attacking men upon their foibles—were highly indignant at this interference; and the purification was not pardoned, although, under the same authority, the famous Horses of Lysippus, the pride of the city, were restored. The horses came in, and *the* ladies were sent out (by way of soothing the feelings of the lower orders), on the same day: but this device did not at all satisfy any class of the Venetians; who walked about, murmuring—*Bella cosa! Guarde i suoi cavalli, e ci lascia le nostre vacche!—French Globe.*

Perverseness of Foreigners.—"What a rum language they talk in this place!" said an English sailor the other day to his companion, who arrived a few days later than the speaker himself had done at Rochefort—"Why, they call a cabbage, a *shoe* (choux)!" "They are a d—d set!" was the reply, "why can't they call it a cabbage!"

The *Globe* (English) of yesterday evening, in its leading article, attacks the system of "holding parties to bail" for slight or ordinary offences at Police Offices; and complains that the effect of this practice—as great numbers of persons *cannot find bail*—is frequently to inflict an imprisonment of six weeks upon a man *before* trial, whose sentence by the Court will not exceed a trifling fine, or an imprisonment of a few days, after it, or who may possibly be acquitted. The writer goes on by suggesting the superior advantage of allowing persons under such accusations to go at

large; inasmuch as the greater part of them would probably come forward at the time of trial; and if any failed, it would be a slighter evil to incur the trouble of apprehending such again, than it is at present to retain numbers of persons needlessly and unjustifiably in confinement. We should have no objection to the enforcement of such a prison regulation as should ensure the separation of all offenders committed for civil misdemeanours, from those in custody for larceny or felony; but we certainly cannot agree with the *Globe* that the practice of holding to bail, or committing in default of bail, for such offences, should be abandoned. We think that the practice does a great deal of good; and modified as it is by the magistrates to circumstances, very little, if any, mischief. The chief parties concerned in the question are the poorer classes; and the bail which is demanded in their cases is very low. The sureties (unless in atrocious cases, where "notice" is directed to be given,) are never very closely examined; the amount seldom exceeds £20.; and, in trifling or vexatious charges, the magistrate takes the recognizance of the party accused, which costs him half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence. Now, decidedly, it seems to us that a vast deal of mischief is *prevented* by this simple process. If six Jews happen to quarrel (which does happen about five times a week), because they live in one house, or in one court, in Petticoat-lane, if it were not for the power of the magistrate to confine the original offender, or demand sureties from him, such a contest might continue, either until one half of the disputants were killed, or the first day of the Quarter Sessions came—there would be no natural or official termination to it. The imprisonment, or holding to sureties, of a man who has been guilty of rioting, or of assaulting his neighbours, *abates the nuisance*: it either puts the offender under restraint, or removes him from the scene of action. If such a man be liberated without conditions, he returns to the place, and to the parties, in which or against whom his offence has been committed; and in a temper which almost certainly leads to its repetition. Sheen, the murderer, was no sooner discharged from custody, in consequence of the error in his indictment, than he conducted himself in such a manner in the house where he resided, that a proceeding, the effect of which was (almost illegally) to deprive him of his liberty, was found necessary, and resorted to.

In fact, the abandonment of this custom would render the appeal to a Police Office—which now terminates a dispute effectively—of no force or value whatever. It may occasionally happen that a man, after suffering imprisonment for three weeks or a month, is *acquitted* of the offence charged against him; but this is a casualty to which the law—not as regards misdemeanours only, but transportable or capital crimes also—is subject; men are very often *acquitted* on charges of felony, after having been several months in prison: but no one believes, therefore, that it would be right to allow murderers and burglars to go at large, upon their *parole*, from the time of their apprehension to the day of trial! The necessity under which the *protégés* of the *Globe* labour, of being sent to prison, or of finding bail for a misdemeanor, that journal seems to forget is a part of the *punishment* imposed for their offence! just as completely in practice, and universal understanding, a part of their punishment, though not yet sanctioned by the sentence of any court, as the being locked up all night in the watch-house (although discharged, perhaps, with merely a reprimand by the magistrates, next morning), is a known and understood part of the penalty of a man's being found intoxi-

cated and riotous in the street. And the extent of the sentence pronounced upon their conviction very often in words refers to, and is regulated by, that very fact—"The Court takes into its consideration the time that the prisoner has already been confined, and orders"—so and so. Whether it be worth while to *diminish* the penalty which attaches to the commission of the kind of offences under discussion—and which, even with the consequences at present known to follow upon them, occupy two-thirds of the time of our police magistrates—may possibly be a question (though we do not well see how) for consideration. But certainly, if any species of penalty is to be inflicted, that punishment should seem to be the most useful and effective, which at once *stops the continuance* of the offence—by either laying under securities—or separating—the contending parties. In the greater number of instances, however, as the law stands, the bail demanded, after a short delay, is found. And this changes the lesson given into a fine, instead of a certain number of days' imprisonment. The expense of the recognizances, in one shape or other to the party accused, being ten or a dozen shillings; and the bail itself, in almost all cases among the lower classes, (at a fixed per centage on the amount) *paid for*.

"The following pithy placard" (the *Courier* says) "has lately been twice stuck up at Madrid, where it has created a considerable sensation from the crowds assembled to read it."—"The French in the Ebro; the English in the Tagus; the Liberals at the devil; and down with the King!" The writer, whoever he may be, certainly seems to be on very charitable terms with all parties.

The winter theatres are both about to commence their season; and have advertised, against each other, the dramatic force that they set out with. Covent Garden is very strong indeed in actors; Kean, Charles Kemble, and Young, are engaged in tragedy; and Wrench is to supply the place of Jones, in comedy. We should very much like to see Coleridge's tragedy—*Remorse*, revived, with the aid of this company, at Covent Garden. The acting of Rae and Elliston gave the play no chance of even reasonable success, when it was produced; and it would hardly be possible to find a tragedy containing two characters at the same time, so equal and so well suited to the powers of Young and Kean, as the two brothers in Remorse—*Don Alvar*, and *Don Ordonio*. Drury Lane puts its trust rather in opera and farce; and brings forth the strong attraction (combined) of Braham and Miss Paton, Liston, Jones, and Mathews. Madame Vestris, however, who is the best actress in England, is engaged at Covent Garden. Mr. Macready is the tragedian. A son of Mr. Kean's, is also to appear: about whom, by the way, no more such very direct *puffs*, as one or two that we could point out, should appear, or the young man's fair chance of reception will be weakened. Considering the great practice that people have, puffing really is not near so well done as it ought to be. It strikes us, we must do a little in that way—just to set an example to those who manage it so clumsily—ourselves. It will be a singular occurrence, rather, if Kean's son should prove a considerable actor; for the talent of the stage has seldom been hereditary. The children of many obscure performers have become eminent: but there are very few instances in which the descendant of a considerable actor or actress has been distinguished. To take instances within recent recollection, or of the present day, for example—Mr. Elliston has a son upon the stage: with none of the striking talent of the father. Mr.

Henry Siddons, the son of Mrs. Siddons, was a very bad actor indeed. Lewis had two sons upon the stage; neither of them of any value. Mr. Dowton has two sons (or had) in the same situation. And Mrs. Glover's two daughters will never rise above low mediocrity. On the other hand, Mr. Macready and Mr. Wallack, are both the sons of very low actors; and the late John Bannister and Mr. Tokely were similarly descended. Almost the only modern instance of the immediate descendant of a valuable performer turning out well, was in the case of Mrs. Jordan's daughter, Mrs. Alsop; who was very nearly as good an actress as her mother. Mr. Kean, junior, is stated to be very young: this is not in favour of his present excellence. We doubt if there is an instance on record of a very young man being a considerable actor. Both houses, however, advertise strong companies—whether they can afford to bring them into play, is another matter.

Navigation in the Air.—We noticed a short time since in the scientific department of our Magazine, the project of a gentleman of the name of Pocock, a schoolmaster of Bristol, for propelling a species of wheel carriage by means of the power of *kites*. An experiment made with this *char-volant*, some months back, near Windsor, in which it overtook and outstripped the carriage of the Duke of Gloucester (his Highness chancing to be travelling the same way) was noticed, at the time, by several London and provincial papers; and Mr. Pocock has now published a quarto book in explanation of his invention, interspersed with plates—some exhibiting men flying in the air at the tails of kites—others, ships at sea and stranded, sending messengers to shore by them—others still, carriages drawn over hill and dale by them, which horsemen riding *ventre à terre*, as the French describe it, are unable to overtake;—altogether a work as wild and eccentric as some persons will consider the discovery itself.

The objects—that is to say, the more important objects—to which Mr. Pocock finds his invention particularly applicable, are three in number: the propelling of ships in calm weather at sea; the drawing of carriages by land; and the elevating of individuals to enormous heights in the air, for the purposes of observation, escalade of fortresses, crossing of rivers, or any other acts for which such an exalted location may be considered available. All these works, he assures the public, have been EXPERIMENTALLY ACCOMPLISHED by the Kites; and although the author himself admits that some of his accounts have been thought a little strange by people not habitually incredulous, yet there is considerable curiosity in the steps by which his invention has been brought to its present state, as well as approved truth in many of the results which he describes to have been obtained from it.

Mr. Pocock informs us that having, when a boy, conceived some notions of the probability of making the drawing power of a kite applicable to useful purposes in life, it became an object with him, of course, in the first place, to try to what extent the force of the engine in question could be carried. With this view, he conceived the idea of procuring *two* paper kites: and flying up the *first* until it would *carry no more string*, he then tied the end of the first kite string, to the back of the *second* kite; and letting *that* up with its own length of cordage, he soon discovered that by adding *kite after kite* in this manner, an almost indefinite extent of power and elevation might be obtained. Encouraged by having fixed this principle, he proceeded in his labours; making a variety of improvements almost immediately in the construction and management of his kites:

such as building them *jointed*, in order that when of a large size they should be more portable; covering them with *linen* instead of paper, that they might be proof against the weather; and, particularly, furnishing them with three cords (independent of the main, or drawing string) called *brace lines*, the effect of which was to regulate their power when elevated, and to direct their course, without being left entirely at the discretion of the wind, through the atmosphere: until, at length, having further constructed a carriage peculiarly adapted to the application of his new impulse, he arrived so far at success as to be able upon ordinary roads to perform journies at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and to outstrip, as has already been stated, on one occasion, the carriage of the Duke of Gloucester, with his Royal Highness's postilions (as he says) putting their horses to the gallop.

For a full account of several strange matters that occurred in the course of the inventor's experiments, our readers must consult the book itself: but the practicability of impelling a carriage along a common road by the aid of kites certainly seems established beyond all doubt. On one trial (on the 8th of January in the present year), the projector performed a mile of ground over a very heavy road, in *two minutes and three quarters;* and on the same day several other miles in *three minutes* each. This was done between Bristol and Marlborough. At another time, he says he beat a London stage-coach, in a distance of *ten miles*, by no less than *twenty-five* minutes. Moreover, as, although by the assistance of the *brace lines*, his kites work perfectly well with a *side* wind, it is yet impossible for them to work *against* the wind, and consequently not easy for a traveller to go a journey with them, and come back (the wind remaining in the same quarter) in the same day—to obviate every difficulty, the inventor has added a *platform to the back of his Kite-carriage*, upon which *a pair of horses are carried along with the traveller!* remaining at all times fresh and in order, ready to be harnessed and set to work, in case the wind should fall, or veer round, or any other accident should make the ministry of such animals necessary!—These are the sort of speculations that every now and then make Mr. Pocock's narrative a little staggering.

The power of a kite twelve feet high, with a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is as much, our author says, as a man of moderate strength can stand against. Larger kites of course would have their power in proportion.

Beyond drawing carriages [By the way, how admirably these engines would do to tow canal boats?], Mr. Pocock, as we have already observed, looks that his kites shall be useful in propelling ships in calm weather. This expectation is founded upon the following fact:—Experiments have shewn, he says, that when a dead calm exists upon the level or surface of the sea—at the height of 150 feet in the air, a current of wind is often running at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. By elevating his kite in due time, the voyager would have the advantage of this breeze, while those ships unprovided would lie like logs upon the water, with their sails flapping.

In cases of shipwreck, upon a lee-shore, nothing of course would be more easy than to send a rope or a grappling iron to the top of a cliff by the same sort of conveyance: but "should it be deemed more expedient at once to send *a person* on shore, he may be borne" (the author says) "above the bursting billows, and alight, like a messenger of good from the flood," upon the cliff or beach, as the case may be! In fact, he adds, if it so happened that female passengers or children were in the vessel so situated

—"what mode could be so desirable as to swing them securely in a hammock or cot, and thus transport them above the foaming billows, and land them dryshod on the shore?" And again, "these kites having power to *elevate one* in the air," might be of the highest use in military service: as from such "flying observations, all the movements and manœuvres of an army might be distinctly marked."

As *this* particular portion of Mr. Pocock's plan is the most curious and surprising, we regret that he has not been more careful in communicating the details of his experiments with respect to it. He pledges himself, in distinct terms, that the thing—that sort of elevation—*has been done;* and that his "daughter, who earnestly claimed from him the daring honour, was the first Aëropleust." Still this is all the account we have of what has been effected in the way of *actual ascension into the air*, while the notices of experiments upon *terra firma* are given with the greatest possible amplitude and particularity:—which is rather unlucky.

For the present, however—certainly regretting the absence of information upon this material point, and also that his work generally is written in a style which makes it difficult to distinguish sometimes whether he is in jest or earnest—we must leave Mr. Pocock and his invention; not at all prejudicing our right to return to the discussion of his operations hereafter. As the thing stands, what has been done is very amusing, and displays great ingenuity; but we rather doubt the possibility of applying the power to any purposes beyond those of diversion. When the public, however, shall be possessed of more ample details as to the *extent and result* of Miss Pocock's, or any body else's "*Aëropleustic*" *elevation*, we shall then be better qualified to offer an opinion upon the probable eventual success of the author's project.

The efforts at change and improvement, are various and manifold, which are anticipated from the exertions of the new ministers, and especially from the presence of Lord Lansdown at the head of the Home Department: there is one great and necessary work which we hope the noble Marquis will not overlook—especially as it was most zealously laboured at by his predecessor in office—we mean some alteration in the detestable system of the Game laws. It is sufficient to read the grand jury charges of almost all the judges upon the late circuit, to see that some modification of the existing law every day becomes more necessary: and that the land-owners are now enjoying the right of crowding our gaols with prisoners, for depredations upon property, so situated and circumstanced by their own wilful insolence and obstinacy, that the law—were that property any other than what it is—would refuse altogether to notice or protect it. The Game laws of England—by some strange anomaly that it is difficult to understand the toleration of—instead of having amended and improved with the general increased freedom and information of the times, have been for years (practically) retrograding in spirit, and exhibiting, from day to day, a more atrocious disregard for the morals and security of the community. For every ten poachers that existed twenty years ago, the system since pursued by the land-owners themselves has raised up fifty. At a period when the daily increasing population and cultivation of the country pointed out every day what must be the increased difficulty of securing *any* property in it which was not accurately guarded, or at least ascertained and defined—this is the time that they have chosen for setting up their at best dull and unsportsmanlike system of "preserves," and "battues:" for collecting together upon

given points, vast quantities of a species of property as to which no visible ownership does or can exist; which is placed under no visible fence or protection; and which (from the state of the law, which the claimants of it themselves have made, and refuse to alter with respect to it) the very moment it is *stolen*, their fellow-citizens—although of the highest respectability—feel not the slightest hesitation to *buy*.'

Now we venture to affirm that there is no property, except Game, which the law would consent to protect under such circumstances. And we are perfectly confident—the thing cannot be tried, but all analogy we think will lead our readers to the same conclusion—that no London or Westminster jury would—if the case were before them to-morrow—consent to transport a man for poaching. One of the first feelings of the law of England—we hear it expressed from the Bench in criminal cases twice a week—is, that a man is not entitled, by a careless disposition of his goods, to lead those who may be distressed into temptation. He who has property, must put a reasonable guard upon it, or the law will not interfere to guard it for him. What Judge, we ask, is there, if a Baronet thought fit to leave his *silver spoons* in his unenclosed grounds all night—and cause the fact that they were left there to be publicly known—what Judge is there, although the owner's *property* in the spoons, and his *right* to place them there, would be perfectly undoubted, that would consent to transport a starving ploughman for having stolen them? And yet the silver spoons, upon every principle, would be a more justifiable property for the owner to expose than the pheasants; because *stolen* silver spoons are not an article of general commerce; not an article in which the wealthiest and most influential persons in the community openly and habitually deal; nor is theft (according to a law which the owner himself has made and insists upon maintaining) the *only* medium through which silver spoons—although every body has them, and is known to have them—can come into the possession of the great mass of the community.

We do not dream of throwing open—to all mankind—the property in game; we are disposed to leave the privileged classes much; but they must not be allowed, in the plenitude of their power, to run in the very teeth of common decency and of the first interests of the public. It would seem to be scarcely conceivable indeed, looked at it in the abstract, how there can be two opinions about the existence of a state of law, under which A, we will say a clergyman in London openly and unhesitatingly purchases the property of C, a squire in Gloucestershire, which B, a labourer, living near C's estate, is tried and transported at the assizes of the county, for having stolen! Every bodyknows that all the wealthy people in London buy game. Every body knows that all the poulterers in London sell it. Every body knows that all the stage-coach and mail-coach people—all the higglers and carriers that go through the country—regularly, and almost as their chief article of trade, carry and deal in it. And all this mass of dealing *must* be tainted with *theft*—must be carrried on in direct violation of the law—to gratify the coxcombry of a few individuals! one half of whom, after all, are absolutely traitors to their own covenant; for—it matters little whether they are paid in meal or malt, in money or in service—after their pride has led them to denounce and prohibit the sale of game, their necessities—the offspring of that same pride—induce them to sell it. If all this did no mischief, it would be sufficient to speculate upon and to smile at it; but that a large class of the people should become the sacrifices of such a system, is a state of things

which sense and freedom repudiate; and which public patience will not tolerate much longer.

The accounts in the Scottish papers, of the *im*migration of our Irish brethren, continue as alarming as ever. Steam-packet after steam-packet arrives at the quay of Glasgow; and, like the report upon the "outward walls" of Macbeth's castle,—as fast as each new *batiment* appears in sight,—"the cry" upon the Broomielaw, "is still—They come!" What is to be done in case Mr. Pocock's scheme for *kite* conveyance succeeds, we are at a loss to imagine. The *linen* too, to make the kites, the staple of their own manufacture? Certainly, unless Irishmen *generally*, found in England are declared contraband, we may look, every time a wind blows from the westward, to have the sky literally darkened with their coming sails between Holyhead and Dublin. This will be "carrying into effect the policy of the union of the two countries" (without the trouble of a motion from Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald) with a vengeance.

The approaching commencement of the winter performances at Drury-lane Theatre, has re-opened the dispute between Mr. Price and the renters, as to the right of the latter to "take places" upon the force of their "privilege of admission." The custom, as our readers will be aware, has been—on particular occasions, when very full audiences are expected—to refuse to "keep" or secure places for any applicant, who does not, by *purchasing a ticket* for the night, at the time of his application, give security to the house that he really intends to occupy them. The renters' claim is, that their nightly "admission of right" is entitled to be held equivalent in value to any nightly ticket, purchased, and that they have a general right to every privilege which the present payment of admission money can secure; and this right, the present manager thinks proper to deny. The quarrel is a difficult one to adjust, and one which it would have been better never to have made public; because now, however it may be settled, we are afraid the renters must be losers. Their right to every privilege which ready money payment could afford them, is as clear in law as it is in reason and equity; and no court could entertain a doubt, we apprehend, upon the question for a moment; but Mr. Price nonsuits our legal mediation, for he says—You (the renters) are 1400 in number; if you insist upon your right to secure places, you can more than fill all the places in which people choose to sit in the boxes of the theatre: and, if you do this, you *lose your dividend*—for no manager can pay the rent. The case, thus, whichever way it is arranged, is a difficult one: for the annual *sale* of their "right of admission" forms as much a part of the renters' gain as their annual dividend—and, perhaps, may be considered the more certain gain of the two. Now, if they insist upon their right, Mr. Price threatens to diminish the interest on their capital; for, he says, he cannot, at the present rent, keep open the theatre: and, if they give their right up, then their admission privilege becomes a deteriorated property, which will sell annually in the market for so much the less. The poor renters thus stand in a predicament directly the reverse of that of *Macheath* between his wives; for either horn of the dilemma seems almost equally sure to impale them. As the proverb, however, in all cases of doubt, particularly directs our attention to the *bird in hand*, we should hardly recommend them to wave the privilege of their free tickets.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Classical Manual, or a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil; 1827.—Though full of conflicting statements and positive blunders, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary has got full possession of the schools, and must keep it, till something equally copious, and really superior in accuracy and composition, shall supersede it. When we first took up the volume before us, we had a vague hope of meeting with something calculated to expel for ever a book that had affronted us almost every time we cast an eye upon it. In this we were disappointed. This Classical Manual, indeed, makes no explicit pretension to occupy so large a space; but a very full and careful index at the end, with not less than 10,000 names, is pointed out in the preface as supplying whatever convenience might have been derived if the work had assumed the form and plan of a Classical Dictionary. And unquestionably some such view influenced the writer in the construction of several of the articles, which go infinitely beyond the necessities of the object for which they were professedly compiled—to say nothing of an additional thirty or forty pages of divinities, for which no crevice or corner could be found in the body of the commentary.

The professed object of the book is to illustrate Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and Virgil's Æneid, or rather Pope and Dryden's translations—but the long lists of appellatives for the Dii Majores—400 at least for Jupiter, and 200 a piece for Apollo, Minerva, and Diana, are surely not demanded for the illustration of Homer and Virgil, much less for Pope and Dryden's — travesties — translations we mean—*sed semper hic erramus.* There are multitudes of mythological points also to which Homer and Virgil make no allusions, and descriptions of other matters, with which they have as little to do; but which would be all extremely useful, welcome, and appropriate in a Classical Dictionary.

We are taking a carping tone, without however at all meaning to find fault with the intrinsic execution of the work, which is unexceptionable, and more than unexceptionable—it is positively good. The volume contains whatever the illustration of Homer and Virgil requires, and a great deal more; but it does not contain what would be requisite for the competent illustration of other poets, which, though not equally popular, are yet frequently read. So much valuable labour has been spent upon what is more than imperative for the immediate purpose, that we regret a little more was not taken to make it more extensively and generally useful—and particularly to qualify it for superseding the ill-written, though it must be allowed, not unuseful, and at present even indispensable book, to which we before alluded, and of which we can scarcely speak with temper.

Books again of this kind, which are adapted to the explanation of particular writers, are not calculated for schools, which must have something more comprehensive and embracing. Unluckily, most parents grudge the expense of books, and imagine the master or mistress is thinking of nothing but gain; and here is a book to illustrate Homer and Virgil, as expensive as Lempriere, which is amply sufficient for all the authors that are ever glanced at schools. We heartily wish the very competent compiler would throw the materials into the requisite form. All that is still wanted, will consist chiefly of historical characters, which the specimens in the present work prove would be sketched with force and vivacity. Such a performance would well repay all the labour. The demand for such a book is immense; for even Lempriere has run through at least twenty editions.

Particular instances of imitation on the part of Virgil are here and there pointed out; and something more might be done to mark the changes in mythology between the days of Homer and Virgil. The mythology of Hades, for instance, became very different. Of Charon and his boat Homer knew nothing. Virgil is nothing but an imitator—a close one of Homer as to the management of his narrative, and the complexion of his tale, but closer still probably of some whose works are lost; for he is no more to be considered as the inventor of those parts where he differs from Homer, than Homer is himself to be deemed the originator of his deities. He has nothing of the inventor about him. Even for much of his language, and the very cadence of his verse, he is indebted to Lucretius.

So far as Virgil and Homer are concerned, the commentary is very complete. There will be no occasion for reference to any body's antiquities, Greek or Roman. More learning, perhaps, is occasionally shewn than can be useful. Triton, according to somebody's supposition, it is stated, is derivable from Tirit-on, tower of the sun,—which surely is only calculated to make confusion worse confounded; for no allusion whatever, either in Homer or Virgil, nor any where else, of which we have a recollection, is there of any connexion of the marine Triton with the

burning sun. The resemblance between the words Triton and Tirit-on is probably a mere accidental coincidence.

The Scæan Gate (144) is derived, correctly enough, from the word "left-hand" —what we should however call, with reference to Greek superstition, the *west*-gate—a better term than the Greek one, because the sense is not affected by change of position.

The impurities of mythology are carefully swept away, even to a degree of fastidiousness. The Amazons, for instance, are every where represented as amputating or compressing the right breast, to enable them to draw the bow with more facility. The very name may seem to be derived from the custom—at least no better etymology perhaps can be suggested Now this, in a very particular description of the appearances of these martial ladies, is studiously omitted.

In many places, we observe, things are brought together very usefully, and very accurately. The succession of the kings of Argos and of Athens. The emblems of the muses. The variety of dances, to which such frequent allusions occur in the classics, &c. &c.

The volume, though it will not get into schools, male or female, perhaps, will yet be acceptable in domestic education. It will quickly, we hope, be found in every governesses apartment, in every family in the country—where it will be really useful, and for which it is best calculated. It has our hearty commendation; and we hope before long, under another shape, to see it making Lempriere fly before it.

Elizabeth Evanshaw, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This is a continuation of a story entitled "Truth," which appeared some time ago, without exciting any attention among novel readers, though even as a novel it was not without considerable attractions. The design of the author, as he himself says, has been pretty generally misapprehended;—that design was not to defend deism, but deists—a very intelligible distinction;—his view was not to inculcate a system of unorthodox theology, but to demonstrate the cruelty of confounding *opinion* with *principle*—supposing opinion to mean what does not, and principle what does influence the conduct —by exhibiting the hardships to which a person, even in this land of boasted toleration, may be exposed by entertaining deistical notions, though coupled with conduct the most exemplary, principles the most equitable, and sentiments the most honourable and humane—hardships not arising from the operation of the laws, but the blind prejudices of people, which, however, those laws have fostered.

Christianity depends in our days solely upon evidence, historical and documentary, the effect of which is not, and in the common experience of mankind, cannot be on all minds precisely the same. Some are incapable of weighing it, and must take it upon trust; others are prepossessed and will not examine; while others examine and believe; and some few come to conclusions different from their fellows. But whether the impression be the result of habit, faith, or examination, it is equally, in effect and in influence, conviction; and so long as a person acts upon such conviction he acts honestly, and never can believe himself justly culpable. We have no manner of doubt there are deists upon calm and unbiassed examination—who have no desire whatever, we mean, to be relieved from the restraints which revelation is supposed peculiarly to lay upon the indulgence of passion—and what right have we to question their sincerity, or attribute to them desires which they disavow? Nay, it will be said, but what security have we for one who does not believe in revelation, and therefore in responsibility—for he denies, or at least does not know, that there is a day of judgment? It might be replied—the love of credit, of respectability—reverence for the moral approbation of the world—self-approval—sympathy—honour. Oh, but what security is this compared with what we have from the fears of those who dread the punishment of hell? To this also it might somewhat triumphantly be replied —what security have we that those who call themselves Christians, really believe, and are influenced by the dread of these punishments? Is it enough to profess such belief? Shall we place an absolute reliance on such profession, especially when such profession seems to entitle to confidence? This would surely be a little too precipitate. Profession and practice must concur to secure our confidence. If we see a person who professes belief in Christianity, shaping his conduct in all the relations of life accordingly—regulating his passions, controling his sentiments—neither selfish nor intolerant, but kind and unpresuming—unconvicted of wrong, and unsuspected of wishing it—then we have grounds for security. But when we find with multitudes the profession of religion coupled with feelings, and impelled by views, which that very religion condemns, and shewing itself mainly in cavilling and carping at others—in taking unbelief as evidence of profligacy, and asserting self-superiority without giving an atom of proof,—all confidence in the supposed security is lost; and we have no more grounds for reliance than we have in one who disclaims revelation. Nay, not so

much—for the one is at least in one respect honest, and the other is manifestly hypocritical.

Intolerance, in spite of the gentle spirit of Christianity, is diffused widely among us; and no wonder, for in the eyes of teachers, it is, whatever be their declarations, a virtue, and what is more, one easily practised. The man who teaches wishes to find docility, not opposition, among those he teaches; and if he does not find it, he is, naturally enough perhaps, offended; and if he have power will quickly be for enforcing his instruction. It is abominable, especially when he is taking so much trouble, all for their benefit too, not to be listened to. He not only then wishes to inform but to control. If he cannot himself exercise that control, he will seek the aid of the ruling power, and to gain that aid, must first persuade him his own interest is involved, and then alarm him for his safety. This is the process of priestcraft and bigotry. It is the interest of society to get the instruction without the tyranny; and therefore, while they seriously listen, they must strenuously labour to keep the teacher to his office.

The object of the writer—no fool at all events—is to reclaim against this spirit of intolerance so inculcated, and to defend the claims of grave and reflecting deists to the confidence of their fellow creatures—at least to be considered as persons not peculiarly or justly obnoxious to suspicion and distrust—to inculcate, in short, an excellent lesson, not to judge of conduct by opinions. It is not a book we would recommend to young people, because they are in no state to judge of the question—it is above their years, and no good is to be done by substituting one set of prejudices for another;—but to others, to those who are capable of any serious reflection, we do recommend at least the perusal—not surely for the purpose of shaking their faith in the doctrines of revelation, but to deepen the conviction, which we hope is fast spreading among us, that religion is a personal concern, for which we are responsible, not to our fellows, but to our Maker—to lead us to a little self-examination—to lesson the sense of superiority that is so apt to swell our bosoms,—and make us trust less to names and more to things.

Elizabeth Evanshaw is a deist in obedience to her convictions — convictions produced on a candid spirit by abundant reflection and research. She loses her inheritance by the harsh prejudices of a Calvinist mother; she goes a governessing, and is dismissed ignominiously, not because she inculcates deism—for she is no proselyte-monger—but because whispers of her principles reach her employer's ears; she is subjected to insolent proposals, because a deist cannot of course be virtuous; she marries, and is treated with distrust and cruelty by her husband, not because she performs not her duties cheerfully, excellently, faithfully, but because she perseveres in *her* belief, and how can a deist be honest? Her children are torn from her; and one, inoculated with methodism, treats her harshly and contemptuously; —she is entrusted with the care of the education and fortunes of a friend's child, and her husband swindles her out of the property, relying on the merciful construction of the world—he being a Christian, and his wife a Deist. This perfect scoundrel dies, and leaves her a miserable pittance, and places the children under other guardianship. Her substantial virtues, however, have not left her wholly without friends; she has a most efficient one in a jew lady—herself exposed to the liberal and magnanimous odium of society—and eventually she comes into possession of very large property. Her children, by the greedy friends of her husband, are also speedily restored to her, and she proposes with her friends, the jews, to quit the neighbourhood of her sufferings, and retire to Italy, far remote from her persecutors, whose sentiments towards her, however, were rapidly changing. With 8 or 10,000*l.* a year, exile was indeed quite gratuitous. The possession of such ample funds was a virtue of weight enough to counterbalance the villainy of infidelity.

We protest for ourselves against the ready inferences of levity and prejudice. We are not ourselves—if the writer is—recommending deism; but we are strongly inclined to sympathize with him, and think it hard indeed, that a person who aims at nothing but the discovery of truth, is not allowed to give expression to that conviction—unless it tally with the formularies of the reigning party,—without being subjected to illiberal construction and speculative imputations. "Charity thinketh no evil," is the decisive, but forgotten language of Christianity, and if the precious sentiment were suffered to sink into our hearts, and actually exert an influence, more good will, and consequently peace and comfort, would be diffused over society in REALITY, than all the appearances which the varnish of civility and politeness spread over it—only to betray.

Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Down o' the Cathedral; 1827.—Nothing absolutely unreadable could be expected from Mr. Tennant's pen after "Anster Fair," although we must confess the very titlepage of the book before us was nearly repelling us, when we found it to be "ane poem, in sax sangs—imprentit at Edinbrogh, be Oliver and Boyd." Ane poem in sax sangs—all in Scotch! Well, it must be got through; so here goes; and

down we sat to the reading in this dogged, necessity-driven state of mind—the very antipodes of hope, but not perhaps the worst preparative of pleasure; and we followed the dingin' down expedition with a gradual accession of good humour, and in the genuine no-popery spirit, till every altar, statue, picture, relic, steeple, and holy water to the last drop, were turned over and over, and monks and abbots sent scouring along for their lives to all quarters of the compass, leaving, as the poet describes them, a fragment of their holy robes on every briar they scudded past.

In suffering ourselves to be thus allured by the subject and incidents of the poem, we probably but fulfil the writer's own desire, who appears far more intent upon a felicitous representation of disasters than on any effect of mere phraseology. Indeed Mr. Tennant's singular merit, in the present general dearth of fancy, and humour, and natural expression, is a vigorous trampling down and keeping down of the spirit of *imitation*, for we cannot be so petty as to call by that name an occasional cadence or two, that reminds us of something elsewhere.

The Scotch, too—the first repugnance subdued—soon becomes agreeable from its strength, simplicity, and richness, we may add, of expression. In Mr. Tennant's hands it is an accession to his English treasures (which he has proved how well and wisely he can use) rather than a complete substitution.

The object of the poem is a burlesque description of St. Andrew's Cathedral, in 1559, by the Protestants. All intention of mingling principles with his narrative is very needlessly disclaimed by the poet; he clearly seeks only to raise a smile, while he presents to us some of the absurd points necessarily concomitant on enterprizes of this kind—points kept out of sight by the historian, and fitted only for caricature—since, in a narrative of facts, so much of the tragic mixes with scenes of violence, that the ridiculous would be overwhelmed.

A rumour of the hubbub stirring over Fife reached Olympus, and disturbed Minerva while she was mending stockings (blue) for her father. The dear cause of mental regeneration is her very own. So down goes stocking—and down goes Minerva for Fife, to blow the flame of reformation. She sets Momus to work in aid of the same purpose; and a rabble-rout is rapidly collected, all red-hot, to level St. Andrew's with the ground. The holy fathers had but just heard of the upstir when the dinner bell rang:—

Amid this dridder and this flurry,
St. Magdalen's big bell in a hurry
Begond to reissle hurry-scurry;
That jowin-jangle was the ca'
For th' abbey people, ane and a',
To congregate i' th' Frater-ha':
'Twas hour o' dine o' thereabout:
Hunger was i' their wambes nae doubt,
But terrour, too, was round about;
And terrour garr'd them loup pell-mell
Frae senzie-house, kirk, court, and cell,
In omne-gatherum at that bell:
As whan the bees some day in June
Stravaig frae risin' sun till noon;
If mirky clouds in th' afternoon
Come stowfin' up the west,
Hear they but anes the thunner-claps,
And in the leaves the plouterin'-draps,
They gi'e their sma' wings sudden claps
And hurry hamewarts to their scaps
For cozy scong and rest;
Sae did that abbey people a'
Effrey't flee to the Frater-ha',
Canon, and monk, and dean, and prior,
And batie-bum, and beggin' freir,
A congregation wode wi' fear
Though fat, in dulesome dreiry cheir:
The porch ne'er witness't sic a flither;
They pous'd, they jundy'd ane anither;
Their wambes afttimes were jamm'd thegither;
Mair space they had i' th' ha', tho' thrang!
It was a dainty room and lang;
(I am a man of five feet three;
'Twas twenty times the length o' me;)
Guid hap, their dinner then was laid
Upon the tables lang and braid,
Wi' damask napery owrspread;
And gowden trunscheors like the moon,
Wi' correspondin' fork and spoon;
A wilderness o' meat was set;
Sea, soil, and sky, were here a' met;
Fish, flesh, and fowl, baith cauld and het;
And florentines, and pies and tarts,
Rang'd here and there in sundry parts,
And sauces, soups, and grills, and creams,
Up-stowfin' to the roof their streams,
Wi' bonnie fruitage, ripe and red,
In silverised baskets spread:
And siller jugs and stoups divine
O' malvesie and claret-wine,
Skimmering like suns in order fine:
Temptation reel'd in tass and bicker,
Dancin' divinely 'mang the liquor;
It wad a Nazarite provokit
To break his vow and tak a bok o't,
Until his hail-life's drowth were slockit:
Had I been there that nicht, I think,
Though I'm a man o' little drink,
I wadna been sae doons perjink,
But taen an over-loup for sport:—
I'd got the Paip's indulgence for't.
Whan they were a' forgadder't there,
Lord Prior James got on a chair,
And cry'd—"a truce to elrisch fricht,
Let's dine, my friends, and that outricht;
Fu' stamach maks faint heart mair wicht;
And of a' sorrows, it's confest,
A sorrow that is fu' 's aye best."
Sae down they cloytet on their seats,
And helter-skelter at the meats;
As Lybian lions, that on prey
Licht, after danderin' monie a day,
Ramsch skin, flesh, bane, e'n sae did they;

As windmill blades, whan wind does happen,
Rin reeshlin' round and round, and rappin',
While, ever as the shafts gae swappin',
The grindin' graith below gaes clappin';
Sae quick, or rather mickle quicker,
Their chaft-blades back and fore did bicker;
Baith jaws, as if they vy'd thegither,
Sae quiver'd, nae man could tell whether
Gaed faster, th' upper or the nether;
Nor waur their lungs for wanchts were giftit;
The siller stoups on heigh upliftit
Were tootit in a whip and tiftit;
Eat-weil, they say, is drink-weil's brither;
Or rather, ane may say, its mither;
But ca' it either tane or tither,
That nicht they were leisch'd in thegither;
Had Epicurus' sell been waitin'
Upon them as they pang'd their meat in,
He couldna weil hae blam'd th' eatin';
Had Bacchus' sell been there, I'm thinkin',
For pumpin' bottles, and for skinkin',
He couldna weil hae blam'd the drinkin':
Sae what wi' tootin', what wi' eatin',
Their hearts, whan they had got some heat in,
Ware stapt frae duntin', and frae beatin'.

Verbum non amplius—go to the book itself.

A Journal of a Mission to the Indians of the British Provinces in America, by John West, M.A.; 1827.—Mr. West some time ago published a journal of his travels among the North West American Indians during the years 1820,-1,-2, and 3, as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, under whose auspices he was employed in laying the foundation, as he says, of the North West American Mission; and on his return was requested by the New England Company to visit the Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and from thence to extend his survey to the Mohawks on the Ouse, or Grand River, in Upper Canada. The present publication is the journal of this tour and survey.

Mr. West has as little of the missionary phraseology—which, to a layman's ear, is not only uncouth but offensive and profane—as a man so employed can be expected to have. Generally the missionary is in a state of excitation, and will not of course talk like a sober man. He believes himself under the guidance of the Deity in a more than ordinary degree; he is peculiarly and immediately engaged in the divine service, and naturally looks for especial protection. Unless such were the belief or feeling of the individual, he could never—as even Mr. West, who has very little heat in him, does—say of himself, on crossing the Bay of Fundy, "*under a protecting Providence*," he landed on such a day. He was but one of a crew, and of numerous passengers, who, if he were especially protected, must all of them have been so protected. There was nothing to single him out as the especial object of protection, and if so, why make use of an expression, which implies more presumption than piety, unless he believe, that for his sake, and the object of his mission, the safety of the passengers and the crew, as in the case of St. Paul, were distinctly granted to him. But this is a pitch of pretension far beyond Mr. West—he is manifestly below the boiling point of the missionary. The truth is, so far as we can see—and that to us must be truth—all men are subject to the general laws of nature, alike, without discrimination—the good and the bad as we phrase it—these laws of nature, with all the qualities of all things animate and inanimate, are the appointments of a supreme intelligence; and the great consolation, to the man of genuine piety, is, that the sun shines and the rain falls apparently without respect of persons. The very missionary, who, in terms at least, arrogates especial distinction, does not trust to it; but himself makes use of all his experience, and provides, as he best may, against the perils that too probably await his hazardous enterprize. His purpose is well-meant and amiable; his means are no more than human; his stimulus the consciousness of faithfully executing what he believes a duty—the admiration of the world, or at least of his party,—and his reward, the hope of ample recompense in a world to come.

That he fails nine times out of ten is very far from being matter for wonder. Generally zeal outruns judgment; and more attention is paid to dogmas than to morals—more to inculcate creeds than to promote civilization. He has only, he thinks, to teach religion, and civilization will follow. This is manifestly beginning at the wrong end. Civilization should pave the way for religion. The teaching of creeds has not the remotest tendency to promote civilization—(the wildest savages have a creed of some kind or other)—and in point of fact never does any good; but so far as it is accompanied by efforts of quite another kind.

The Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—not probably in both provinces exceeding 3,000—are already converted; but they are all catholics, Mr. West says, and are entrenched within the bigotry and dominion of the priests. Curious language this, and the proof equally curious:—

The child of a chief died. I offered to bury the child, as they knew me to be a priest, but they refused, with the remark, that it must be buried by their priest; and the mother of the deceased child took the corpse upon her back, and carried it the distance of thirty miles to the French village of Sissaboo, where the priest resided, for burial. I merely observed to Adelah, on this occasion, that I supposed Indians were all of the Roman Catholic religion; he said "yes," adding, "you know in

England, Quakers, when born, all come little Quakers,—so Indians, all come little Catholics."

This "intelligent" chief often took Mr. West in his canoe, during his visit to the tribe; and in the course of conversation, frequently surprised him with his pertinent and striking remarks on the subject of religion:—

He expressed much surprise and difficulty at the many different denominations among Protestant Christians, which he had heard of. "There," said he, pointing to a small cove in the bay, as he was paddling his canoe along shore one morning, "I saw five or six persons plunged for baptism a short time ago." Then holding up the paddle, he added, as the water dripped from it, "I think the great spirit can as easily bless that small quantity for the purpose, as he can all the water in the basin around us."

Now here is this poor man's brains stuffed with the conflicting doctrines of baptism; and what good does Mr. West suppose will be done by Protestant missionaries among these Catholic Indians? One sect will interfere with another, and the bitterness of party and the hatreds of theologians be substituted for the promptings of philanthropy. At the best, you must expect to confound rather than enlighten.

Many of the North American Indians, however, are much too intelligent for vulgar missionaries.

When a society in Scotland sent two missionaries for propagating the gospel to the Delaware nation of Indians, the chiefs assembled in council, and after deliberating for fourteen days, sent back the missionaries very courteously, with the following answer:—They rejoiced exceedingly at our happiness in being thus favoured by the great spirit, and felt very grateful that we had condescended to remember our brethren in the wilderness. But they could not help recollecting that we had a people among us, who, because they differed from us in colour, we had made slaves of, and made them suffer great hardships, and lead miserable lives. Now they could not see any reason, if a people being black entitled us thus to deal with them, why a red colour would not equally justify the same treatment. They therefore had determined to wait, to see whether all the black people amongst us were made thus happy and joyful, before they could put confidence in our promises; for they thought a people who had suffered so much, and so long, by our means, should be entitled to our first attention; that, therefore, they had sent back the two missionaries, with many thanks, promising, that when they saw the black people among us restored to freedom and happiness, they would gladly receive our missionaries.

Here is too much plain practical sense to be worked upon by any thing but superior example.

At New York, where Mr. West first landed, he was surprised to hear from a slave owner of Carolina, in plain terms, that negro slaves had not souls like the whites;—and arguing with an American against the slavery of the negroes, on the ground that by the constitution of America, "all men are by nature free, equal, and independent;" he was told that negroes were not of course included in the expression of "all men." No doubt this is the prevailing sentiment among all who deal with slaves, and the actual condition of the black race is perhaps proof enough of mental inferiority. Among the whites—while they are among them—they must be the hewers of wood and drawers of water. In America there is a society for re-transferring negroes to their own country; and really we can imagine nothing better calculated to promote the happiness of the negro, and remove temptation from the white, than to withdraw them from the community of the whites. Their very presence corrupts the heads and hearts of the whites; and their return to their own country, with the little knowledge they have acquired, may tend to accelerate the course of civilization, if civilization, in our sense of the term, be practicable among them. The sources of improvement must evolve, we take it, among themselves.

To return to the Indians. Among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, Mr. West found a custom of exposing an adultress to shame and punishment by the whole tribe. This offence rarely occurs; but, formerly, he was told, they stoned the offender to death. This mounts Mr. West at once upon his hobby;—for this penalty was instituted by Moses. What then? Why then the North Americans are Jews. Jews? Yes—had not the Hebrews tribes, and have not the Indians also? Had not the Jewish tribes animal emblems—Dan, a serpent—Issachar, an ass—Benjamin, a wolf—and Judah, a lion; and have not the Indians, also, their wolf-tribe, bear-tribe, buffalo-tribe? Aye, and turtle-tribe, from which it may be concluded also, by the way, that they are or have been aldermen. But more than all this even. Among some of them, the usage of some parts of the *ceremonial law* has been detected—a separation of three moons, at the birth of a female child, and of forty for that of a male. To Mr. W.'s mind, these are all proofs as strong as holy writ. The conclusion is irresistible. The question may be attended with difficulties, but it is impossible to account for these coincidences, these practices, on any other principle than their descent from the "ancient people of God." "They came," it seems,

"over Bhering's Straits, in which several islands are situated, and through which there is an easy passage from the north-east of Asia, to the north-west of America."

On the Ouse, or Grand River, there are about 2,000 Indians stationary. To the Mohawks, in the year 1784, a grant of their own land was made them, six miles on each side the river from its source. This has since been curtailed. When the subject was discussed in council, one of the chiefs said—"perhaps they wish that we should all die—we now live like frogs, along the banks of the river, and it may be they wish to take all the land; then we shall be driven to jump in and perish." Along this river there are it seems still settlements to the extent of thirty or forty miles—the Mohawks and Oneidas are Christians; the Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Delawares, are still heathens. Among these, Mr. West thinks, much may be done—missionaries are wanted—the field is extensive, and, according to him, the remaining four of the six nations are all ripe and only waiting for the sickle.

Popular Lectures, by W. Lempriere, M.D.; 1827.—These lectures were delivered by Dr. Lempriere—the very intelligent author of a Tour in Morocco, many years ago—as a member of the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society, instituted originally by some gentlemen of Newport, for the purpose of illustrating the natural history of the island. Specimens were collected, and a museum established—a president was appointed, assisted by two vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and curators—the full paraphernalia of modern institutions. Success expanded their views; and they no longer confine their researches to local investigations only, or simply to natural history, but throw the door open to every branch of science within the compass of their members, or upon which lecturers can be found, able and willing to assist with their knowledge and talents.

Though surely very superfluously, Dr. Lempriere has thought it worth while to defend these institutions, which are now extending through the country—

> With respect to their utility (says he) we may be permitted to remark, that as it has been deemed of importance to bestow the light of science on the labouring classes [the reader will observe the tone and the sentiments they imply]—it surely is still more essential that the middling ranks, upon whom the welfare of society so mainly depends, should also partake of its beneficent influence; and we are not aware of any pursuit more calculated to enlarge their minds, and to lay the foundation for useful knowledge, than the contemplation of that subject which the societies above alluded to have principally in view—namely, the works of the creation, the laws by which they are regulated, and the practical applications of which they are susceptible.

The volume consists of six lectures; the first on the study of natural history and the sciences—glancing as it goes at the universe of knowledge—and is neither better nor worse than scores of similar surveys—of no manner of use but to teach people to prate of what they do not themselves reflect upon, and therefore can know nothing;—the second on vegetable physiology, detailing the several parts of the plant, and tracing the process of germination and reproduction—the writer not pretending to discoveries, but certainly exhibiting clearly and precisely the aims and actual state of the science; the third, on zoology, of the same character with the vegetable physiology, to which is appended Cuvier's and Blumenbach's improvements, or at least modifications of Linnæus's arrangement; the fourth and fifth, on animal and vegetable poisons, which are by far the most attractive parts of the volume—not offering still any kind of novelty, but embracing a view of the several classes of poisons, sufficiently full for all popular purposes—pointing out the modes of operation, and detailing the usual remedies—with some horrible and appalling descriptions of hydrophobia. We know not where to refer to any more complete account of poisons. The last lecture is on the human faculties, mental and corporeal, which is of somewhat even a more common-place character than the rest of the volume.

The whole however presents a very agreeable and readable book. The subjects neither encumbered with technicalities, nor obscured by subtleties, are thus made intelligible with the slightest effort of attention to any lady or gentleman, not only of the Isle of Wight, before many of whom they were preached—we were going to say—and for the refreshing of whose memories they were especially printed—but of England and Ireland to boot. It is but fair to furnish a specimen of the singularly equable and transparent style of statement. The following account of the objects of botany is worth the attention of the ladies who nonsensically babble about botany, and mean nothing in the world but an artificial mode of distinguishing one flower from another:—

> Botany, in the common acceptation of the term, has been confined to a classification and arrangements of vegetable productions from some distinguishing feature in their external formation; and which, according to the system of Linnæus, has been derived principally, though not altogether, from the flower; the analysis of which, with the stem and leaf, determines the class, order, genus, species and variety, to which the plant belongs. And as each plant, more or less, comes under one head or the other, such an arrangement is easily

made of the whole as will impress on the memory, by a little practice and attention, the different classes to which nature has subjected the vegetable kingdom; and thus by degrees we become acquainted with each particular vegetable.

But the study, however interesting and instructive in itself, or necessary for the better comprehending the more intricate parts of the vegetable kingdom, is of too limited a tendency to embrace that enlarged view of the subject, which we consider to be important in the study of botany.

It is not only the *external* formation and distinguishing character of plants, or a knowledge of all their varieties, which should become the subject of philosophical interest; but it is more particularly their *internal* structure,—the functions and uses of each part—their growth, maturity, decay, and renovation—and the general and particular purposes for which they were created, that confer dignity on the science of botany, and render it one of the most interesting subjects to which our attention can be directed. We *may* indeed admire and dwell upon the beauty and endless variety with which Providence has been pleased to adorn this most interesting part of the creation; and we may find it convenient to set down in our memories the class, order, and species to which each particular plant may belong, so that we may the more readily recognize it when brought under our notice; but it is the economy and laws by which the vegetable kingdom is regulated, and their various operations and corresponding effects, that render the science a matter of deep interest, or entitle it to a place in the school of philosophy, &c.

And, now we have begun to quote, we may give a specimen of his philosophical opinions, and mode of illustration:—

Adverting again to the brute creation, there is a train of actions peculiar to animals, which though not powerfully bespeaking intellect, have, *in our opinion*, erroneously been attributed to instinct. Thus, when we see an animal, which has frequently been conducted to a particular spot at some distance from home, and through intricate roads, after a certain period of practice, of itself find its way back; or when we observe that animals shall uniformly return three or four times a day at the accustomary hours to be fed; or, as in the case of cows, at fixed periods to be milked; we should not call this instinct, but habit, from the exercise of the memory;—an intermediate state between instinct and reason; since the practice depends upon accidental contingencies, in which a small proportion of reason must be exercised, to carry them into effect. But if, on returning home, the animal on meeting roads of opposite directions, should stop to look about, and hesitate, as if dubious of the right, and then determine, as *we* have frequently noticed; this we should call reflection, and if it be reflection, that attribute we know must emanate exclusively from reason.

To the influence of reason, we should also attribute the resentment often evinced by animals when under ill-treatment from ourselves; the partiality and affection which they display towards us when an uniform series of kindness and preference has been bestowed on them; and the jealousy they evince when that preference has been transferred to another; the recollection which they retain of punishments and rewards; and the corresponding actions produced therefrom; the evident influence on many of them (but especially on the dog species) of the passions expressed in the human countenance and voice, whether of encouragement to approach, or threat of punishment, a command to retire, or to move in a new direction, a dread of their attacks, or a look of determination to resist their threats. All these diversified effects, with a vast variety of others that might be enumerated, we consider to be the result of a certain portion of reason; since they are produced from unforeseen excitements not connected with the animal's existence and ordinary habits, and must be preceded by reflection, and followed by decision, before they can be called into action.

But the poisons we again refer to as the best parts of the book. By the way, talking of hydrophobia, an odd notion seems floating in Dr. Lempriere's brain. Dr. Blaine, the dog doctor, says, in all his extensive practice he never saw a mad dog that had not been bitten. Therefore he (Dr. Lempriere) is ready to conclude there is no such thing among dogs as spontaneous madness. Who bit the first mad dog?

Prison Discipline Society. Seventh Report; 1827.—Though it be very unusual with us to notice Society Reports, as being in general rather calculated, when containing matters of extraordinary interest, for another part of our miscellany, yet we are tempted to advert to the one before us, as well for the many interesting matters it concerns, as the unusual ability with which it is executed; and which, unnoticed as these things commonly are by literary journals, are in imminent danger of escaping the knowledge of all except such as are personally interested about them. The report is valuable beyond the common value—and that no light one—attending the accurate returns of the state of prisons,—by its bringing forward in a bolder tone than before a number of matters, which have hitherto, partly from fear of revolting existing prejudices, and partly from a lurking distrust of the soundness of the propositions themselves, been kept back—we mean the substitution of imprisonment for death—not in all cases, but for numerous offences for which it is now occasionally inflicted,—the obstructions to the admission of bail, and the accursed state of the debtor prisons and debtor laws.

The report was, we were glad to observe, noticed very generally by the daily prints; but in most of them absurdly remarked upon, in a tone of conclusive censure, as being too long—too long it undoubtedly would be, were its contents of a frivolous cast; but long and short are relative terms—a page may be too long, and a volume too short—it is the importance of the matter that determines the justice of a propor-

tion. Now in this respect we contend the 130 pages of the report (to say nothing of the most useful appendix) contain more valuable matter than we have for some time seen in three times 130.

It opens with a repetition of what is now recognized among reflecting persons as the true objects of punishment. This, it may be said, is neither new nor rare;—no, but no harm is done—nay, great good is done by dint of repetition—especially where offensive prejudices still live in the breasts of myriads. It is of importance to go on digging round deep-rooted prejudices, till the tall trunk shakes, and totters to its final fall. The object of punishment is not to get revenge—is not to win satisfaction; but to deter the ill-disposed, and reform the offender—and thus to secure society. Revenge is in terms now-a-days disclaimed, but it has not long been thus disclaimed; and all our laws have been enacted on the erroneous, or rather guilty presumption that satifaction of justice was the object and aim of punishment. What is the effect? That punishment thus measured by a false standard bears no relation to the only justifiable object. Therefore, though in words we disclaim revenge, our actions proclaim it, and execute it. Nothing short of the highest punishment may satisfy the injured individual; but if a smaller penalty will cure the culprit, and deter those who are likely to become culprits, or tend to do so; the only justifiable object of punishment is gained, and the smaller penalty ought to be the law. While no man now perhaps, who understands the import of the words, will assert the necessity of the "satisfaction of justice," or the rights of vengeance, yet from the lips of every second man you meet with, relative to a robber, or a forgerer, or a sheep-stealer, and, in some places, a poacher, you will hear the phrase, the *fellow deserves to be hanged!* What is this but the offspring of mistaken apprehension as to the illegitimate objects of punishment?

To go through the report seriatim would far exceed our limits; and our main purpose in placing it among our literary notices is rather to excite than satisfy the curiosity of our readers respecting what may to them seem to offer few attractions.

The committee report favourably of the county prisons, since the operation of the present prison-act, now four years old;—very considerable amendments have been made with respect to enlarging prisons and classing prisoners;—but nothing has yet been done with the town and corporate prisons. There are still 160 of them exempt from the operation of the general act. By that act corporations were empowered to treat with county gaols for the transfer of their prisoners, and recommended to do so; but only twenty have listened to the recommendation; and consequently 140 remain in the old undisciplined state, and they are, and always have been, among the very worst in the kingdom. Ireland seems to be in pretty much the same state as England; but Scotland is still abominable. In the name of common sense and common consistency, when an act of this character is passed, why does it not comprehend the whole kingdom? When shall we see the country really "one and indivisible," and an Englishman's condition the same, whether he live in this corner of the kingdom or the other? The obstructions thrown in the way by the nonsensical articles of the Union—the pretence for the observance of which has long passed away—should be trampled down forthwith. Have not the Scots gained enough, and more than enough, by the union of their beggarly country with their wealthy neighbours, to be allowed still to stickle for pernicious privileges?

The attention of the committee has been seriously turned to the increasing multitudes of prisoners; and they have fearlessly—at least compared with former efforts—probed the question. They attribute it, and justly, not altogether to the increased population, nor altogether to increased depravity, but much of it to the operation of the laws, and the administration of the laws—to the obstacles cast in the way of bail—to the facility, nay eagerness, with which people are thrown into prison—proved by the fact that one in seven are discharged by the grand jury, and one in three of those who by them are sent to trial acquitted—some few, no doubt, from technicalities, and defective evidence; but the main part from innocence, and a sense in the court of excessive severity on the part of prosecutors. Formerly, by the common law, all offences were bailable; now, none are bailable, where the suspicion of guilt amounts to a strong presumption.

Bail, however, was not originally regarded as a favour, but as the just right of every subject, and was never refused but in cases of absolute necessity. The sole object to be obtained, when an individual is charged with crime, is to ensure his appearance at the day of trial. If this can be secured by any other means than by the custody of his person, a commitment to gaol is not only unnecessary, but being in itself an evil, is unjust. It behoves the law, therefore, to shew a necessity for the commitment, and not for the prisoner to prove why he should be bailed. There are cases of daily occurrence in which a strong presumption of guilt exists, and when, consequently, commitment must follow, where an absolute necessity for the commitment cannot be shewn. Such are the cases where the offence is of a light nature; and many of our felonies are of this character. To a person

charged with such a crime there is but little inducement to avoid trial, and certainly not enough to justify a refusal of good securities for his appearance. There are also instances where the character of the accused, the ties of his station, the character of his sureties, might counterbalance the weight of evidence against him. As the law before stood, these circumstances were allowed to operate; and it would have been more in the true spirit of our constitution to have increased the liberty of the subject, even at a small hazard of the public security, than thus to multiply the number of commitments before trial, merely on the ground of a supposed necessity. By admitting more liberally to bail, the injury to the individual is certainly avoided, and the public security but slightly hazarded; but by limiting the privilege, as it has recently been limited, much certain evil to the party is inflicted, while the public advantage is but contingent, and in many cases not in any degree endangered.

We must quote a few lines more:—

The situation of the poor, in respect to bail, is particularly entitled to consideration. If a mechanic or day labourer be accused, perhaps justly, of a petty offence, he is required to give twenty-four hours' notice of bail. During this time he is imprisoned, and if after all he fail to obtain the security of a housekeeper—an object not very easy for a man in the humblest walks of life to accomplish—he is fully committed, undergoes the restraint, and is exposed to the corruption of a gaol, and on his trial he may be fined a few shillings and discharged. The duration of this person's confinement is perhaps three times longer than that to which a judge would sentence him; and he may be fined a sum comparatively small, but which to a man in his circumstances may amount to a severe penalty. And what is the result? He has suffered essentially in character, and lost his previous occupation; while his wife and children have been driven to the workhouse, &c. Personal bail might be taken in many instances, where the inducement to break it is not strong, and where flight would certainly incur the loss of character and employment, and the ruin of a family.

Another measure likely to reduce, not the number of criminals, but the number of prisoners at one time—and it is the real numbers that make the management of prisoners so difficult—is more frequent gaol deliveries—or at least at more equal intervals. At present, except in the Home Circuit, and the Old Bailey, gaol deliveries occur twice a year. But the difference, in the point we are looking to, is very great between the assizes being held accurately every six months, and as now they are held, alternately at eight and four months. In the home circuit, they are held at equal intervals of four months, and the advantage there is obvious—sufficiently so, surely, now to extend a third assize through the whole country. Here we have said nothing of the cruelty to the prisoner; but that is a matter not to be overlooked. A person may now be imprisoned nine months before trial, and sometimes more. The report speaks of a boy committed on 11th August, 1823, and tried 12th August, 1824 (how he came not to be tried at the Lent assizes does not appear), and this for taking a hat in the street from another boy, probably in sport, and finally acquitted. What was done for this injured lad? Was no compensation made him—no after-care taken of him? None whatever; his ruin was completed by his residence in the prison; he was flung at the end of a twelvemonth on the wide world, and has since, as might be expected, been transported for life.

The effects also of the degrading system of paying agricultural labourers out of the poor-rates, in depressing the condition and character of the poor, and driving them to crime, are dwelt upon with great force and feeling;—we have no space, or we would quote the passage. The same we may say of the effects of the game-laws. 1,700 a year for the last seven years have been committed for poaching; and generally one-fourth of those who fill the county gaols are poachers. The effects of the revenue-laws, also, in generating smugglers, we have before alluded to, but cannot afford room to supply what is plainly a defect in the report. Neither are we able to give an adequate impression conveyed to our own minds by the forcible statement of the defects of our debtor prisons—the King's Bench and the Fleet.

The report next turns to the prisons of our Colonies, which are abominable beyond all belief. Very interesting accounts also will be found of the gaols in the different countries of Europe. In the review of Switzerland, a case of torture in the prison of Fribourg is stated; the committee very justly remark upon it, "that this practice of torture, in a country like Switzerland, is one of the most striking proofs that was ever exhibited of the despotic power of habit—of the blind adherence of man to the practice of his ancestors, and of his clinging to their example long after the injustice and impolicy of this attachment have been clearly unfolded, and universally acknowledged." An instance is also quoted as having occurred at Minden, in Westphalia—and one of the most horrible to the imagination we ever heard of. The object of vengeance was not a capital offender, but a person, who, from conscientious motives, peculiar to the religious body of which he was a member, had refused to serve in the militia. He was placed in a cell, *the floor and sides of which were closely studded with projecting spikes, or pieces of sharpened iron resembling the blades of knives.* The individual remained in this state for twenty-four hours, and the punishment was repeated at three distinct intervals.

It is considered, adds the report, a rare occurrence for a person to survive the second infliction of this species of cruelty. In this instance, however, the sufferer did not perish. His property was confiscated; but that has been since restored, in consequence of representations which have been made from this country to the proper authorities.

Many parts of the Continent are now alive to the enormous evils of unregulated prisons; and to the Prison-discipline Society of England—or rather to the exertions of two or three individuals—excellent, active, indefatigable—neither known, nor seeking to be known but to the few around them, is to be attributed all the improvements that have already taken place, and that will ultimately do so. May they meet with their reward—they do meet with it in the admiration and affection of those who know their worth, and who, while they may not be able to imitate, can feel and appreciate their excellence.

State of Portugal. By an Eye Witness. Lond. 1827. 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*—A work better calculated to answer the end it proposes we have not often met with than this "Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal since the Close of the Peninsular War," &c., as the title more at length expresses it. It is by an English officer, who witnessed the scenes he describes, and is qualified by seventeen or eighteen years personal experience in the country to offer his own views of affairs.

A clear and succinct statement of the train of events which have led to the present state of things in Portugal, with the honest opinions of an unprejudiced observer, could not fail of being both interesting and instructive; and though we cannot enter so warmly into the cause of the late imbecile king as the author of the work before us does, nor go so far as he does in our objections to the Constitution of 1820, yet we coincide with him, as far as we are competent to judge, in many things that he recommends, and in many that he objects to, for the future management of that country. With narrative will be found interspersed many characteristic anecdotes, and sketches of character; the concluding chapters of the work contain considerations on the future prospects of Portugal, and an examination of the Portuguese Charter of 1826, with a comparison between it and the constitution of 1822, and they appear to us pregnant with sound philosophic views and reasonings on those subjects. The Appendix contains a translation of the former very interesting document, the present charter of Don Pedro. The following remarks from page 198 cannot be too widely circulated, touching on a point which the most ardent friends of Lusitanian liberty here have been more or less puzzled in discussing, from ignorance of the real state of things and parties there:—

> I have been induced to make these remarks, because I know that in England a very erroneous view is taken of the whole subject; it is here supposed that a great majority of the Portuguese nation is decidedly hostile to the present charter, or to any moderate form of government, that checks, without rendering nugatory, the royal prerogatives. The fact is, certainly, that the number of those who would from choice adopt a reasonable and sensible constitution, like that given by Don Pedro, is not so great as the numbers of the two other parties combined, into which the country is generally divided. Of these factions, one, which has diminished to a small body, still cleaves to the old despotic form of government, and would prefer a king perfectly absolute, with an ascendant priesthood, and all the dark bigotry of former ages; the other deserves only a return of anarchy, and of all the licentiousness which, under the prostituted name of liberty, was practised during the reign of the Cortes of 1820. But these two parties, violently as they are opposed to each other, would sooner meet on neutral ground [that of the charter we presume to be understood] than that either should behold the other triumphant; and the old constitutionalists, seeing the impracticability of restoring their favourite system of jacobinism, and feeling that any thing short of despotism is desirable, are tolerably ready to coalesce with the few sensible men who see the superiority of the present charter.

Stray Leaves, including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany; 1827.—While the British public is familiar with the theatre, the novels and the epics of Germany, the lighter productions of her muse are almost unknown to them; some acknowledgments are therefore due to a writer who opens a new path in the field of literature; and although we scarcely think the pieces which appear in this small volume the most favourable specimens of the minor German poets, we receive them with pleasure as the harbingers of a more choice and ample selection. Interspersed with the translations are some original pieces—a few, in the Scotch dialect, without the brilliant imagination of Burns, breathe his soothing, tender melancholy; but we have room only for the following, from Herder, by which an estimate may be formed of the merit of the work:—

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

No charm for me hath such a fame
As braying trumpets swell;
Whose every echo seems to shame
The silence of the vale:
The fame that like a tempest flies
Even like that tempest quickly dies.

But well I love the modest meed
That seeks not for regard;
The thanks that from the heart proceed—
The muse's best reward;
The tear that starts into the eye,
Tells me that a brother's nigh!

Not unto all hath nature given,
The aptitude to form,
As in the perfect mould of heaven,
A work no faults deform;
From which, a masterpiece of art,
Posterity may ne'er depart.

Before it, see, with rapture blind,
Long after, pupils stand;
Musing upon the master mind
Which mov'd that mighty hand.
Their beating bosoms all the while,
Glowing as glows the artist's toil.

As sailing on the stream of time,
We pass from wave to wave,
Till safe beneath a fairer clime—
What though above our grave,
No name arrests the passer by,
Deeds are its records in the sky.

When to the universal tomb
Of nature I descend,
My dust again in fresher bloom
With future flowers to blend—
And with my thoughts refined to rise
To greater beauty in the skies:—

O 'twill be sweet, to all well known,
To win the praise of all,
And sweeter still—but yet unknown
From virtue ne'er to fall;
Let goodness be my highest pride,
But modesty that goodness hide.

Such man, the creature of his God, should deem
His only proper fame;
The substance, not the show, esteem;
And seek no lofty name:
No boastings in his bosom dwell,
But shrink his own renown to swell.

Elements of Universal History, by G. G. Bredow, translated from the German, with Alterations and Additions; 1827. *Treuttel and Würtz.*—The want of a comprehensive work which should give a general view of the political, moral, and intellectual advancement of mankind has long been felt. Bossuet's Essay, though a masterly sketch for the purpose it was designed to fulfill, could not be employed as an elementary book for youth, and the professor of history in the University of Breslaw, by supplying one which is adapted to engage the attention of the learner, while it may be consulted with advantage by persons of every age, has performed a task of great and acknowledged utility. The plan which the author has pursued in compressing into a brief and concise narrative the most striking features of history, and in estimating the importance of every event according to the influence it has had on the happiness or improvement of mankind, rather than by the degree of celebrity which it has acquired, will be found to facilitate the study of history, and to give a correct view of the whole subject, and of the connexion which different events have with each other. We shall be extremely glad if our recommendation be the means of bringing this small volume under the eye of persons engaged in the task of education, and who have hitherto been obliged to rely upon their own researches, or to trust to ephemeral or wretched compilations for the elements of universal history.

Conversations on Mythology, 1827.—Elementary books are the natural offspring of civilization. The more cultivated becomes society, the larger is the circle of acquired knowledge demanded at the hands of every member of it: and of consequence, supposing men's faculties have always been exercised to their full workable extent, the greater the number of our pursuits, the less time must we have to devote to each. Hence arises a necessity for condensing knowledge into the narrowest limits; and to accomplish this condensing, the whole blended miscellany of science and literature must first be divided, or decomposed rather into its constituents, and presented to the young aspirant in a number of concise and definite objects of study. From that compound mass must mythology, among other matters, be extracted, and thus be made a distinct branch of education. Our little girls—but few of them at least—read not Virgil, or Ovid, or Homer. No indelible pictures, therefore, insensibly get stamped upon their minds of heathen divinities, in all their native grandeur—in the woods, and by the streams, on the mountains, and near the fountains, in shelly cars, dolphin-drawn, upon the placid waters, or aloft pillowed on the folded clouds. Thoroughly to read the least objectionable of the classics, Homer, or Virgil, for instance, requires immense time; and all, as the sapient governess would say, just to learn the fate of a paltry city, and a few persons, whose whole adventures might be expeditiously summed up in a page or two of prose; while the entire works of these poets might very well be compassed in a reasonably-sized conversation—a little grammar, on English metre, giving the pupil much more correct instruction than the study of either Pope or Dryden, through their endless volumes; and the chronological table, moreover, containing all the names, with their birth and death, learnt over and over again. This analytical kind of procedure, possesses besides, for the governess, an incalculable advantage, by affording a scale to measure the amount of acquirement, and mark the comparative advance of her pupils; and better than all, the ready means of making all she infuses *tell* at once in the estimation of her employers and their acquaintance. In the huge volumes that fed our forefathers' minds, she sees nothing but superfluity; and she knows that, if her pupils must be made metaphysicians, political economists, geographers, grammarians, naturalists, French, Italian, German-scholars, musicians, dancers, arithmeticians, geometri-

cians, &c. the old standard books, excursive as they are, and alluding as they do to a hundred thousand matters, not for her purpose essential, must be cut down to some amount of mental property, tangible, understandable, measurable, both by teacher and pupil, and food for vanity. For that same science or subject, so easy in the epitome, so untroubled with difficulties, should the governess ambitiously pursue it by dipping into original master-minds, becomes quite another sort of thing—perplexing, humiliating, vague, stuffed with a million of unintelligible allusions, and throwing her into an agitation, which her pupils will be but too apt to detect and ponder on—till the truth flashes across their brains.

Some parents there are, and some teachers, who would fain let nature have something to do in the guidance of their children, but are driven into the common vortex by prudential considerations. For instance, your children might benefit by your deviation from customary modes, and yet grow up ungrateful, and thank you not at all for rendering them singular among their cotemporaries. And after you have, for conscience sake, gone through your parental task, in defiance of the triumphs, sneers, remonstrances, and hints of chancery interference on the part of uncles, aunts, and sisters, you may yet be reserved to undergo the bitter vexation of seeing your grown-up and emancipated child labouring with all her might to become *like* her compeers, with far more zeal than you could ever excite in your own direction.

The truth is, that those who imitate the serpent in wisdom, regard their children as a portion of the external world, yet living in abeyance indeed, but hereafter to be arrayed among the judges of their character and conduct. The world will impress its form and fashion upon those children, and sooner or later fix upon them the characteristics of the period in which they live too effectually for your individual efforts to counteract with any permanency or certainty; and you will, as parents, be judged, not according to any exclusive system of our own, but by the common and prevailing sense of existing society. You must, therefore, in some measure, pursue your own good by accommodating to the ways and spirit of the day; and if a wide extent of superficial knowledge be in demand in your particular station, your nursery and schoolroom must not be without the books which other nurseries and school-rooms possess.

But as to the Conversations before us,—which we had almost forgotten—if we can no longer afford to gather up the subject drop by drop, from its original springs, we must even have recourse to them; and these, the work of a lady of ability and acquirement, appear to us to be most unexceptionable.

Hyde Nugent; 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1827.—This, for commoners, a novice might suppose, could scarcely be a readable book. For our own parts we get heartily weary of dukes and marquises, and Lord Henrys, and Lady Georginas; and wonder sometimes where the de'el they all come from, and who they are, who suppose the conversations, and intrigues, and modes of life, of such persons, can be matters of general interest, and much more of amusement. Or is it that nobody reads these fashionable novels, but the 'order'? Not so; it is rather the worthless aspirings of the canaille, who resort to these wretched sources to discover the fine words, and fine ways, which, coupled with fine clothes, will, they trust, confound and mingle them with the mighty—and think they find them;—it is these worthless aspirers who give rise to these thronging publications. To gratify the paltry desires of these paltry persons, it is that the airs, and graces, and manners, and manœuvres, and phrases, of nobility and fashion, are ferreted out by some, and fabricated by others, or even, perhaps, partially furnished by a few; and are held up to the imitation and admiration of the gaping vulgar below. Well; but is there any real harm in all this? Real harm! Yes; if to generate a mass of foppery and affectation be any harm—if to banish simplicity, and with it all frankness and sincerity, and with them humanity and fellow-feeling with the poor and miserable—if this be any harm, here is harm enough. The love of shew and splendour thus spreads to the ruin of thousands; and real solid comfort—content at home, and no debts abroad—sacrificed at the shrine of caprice, frippery, and foolery. The charm of fashionable intercourse is all in the external glitter; and the external glitter is all we are talked to about. The nearer you approach the interior of the chateau, not only is the dazzle the less, but the more offensive its deformity becomes: insolence reigns throughout. For the little to hope to associate with the great on terms of equality and freedom, is one of the idlest of human thoughts. The feeling of the upper classes in all countries—and in our's, the most aristocratic country in the world, above all others—is one of stern exclusiveness, and of deep contempt for all below. They are constantly and vigilantly on the watch to repel the encroachment of inferiors; as the one advances, the other recedes,—as the one apes, the other renounces, and the strength of the human intellect is thus spent, by the one in pushing pretensions, and by the other in baffling pretenders. The one we care not to condemn; but the last deserve all the mortification they are sure to meet with.

To return to Hyde Nugent. The book is made up completely of the gossip of drawing rooms, hotels, dinners, and balls. As to the hero, if any one has a grain of curiosity about him—gratify it. Hyde is the son of a man of family and fortune; he goes to Oxford, fights a duel and is expelled—prevails upon a marquis to break the matter to the father—falls in love with the marquis's daughter—goes large and loose about town

—is every where introduced—and one of every party. Notwithstanding certain warnings, and his own disgusts, he frequents Crockford's — gets plucked, and moreover deeply involved with the Jews. In the meanwhile he does not neglect the marquis's daughter. They soon come to an understanding. He is irresistible—she is an houri. But the consciousness of his embarrassments press heavily upon him, and he is on the point of taking some desperate step, when he is summoned to attend a friend in a duel, who kills his antagonist; and he and Hyde are obliged to fly. This rescues him from his gaming associates; though he gets among others at Lisbon, and narrowly escapes assassination. On his return to England, his sister has married a duke's eldest son, and all the family visit the said duke's, and there also assemble the aforesaid marquis and his beautiful daughter.

But now comes forward more than before, an officer of the guards—a guardsman is now become indispensable—who is also in love with the marquis's daughter, and being not at all scrupulous of the means of accomplishing his point—a very worthless person in short—he plays Iago, and pours into the lady's ear the tale of Hyde's gambling propensities, and his deep involvements; and moreover of a lady whose affections he had wantonly won, and wantonly cut, and who was now actually dying for him. This, however, was not all true; the lady alluded to was the daughter of his father's friend and neighbour; she and Hyde had been brought up together from children, and played and romped together, and once, before Hyde went to Oxford, he had forced from her a kiss. The poor fond girl had treasured up the kiss, and Hyde had thought no more of her, or of it. She, however, pined away, and let concealment feed on her damask cheek; and at this time was at Brighton for change of air. She has a brother, a lancer; he hears, through Hyde's precious rival, of the state of his sister, and for the first time, of the cause. He flies to the duke's—though deeply occupied, at the moment, in seducing the affections of a married woman in Ireland,—and calls upon Hyde to meet him forthwith. Hyde's rival is the lancer's second. Hyde falls; and as he is borne bleeding to the house, Lady Georgina, the marquis's daughter, meets him. The shock kills her out-right; and the story stops. But hints are given that he slowly recovers; and by still slower degrees is brought to think of the charming girl, who had treasured his boyish kiss, and marries.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE signs of a London winter are beginning to be displayed by more than falling leaves, lighted fires, and stage-coaches loaded homewards. The great theatres are opening for the season, and Covent Garden and Drury Lane are indulging themselves in threats of the wonders that they are to do with Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, before a month has rolled over the brows of this play-going generation. Drury Lane has been first in the field; and the transatlantic vigour has raised a formidable force, of which this is the muster-roll:—

"New engagements have been concluded with the following performers:—Mr. Macready, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Jones, Miss Paton, Miss Foote, Miss Love, Miss Grant, and Mr. Kean, jun.

Stage Manager - - - - Mr. Wallack.
Composer to the Theatre, Mr. H. R. Bishop.
Leader of the Band - - Mr. T. Cooke.

LIST OF THE COMPANY.

Messrs. Braham, Browne, W. Bennett, Bedford, Bland, Barnes—Cooper, T. Cooke — Dowton, Darnley — Fenton — Gattie — Harley, Hughes, Hooper, Howell, Honnor —Jones, C. Jones—Kean, junior—Liston —Macready, Mathews, Mude—Noble—Powell—J. Russell—Salter, G. Smith, Southby, Sheriff—Thompson, Tayleure—Usher—E. Vining—Wallack, Webster, Wakefield, Master Wieland—Younge, Yarnold.

Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. Bedford—Miss Carthy —Mrs. Davison—Miss Foote, Mrs Field— Mrs. W. Geesin, Miss Grant, Miss Gould —Mrs. C. Jones—Mrs. Knight—Miss Love—Mrs. Noble, Miss Nicol—Mrs. Orger—Miss Paton, Miss I. Paton, Miss Pincott—Misses Ryalls, Smithson, E. Tree, A. Tree—Mrs. Tennant—Miss Vincent— Mrs. W. West.

A Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Noble—a full Chorus, under the superintendance of Mr. Harris."

Among these are certainly many public favourites, yet the Company will require some very important additions to be complete. In opera, Braham and Miss Paton are first-rate; but something more is required, unless two singers are enough for opera; which we are at liberty to doubt. Why is not Sinclair engaged? a fine performer, a popular favourite, and whose engagement would render the musical superiority of Drury Lane decisive. In tragedy, the incompleteness is at least not less obvious. Macready is to be the "be all, and the end all," unless young Kean should succeed, which is yet among the most doubtful of all dubious things. Wallack, a clever and showy performer in a

certain line, and Mrs. Bunn, are the whole strength. But in this we can scarcely attribute blame to the manager. He has probably done his best; the dearth of the higher orders of dramatic ability is singular; and if England cannot produce tragedians, the managers cannot engage them.

But his true strength is in comedy, and here he may congratulate himself on having succeeded in collecting the ablest *corps* that has been seen in England for the last twenty years. Liston re-engaged, Mathews restored to the stage, Jones won from the enemy, form a trio which defy all rivalry. Dowton, Harley, Mrs. Davison, Miss Foote, Miss Love, Cooper, Russel, Mrs. Orger, &c., all important, increase the strength of this popular department; and if our authors are to be in the good graces of Parnassus, and produce any thing worth acting, they may be assured that justice will be done to them on the stage.

The note of preparation among the authors, too, is loud. Kenny, whose talent, like wine, improves with age, is pronounced to be unusually prolific this season. He is the reputed procreator of a comedy in five acts, that grand difficulty of authorship; a difficulty which, as we shall probably not live in the next century, we shall not see surmounted by any of the known play-wrights. We are not surprised at the rareness of success in this pursuit, when we recollect the qualities essential to it. The keen observation of life, the quick seizure of the prominent points of character, and the skill in expression, that are the primary requisites: in addition to these, the wit, in itself the rarest thing in the world, the easy pleasantry, which is scarcely attainable but by the habits of accomplished life, and the arrangement of all in story, so as to produce a plot at once clear and complicated, simple enough to be intelligible to all, yet sufficiently intricate to stimulate the curiosity of all. Even this inferior part is so peculiar, that to make a clever plot, it is almost absolutely necessary to be a student of the stage; in fact, there is scarcely an instance of decided success in dramatic writing, when the author was not either in personal habits of intercourse with the theatre, or was not himself an actor, the usual case.

Thus we have no writer of comedy at the present day, nor perhaps would even the favourites of our forefathers be assured of popularity, if they were now to appear for the first time. Sheridan always excepted, whose dexterity, force, and point, must make him popular in all ages. But our present taste is so much purer in language and morals, is so much more severe in stage probabilities, and requires so much more dramatic contrast and vigour of character, that even the wit of Congreve, and the subtle plots of Cibber, would run a formidable hazard. The generation immediately before, tis true, endured a vast deal of common-place, of dramatic jargon, and feeble and laborious jesting; but even they merely endured it. The miscellaneous mob of the theatres laughed and applauded; but the intelligent—the class which in the days of Anne were called critics, and who then were the representatives of public taste—yawned.

It has been alleged, that the dramatic *matériel* is burnt out; that life in our country, with its perpetual circulation of opinions, its community of habits, and the general spirit of imitation that pervades an old and civilized people, has lost its earlier peculiarities; that in the eternal collision, all peculiarities are rubbed smooth, like the corner-stones of a highway, or the impression of a shilling; that, in short, since the age of bag-wigs and rolled stockings has passed away—since the physician is no more tremendous in curled peruke and gold-headed cane—the parson sips his punch without pudding sleeves—the man of fashion flirts without stiff skirts down to his toes—and the woman of fashion returns his flirtation, divested of hoop-petticoat, stomacher, and periwig a foot and a half high—the world has gone out of joint, and there is no more variety of character than in a Lincolnshire fen. Human kind is a dead level; man and woman are but so many painted pipkins on a mantel-piece; the furniture of an old maid's closet, the shreds and patches of the great workshop of Nature retiring from business.

Can we believe all this? The bag-wig, it is true, may make an important part of the Æsculapius, just as the fellow of a college would, in nine instances out of ten, be a very common kind of fellow without his square cap. But there will be quacks and dunces in the world in plenty, even if all wigs and caps were burned in a common conflagration. Have we not still the usurer, the projector, the gambling man of fashion, who lives at the rate of ten thousand a year, without the possession of a legitimate sixpence; the parliament trader, the Yorkshire heir, full of emptiness, country coxcombry, and the money of his grandfathers and grandmothers burning for transference to the midnight banks of St. James's? Have we not the insolence of office, the prostitute placeman, the boroughmongering patriot, the roarer against abuses, while he is longing for a share in them? Have we not, in general society, all the specimens of puppyism, puritanism, cant, conceit, covetousness? Have we not the fortune-hunter, the fortune-huntress, the mother bringing up her pro-

geny for the market, with no more compunction than the dealer in sheep, and as little delicacy as the Jew who hangs up suits for all shapes outside his door? Have we not the moustached guardsman, fuller of snuff than sense, and thinking all the world contained in the mess, the card-club, and the billiard-table? Have we no King's aides-de-camp, covered over with lace and servility, no lords of the bed-chamber, who would lacquer shoes, or turn shirts, or lick the dust for the honour and profit of being menials? Have we no women of rank proud and mean, methodistical and profligate, old, with the affectations of youth, and young, with the avarice, venality, and heartlessness of age? We need never despair of our stock, let but the true comedian arise, and we will furnish him with character from a treasury as inexhaustible as the ocean.

In addition to Kenney's comedy, we are told that he has a farce or two, in whose success we may have hope—an opera, on which it will behove Mr. Bishop to exert something more than his late energies—and, of course, a bundle of melo-dramas. Poole, whose seizure of the French farces is in general so rapid, but who was superseded in the "Bride at Fifty" by the more rapid grasp of Kenny (such are among the hazards of plundering from the same store, without confidence between the plunderers), brings forward his translation in three acts. If he should be at a loss for a title, we suggest that of "Honour among Thieves."

Macready is bringing with him a regular Illinois tragedy, in which all the characters are backwoodsmen; and the interest is to arise from the scalping an European party, and the roasting an Indian alive. Mr. Knowles is supposed to have three tragedies, on the subjects of Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony: we suspect that these subjects have been tolerably well handled before; but the genius of the author and the actor will doubtless throw new lights on the matter. Mr. Walker, the author of "Wallace," is said to be busy with a subject from the history of Hayti; and a lady author, vibrating between Charles Kemble's established charms, and Macready's popularity, refreshed, of course, by his marine washings, is said to have prepared the same tragedy for both houses: the treatment of the story, and the nature of the characters differing so considerably, as to inspire the fair authoress with a hope, and by no means an ill-grounded one, that no one will suspect the identity.

Covent Garden is again under a single sceptre. The republic gave way two years ago, and Messrs. Willett and Forbes are now as much extricated from the cares of ambition as M. Tallien and the Abbé Sieyes. Then came the triple consulate of Messrs. Fawcett, Smart, and Kemble; but the actor carries the day, and Charles is now first consul—the Napoleon of Covent Garden. Kean, Young, and Kemble, are more than the Percy and Douglas joined in arms, and Victory is already fresh painting to be perched on their banners. Shakspeare is to be revived, more Shakspearian than ever; one of his plays, so unlike all the rest that it has not been heard of these hundred years, but that throws "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" into eclipse, is to be produced; and the world are, for the nine months ensuing, to be held in a state of perpetual agony. Miracles are expected from Kean, who has the double stimulant of playing for fifty pounds a night (the yearly income of a curate!), and of playing for the remnant of his fame, against the unnatural young Roscius who is to tear the laurel from the brow of the unnatural old one; Kean against Kean, Norval against Sir Giles. Young will be, as he always is, clear of all war on the occasion—neither in dread of parricide, nor trembling for his diadem, but gathering money in quiet, and helping out the deficiencies of authorship on the stage, by tremendous blank verse of his own.

The Haymarket closes in a few nights, after a busy, pleasant, and, we should suppose, a productive season. Poole has been unlucky. His only French play, "Gudgeons and Sharks," fell a victim to as rapid an explosion of public wrath as we can remember. It perished at a blow, and never shewed sign of life again. His next piece has lived only in preparation—the failure of his former had left a gap, which it was expedient to fill. Kenny stepped in, with a two act farce upon the subject, which his brother translator had been tardily fabricating into three. Theatres are like time and tide, and wait for no man. The two acts in the hand were to the manager worth two thousand in the brain, and Kenny's was performed. The title, the "Bride at Fifty," was presumed to be a hit at Mrs. Coutts, who, it is to be observed, is graceless enough to have no box at this pleasantest of all theatres. If she had, of course she would have, in delicacy to her nerves, escaped the title, which, whatever may be her passion for titles, we should conceive not much to her taste. We advise her Grace's securing a box for next season. Kenny's farce is a very spirited and amusing *mélange*. A coaxing, jealous, tyrannical bore of a wife; a young husband, who marries to escape a jail; a dozing old squire, roaming on a matrimonial expedition; and a rattling widow of a general, full of the brawling manners, the bustling self-importance, and the love of man and money, engendered between mercenary soldiership, and the natural

appetite of widowhood; make up the characters. A stupid major in love with a stupid niece, are only drags and deterioration: the *whole*, however, is lively. Cooper, the young husband, deserves praise for his cleverness. He is vastly improved; the quakerism of his tone, physiognomony, and gesture, is passing away, and, but for his extraordinary fondness for dressing like a banker's clerk, or a footman out of livery, he might pass for a very pleasant stage gentleman. He is drunk during three-fourths of the farce—too long a period for the amusement of the audience, or the probability of the play; but his liveliness (that we should ever live to write the word of Cooper!) carries off the excess, and we congratulate him on having made an advance in his profession. Farren is excellent in the drowsy old owner of Poppy Hall, which he got by nodding at an auctioneer in his sleep; a story from Joe Miller, and whose selection does credit to Kenny's sense of the absurd. Mrs. Glover is a capital *Mrs. General;* but she talks like platoon-firing, and at once dazzles and deafens. Her rapidity is equivalent to loss of teeth; she mumbles the unfortunate author.

The Lyceum has reached its close. "The Freebooters," Mathews, and Miss Kelly as the Serjeant's wife, have sustained the popularity of this attractive theatre.

The dramatic world will lament to hear, that the deputy licenser, that severe guardian of the virtue of the stage, Mr. George Colman, jun., whose immaculate life has long been an honour to society, and whose scorn of sycophancy and servility will render his name memorable among the patriots of Great Britain, has been lately afflicted with a series of misfortunes, in the shape of dramas returned by the Duke of Devonshire, in which the Duke, not having the fear of heaven and the King before his eyes, had actually the hardihood to restore, reinstate, and reinscribe, several atrocious and obnoxious phrases; such as "How do you do? Does the King eat his mutton roasted or boiled? A Lord Mayor may be a jackass for a year, and an Alderman a jackass for life," &c., which the purity and loyalty of the deputy licenser's mind could not tolerate, and had therefore cut out. The rumour goes, that the deputy's first idea was that of resigning his situation; but on second thoughts, he was content with resigning his opinion. The obnoxious phrases were, therefore, suffered to remain, the deputy making a private protest that they are not his sentiments. And thus is the world to be overrun with a deluge of interrogatory vice, and declamatory dilapidation of the honour of the aldermanic intellect, to the great scandal of the nineteenth century. George Colman, jun., is now writing his life, in which the foregoing transaction is to form the principal episode.

The stars of the theatrical world are still planetary. Miss Paton, whose *oxymosis* lately puzzled all mankind, and who, we fear, is ill of more than a stage indisposition, is wandering somewhere among the solitudes of Brighton. Braham has disappeared; but as neither frost nor thaw, youth nor age, can touch his voice, we rely upon his returning to light early in the season. Young is on a tour to visit the tomb of Napoleon, and is expected by the first India arrivals. Macready is undiscoverable, and there are some doubts of his having been actually imported. But he is probably gathering new conceptions of human nature, and the capabilities of his purse among some of the country theatres. Elliston is managing away at a prodigious rate in the neighbourhood of the King's Bench. He is understood to have made some valuable operatic discoveries of old *scores*, probably left behind in the habitual negligence of Mr. Dibdin.

Theatrical Biography, of all others the most amusing, is to delight the town during the winter. Harry Harris is in his third volume, and near (we hope not ominously) his end. Michael Kelly's life is to be succeeded by another of the same good-humoured old martyr to love and gout, but totally different, and much more amusing in anecdote and private history.

Reynolds is writing his life over again; but, as he says with his accustomed pleasantry, by no means with any intention to amend it. Farley is occupied on a history of the chief bears, dogs, elephants, and donkeys that have performed within the period of his management; with an appendix on the genius and literature essential to the author of pantomime.

The English Company under Abbott in Paris are terrifying the French. The Boulevards are deserted of the promenaders. The Opéra Comique, the Variétés, the Porte St. Martin, are empty. The only person to be seen at the opera is Lord Fife, speculating on the figurantes. The critical spirit of the Parisians is fine. They consider Charles Kemble in his fortunate moments, to be nearly equal to Miss Smithson, but as to approaching Clermont, they bid him *despair!*

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 21.—Thomas Telford, Esq. was admitted a member. A paper on the theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, by S. H. Christie, Esq., was concluded. A paper on the variation of the needle, by Captain Sabine, and another on a new vegetable principle, by M. Frost, were then read, and the society adjourned to the second Thursday in November.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

June 8.—Some remarks on the astronomical observations of Flamstead were read by F. Baily, Esq., who recommended more attention to be bestowed upon a work which had hitherto served as a basis for the observations of all subsequent astronomers. An ephemeris of the positions of the four new planets, at their ensuing oppositions, computed by himself, was transmitted by Mr. Taylor, jun., of the royal observatory. A paper on a new period of eclipses was read, by Mr. Utting; and a series of observations were communicated from Major Hodgson:—1. On the transit of mercury over the sun's disc. Nov. 4, 1822.—2. Occultations of stars by the moon, particularly of the pleiades, March 17, 1823.—3. A set of equal attitudes for determining the time at Futty Ghur.—4. Transits of moon and moon culminating stars, at the same place. It was stated in a letter from professor Harding, of Gottingen, that he had discovered in Serpens a small variable star, of which the period seemed about eleven months. Results of his computations, relative to the solar eclipse of November 28, last, were communicated from Mr. G. Innes, of Aberdeen. A description of an instrument, called a tangent sextant, was given by Captain J. Ross. A method of making the necessary computations for deducing the longitude from an occultation of the moon, by Lieutenant Drinkwater of the navy, was read—after which several optical and astronomical instruments of his own construction were exhibited to the society by professor Amici.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

June 18.—M.M. Lamarck, Bosc, and de Blainville, reported on the memoir by M.M. Raspail and Robineau Desvoidi, entitled Researches into the Natural History of the Alcyonalle of ponds—almost the last link between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. They were requested to continue their researches. M.M. Cordier and Brochant de Villiers made a highly commendatory report upon a geological paper of M. Bonnard. 25. M.M. Lacroix and Andreossy reported on the work of M. Denaix, entitled an Essay on Methodical and Comparative Geography, of which he was encouraged to continue the publication. M.M. Chaussier and Magendie reported on a memoir of Dr. Roberts, relative to a woman who had a teat on her left thigh, with which she nourished her own child and several other infants. M. Cuvier read a memoir on the saru of the ancients.—July 2. M. Gambart, of Marseilles, announced that on June 21, he had discovered in one of the feet of Cassiopea, a new comet, invisible to the naked eye. M. Pons wrote from Florence that, on the 20th of June, he had discovered a small comet nearly in the same situation as the above. M. Beudant, in the name of a commission, reported on four mineralogical memoirs of M. Berthier, which were ordered to be printed in the collection of memoirs, by persons not members of the academy.—9. The same honour was this day conferred upon a paper, entitled a Geological Examination of the Question, whether the Continents which we now inhabit have been frequently overflowed by the sea? by M. Constant Prevost. M.M. Cuvier and Cordier were the reporters.—10. In the name of a commission, M. G. Cuvier reported on the bones collected in the grottos of Osselles, near Besançon. M. Berthier was then elected member of the section of mineralogy, in the place of M. Ramond, and the loss which the academy had sustained by the death of M. Fresnel was announced.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Meteorology.—It was mentioned in our last number that a spurious quadruple rainbow had been observed in one of the islands of the Baltic. A singular atmospheric phenomenon was witnessed by many persons in Kent, in August last; it was a rainbow which, in addition to the usual number of prismatic colours, added to them, immediately beyond the violet ray, a ray of green, and then another very faint ray of violet.

Jones's Steam Engine.—The great, indeed it may be said, infinite utility of the steam-engine, has given rise to innumerable plans for its improvement: some merely theoretical, others which have been found adapted to practice. Of Mr. Perkins's invention we have already given an account. The following description of a new modification of this machine, by Mr. Jones, is extracted from Newton's journal:—the peculiar con-

struction of the boiler we noticed some time ago—the advantage this posseses over the common engines are—1, its perfect safety, which has been proved by the pressure of steam to more than ten times its working power—2, its practicability—the boiler and its engine may be constructed so as not to exceed two cwt. to each horse power for engines of ten-horse power and upwards—3, the space it occupies is not more than one-tenth of what is necessary for ordinary engines—4, the quantity of water in proportion to a given power, is less than that required by any other engine, in consequence of the steam, after it is generated, being expanded, by coming in direct contact with the flues—5, the saving in fuel is so considerable that the cost in London would be less than nine pence per day for each horse-power.—6, the primary cost will not be greater than that of engines on the ordinary construction.

Archæology.—The Abbé Ambrose, who has very recently returned to France from America, communicated last month to the geographical society of Paris, that, during the time of his stay at Saint Louis, a brass coin found in the Valley of Bones to the south-west of the Missouri, and very far in the interior, had been transmitted to Mr. Clarke, the gentleman who, in company with Mr. Lewis, travelled to the mouth of the Colombia. The inhabitants say that no European had ever been seen there. After a very careful examination, this medal was ascertained to be a Roman one, struck during the reign of Nerva. The same traveller adds, that in digging a well in Tennessee, an earthen pot was found, containing a large quantity of gold coins, which were unknown to the inhabitants of that district.

Geology.—Brydone mentions an orchard belonging to a convent near Catania, planted upon a mass of decomposing lava, and which, at a subsequent eruption of Mount Ætna, had been removed some distance by a new torrent of lava undermining the stone, and transporting it upon its surface. In Switzerland several instances occur of tracts of land sliding from their locality on a mountain's side to the valley below. The Abbé Ambrose states that, while traversing a part of the great chain of the Alleghany mountains in America, the ground on which he stood, and to the extent of two or three acres, with the trees growing thereon, detached itself from the side of the mountain, and with a gentle motion descended into the valley at its feet—similar phenomena are frequent in this part of the world.

Hogs.—The following facts in the natural history of the hog are, we presume, new to most of our readers, and are extracted from some observations on the climate and productions of Washington county Ohio, inserted in Professor Silliman's valuable journal. "In the early settlement of the county, when the woods were full of wild plants, neat cattle could live very comfortably the whole winter without any assistance from man, and, at this time, large numbers of hogs pass the winter as independently as the deer and the bears, subsisting on nuts and acorns. Single individuals are sometimes destroyed by the bears and wolves, but a gang of ten or twenty hogs are more than a match for a wolf or a panther. An old hunter informed me that he once saw a large panther spring from a tree into a drove of wood hogs who were aware of his approach, and prepared for defence; the moment he touched the ground the large hogs fell upon him with their tusks, and the weight of their bodies, and killed him and tore him in pieces in a few minutes."

Frie's Systema Mycologicum.—The fungi have probably received less attention than any other part of botany. The following is a compendious view of a natural system of them, which has been published, in several volumes, at Lund, in Germany. The whole evolution of a fungus is determined by what the author calls cosmica momenta, of which there are four:—1. Nisus reproductivus, or earth and water—2. Air—3. Caloric—4. Light. The first is the principal agent in producing sporidia, or fruit, the first and second in producing floccos, or elongated fibres, on which the fruit appears; the first and third produce the uterus, or a closed fungus; and the first and fourth the hymenium, or an open fungus. These are the four leading characters, and the system is divided into four classes; a single class being composed of those plants that exhibit one of these characters more prominent than the others.—The names of the classes are Coniomycetes, Hyphomycetes, Gasteromycetes, and Hymenomycetes, signified by the letters C, M, U, and H. The class C has sporidice, naked; M. Thallus flocose; U. a closed fungus; and H an open fungus. Each class is divided into four orders, and each order into four genera, arising like the classes from the actions of the natural causes. The orders are designated by the letters E, M, U, and H; and are the same in every class. C.E. denotes first class, first order, and U. U. third class, third order. If an order be divided into two sub-orders, as the fourth order of the fourth class, it is expressed thus:—H. H^1, for the first sub-order, and H. H^2, for the second. The genera are represented by either of these letters, E, M, G, X, or U, according to its *habitat*. E. denotes that it grows on decaying plants, or on those recently dead. M. that it grows on plants in the process of fermentation. G, that it grows on the ground. The second sub-order of the fourth class, fourth order, stands as follows:—

Genera.	Formulæ.
1. Thelaphora	H. H. 2 E
2. Hydnum	M
3. Polyporus	X
4. Agaricus	G

In the artificial system the orders and genera are not limited to four; they are regarded as natural families, having many allied genera. Agaricus has three allied

genera, conthurellus, memlius, and Ichizophyllum.

New Paper.—In the last number but one of the Bulletin des Sciences, a process is mentioned by which paper can be made to resist moisture: it is the invention of M. Engel, and consists in plunging unsized paper once or twice into a clear solution of mastic in oil of turpentine, and drying it afterwards by a gentle heat. The paper pressed in this manner, without becoming transparent, has all the properties of writing paper, and may be employed for that purpose. When laid by it is perfectly secure from being injured by mould or mildew; and is not likely to be destroyed by mice or insects. For passports, account-books, and registers, this paper seems well adapted.

Fossil Mastodon.—At the end of last year, in repairing and cleansing the village spring near Genesseo, Ontario County, New York, United States, and the ditches connected with it, which are dug in marl, that extends two feet below the surface, it was deemed proper to deepen them, and in doing this the fossil bones of a mastodon were found, about half-a-mile east of the court-house at Genesseo, in a small marsh that has some elevation above the surrounding country. The tusks were first seen, and then the head; but these, as indeed the whole skeleton, were in such a state of almost total decomposition, as to defy all attempts at preservation. The skeleton lay in the direction so frequently observed in the remains of this animal, south-west and north-east. The head rested upon the lower jaw. The tusks were much decayed; their points were five feet apart, and measured at least a foot from the centre. They were four feet and two inches in length, the largest diameter could not be ascertained on account of their decay; but it was preserved a considerable distance, and then gradually diminished so that at five inches from the point the diameter was three inches. The laminated structure of the tusk was rendered evident by decomposition, which had in a measure separated the laminæ, and the whole was supposed to be phosphate of lime. Of the two superior incisors no trace could be discovered, but the eight under were in sight. The length of the largest tooth was six and a quarter inches; of the smallest three and a half; the crown of the tooth was two and a half, and the breadth of the enamel from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch, as was rendered visible by wearing away of the surface. The roots were all broken and decayed; the animal could not have been old, as eight under teeth were found, old animals have only one under on either side of each jaw. The pelvis was twenty-two inches in its transverse diameter, between the acetebula at the inferior opening. The epiphyses of the larger bones, and the patellæ, were found nearly perfect, not having suffered from decay.

Mineralogy.—In the imperial cabinet of Vienna there is an opal 4·75 inches (Vienna) in length, 2·5 inches in thickness, and weighing 34 ounces. It came from Czervenitzia, in Hungary. Half a million of florins have been offered for it, a price very inferior to the real value of this unique and magnificent specimen.

An Italian Miracle.—In the month of August 1819, some polenta, a sort of food made with the flour of maize, with salt and water, of which the Italians are very fond, placed in a house at Padua, in the situation usually allotted to it, was found covered with red spots. This was thrown away, but what was prepared for the ensuing day's consumption underwent the same alteration. Some suspicion then arose that this was the work of the evil one; a dignitary of the church came to bless the interior of the house, and the kitchen in particular where the occurrence had taken place, but in vain; the suspected colour did not disappear. Fasting and prayer were had recourse to by the unfortunate family; masses were celebrated on their account; still with equal want of success. Up to that time the secret had been kept, but the curiosity of neighbours at last discovered it, and from that moment the family were regarded with a sort of horror and terror; their most intimate friends even shunned them. The magistrates of the place charged a physician, of the name of Sette, to investigate the facts. Public rumour became more loud, and the house wherein the phenomena had taken place, was incessantly surrounded with curious people. The cause of *the drops of blood* on the polenta was at length defined;—the family were eating the old corn, which, during the famine of 1817, they had refused to the poor, and in this way the divine vengeance was now declaring itself. Much prudence was required on the part of Dr. Sette, for the moral contagion, now ready to spread, was more to be feared than the alteration of the food in a small number of private houses. After many researches, the physician, who was a skilful naturalist, ascertained the specific character of this phenomenon, which was only a vegetation hitherto unobserved, and of which the colour alone had occasioned so much alarm.

Statistics.—On the first of January 1826, the population of the kingdom of the Netherlands amounted to 6,059,506 souls, including the inhabitants of the grand duchy of Luxemburg, who amounted in number to 291,759. The births for the preceding year, in the cities, were 68,011, *viz.* 34,967 males, 33,044 females; in the country 153,212; *viz.* 78,913 males, 74,299 females; of which numbers the ratio is 0,943; the ratio of the population to the births was consequently 27:1. The marriages during the same year were 47,097, whence the ratio of the population to the marriages was 127:2. The deaths amounted in the same year to 146,138; *viz.* in the cities 25,445 males, 25,239 females; in the country 48,758 males, 46,496 females. The proportion between the deaths of the two sexes is, therefore, 0,967, and that of the population to the deaths 41,0. During the

year 1825 the increase of the population was 75,085 souls.

Effect of Lightning.—During a thunder storm which took place in Holland at the close of last year, out of a flock of 155 sheep in an open field, a single flash of lightning killed sixty-five, of which the wool was widely scattered in every direction.

Rare Insect.—A very rare insect, of which the existence has been long doubted, and which is found only in the most northern countries, is met with in Livonia: it is the furia infernalis described by Linnæus, in the new memoirs of the academy of Upsal. This insect is so small that it is difficult to distinguish it with the naked eye. In warm weather it falls from the air upon the inhabitants, and the inflammation resulting from its bite or sting will occasion death if immediate remedies be not applied. During the hay harvest, other insects, called meggar, cause equal mischief to men and cattle. They are of the size of a grain of sand, at sunset appearing in great quantities; they descend in a perpendicular line, pierce the strongest cloth, and occasion an itching, accompanied with pimples, which become dangerous if scratched. They cause swelling in the throats of the cattle which inhale them, and without prompt assistance death ensues. They are cured by a fumigation with linseed, which brings on a violent cough.

Circulation of the Sap in Plants.—A communication was made some time since by Professor Amici, of Modena, to the Italian Society of Arts established in that city, that in an aquatic plant (the chara) he had discovered, by microscopic examination, a circulation of the sap between the joints, which apparently ascended in the exterior portion of the stem of the plant, and descended in the centre. The reality of this phenomenon was placed beyond doubt by the very evident passage of certain particles of one of the currents, which, drawn by that which moved in an opposite direction, were from time to time carried along by it. In the month of May last, this was demonstrated by the learned professor himself to the Parisian naturalists; and during his visit to this country, we, among many others, have witnessed this phenomenon, as displayed by one of his very perfect microscopes—the circulation of the sap, which by analogy, is extended to every plant, is ascribed to the effect of galvanic action.

Astronomy.—We suggested to our readers some time since, a method of illuminating the field of view of a reflecting telescope; the process was new, and but a small loss of light ensued from it. The following is superior: Within the tube of the telescope, and close to the large mirror, place a small plane mirror at an angle of forty-five, in a line with that by which the pencil of rays is transmitted to the eye-piece, and inclined in an opposite direction—no loss of light will ensue beyond that which necessarily takes place in the Newtonian construction, and the rays will be transmitted in the axis of the telescope through a perforation in the side of the tube, opposite this second plane mirror, to a tube inserted into which perforation, a lantern is attached upon gimbals.

Man-Eating Society.—In the Fifty-seventh number of the Quarterly Review, appeared a false defamatory article concerning America. The effects of this intemperate article have been rather deplorable—it has drawn down in the last number of the North American Review, a most severe and annihilating reply, if we look to the appalling facts which the ill-judged critique obliged the American Journal to disclose, but as pre-eminent for the conciliating truly Christian spirit with which it is conceived, as for the chaste eloquence and felicity with which it is composed. This valuable paper we recommend to the perusal of all honest Englishmen, and from it make the following interesting extract:—"There is a horrible institution among some of the Indian tribes, which furnishes a powerful illustration of their never-tiring love of vengeance. It is called the Man-Eating Society, and it is the duty of its associates to devour such prisoners as are preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belong to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descends to all the children, male and female. Its duties cannot be dispensed with, and the sanctions of religion are added to the obligations of immemorial usage. The feast is considered a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe is collected as actors or spectators. The miserable victim is fastened to a stake, and burned at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty which savage ingenuity can invent. There is a traditionary ritual, which regulates, with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. The institution has latterly declined, but we know those who have seen and related to us the incidents which occurred on these occasions, when white men were sacrificed and consumed. The chief of the family and principal members of the society among the Miames; whose name was White Skin, we have seen, and with feelings of loathing, excited by a narrative of his atrocities, amid the scenes when they occurred."

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The Winter's Wreath, or a Collection of Contributions in Prose and Verse, will make its appearance with the earliest of our beautiful annuals. The engravings are announced to be among the best of the kind, and its literary pieces will be of rather a serious turn. The profits arising from its sale are to be appropriated to charitable purposes.

The Parliamentary Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning, so long announced, and now on the eve of publication, were undertaken with the sanction of Mr. Canning, and had the signal and exclusive advantage of his personal revision and correction up to the period of his last illness. The publication will contain several speeches made on important public occasions, which have never been presented to the public in a corrected form. The work will extend to five volumes, the first of which will be principally occupied with a Memoir, the materials of which will be supplied from the most satisfactory and authentic source of intelligence.

Circle of the Seasons and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack; to which are added the Circle of the Hours of the Day and the History of the Days of the week. Being a compendious illustration of the Artificial History and Natural Phenomena of each day in the year.

The author of 'Sophia de Lissau,' intends publishing early in the ensuing year, her long promised Narrative of the Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials of the Eventful Life of Emma de Lissau, in 2 vols, 12mo. in which will be contained much information respecting the Jews—a people who must ever be objects of interest to the contemplative mind. Subscribers names will be received by her publishers.

The Swedes in Prague. An Historical Romance, translated from the German of Madame Pichler.

On the 1st of November, 1827, will be published, the first part of a New General Atlas of Fifty-one Maps, with the divisions and boundaries carefully coloured, constructed entirely from new drawings, and engraved by Sidney Hall. The work will be complete in seventeen parts, each containing three maps. A part will be published every month, price half a guinea. The size of each map has been fixed at twenty inches by sixteen.

Dr. Uwins (late Medical Reporter to this Magazine) will publish very early in the present month a small volume on Diseases connected with Indigestion, which will also contain a Commentary on the principal ailments of Children.

Sketches from Oblivion, containing Sketches, Poems, and Tales. By Piers Shafton, gent.

Dr. Conquest will publish early in October, a fourth and carefully revised edition of his Outlines of Midwifery: and early in the Spring, a work on the Diseases of Women and Children.

Mr. Walter C. Dendy, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for Children, &c. &c. is preparing a Treatise on the Cutaneous Diseases Incidental to Childhood; comprehending their Origin, Nature, Treatment, and Prevention.

Religion in India, a Voice directed to Christian Churches, for Millions in the East. Comprising, Revealed Truth estimated by a Christian Hindoo—The Victim of Delusion, a Hindoo Widow—The Ordination Service for Isaac David, a Hindoo Evangelist—The Plan of the Mysore Mission College—Zion's Watchman upon her Frontiers—The Gospel Commission, &c. &c. is in the press.

The History of George a Green, the Pindar of Wakefield, will form the fifth part of Mr. W. Thorn's Early Prose Romances.

In royal 4to. Historical Tablets and Medalions, illustrative of an improved System of Artificial Memory, for the more easy remembrance of remarkable Events and Dates. Mr. John Henry Todd has announced the Tablets may also be had, neatly executed on Card-board, and fitted up in a handsome box—so that a number of students might, with equal convenience and economy, be using them at the same time. Price 31. 3s.

An Introduction to the Knowledge of Engraved British Portraits; or, a Priced Catalogue of more than Three Thousand Prints, described in Grainger's Biographical History of England, Bromley's Catalogue of Portraits, &c. By Henry Baynes, Bibliop. will be published early in November.

Scripture Diary, or Christian Almanack: comprising a Chronological Arrangement of the Holy Scriptures in Daily Portions, for reading the whole Bible within a Year; together with the Festivals of the Jews, and some Events of Sacred History—Selections of Ecclesiastical Literature—Notices of Biblical Publications, &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. John Whitridge. 18mo.

In November will be published the Forget Me Not for 1828; consisting of the more than Eighty compositions in verse and prose, by the most popular writers of the day of both sexes; and the embellishments comprise Thirteen highly finished Engravings, from pictures by A. Howard, R.A., H. Thomson, R.A., R. Westall, R.A., T. Stothard, R.A., R. Smirke, R.A., H. Corbould, J. Martin, J. Stephanoff, S. Prout, M. W. Sharpe, S. Owen, H. Richter, and T. Uwins, with a beautiful embossed presentation plate.

The Chronicles of the Canongate; containing the Highland Widow, The Drovers, and The Surgeon's Daughter, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. in 2 vols. Also by the same, The Tales of a Grandfather will follow the Chronicles.

Mr. Leoghegan, of Dublin, has published a Letter to Mr. Abernethy on Ruptures, in which he condemns the established practice in that complaint, and argues that it produces the most destructive consequences.

In the press, a Poem descriptive of Henley-on-Thames and its immediate Environs.

Mr. W. C. Smith is about to publish Rambles round Guildford, with a Topographical and Historical description of the Town, in five monthly parts.

Professor J. G. Hugel, of the University of Leipzig, is engaged on an English German Dictionary, which will be comprised in two volumes. It will contain the words in general use in both languages as well as technical expressions—to appear early next spring.

Kreyssigs Livy, in 5 vols. 8vo. printed at Leipzig, is just completed, the fifth volume forming a Glossarium Levianum.

An English Translation of Le Code Gourmand, ou Manual complet de Gastronomie, will appear this month.

Shortly will be published in 1 vol. 12mo. The Old Irish Knight, an Historical Tale, by the Author of a Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, &c. &c.

The Red Rover. By the Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," &c. 3 vols. will appear in October.

Confessions of an Old Maid. In 3 vols. small 8vo. in the press.

The Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and Lawrence, Earl of Rochester, with the Diary of Lord Clarendon, from 1687 to 1690; comprising minute particulars of the Events attending the Revolution. The greater part now first published from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes. By S. W. Singer, F.S.A. In 2 vols. 4to. Illustrated with Portraits, copied from the Originals, and other Engravings, will soon be ready.

The Third Series of Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life. 3 vols. post 8vo. is nearly through the press.

Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts. By the Author of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe. 2 vols. 8vo. is on the eve of publication.

Flirtation, a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. may be soon expected.

The Diary of a Member in the Parliaments of the Protectors, Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from the original Autograph Manuscript, in the possession of William Upcott, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several curious Documents and Notices, Historical and Biographical. By John Towell Rutt, Esq. In 4 vols. 8vo. with Plates, is in the press.

Herbert Lacy, a Novel. By the author of "Granby." 3 vols. is in preparation.

The Mummy, a Tale of the Twenty-second Century. In 3 vols. will appear in a few days.

The History of George Godfrey. Related by Himself. In 3 vols. post 8vo. in the press.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Classical Introduction to Latin Grammar. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Goodwin's History of the Commonwealth of England. Volume the Third. 8vo. 16s. boards.

Twenty-six Illustrations to Walton and Cotton's Angler. 8vo. 12s.

Outlines of a System of Surveying, for Geographical and Military Purposes, comprising the Principles on which the surface of the Earth may be represented on Plans. By Major T. L. Mitchell. 8vo. 5s. boards.

The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims of Locomotion, being Precepts for Promoting the Pleasures, Hints for Preserving the Health, and Estimates of the Expences of Persons travelling on Foot, on Horseback, on Stages, in Post Chaises, and in Private Carriages. By Dr. Kitchiner. 2 vols. small 8vo. 15s. boards.

Life of Linnæus. 18mo. 2s. half-bound.

Rambling Notes and Reflections, suggested during a Visit to Paris in the Winter of 1826-7. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Barton's Geography of Plants. 12mo. 3s 6d. boards.

Tamlyn on Friendly Societies. 12mo. 5s.

Fosbroke's Foreign Topography. Part I. 4to. 5s.

Trevanion's Influence of Apathy. 12mo. 5s.

Captain Rock's Letter to the King. 12mo. 9s. boards.

Progress of the Brosterian System, for the Effectual Removal of Impediments in Speech, &c.; from which emanates an entire new Art of Reading and Speaking, discovered by J. Broster, F.A.S.E. 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards.

A Latin Grammar; Supplementary to the Rudiments: containing Rules in Latin Verse for Etymology, and Prosody. By James Melvin, A.M. 12mo. 2s. sheep.

Oxford Night-Caps; being a Collection of Receipts for Making various Beverages used in the University. 18mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Hints for Oxford. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.

King Henry VIII.'s Household Book. 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.

A Treatise on the General Principles, Powers, and Facility of Application of the Congreve Rocket System, as compared with Artillery: shewing the various Applications of this Weapon, both for Sea and Land Service, and its different Uses in the Field and in Sieges. Illustrated by 12 plates. By Major-General Sir W. Congreve, Bart. 4to.

Conversations on Animal Economy. With plates and wood-cuts. 2 vols. 12mo.

Supplement to Marshall's Naval Biography. Part I. 8vo. 15s. boards.

Anecdotes of Africans. 12mo. 2s. boards.

A Practical Grammar of the Russian Language. By James Heard.

Maxwell's Scripture History. 12mo. 6s. half-bound.

Richard Baynes's Catalogue. Part II. 1827. Price 1s. 6d. (gratis to those intending to purchase) of an Extensive Collection of Books in all departments of Literature, and in various Languages, including the valuable Library of the late Rev. Mr. Jones of Islington, and other Collections, comprising a very interesting and popular Assemblage of Works in Theology, Sermons, History, Mathematics, Classics, Works on the Popish Controversy, and other rare Articles.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera: containing an Ordo and Verbal Translation, interlineally arranged; with Preliminary Observations illustrative of the Life, writings, and versification of Horace. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D., Editor and Translator of Juvenal's Satires, Virgil's Bucolics, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. 16s.

The Iliad of Homer, chiefly from the Text of Heyne, with English Notes: Illustrating the Construction, the Manners and Customs, the Mythology, and Antiquities of the Heroic Ages, and Preliminary Observations on Points of Classical Interest and Importance connected with Homer and his Writings. By the Rev. William Trollope, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 4s. boards.

Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History, &c. &c. By Wm. Lempriere, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

The Miscellaneous Prose Writings of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., now first collected in 6 vols. 8vo.

NOVELS, &c.

Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins; an historical Novel of the Thirteenth Century. In 3 vols.

Early Prose Romances. Edited by W. J. Thomas. Published in Monthly Parts, price 3s. 6d. each.

Part I. Robert the Deuyll.
II. Lyfe of Virgilius.
III. Thomas of Reading.
IV. Robin Hood.

POETRY.

Peter Cornelips, a Tale of Real Life; with other Poems and Songs. By Alexander Rodger. 12mo. 5s. boards.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

Kelty's Religious Thoughts. 12mo. 7s. boards.

Twigger's Illustrations of Christianity. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Hug's Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament. Translated from the German, with Notes. By the Rev. Dr. Watt, of St. John's College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 2s. boards.

A Few Hints on the Right Improvement of the Death of Pious Ministers; a Sermon preached on the Death of the Rev. R. W. Allix, B.D. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Right Hon. George Canning, delivered at Southampton, on Sunday, August 12th, 1827. By J. Buller. 8vo. 1s. sewed.

The Religion of Christ is the Religion of Nature. Written in the Condemned Cells of Newgate, by Jorgen Jorgenson, late Governor of Iceland. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SURGERY, MEDICINE, &c.

The Veterinary Surgeon or Farriery, taught on a New Plan and in a Familiar Manner; being a Treatise on all Diseases and Accidents to which the Horse is liable. Instructions to the Shoeing Smith, Farrier, and Groom. By John Hinds, Veterinary Surgeon. 12mo. 12s. boards.

Syer's Treatise on Insanity. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Select Reports of Medical Cases, chiefly intended to connect the Symptoms and Treatment of Disease with Morbid Anatomy. By R. Bright, M.D.F.R.S. &c. Vol I. will contain Cases illustrative of Dropsy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Phthisis, and Fever.

Physiological Illustrations of the Organ of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C. M. royal 8vo.

The Anatomy and Surgical Treatment of Hernia. By Sir Astley Cooper. Second Edition. By C. Aston Key, Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, Lecturer on Surgery, &c. 1 vol. folio.

Cases and Observations on the Successful Treatment of Disorders of the Digestive Organs, Asthma, Deafness, Blindness, Lameness, &c. by Galvanism, &c. By M. La Beaume, Medical Galvanist and Surgeon-Electrician, F.L.S., &c.

Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XIII. Part II. with plates. 8vo.

Sure Methods of Improving Health. 12mo. 9s. boards.

Practical Observations on the Management and Diseases of Children. By the late C. T. Haden, Esq. with Additional Observations, and a Biographical Notice of the Author. By Thomas Alcock, Surgeon, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

German Pocket Books for 1828.

Minerva, mit 9 Rupfern nach Rambergzu Goethe's Faust. 10s.

Becker's Taschenbuch zum Geselligen Vergnugen, Herausgegeben Von F. Kind. 10s.

Aurora Taschenbuch fiir deutsche Tachter und Frausn. 7s.

Orphea, mit 8 Kupfern nach Kamberg zu Preciosa. 10s.

Penelope, mit Kupfern nach Ramberg zu Schiller's Kampf mit dern Drachen. 8s. 6d.

Urania mit Thorwaldsen's Bildnisse, und 6 Charakter-Bilder Von G. Opiz. 12s.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1827.

To Gabriel de Soras, of Leicester-square, in the County of Middlesex, gentleman; and Stacey Wise, and Charles Wise, of Maidstone, in the County of Kent, paper-makers, in consequence of a communication made to them by a certain foreigner resident abroad, for an invention of certain improvements in sizing, glazing, or beautifying, the materials employed in the manufacturing of paper, pasteboard, Bristol boards, and other substances—Sealed 21st August; 6 months for inrollment.

To John Hague, of Cable-street, Well Close-square, in the parish of St. George in the East, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a new method of working cranes or till hammers—30th August; 2 months.

To Benjamin Merriman Combs, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, ironmonger, for his invention of certain improvements, or additions to a pulley machinery, and apparatus used and applied for securing, fixing, and moving curtains and roller, and other blinds—30th August; 2 months.

To William Debtmer, of Upper Mary-le-bone Street, Fitzroy-square, in the county of Middlesex, piano-forte maker, for his invention of certain improvements on piano-fortes—30th August; 6 months.

To William John Ford, of the parish of Mildenhall, in the county of Suffolk, farrier, for his invention of certain improvements in the make, use, and application of bridle bits—6th September; 2 months.

To George Clymer, of Finsbury Street, Finsbury-square, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of an improvement in typographic printing, between plain or flat surfaces—6th September; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1813, *expire in the present month of October* 1827.

15. Henry Osborne, Warwick, for his *method of making tools for tapering cylinders of different descriptions, made of iron, steel, metal, or mixture of metals; and also for tapering bars of the same.*

18. Robertson Buchanan, Glasgow, for his *improvements in the means of impelling vessels and machinery.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

UGO FOSCOLO.

This elegant and accomplished scholar, whose name and writings have long been familiar to the British *literati*, was born in the Island of Zante, about the year 1777. He spent many of his early years amongst the Ionian islands, where, and in the city of Venice and its vicinity, he chiefly received his education. He studied also at Padua. His career, literary as well as military, appears to have been commenced in 1795, when Italy was convulsed by revolutionary commotions. At the period when French arms and French principles had subverted the Venetian republic, he became an active partisan. His first drama, written at the early age of nineteen, was Tieste. In this production he stood forward as the rival of Count Pepoli, and the Marquess Pondemonte, whose dramas, he regretted to observe, were preferred by the Venetians even to those of Alfieri. Tieste was first represented upon the same evening when two pieces were to appear at different theatres, from the pens of the Count and the Marquess. Despising the taste of the day, Foscolo, writing upon the model of the Greek poets, went beyond Alfieri's simplicity and severity of manner. The success of the piece, which retains its celebrity to the present day, was decided. To its publication by the actors, in the tenth volume of the *Teatro Italiano Applaudito*, a warm panegyric was subjoined. Foscolo, in contempt, as it were of praise, wrote a severe critique upon his own tragedy, and ascribed its success entirely to its servile adherence to the ancient model. His anonymous strictures were received with extreme indignation, especially by the votaries of the Venetian theatre, where a portrait of the young poet was triumphantly exhibited in reply. Tieste has only four characters; but its abrupt and energetic style, its strength and vivacity of passion, and the mysterious terror which pervades its closing scenes impart to it an interest amounting to pain.

When the Venetian provinces were transferred to the despotic authority of Austria, Foscolo quitted Venice with indignation. He proceeded to Bologna, and, while there, he wrote his celebrated work, the Letters of Jocopo Ortis, a political performance, constituting a vehicle for the author's own opinions, and forcibly representing his own personal feelings and character. The story, though simple, abounds with touching incidents and traits of nature. It speedily went through three editions.

Foscolo entered into the Italian army, and, in a short time became a captain. He was afterwards professor of eloquence in the University of Pavia, in which office he gained high reputation. Melzi, the vice president of the republic, conferred an annual salary

upon him for his exertions in the cause of liberty and of literature. In 1801 he distinguished himself by writing and delivering a discourse at the Congress of Lyons. That discourse, pronounced at the desire of his own government, on occasion of the convention of the notables of the Cisalpine republics by Buonaparte, was not less remarkable for its high-toned spirit of independence, than for its energy of thought, feeling, and energy of expression. It was expected that the orator would deliver a panegyric upon the new government; instead of which, he drew a strong and eloquent picture of its abuses and oppression, and with rapid and masterly strokes of satire, flashed the follies and crimes of the agents and ministers of a foreign power, in the very face of the consular despotism which employed them. Perfectly unconstrained—with his hands resting upon the back of his chair, he spoke for more than three hours; yet such was the rapidity, the enthusiasm, and the authority of his manner, as to disarm all parties of the power of interruption or opposition. This oration, afterwards published with a motto from Sophocles, "My soul groans for my country, for myself, and also for thee"—gave offence to Buonaparte; and, as Foscolo could not submit to be a slave, he withdrew from public employments.

For a long time literature seems to have engrossed him wholly. In the year 1803, he published an ironical and satirical commentary on a poem of Callimachus. He appears, however, to have been again in the army. He served some time in the capacity of Aid-de-camp to General Caffarelli; and, in 1805, he was stationed at Calais, with an Italian regiment, which, it was understood, would form a part of the grand invading army of England. At that period he was engaged in editing the celebrated commentaries and military aphorisms of his countryman Montecuculi, which he published in 1808, with original dissertations on military art subjoined to each volume. This publication was dedicated to General Caffarelli.

In 1807, Foscolo printed, at Brescia, a poem, called "I Sepolori," The Tombs, in which the natives of Milan were severely abused. His next productions were a translation of the first two books of the Iliad, and a tragedy, entitled Ajax. The tragedy was acted in 1811, and gave offence to the Viceroy, who conceived that some parts of it were levelled against Buonaparte. Foscolo was on the point of being exiled, when his friend, General Pino, averted the sentence, by sending him to Mantua on a military mission. From Mantua he proceeded to Gascony, where he settled, and began to study the English language with great perseverance and success. He soon attained in it such a proficiency, as to be enabled to give to the world the best translation that had ever been made of Sterne's Sentimental Journey. It appeared under the feigned name of Dedimo Chierico, Yorick's supposed clerk. It is accompanied by pungent and satirical notes, and a life of the pretended translator.

When Italy was invaded by the Austrians, in 1814, Foscolo, indignant that his countrymen should receive their yoke, revisited Milan, and aided the government by his counsels and his pen. He was the author of numerous proclamations addressed to the citizens and the army, to excite them to combat for their independence. At Milan he became acquainted with many English officers, and he laboured strenuously, but unsuccessfully, to interest the British Government in favour of Italian freedom. He remained at Milan till Murat declared war against Austria; but, having then become an object of suspicion to the Austrian Government, he travelled into Switzerland, and thence into Russia.

Foscolo at length came over to England, where he obtained much literary distinction. In the spring of 1823, he published a volume, entitled Essays on Petrarch. The book, in fact, contains three essays, on the Love, Poetry, and Character of Petrarch; a Parallel between Dante and Petrarch; and seven illustrative Appendices, as follows: Specimens of Petrarch's Latin Poetry; Specimens of Greek Amatory Poetry, (in translation,) from Sappho down to the Writers of the Lower Empire; a Theory of Platonic Love, by Lorenzo de Medici; Comparative Description of Woman's Beauty, according to Platonic Ideas, and the early Italian Poets; Petrarch's Unpublished Letters, in Italian; a Letter, in Latin, of Dante's, lately discovered; Translations from Petrarch, by Barbarina, Lady Dacre. As the production of an Italian, the volume reflects high credit upon the writer for the skill which he has acquired in English composition. Here and there, indeed, we meet with a foreign idiom; but, upon the whole, the style is respectable, elevated, and worthy of the subject. The parallel between Dante and Petrarch, is a fine, a noble piece of criticism.

During his residence amongst us, Foscolo wrote much on miscellaneous subjects; and contributed essays, criticisms, &c. to some of our most eminent periodical publications. Besides the works already mentioned, he is the author of a tragedy, entitled Ricciarda; a few odes, and some other poems. He is said to have left seven books of Homer translated, and an edition of Dante is now in the hands of a publisher.

The manners of Foscolo were very striking. In conversation and action he displayed a degree of vivacity and energy, which, in our colder climate, and with our more subdued feelings, seem to border on restlessness and want of self-command. The Countess Isabella Albrizzi, who knew him well, has thus sketched his character:—

"A warm friend, clear as the mirror itself, that never deceives, and never conceals. Ever kind, generous, grateful; though his virtues appear those of savage nature, when

compared with the sophisticated reasoners of our times, I think he would tear his heart from his bosom, if he thought that a single pretension was not the unconstrained and free movement of his soul."

Foscolo's memory was remarkably tenacious. A short time previously to his death, which occurred on the 10th of September, he had, for the benefit of his health, retired to the vicinity of London. For nearly two years he had laboured under an organic affection; and, before the disease reached its climax, his sufferings were increased by severe inflammatory attacks, which extended to the liver, and terminated in a confirmed dropsy. In a very reduced state, the operation of tapping, a second time performed after a short interval, is thought to have hastened his dissolution. His pecuniary circumstances, it is feared, were not prosperous.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake, born about the year 1761, was a very remarkable, and a very eccentric character. He was brought up under Basire, an eminent engraver; but his exertions were not confined to the burin. His designs, illustrating a quarto edition of Blair's Grave, and ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of the learned and severe Fuseli, are well known. Flaxman pointed out Blake to an eminent literary man, as a melancholy example of English apathy towards the grand, the philosophic, or the enthusiastically devoted painter By Sir Thomas Lawrence, too, whose judgment in art has never yet been questioned, he was repeatedly employed; notwithstanding which he existed in a state of penury, which most artists—creatures necessarily of a sensitive temperament—would deem intolerable. He has been seen living, or rather vegetating, with his affectionate wife, in a close back-room in one of the courts of the Strand; his bed in one corner, his meagre dinner in another; a ricketty table, holding his copper plates in progress, his large drawings, sketches, &c., MSS., his colours, books, &c.; amongst which his Bible, a Sessi Vellutello's Dante, and Mr. Carey's Translation, were at the top. At this time his ancles were frightfully swelled, his chest was disordered, old age was striding on, and his wants were increasing, but not the means of supplying those wants. Yet his eye was undimmed, the fire of his imagination was unquenched, the preternatural never-resting activity of his mind was unflagging. He was calm, he was cheerful, at times he was even mirthful.

At the age of 66, Mr. Blake commenced the study of Italian, for the sake of reading Dante in the original; and he succeeded in the undertaking. At one period, if we mistake not, he was upon intimate terms with John Varley, another eccentric, but highly-gifted artist. In temper he was ardent, affectionate, and grateful; in manners and address, simple, courteous, and agreeable. He died calmly and piously, like an infant sinking into its last slumber, on the 13th of July. He has left nothing behind, except some pictures, copper-plates, and his principal work—a series of a hundred large designs from Dante.

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE.

John Rous, Earl of Stradbroke, so created on the 18th of July, 1821, derived his title from Stradbroke or Stradbrook, a parish in the county of Suffolk, in which his ancestors—the family of Le Rus, or Rous—were established, and had property, as early as the time of the Heptarchy. The Rous family founded the priory at Woodbridge, where many of them were buried; and the Le Rouses of Dennington, as well as all others of the name, are descendants from the Rouses of Stradbroke. Sir William Rous, the immediate descendant of Peter Le Rous, of Dennington, in the reign of Edward III., was father of Sir Anthony Rous, who purchased Henham-hall, in Suffolk, in the year 1545. His great grandson, Sir John Rous, was father of Sir John, created a baronet in the year 1660. Sir John, the fifth baronet, and father of the late Earl, was one of the representatives of the county of Suffolk in the year 1768. In 1749, he married Judith, the daughter and sole heiress of John Bedingfield, of Beeston, in the county of Norfolk. By that lady, his only son and successor was John, the late Earl of Stradbroke, who was born in 1749 or 1750.

Sir John Rous, who succeeded his father in the title and estates in the year 1771, married first, in January, 1788, Frances Juliana Warter, daughter of Edward Warter Wilson, Esq., by whom he had a daughter, married, in 1816, to Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B. Lady Rous dying in 1790, Sir John formed a second matrimonial union, in 1792, with Charlotte Maria, daughter of A. Whittaker, Esq. Sir John was elevated to the English peerage, by the title of Baron Rous, of Dennington, in the county of Suffolk, on the 14th of June, 1796; and, in July 1821, he was advanced to the titles of Viscount Dunwich, and Earl of Stradbroke.

His lordship, who resided on his paternal estate of Henham-hall, was warmly and devotedly attached through life to the Tory or Pitt system of politics. Liberal, generous, and benevolent, this nobleman, in every relation of life—as husband, father, friend, and landlord—was universally beloved; and long and deeply will his loss be felt. Lord Stradbroke died at his house in Hertford-street, May-fair, on the 17th of August; he is succeeded by his eldest son, John Edward Cornwallis Rous, Viscount Dunwich, now Earl of Stradbroke. His lordship, who is a captain in the army, was born in the year 1794.

Besides the son and daughter already mentioned, the late Earl has left a family of six children:—Lady Charlotte Maria, married to Nathaniel Micklethwaite, of Ouston-hall, in

the county of Norfolk, Esq.; Lord William Rufus, who married Louisa, daughter of James Hutch, of Clabery-hall, in the county of Essex, Esq.; Lady Louisa Maria Judith, married to Spencer Horsey Kilderbee, Esq., of the county of Suffolk; Lord Hugh Anthony, Lord Thomas Manners, and Lord Henry John, R.N.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Dr. Samuel Goodenough, the late venerable Bishop of Carlisle, was born about the year 1741. His education was completed at Christ's Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of A.M. in 1767, and of L.L.D. in 1772. For several years he presided over an academy at Ealing, where he had the honour of educating many of our young nobility; amongst others, the sons of the late Duke of Portland. This appears to have opened to him the path of clerical preferment. Through the interest of his high and noble connexions he was appointed Dean of Rochester; upon which he relinquished his scholastic establishment in favour of his son, by whom its reputation has since been most ably sustained.

By the marriage of one of his brothers—William Goodenough of Oxford, M.D.—in 1806, with Miss Anne Addington, sister of Lord Sidmouth, Dr. Goodenough acquired additional interest. When the See of Carlisle became vacant in the year 1807, it was offered to Dr. Zouch; but that gentleman declined its acceptance, and Dr. Goodenough was consequently elected under His Majesty's *congé d'élire*.

His lordship was, with Sir James Edward Smith, the president, and the late Mr. Marcham, one of the founders of the Linnæan Society, of which for several years he was one of the vice-presidents. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The venerable Bishop closed a long life of pious labour and the most exemplary conduct at Worthing. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of Sunday the 12th of August. On the Friday night following, his remains arrived in town, at the house of his son, Dr. Goodenough, in Little Dean's-yard, Westminster; and precisely at nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, they were committed to the earth in the north cloister of the Abbey. The procession was conducted in the most private manner as follows:—The lid of feathers, Abbey beadle, two vergers, the prebendary, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bentinck, supported by G. Vincent and H. Gell, Esqrs.; the body, followed by the chief mourners, Dr. Goodenough, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Goodenough, the Rev. Archdeacon W. Goodenough, &c., and his lordship's domestic servants, followed by twelve almsmen, two and two. The coffin was quite plain, covered with black velvet. The funeral service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Prebendary.

MR. FURLONG.

Thomas Furlong, a gentleman distinguished in Ireland by his poetical and literary talent, was born at a place called Searawalsh, within three miles of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, about the year 1797. His father was a substantial farmer. Having received a suitable education, the youth was, at the age of fourteen, apprenticed to a respectable trader in Dublin. His leisure hours he successfully devoted to the study of the belles lettres; and long before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had become a contributor to various periodical publications in London and Dublin. His business, however, was not neglected for verse-making. He retained the friendship of his employer through life; and when that gentleman died, Mr. Furlong commemorated his departure in a poem entitled The Burial. In answer to the reproofs of some of his non-literary friends, he wrote a "Vindication of Poetry." Mr. Jameson, a man of liberal views himself, was struck with his talents, and gave him a confidential situation in his distillery. Having now more leisure, he published The Misanthrope, a didactic poem, and contributed largely to one of the London Magazines. In 1822, he projected The New Irish Magazine; and, The Morning Register, started in 1825, received much valuable aid from his pen. His reputation now stood so high amongst the Irish *literati*, that, as a lyric poet, his name was often coupled with that of Moore at convivial meetings.

Mr. Hardiman, author of the History of Galway, &c., having projected the publication of The Remains of the Irish Bards, Mr. Furlong undertook to translate the songs of Carolan. He successfully accomplished his task. At the time of his death, which took place at his lodgings in Dublin on the 25th of July, he had in the press a poem of some length, entitled The Doom of Derenzio, which, in its M.S. state, is said to have been much admired by the late Rev. Mr. Maturin. Though a severe satirist, Mr. Furlong was a man of inoffensive and amiable manners.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

This is the season of the year when putrid disorders, as they are called, may be expected; when the solids of the body, that is to say, are relaxed by the long continuance of atmospheric heat, and the fluids, from the same causes, disposed to putrescency. The effect of the late hot and damp weather upon animal matter, deprived of life, has been abundantly obvious. Partridges have been kept with difficulty even for a few days; and the butchers have found their meat tainted even within four-and-twenty hours after being killed. That a condition

of atmosphere, which operates thus prejudicially upon the dead animal fibre, should produce some corresponding effect upon the living body, is surely not an unreasonable supposition; and, although the term *putrid*, as applied to diseases, involves a degree of theory which is scarcely acknowledged as legitimate in modern times, still the facts that led to the opinion of the prevalence of such maladies in the month of September, are undeniable. It cannot be uninteresting to inquire what has been the extent, and what the kind of disorder which has prevailed in London during the past month. The quantity of disease has been unusually great. The applications for admission into the different hospitals and dispensaries, which the reporter is occasionally in the habit of visiting, have considerably exceeded the general average; and with reference to severity, seldom has it occurred to him to witness so great a variety of acute attacks.

Disorders of the abdominal viscera have certainly taken the lead, assuming the several forms of spasmodic cholera, bilious diarrhœa, gastrodynia, and pyrosis, jaundice, &c. Several very severe cases of inflammation of the liver have also fallen under the reporter's observation. The second class of complaints, which have been witnessed during the period now under review are those of the head. A determination of blood to the head has been a prevailing feature in many of the cases of general disorder. Head-ache has been a symptom frequently complained of. The most marked proof, however, of this fact may be found in the recent occurrence of several cases of palsy, one of which the reporter is induced to notice somewhat in detail, as it exhibits some phœnomena not generally met with. A lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, was suddenly, and without any adequate source of mental emotion, seized with palsy of the right side. The power of speech was lost at the same moment. The mental faculties, however, were apparently but little affected. She was perfectly conscious of the assiduities of the friends around her. She took her nourishment and her medicine with the greatest readiness. She made many efforts to assist herself; the power of the left side continuing unimpaired. No progress, however, was made towards the recovery of speech, and the pupil of the eye became permanently contracted. On the fifth day from the attack she died. On examination of the body, the ventricle of the brain, on the side *opposite* to that of the palsy, was found completely distended with grumous or half coagulated blood. It must certainly be considered as a wonderful circumstance, that consciousness could have been preserved, even to within three hours of death, under such a condition of the brain.

The third class of complaints which has lately prevailed, and which we can have no difficulty in connecting with the hot and moist state of atmosphere, which has been present, more or less, since the date of the last report, comprises the several varieties of rheumatism. Of all the forms of this disorder, that which presses most heavily upon the patient, and gives the most trouble to his medical attendant, is *Sciatica*, the rheumatism of the hip, and more especially of the great sciatic nerve. A case of this kind, of more than common severity, is still under the reporter's care; and, as illustrating the danger of neglecting blood-letting in the early stage of this disease, merits some notice. The subject of the case is an elderly lady, who has always been much averse to the loss of blood, and who urgently entreated that we should do the best we could for her without this resource. The progress of cure has been exceedingly tedious, but it may serve to impress a salutary lesson.

The reporter cannot conclude without some allusion to the great severity observable in such cases of small-pox as the metropolis now affords. There is not, perhaps, more of the disease than is usually met with; but in intensity, it considerably exceeds the average of the earlier months of the year. The reporter hears with much regret, that persons are to be found in London who propagate small-pox by indiscriminate inoculation. Of the danger and even cruelty of this practice, so far as the public is concerned, he is so well convinced, that he almost considers it incumbent on the legislature to interfere more directly in the matter than has hitherto been done. It can be made clearly to appear, that small-pox inoculation is one of the instances (probably one of the very few instances) in which private benefits become positive public evils; and legislative interference is surely justifiable under such circumstances.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, Sept. 24, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In the highest and northernmost parts of the Island, there is, in course, corn abroad yet, and may be for a week or two to come; but in the southern and most forward, white corn was generally carried by the middle of August, and the bean harvest finished by the latter end or soon after. The crops may be characterised as follows: the bulk of them being secured, and their quality and probable quantity ascertained with sufficient accuracy. The different scale of production on different soils, is in this season curiously observable. Great crops on the best soils, on middle lands a middling good crop, and on the poor soils, a poor crop.

yet productive enough to clear the present season from the character of being a bad one. We have, perhaps, not had such a barley year within the last twenty. The acreable quantity, on some fine and rich lands, is stated so high in certain of our letters, that we are really afraid to repeat it. The barley crop is rich both in corn and straw, and the best samples beautifully plump, bright, and weighty; a small part, however, is stained by exposure to the rains. Wheat, on the best soils, is considerably above an average crop, on the whole, full an average, and the quality of the best samples excellent. Oats, where they are best, are a good crop; but it is a strange error which has appeared in some quarters, to suppose oats, generally, a large crop. Oats and beans are considerably below an average, but the general quality of the latter will be very good. Pease are a crop, and fine in quality. Of Potatoes, there will be a supply fully equal to every possible demand, the greater part of fine quality, a portion blighted, hard, and ill flavoured. The supply of Straw will be generally ample; that of hay more valuable for quality than bulk. Hops have greatly exceeded early expectation, and more particularly in the vicinity of Farnham, where perhaps the finest in the world are grown. In Kent, they speculate on two to three, and five bags per acre; where, also, the crop of Canary seed is great, and likely to meet a ready sale and high price. Seeds, Clover, &c., generally, will prove an inferior crop. Winter tares a failure, the Spring species reported promising, from some parts, from others the direct reverse. In the great turnip districts, Norfolk, Suffolk, and others, there will be abundance, and a greater breadth of the Swedish turnip than perhaps ever before cultivated in England. On less fortunate soils, the root crops will be considerably defective. Mangold-wurtzel, that most useful of roots, as far as regards quantity, increasing yearly in culture, is a flourishing crop, its substantial foliage bidding defiance to blight and fly. Fruit is in vast abundance, particularly the superior fruits and grapes; but the vicissitudes of the summer season reduced the quality of a considerable part of the wall fruits. We noted in our last the remarkable failure of the Wheat and Potatoe crops, in the Carse of Gowry, and the Lothians, the most fertile parts of North Britain. The Wheat is said to be scarcely two thirds of an average crop, and much of it very indifferent in quality. The sides of the ears which had a northern exposure are not half filled, and some ears entirely barren—a true description of atmospheric blast. It is also represented as standing equally thin on the ground as in the most unproductive seasons. Their Barley is large, but the quality not fine. They estimate their Oats at above an average, with a large bulk of straw. The same of pulse and turnips. The Irish crops may be nearly assimilated with the English, as to Wheat and Barley being the most productive; Oats, in Ireland, have failed on the whole, much of that crop being blasted and smutted.

The rains, during the season of harvest, were universal, though heaviest and most continuous in the far western counties. The intervals of fair and dry weather were also equal, and somewhat regular. Had the farmer been endowed with prescience of this, Corn would have received as little damage in harvesting during the late, as in any season, probably, which has occurred. But that could not be; modern farmers, however improved, not being conjurors. The sudden scorching gleams of the sun were deceptive, and Corn was supposed fit to be carried, which proved far short of that criterion, really wanting more time in the field; though Barley was, in some few instances, cut and carried, without damage, in the same day. The anxiety of the farmer, however, influenced by the variable atmospheric character of the season, urged him to be too eager in taking time by the forelock, and to hurry forward building of ricks, which he could not possibly get thatched with sufficient speed. The consequence is a considerable quantity of sprouted and discoloured corn, much of which will be unfit to grind until late in the Spring. Perhaps waiting the event, in this case, is the least risk of the two. The following gossip in this relation, has been communicated to us by a correspondent. A farmer from a distant county, was lately a guest at a market dinner. An inhabitant of the vicinity was boasting of the fatherly care of Providence, in watching over his and his neighbour's crops; for had the rain continued one day longer, their Corn had been all damaged. On this, the stranger shrewdly remarked, he had reason to wish that himself and his neighbours had not been forgotten, for, in their vicinity, the rain actually continued three or four days after the day quoted, and, in consequence, half their Corn sprouted.

The report, correct or otherwise, is nearly general, that the stock of bread corn in the country, was nearly exhausted before the new came to market; with respect to Oats and Beans, the fact is undeniable. Nevertheless, complaints are made of the importation of Oats; groundless, surely, since our own growth never affords a sufficient supply. In the poor land districts, labourers' wages are declining, and the prospect of winter is by no means cheering. There is one single distressing fact, which unfortunately sets at nought all schemes for improving the situation of, at any rate, the present race of agricultural labourers—*they are too numerous*. The threshing machine is an eminent and useful exertion of mechanic ingenuity; but it now becomes a question, whether its use ought not to be suspended during the approaching winter, where labourers superabound. Happily for the country, commerce is reviving, and the manufacturing operatives are fully employed in every part, at wages on which they can live, independently of parochial assistance. Wheat was advancing considerably, but the Michaelmas demand for money has replenished the

markets. There is no prospect of much variation in price, until the grand point at issue shall be determined by the legislature, whether monopoly, or a free commerce in the staff of life, shall prevail.

The early wheat seedsmen of the western counties, were somewhat impeded by drought; but the showers since have caused the stubbles and all the lands to break up admirably, and to make as fine a tilth, whether for wheat sowing, or Winter fallow, as was ever witnessed. The lattermath too, and the root crops, have wonderfully improved, with the never failing set-off against these last, the appearance of the worm and slug to claim their share. Great preparations are making, westward, for that most profitable husbandry, sowing Winter Barley, tares, and rye, as an early Spring resource for live stock. The holders have come to a somewhat late determination to sell their Wool at the market price, whatever that may be; whence some movement in that branch. A plan likely to turn to better account than keeping it for a pure British manufacture of superfine cloth. Schemes of this kind may very well rank with the periodical, infallible, and evanescent ones, of preventing the mischiefs to vegetation, of inclement seasons..

The country markets are well filled with stores of all kinds, the price generally looking upwards since the great improvement in cattle food, from the change of weather. Pigs bear a very high price, notwithstanding our considerable Irish imports; and the acorn harvest promises abundance. *Pithing* cattle is said to be gaining ground in the country, instead of the savage and appalling practice of knocking them down, to the shame of the metropolis. The importation of cart horses still continues—another example of our inability to supply ourselves. Good saddle horses, and few there are of that description, have risen in demand and price, and will be dear in the Spring. Heavy losses of beasts and sheep during the severity of the Winter season, in the northern parts of the island, are annually reported.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s.—Veal, 5s. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 5s. to 6s. 10d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Raw fat—

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 63s.—Barley, 30s. to 37s.—Oats, 20s. to 36s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 110s.—Clover ditto, 85s. to 126s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. to 39s. per chaldron; about 12s. addition for cartage, &c.

Middlesex, Sept. 24, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—The stock of sugar is now 8,700 casks less than last year, but it is probable this difference will decrease for the following two weeks; and the stock from that period up to the end of October, will shew a great falling off in the crop. The only bad appearance in the sugar market, is the decrease in the weekly deliveries. The quantity last week, compared with the same week in 1826, is 619 casks less. The number of vessels reported at the Custom-house is very great: the average of the cargoes about 310 casks of sugar. This morning the market opened heavily, and the whole purchase of the day did not exceed 300 hogsheads. The three public sales of Mauritius, 1,424 bags, sold with briskness. Dry brown 64s. to 70s.; for yellow, Barbadoes, 133 casks, at 66s. to 71s., a shade under the late prices.—The refined market gave way about 1s. to 1s. 6d per cwt. last week. Low lumps, which were 86s., to 83s. per cwt., and some forced sales, were reported below that price. On fine goods there were few sales.

Coffee.—The quantity of coffee brought forward at public sale last week, was 985 casks, 1,196 bags; nearly the whole sold at previous prices; but we think the market was more firm.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The letters from Petersburg are to the 1st instant. Exchange 10 7/16d. per rouble. Tallow, 99 to 100 roubles. Hemp in demand, at our quotations.

Cotton.—The cotton market is heavy, and prices unaltered.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The purchases of rum are very considerable; underproofs sold at 2s. 4d.; Demerara, 3s. 0½d.; proof, 2s. 5d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon. The chief purchases were in Leeward Island rums. Jamaica, 30 to 31s. Over 4s. to 4s. 2d. Brandy is held with firmness. In Hollands there is no alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 4.—Antwerp, 12. 4.—Hamburgh, 36. 16.—Altona, 36. 11.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort on the Main, 152.—Exchange, Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 6.—Lisbon, 48½.—Cadiz, 35½.—Bilboa, 35½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 34½.—Leghorn, 48.—Gibraltar, (hard dollar), 45.—Palermo, 115 per oz.—Rio, 48.—Lisbon, 48½.—Oporto, 48.—Bahia, 46.—Dublin, 1¼.—Cork, 1¼.—Calcutta, 22 to 22½.—Bombay, 21.—Madras, 20½ to 21.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in bars, standard 5s. 9¾d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 305*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 107*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 390*l.*—Oxford, 720*l.*—Regent's, 28*l.* 10*s*—Trent and Mersey, 800*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 290*l.*—London Docks, 87*l.* 5*s.*—West-India, 206*l.*—East London Water Works, 123*l.*—Grand Junction, 64½*l.*—West Middlesex, 68*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance.—1 *dis.*—Globe 151½*l.*—Guardian, 21½*l.*—Hope, 5½*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97½*l.*—Gas-Light, Westmin. Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 14 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 22d of August and the 22d of September* 1827 ; *extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ferryman, J. B. G. Cheltenham, brick-maker
Fox, G. R. Blackheath, merchant
Gregory, G. B. Lisson-grove, merchant
Hooton, R. and W. Wilkes, Birmingham, iron-founders
Jackson, S. G. Loughborough, Leicestershire, corn-merchant
Jackson, S. G. late of South Lynn, Norfolk, jobber
May, I. and I. Aluca, Deal, money-scriveners
Robbs, B. and W. S. Hellyer, Redbridge, Southampton, ship-builders
Younge, E. and I. Mundford, Norfolk, general-shopkeepers

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 70.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alexander, J. Coninsborough, Yorkshire, draper. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Bronson, Sheffield
Braithwaite, I. Leeds, ironmonger. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane ; Tyndall and Co., Birmingham
Bray, W. Redruth, Cornwall, saddler. [Edmonds, jun., Redruth ; Price, Lincoln's-inn
Bugby, J. Pall-Mall East, St. James's, bill-broker. [Hubert, Clement's-inn-chambers
Buckley, J. New Bain, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. [Brown, Oldham ; Brundrett and Co., Temple
Bayley, P. Cheddar, Somersetshire.]Daniel, Bristol ; Pearson, Pump-court, Temple
Beecheno, R. Stamford, jeweller. [Fladgate and Co., Essex-street ; Jackson, Stamford
Brick, W. and J. Hampson, Manchester, grocer. [Smith, Manchester ; Copes and Co., Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn
Birch, S. Manchester, grocer. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard ; Whitlow, Manchester
Blakie, J. Oxford-street, haberdasher. [Shaw, Ely-place
Clegg, I. T. Mather, jun., and R. Pringle, Etna Iron Works, West Derby, founders. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane ; Orred and Co., Liverpool
Cartledge, S. and J. Lincoln, merchants. [Ridout, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury ; Moore, Lincoln
Cartmel, R. Penrith, Cumberland, gun-smith. Lacon, Liverpool ; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Dangerfield, G. late of Bromyard, Herefordshire, apothecary. [Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Howell, Bromyard
Ebsworth, H. J. and W. Badham, Nun's-court, Coleman-street, wool-brokers. [Fisher and Co., Walbrook-buildings, Walbrook
Emmmott, R. Stroud, Kent, horse-dealer. [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn
Fearn, G. Nottingham, dealer in shoes. [Hamilton and Co., Tavistock-row, Covent-garden
Fletcher, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, victualler. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane ; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne
Ferns, T. Manchester, merchant. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square, London ; Lewtas, Manchester ; Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris
Fewster, J. Knaresborough, tallow-chandler. [Anderson, York ; Lever, Gray's-inn-square
Goodwin, W. Blandford-forum, Dorsetshire, victualler. [Moore, Blandford ; Haywood, Temple
Goodman, H. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer. [Dangerfield, Craven-street, Strand ; Brinton, Kidderminster
Gleave, P. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, victualler. [Bower, Chancery-lane ; Worthington, Cheadle, and Stockport-street, Stockport
Grimston, R. and G. Wilkinson, Preston-lane, corn-dealers [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square, Noble, Preston.
Hill, W. Cheltenham, victualler. [Packwood, Cheltenham ; King, Hatton-garden
Hilton, G. and R. Manchester, merchants. [Hurd and Co., Temple ; Ledden, Manchester
Halford, T. Coventry, cabinet-maker. [Carter and Co., Coventry
Hughes, R. Carmarthen, ironmonger. [Jones, Carmarthen ; Clark and Co., Chancery-lane
Hayes, W. and T. Torquay, Devonshire, linen-drapers. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row ; Furlong, Exeter
Heaton, L. — Heaton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers. [Barker, Gray's-inn-square ; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-Moors
Haxbey, T. and J. Winterbottom, Barnsley, Yorkshire, bleachers. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Clough and Co., Barnsley
Homwood, T. Canterbury, baker. [Farris, Canterbury ; Price, Adam-street, Adelphi
Holland, I. and E. Leicester, grocers. [Crowder and Co. Lothbury ; Walter and Co., Cheltenham
Hayes, M. and M. A. Twickenham, schoolmistresses. [Winter, Lincoln's-inn fields
Haselden W. Liverpool, shipbuilder. [Williamson, Liverpool ; Hearsey, Lothbury
Hagarty, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Co., Temple ; Lace and Co., Liverpool
Ham, W. West Coker, Somersetshire, common-brewer. [Nethersole and Co., Essex-street, Strand ; Tilby, Devizes, Wilts
Hallett, H. Albermarle-street, Piccadilly, tailor. Matanle, Bond-court, Walbrook
Hopkins, W. Oxford, coach-maker. [Burgoyne and Co., Duke-street, Manchester-square
Ivens, M. Combfields, Warwickshire, sheep-salesman. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn, London ; Troughton and Co., Coventry
Kerby, E. Stafford-street, Bond-street, bookseller. [Saul, Surrey-street, Strand
Lake, G. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple ; Lingard and Co., Heaton Norris
Low, A. C. late of Mark-lane, merchant. [Hawkes, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn-square

Lockwood, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, maltster. [Taylor, Wakefield; Scott, Princes-street, Bedford-row

Miller, J. Cummersdale, Toll Bar Gate, Cumberland, innkeeper. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane; Blow and Co., Carlisle

Milligan, J. Nottingham-place, Stepney, linen-draper. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Creudson, Wigan

May, E. Maryland-point, Westham, Essex. gardener. [North and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple; Dacre, Halford, Essex

Morgan, D. Civen Coedy Cymmer, Breconshire, shopkeeper. [Holme and Co., New-inn, London; Williams and Co., Cardiff

Parsons, W. Vauxhall-bridge-road, coal-merchant. [Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square

Pain, J. Paulton, Somersetshire, brewer. [Blake, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar; Mullins, Chew-Magna, Somersetshire

Rothwell, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Maudsley, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row

Robinson, E. Stokesley, York, grocer. [Anderson, York; Lever, Gray's-inn-square

Robinson, H. Adam's-row, Hampstead-road, glass-paper-manufacturer. [Gee, New North-street, Red-lion-square

Rogers, R. Cateaton-street, bookseller. [Brough, Shoreditch

Robinson, T. Crawford-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Sise-lane

Robson, R. Hanley, Staffordshire, grocer. [Wheeler and Co., John street, Bedford-row; Dent, Hanley, Staffordshire

Riding, B. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Norris and Co., John Street, Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool

Smith, H. W. Lawrence Poultney-place, merchant. [Lane, Lawrence Poultney-place

Selway, H. Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire, baker. [Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Millan, Frome

Stratford, J. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, surgeon. [Price, Adam-street, Adelphi

Scott, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. [Lowry and Co., Pinner's-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowry, North Shields

Smith, J. Stafford, innkeeper. [Morecroft, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn

Silburn, T. L. and H. R. Richardson, Manchester, booksellers. [Casson, Manchester; Milne and Co., Tanfield-court, Temple

Smalridge, M. and G. N. Smalridge, Exeter, dealers in China. [Furlong, Exeter; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row

Tibbatts, R. Gloucester, oil-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Collins, Ledbury

Timothy, A. and M. Stuart, Regent-street, milliners. [Penard, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall-east

Wilelrton, R. New Bolingbrooke, Lincolnshire, carpenter. [Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Selwood, Horncastle

Wakefield, W. H. Villiers-street, Strand, coal-merchant. [Farden, New-inn

Wapshott, R., late of Drury-lane, victualler. [Miller, Great James's-street, Bedford-row

Whitehead, W. Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, trader. [Prince, Cheltenham; King, Serjeant's-inn

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. Haycock, to the Rectory of Withcott, and Perpetual Curacy of Owston, Leicester.—Rev. S. Cooper, to the Rectory of Wood-walton, Huntingdon —Rev. E. J. Bell, to the Vicarage of Wickham Market, Suffolk.—Rev. G. B. Blomfield, to a Prebend Stall, Chester Cathedral.—Rev. T. Wise, to the Rectory of Barley, Herts.—Rev. R. Watkinson, to the Rectory of St. Lawrence Newland, Essex.—Rev. W. J. Blake, to the Rectory of Hautbois Magna, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Simons, to the Vicarage of Dymock, Worcester.—Rev. D. F. Markham, to be Prebendary of St. George, Windsor Castle.—Rev. H. T. Jones, to the Vicarage of Charlbury, Oxford.—Rev. J. Armstrong, to the Perpetual Curacy of Westhoe Chapel, South Shields. —Rev. W. Webster, to the Perpetual Curacy of Preen, Salop.—Rev. J. Luxmore, to the Vicarage of Berriew, Montgomeryshire.—Rev. T. J. Abbott, to the Vicarage of Loddon, Cambridge.—Rev. A. Cornwall, to the Vicarage of Newington Bagshott, with Owlpen Chapel annexed, Gloucester.—Rev. E. Willes, to the Vicarage of Ampney Crucis, Gloucester.—Rev. T. F. Penrose, to the Vicarage of Radcliffe-upon-Trent, Notts.—Rev. C. H. Minchin, to be Prebend of Kilgobinet, Lismore.—Rev. L. Lewellin, to a Prebendal Stall in St. David's.—Rev. A. A. Colville, to the Vicarage of Midsummer-Norton, Somerset.—Rev. W. Pughe, to the Rectory of Mallwyd.—Rev. G. Griffiths, to the Vicarage of Llangwm. — Rev. T. Thoresby, to the Vicarage of St. Harmon's (Radnor), and Llanwrthwl (Brecon).—Rev. E. James, to a Prebendal Stall in Llandaff Cathedral—Rev. E. Willes, to the Rectory of Stratton, Gloucester.—Rev. M. Fielding, to the Curacy of St. Andrew Auckland, with the Chapelry of St. Ann's, Bishop Auckland, annexed.—Rev. G. Mingay is appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Portland.—Rev. E. Jacob, to the Rectory of St. Pancras, Chichester.—Rev. J. Shirley, to the Rectory of Antingham, St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. C. J. Hutton, to the Endowed Episcopal Chapel, at Chalford, Gloucester. —Rev. J. Williams, to the Rectory of St. Andrew's, Glamorgan.—Rev. G. Hough, to the incumbency of St. Peter's Church, Earlsheaton, York.—Rev. H. C. Cherry, to the Rectory of Burghfield, Berks. —Rev. M. Howe, to the rectory of St. Pancras.—Rev. M. Wyatt, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Giles, Durham.—Rev. A. Dallas, to the Vicarage of Yardley, Herts.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Right Hon. W. Huskisson, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.—Right Hon. C. Grant, President of Trade and Plantations, and Treasurer of the Navy.—Right Hon. J. C. Herries, Chancellor, Under Treasurer of the Exchequer, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, Lord L. Gower retiring.—Earl of Fife, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.—Mr. Stanley, member for Preston, Under Secretary for the Colonies.—Earl of Darlington, Marquess of Cleveland.—Lord Clinton, to be one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 24.—A powder mill blew up on Hounslow Heath, to which two of the men fell a sacrifice.

— Total amount of stock at present standing in the names of the Commissioners on behalf of Savings' Banks is £7,833,359 three per cents., and £6,903,229 three and a half per cents.

27.—One criminal executed at the Old Bailey, for a highway robbery.

— H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence sworn in Lord High Steward of Windsor, when a grand entertainment was given on the occasion by the mayor and corporation of that borough.

September 6.— The Lord High Admiral presented Earl Northesk with an elegant sword, in approbation of the regulations adopted for the reception of H.R.H. at his recent official visit to Plymouth.

7.—Exhumation at St. Martin's Church-yard commenced, preparatory to the improvements on the north side of the Strand.

9. H.M's. ship Maidstone arrived at Portsmouth, from Africa, with the intelligence that the Ashantees evince a disposition to conclude a treaty of peace with the English.

12.—Talacre Hall, Flintshire, destroyed by fire; £70,000 had been recently spent in its erection.

13.—The sessions commenced at the Old Bailey; the calendar announcing 457 prisoners for trial.

17.—Mary Wittenback executed at the Old Bailey for the murder of her husband.

—Mr. Owen gave an account of the proceedings of his Society in America, at the Co-operative Society, Red-lion-square.

21.—H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral arrived at Chatham, and inspected the dock-yard, marines, &c.; and

22.—The George the Fourth, of 120 guns, was launched in presence of H. R. H. and the Duchess of Clarence, who christened it. This is the largest ship ever launched in England.

— The sessions at the Old Bailey ended, when 39 prisoners were condemned to death; 156 were transported, and 143 ordered for imprisonment!!!

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Rev. P. Still, to Miss Anne Hughs.—C. Heneage, esq., nephew of Lord Yarborough, to Louisa, third daughter of Lord Greaves, and niece to the Marquis of Anglesea.—At Little Pardon, J. Bland, esq., to Miss M. Hemming.—At St. James's Church, E. L. Bulwer, esq., to Miss Wheeler.—Captain G. Todd, 3d Dragoon Guards, to Mary Jane, daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.—At St. James's, P. Burgess, esq., to Miss S. C. Green, second daughter of Major C. Green.—At Marylebone, D. Maclean, esq., second son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. Maclean, bart., to Harriet, daughter of General Maitland.—At Lambeth, H. B. Leeson, esq., to Miss Sutton.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Hubert de Burgh, esq., to Marianne, daughter of Admiral and Lady E. Tollemache.—J. C. Colquhoun, esq., to the Hon. Henrietta Maria Powys, eldest daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

DEATHS.

In Hertford-street, May Fair, John, Earl of Stradbroke, 78.—In New Milman-street, R. Bicknell, esq., 81.—Jane Gordon, youngest daughter of Sir Murray Maxwell.—In Torrington-square, R. Orme, esq., late clerk of the crown, at Madras.—Mary, wife of Mr. Alderman Waithman, M.P.—At Hammersmith, Lord Archibald Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton.—At East Ham, the Rev. Dr. Houltain, 80, 50 years Vicar of East Ham.—J. Germes, esq., many years secretary to Lord Exmouth.—Mr. Bampton, of Salisbury-square.—B. Follet, esq., 78, Inner Temple.—In Upper Berkeley-street, Mrs. C. Drummond, 83.—In Ludgate-street, J. Mawman, esq., 67.—At Kensington Gore, J. Mair, esq., 84.—Mr. John Beard, 78, late of Chelsea Hospital.—Amabel, youngest daughter of Lord Grantham.—In King-street, Portman-square, Jacqueline Charlotte, Countess de Hompesch.—S. Hough, esq., 86, of Tavistock-street.—Ugo Foscolo, an Italian gentleman, well known to the whole circle of English literati.—At Notting Hill, Mrs. Vade, daughter of the Hon. R. Walpole, brother to the first Earl of Orford.—The Right Hon. Nicholas Lord Viscount Bangor, in the 78th year of his age.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the English Ambassador's chapel, J. Rayment, esq., to Miss Letitia Winifred Hauten.—At Florence, Mlle. Henriette Guynemer, to the Chevalier Carlo du Tremoull, of Pisa.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, M. Manuel, the distinguished liberal, who was expelled from the Chamber of Deputies.—At Cambray, Miss Boden.—At Jamaica, Rev. Dr. Towton, and Mary Bridge, 111; she retained her faculties to the last, seeing her fourth generation; Rev. H. Jenkins (on ship board), returning from Jamaica.—In Paris, W. Young, esq., secretary to the Lords Commissioners for Redemption of the Land Tax.—At Chandernagore, M. Lewis, esq., brother to Admiral Lewis.—At Santarem, Portugal, Capt. E. Hill, 63d regt.—At Chatillon-sur-Loire, Sir A. Bellingham, bart.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

We feel much pleasure in being able to state, that the wool-combers of Darlington and Bishop-Auckland are in full employment, with a small advance of wages.

The two east wings of Sunderland barracks are pulled down; and, although it is about thirty years

since they were built, the timber is nearly as fresh as when first put together.

The first stone of a new poor-house was laid at Bishopwearmouth on the 30th ult.

Mr. R. Irwin, gardener, at Hexham, lately purchased a horse, which died on the 30th of August. It was dissected, and in the body not less than twenty stones were discovered in a layer of fine sand, varying in weight from one pound to half an ounce, and weighing together six pounds five ounces. There appears no doubt, but the stones were formed in the body of the horse, and they were so placed in reference to each other, that, on the least motion of the animal, they must have moved simultaneously, and the friction thus produced, gave them a variety of singular shapes.

A trial has been made, in a steam-boat upon the Tyne, of a new rotatory steam-engine, for which a patent has been taken out by Mr. Galloway, engineer, of Newcastle. It answered very well.

Married.] At Durham, G. Goldie, esq., to Miss M. A. Bonomi.—At Bowness, Mr. Thompson, to Miss Faulder.—At Cockermouth, Mr. Sawyer, to Miss Mather.—At Denton, — Fogg, esq., to Miss Peacock.—At Newcastle, J. W. Hetherington, esq., to Miss Milburn.—At Barnard Castle, Mr. Charles Raine, to Miss Mary Hedley.—At Bishop Auckland, Mr. C. Winter, to Miss E. Errington.

Died.] At Newcastle, Mr. H. Brodie, 85; Catherine, 66, relict of Rear Admiral Charlton; Mr. Fountain, 78.—At Gateshead Low Fell, J. Smith, 96.—At South Shields, Mrs. E. Steel, 87, and Mr. C. Dixon, 89.—At Whalton, W. Hepple, esq., of Blackheddon; in less than seven months Mr. H., his sister, and five other relations, have pursued each other to the tomb.—At Durham, Mr. Paul Edgar, 85; Mrs. Martha Milner.—At Norton, Mr. Charles Tatham.—At Tillington, Mr. John Clennell.—At Newcastle, John Fox, Esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND

The fifth annual exhibition of pictures has been opened at the Academy of Arts, at Carlisle.

Married.] At Carlisle, G. G. Morensey, to Miss J. Heysham.—At Whitehaven, Mr. Layburn, to Miss Magee.—At Kendal, Mr. Medcalf, to Miss J. de Lambert.

Died.] At Wheelbarrow Hall, Miss E. Earl.—At Whitehaven, Mrs. Sallaney, 72; Mr. Nicholson, 70.—T. Wybergh, esq., 71, of Isel Hall.

YORKSHIRE.

A very numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Brightside Bierlow, has lately been held for the purpose of uniting that village with Attercliffe, in the expenses incurred in the erecting a new church and other ecclesiastical dues; when it was resolved to memorialize the commissioners for building new churches to the contrary.

The branch bank at Leeds has commenced operations upon the same principles as the Bank of England; discount 4 per cent., and bills at 21 days are given for cash, but no interest allowed for deposits; dividends from the public funds paid free of all expense except postage.

The Dean of York has resolved to take down the Deanery, and to erect thereon a grammar school or college, at which youth may be educated sufficiently for ordination for the church.

A subscription has been entered into at Rotherham for building a New Dispensary, the old one being totally inadequate for the purpose.

An important change has taken place in the post-office of this county, by which considerable time is saved, inasmuch that the inhabitants of Dewsbury and neighbourhood now receive their letters from town thirteen hours earlier than they used to do.

At Knaresborough trade is still very bad, and there are no less than 400 empty houses in that small and seemingly decaying place.

The Archbishop has consecrated two new churches; one at Boothroyd, the other at Earlsheaton. Collections on two Sundays were made at Huddersfield for Ramsden Chapel, the first produce £210, the second £194—total £404!!!

The exhibition of the Bradford Artists' Society of Painting and Sculpture was opened Sept. 18.

A nightly delivery of the mails commenced at Leeds, Sept. 17, by which means the inhabitants will receive their letters several hours earlier than usual.

The receipts taken at the Selby musical festival have left a balance in the hands of the managers for the benefit of the charities of that town.

At Doncaster races 26 horses started for the Great St. Leger stakes; as they advanced to the rising ground the bright colours of the riders appeared like visions gliding on the verge of the course. The Hon. E. Petre's Matilda was the winner—the subscribers were 90, at 25 sovereigns each: 30,000 persons attended, whose conduct was highly respectable; all seemed well clothed, well fed, and happy. £2,000 were taken at the grand stand for admission. Penury and poverty seemed banished for once! Would it were always so!

Hull and several other parts of Yorkshire, were, in the latter end of August, visited by a number of those red little insects, so well-known by the name of cow-ladies. They are supposed to have been brought in steam-boats from the south.

York can at present boast of more improvements carrying on than perhaps any town in the kingdom. A new museum is building on the Manor Shore; a new Deanery in the Minster Yard; a new cattle market is nearly completed; alterations and improvements are carrying on, upon a very extensive scale, at the castle and city jail; Michellgate-bar and Fishergate-postern will be much improved, by the repairs, &c., now making; added to which various public and private improvements are in progress in various parts of the city.

Great interest has lately been excited in York by the discoveries made by the workmen who were employed to lay the foundation of a new museum, to be erected on the Manor Shore. Walls have been uncovered—and apartments exposed, that had long been buried in the earth; and several articles for ornament or use in other days, have been turned up with the rubbish.

A dispute exists between the local preachers and superintendents of the Methodists at Leeds, and the Conference, about erecting an organ in Brunswick chapel there. The Conference, on the petition of the people, have decided that one shall be erected; the preachers are against it.

The town of Leeds is rapidly improving. A large market is nearly finished in the centre of the town; a new corn exchange is building, the first

stone of the south elevation of which was laid on the 28th of August, by Mr. John Cawood; a fine range of buildings, to be called the Commercial Buildings, are also erecting.

A mushroom, measuring twenty-eight inches in circumference, and weighing twelve ounces, was gathered at Cawood.

On the 3d of September Doncaster was lighted up with gas for the first time.

A number of fragments of the horns of deer were dug up in a street in York, a few weeks back; some in very fine preservation.

Married.] At Barwick-in-Elmet, R. Bramley, esq., to Miss Eliza Skelton.—At Sheffield, S. Smith, esq., third son of W. Smith, esq., M.P. for Norwich, to Miss Shone, of Tapton.—Rev. D. Markham, Vicar of Stillingfleet to Catherine, daughter of Sir W. M.lner, bart.—At Sheffield, Rev. J. B. Brownell, to Miss M. Major; the same day they departed for New Providence as missionaries.—At Doncaster, Rev. R. H. Formby, to Miss Harriet Peel.—At Leeds, Mr. H. Rogers to Miss E. Crowder —At Handsworth, J. Simpson, Esq., M.D., to Miss Ward.—At Ripon, C. H. Schwanfelder, esq., to Miss King.—At Pontefract, the Rev. William Birch, A.M., to Miss Jefferson.—At Horbury, W. W. Battye, esq., to Miss Scholefield.—At Knaresborough, William Wailes, esq., to Miss Wailes.—At York, Mr. Scott, to Miss Armitage.—At Scarborough, the Rev. C. Johnstone, to Miss Hawksworth.—At Richmond, the Rev. T. Marshall, to Miss Whitelocke.

Died.] Mr. Whittaker, late teacher, at Beverley; as an arithmetician he was almost unrivalled; his memory was astonishing, having been known to repeat 6,000 lines of poetry without an error. —At Howden, R. Spofforth, esq.—At Skipton, Mrs. Wheelhouse, 90.—Mr. Rust, of Hull, author of "The Swearers' Prayer." — Near Hallifax, T. Dyson, esq., 83; he left 170 full suits of mourning to his poor neighbours!—At Doncaster, Mrs. M. King, 92.—At Sheffield, Mr. T. Gray.—At York, Mrs. Overton.—At Marham, Mr. T. Bunell.—At Leeds, William Davy, Esq.—At Hull, William Horncastle, Esq.—At Wakefield, Mrs. Bacon.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

At a late meeting of the teachers and friends of St. Chad's Boys' Sunday School, Shrewsbury, it was resolved to establish a "Relief Fund," having for its object the temporary relief of the scholars when in a state of indisposition and distress.

According to the Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners on the state of the Public Charities, it appears that in one of them in the county of Salop, there are arrears now due to the poor for upwards of *forty-two* years!!! We trust that *all* the provincial newspapers will extract from these reports as they are published what relates to their local interests, that the public, seeing the enormity of these time-crusted dilapidations, may seek the means of employing to the original purposes of the pious donors no less a sum than £972,396 annually to England *only*.

The Anniversary of the Shropshire Society, in aid of the Sunday School Society for Ireland, has been held at the Town-hall, Shrewsbury, the Earl of Roden in the chair, when a flattering report was made. "The Society," said the noble chairman, "knows no party, it comprehends all sects, and its benefits are not confined to the poor only. I myself, as a Sunday School teacher, have received the highest benefits from it."

Married.] At Morton Say, Mr. J. Hazledine, to Miss Rhoda Brayne.—At Easthope, Rev. R. L. Benson, to Miss Amelia Dyer, grand-daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir G.S. Browne.—At Lichfield, H. Chetwynd, esq., youngest son of the late Sir G. Chetwynd, bart., to Miss M. A. Petit.

Died.] At Pipe-gate, 70, Mr. Latham.—Aug. 5, Mrs. Charlesworth, Woodlands (Stafford); Aug. 14, Mr. Charlesworth; and Aug. 18, Mr. C. Charlesworth, their son.—At Wolverhampton, 84, R. Dickinson, esq.; 73, J. Mander, esq.—At Linlay-hall, A. Malo, esq.—At Market Drayton, within the same week, 20, Miss Ann Bradbury; and her sister, Miss Eliza, 25, of typhus fever.—At Sandon-hall, Granville Henry, infant son of Viscount Ebrington.—At Wenlock, 96, Mr. Patten.—Near Eccleshall, 85, J. Faulkner, esq.—At Pool-hall, 70, Mr. Latham.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Prestbury, N. Pearson, esq., to Miss M. Milner.

Died.] 71, Rev. T. Ward, prebendary of Chester.—At Holt-hill, 77, Rev. J. Shewell.

LANCASHIRE.

A meeting of the lay-payers of Chorley was lately held, when the rate of 9d. in the pound, towards defraying the expenses of the new churches, being proposed, was totally disallowed.

At Blackburn Vestry Meeting, it was resolved, that the attempt to impose a perpetual tax for lighting and airing the parish church was inexpedient, and in the present circumstances of the working classes, cruel in the extreme.—The Poors' Rate for the ensuing quarter, at Blackburn, as allowed by the magistrates, is 9d. in the pound—that of last year was 2s. 6d.!!!

A meeting of the working classes and others of Manchester, was held August 8, and adjourned to August 29, when several resolutions were entered into, and embodied in a petition to be presented to His Majesty, expressing their approbation of the firm and decisive manner in which H. M. lately exercised his prerogative; and complaining, as the cause of their late severe distress of an unjust monopoly of the land by the Crown, the Church, and the Aristocracy generally, which can only be remedied by a complete representation of the people in Parliament.

At a meeting of the inhabitants held in the Town Hall, at Liverpool, it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the late Right Hon. George Canning, by public subscription, and a committee was formed for that purpose.

Lancaster Assizes have exhibited crimes of great enormity—a husband has been found guilty of murdering his wife, and executed for the offence; a daughter has been tried on a charge of murdering her father by poison, and very narrowly escaped; the trial for poisoning her mother having been deferred till the next assizes. A desperate gang of robbers, the terror of that wild part of the country which was exposed to their depredations, have been convicted of crimes little short of murder; and a father and two of his sons sentenced to be executed, without any hope of mercy having been held out to them, for these offences.

Married.] At Rochdale, Capt. W. Hepworth, to Miss Mary Crossley.—At Ripon, C. H. Schwanfelder, esq., to Miss King.—At Bury, J. Shearson, esq., to Miss Anne Kay.

Died.] At Bolton, 82, Mr. B. Hamer.—Rev. J. Allonby, 36 years incumbent minister of Cartmelfell. — At Leeds, W. Davy, esq., Consul of the United States of America for Hull and its dependencies; Mrs. J. Barker, after an afflictive confinement of 35 years!—76, Mr. C. Wheeler, original proprietor of the Manchester Chronicle.—At Liverpool, J. B. Hollinshead, esq., alderman of that town.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

August 29, an Infant School was opened at Nottingham, under the auspices of the Established Church. The ceremony was attended by the first families of the town and neighbourhood.—After the little scholars had been marshalled in due order, Mr. Wilderspin addressed the audience, informing them, "That 19,000 babes were now acquiring knowledge in similar institutions in this country alone; although half a century ago no person would have thought that it would have been possible to train 150 children, so as to make them so orderly and quiet as the company now witnessed them." The infants went through a variety of exercises, and gave great satisfaction.—A Provident Society has been established at Nottingham in the General Baptist School Rooms.

Married.] At Chesterfield, Mr. Bunting, to Miss Coller; Mr. Johnson, to Miss M. Saunders.—At Newark, the Rev L. Tugwell, to Miss Godfrey.—At Derby, the Rev. J. P. Mosley, to Mrs. F. Pole.—At Ashbourn, Mr. Webster to Miss Borough.—At Southwell, Rev. S. P. Oliver, to Miss C. Fowler.—H. B. Leeson, esq., of Wilford, to Miss E. Sutton.

Died.] At Chaddesden, 82, Mr. Goodwin.—At Moira Baths, 71, P. Waterfield, esq., of Ashbourn.—At Newark, 82, Mr. J. Tailes; and Miss M. Boss.—At Chesterfield, Mr. G. Gosling.—At Belper, 80, Mrs. A. Barber.—J. Simpson, esq., of Wirksworth.—At Derby, 85, Mr. Bostock.—At Newfield Screveton, 86, Mr. Neale.—At Foolow, 74, Mrs. Deborah Morton, a celebrated Wesleyan Methodist.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Commissioners for the Enclosure of Charnwood Forest have put up for sale, at Loughborough, the unappropriated lands. Some portions of which, that have little to recommend them, sold at the rate of £100. per acre!

The framework knitters of Leicester have addressed a petition to the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the county, on behalf of 40,000 persons, praying for some relief from their abject and miserable situation, which the *lowness* of their wages has plunged them into, and which, although they have employment, will not allow them the means of maintaining their families. We hope they will obtain that attention their case requires; "for wherever wages have been low, I have observed with pain," says Justice Best, "that the labourer has resorted to the law of nature, and has supported himself by plunder."

The receipts at the doors of the church at the Leicester Music Meeting, and at the Concerts, amounted to £4,533. 5s. 11d. After all expenses are paid, there will be nearly £1,200. for the institutions for which this festival was undertaken. Never in the memory of any person living did the town contain such an assemblage of wealth, beauty and fashion, as on this occasion.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At Warwick Assizes, 18 prisoners received sentence of death, 13 were transported, and 25 imprisoned.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Birmingham, an address of condolence to His Majesty, on the loss of Mr. Canning, was unanimously agreed to.

By the report of the state of patients admitted and discharged at the Northampton Infirmary, it appears that 78,087 persons have been cured, and 8,128 relieved, since the foundation of this noble charity in 1774. A collection was made Sept. 13, after a sermon preached in behalf of the Infirmary, amounting to £82. 18s. 11½d. The governors regret their inability, from want of funds, to erect an asylum for lunatics.

The trade at Coventry is in an improving state.

A monument, executed by Chantry, has been erected in Handsworth Church, in memory of the mechanician Watt. On a marble Gothic pedestal stands his full-length figure, and on the front is inscribed, "James Watt, born 19 January, 1736, died 25th August, 1819. Patri optime merito. E. M. P."

Married.] At Warwick, Mr. Loveday to Miss S. M. Topp.—Mr. Bacon, of Stratford-upon-Avon, to Miss Evans.—At Coventry, Mr. J. H. Angier to Miss Walker.

Died.] At Walgrave, 79, Mr. Mabbutt; he had been master of the free school 48 years, 41 clerk to the Baptists, and teacher in the Sunday school from its commencement.—At Warwick, 68, Mrs. Tomes, wife of J. Tomes, esq., M.P. for Warwick.—At Tamworth, 82, Rev. J. Byng.—At Coventry, 74, Mr. Shields.—At Kenilworth, Miss Rock, and Mrs. White.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

August 31, the new charter, graciously granted by His Majesty, was presented to the borough of Kidderminster, at their Guildhall, where the corporation was in full attendance. This charter promises important results to the borough, by facilitating the daily administration of justice on the spot, and thus meeting the exigencies of a very increased population, and securing the direction of an efficient police. This is what every borough town, and city in the kingdom ought to have; then they will not be obliged to keep their wretched culprits six months in gaol before it is known whether they are innocent or guilty.

The receipts at the Music Meeting at Worcester, for the benefit of the Three Choirs, amounted to £5,024. 13s. 4½d—upwards of £1,200. more than those of the last meeting, 1824. This success we trust will give an impetus to that spirit of renovation which has lately distinguished the conservators of other cathedrals to those concerned with the Three Choirs, so that at the next exhibitions they may each appear with equal magnificence, in splendid restoration of the venerable remains of pious antiquity.

The inhabitants of Ross have distinguished themselves in the course of eight years by their brilliant society of horticulture, which has come to great perfection. They have this autumn established an exhibition of pictures in oil and water-colours, with the idea of making it permanent.

Married.] At Worcester, P. Johnston, esq., to Miss E. Gwinnell.—At Hereford, Mr. Parker to Miss Davis.

Died.] At Ross, in consequence of a fright occasioned by the sting of a wasp, Mrs. Pritchard.—At Great Malvern, Anne, wife of Vice Admiral Sir W. Hotham.—At Shobdon, 84, Mr. Caldecott.—At King's Capel, 73, Mrs. Roberts.—At the Ryelands, Mrs. Livesey.—At Worcester, Georgiana, wife of C. Babbage, esq.—At Tewkesbury, J. J. Turner, a youth blind from his birth, and a well-known local preacher in the Wesleyan connexion.—At Kempsey, 73, Mrs. Smith.—At Stoke-prior, J. Dowdeswell, esq.—At Hereford, 83, Mrs. Powles.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the assizes at Gloucester, 13 prisoners were recorded for death, and 20 transported, one of them, only 14 years of age, was an old offender; and 31 imprisoned, one of them 71 years old! A boy

of 12 years old was tried for stabbing a playmate of 15, in consequence of a quarrel while playing at marbles; he was acquitted. Baron Vaughan said, "You have had a most fortunate escape; for if a direct conviction had taken place, I could not have done otherwise than suffer the law to take its proper course!!!"

At Monmouth, 3 condemned to death, 2 transported, and 5 imprisoned.

Monday, Sept. 27, the new Stroud Mail left London at 8 P.M., and arrived at Stroud at 8 on Tuesday morning, completing a distance of 106 miles in 12 hours. It being the first royal mail coach on that line of road, numbers of persons assembled at Cirencester, Stroud, Chepstow, and other towns, and in several places ringing of bells and hoisting of colours evinced the joy of a population of not less than 40,000 inhabitants.

A new watering-place is to be established at the peninsula of the Severn and the Wye; and premiums have been advertised for laying out and building on the Beachley estate for that purpose.

At the late meeting of "The Clergy Society," at Bristol, the sum of £434. 4s. 7d. was collected; and at that of the Gloucestershire Society, at Clifton, £256. 19s. in aid of the good purposes of both establishments.

Married.] At Wootton-under-Edge, Mr. Lewis to Miss Wiles.—Mr. Horne to Miss Tombs, of Moreton-in Marsh.—At Gloucester, Mr. Meyler to Miss Walker.—At Cold Ashton, Rev. H. T. Ellicombe to Miss Ann Bridges.

Died.] At Stroud, Mrs. Burder.—At Wootton-under-Edge, 62, J. Cooper, esq.—At Gloucester, 74, Mr. Gransmore; and Miss Park.—At Cheltenham, W. Dowding, esq.—At Frogmill, Rhoda, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Pearce.

BUCKS.

The paymasters of Aylesbury parish have determined to rent 20 acres of land, to be cultivated by spade husbandry, in order to employ their superfluous labourers.

The Bazaar held at the Town-hall of Aylesbury, has produced, by the works of the ladies only, as much as £100. for the excellent purpose of establishing an infant school.

Married.] At Oakingham, J. M. Bence, esq., to Miss Jenkyns.—At Brimpton, W. A. Harris, esq., to Miss Ann Goddard.

Died] T. A. Rudd, esq., late of Ampthill.—At Beaumont, the Hon. H. E. Flower, third daughter of Lord Ashbrook.—At Bedford, 62, Mrs. F. Chapman.

HERTS AND ESSEX.

The Committee of the "West Herts Infirmary" have made their First Annual Report, which answers the expectations of the most sanguine, and conveys the gratifying assurance that the bounty of its supporters has been well bestowed, as a permanent comfort and benefit to the poor, and a source of advantage to the country—157 patients have been relieved and cured.

The first stone of a new market-house was laid at Ware, Sept. 8, which is to be upon a larger scale than the old one; the ground was given to the town by the lord of the manor.

OXFORDSHIRE.

At present there is not a single person for debt in the gaol of this county!!!

Married.] At Oxford, D. Ward, esq., to Miss Marian Johnson; T. Wace, esq., to Mrs. Hitchings.

Died.] At Albury, 63, Mr. Hester.—At Oxford, 75, Mrs. Bartram; J. Lett, esq.; 62, Mrs. Robinson; 98, Mrs. Jackman.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

September 5, the first stone of a new Roman Catholic Chapel was laid at Norwich by the Hon. and Rev. E. Clifford, with the usual ceremonies.

At the Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Public Library, it was announced to be in a very flourishing condition.

September 3, the Directors of the Norwich and Lowestoffe Navigation Company proceeded down the rivers in grand ceremony, to be present at the commencement of the undertaking at Mudford Bridge, when Alderman Brown commenced the operations by digging the first spadeful, amidst immense cheering; portions of the first earth turned up were eagerly seized by the crowd, and carried away in their pockets as a memento of the day. There was a sailing match on the occasion on Lake Lothing. Such a concourse of people was never seen before at Lowestoffe; there were at least 15,000 people afloat and on the margin of the lake.

The room of the Lynn Mechanics' Institution was thrown open to the subscribers Sept. 3, when an appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. E. Edwards.

Married.] At Wissett, H. Howard, esq., to Miss E. Tillott.—At Lakenham, Rev. B. Cubitt to Miss White.

Died.] At North Burlingham, 77, Rev. J. Denison.—At Bedingham, 90, Mrs. Norgate.—At Great Yarmouth, 74, Mrs. S. Cotton; 77, Mrs. Austin.—91, Mr. T. Sheldrake, of Henley.—At Pulham, 83, Mrs. Mayston.—80, Mrs. Devereux, of St. George's, Colegate.—At Norwich, 74, W. Herring, esq.; he was second son of Dr. Herring, Dean of St. Asaph, and had been 32 years Alderman of Norwich.

CAMBRIDGE.

A beautiful fossil of the sea turtle has recently been discovered, and by the perfect substitution of all the organic parts, as well as its locality, may be considered an interesting remain of a former world. It is incrusted in a mass of ferruginous limestone, and weighs 180 pounds. The spot on which it was found is in 4 fathoms water, and is formed of an extensive stratum of stones, called the Stone Ridge, about 4 miles off Harwich harbour, and is considered to be the line of conjunction between the opposite cliffs of Walton and Harwich. It is in the possession of Mr. Deck of Cambridge.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

By the recent report of the committee of Portsmouth and Portsea Literary and Philosophical Society, it appears that no less than 600 specimens have been deposited in the Museum since September 1826!!!

Married.] At Petworth, Lord Charles Spencer Churchill to Miss Benet, daughter of J. Benet, esq., M.P., Wilts.—At Arreton, Isle of Wight, Major G. G. Nicholls, only son of General Nicholls, to Miss Henrietta Atkins.—At Owslebury, Rev. P. Hall to Miss M. H. Wools.

Died.] At Portsmouth, 82, Mrs. Leggatt.—At Midhurst, 106, Mrs. Anne Harding.—At Hastings, the Hon. Orlando Bridgman.—At Tichborne-house, Mary, fourth daughter of Sir Henry Tichborne, bart.—At Chichester, 83, Rev. Mr. Walker.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At Kingston-hall, the Duke of Wellington laid the first stone of the Egyptian obelisk on the lawn on the south front of the house, with the following inscription:—"The first stone of the foundation for the Egyptian Obelisk, removed, in 1819, by William John Bankes, esq., from the Island of Philæ, beyond the first cataract of the Nile, was laid by Arthur Duke of Wellington, on the 17th of August, in the year of our Lord 1827." A Waterloo medal was dropped into a small cavity prepared for that purpose.

Married.] At Ramsbury, J. Blackman, esq., to Mrs. Lawrence.—At Landford, F. Stratton, esq., to Anne Rosamond, daughter of General Orde, and niece of Lord Roden.

Died.] At Imber, 76, Mr. Scammell; and Mr. Bradshawe.—At Trowbridge, Mr. Cross, watchmaker, and a very celebrated mechanical genius.—At Mapperton-house, Eliza Emily, second daughter of Sir M. H. Nepean, bart.—At Stinsford, 85, the Right Hon. Susan O'Brien, aunt to the Earl of Ilchester.

SOMERSETSHIRE AND DEVONSHIRE.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Female Orphan Asylum took place at Bristol August 22, attended by all the beauty and fashion of that place and neighbourhood, and in a magnificent style. The mayor laid the first stone. The children and the company were partakers of a cold collation; a collection was also made. The children were entertained by the mayoress the next day at the Mansion-house, when she presented 1s. to each of the children.

A numerous and respectable meeting was held at the Town-hall, Wells, August 30, for establishing, Friendly Societies in the eastern part of Somerset on more just and equitable principles than those which have hitherto prevailed, when a committee was formed for the purpose, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells unanimously chosen president.

At Somerset Assizes, 28 prisoners were recorded for death, 20 transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods: yet there were only 7 criminals left to suffer the last awful punishment of the law; one of whom, for burglary, was 71 years of age! —The verdict given in the *quo warranto* action at these assizes, relative to the Corporation of Wells, will not only deprive 6 or 7 of its members of their civic honours, but remove nearly 60 burgesses.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Frome Savings' Bank evinces a gradual return of confidence and prosperity; the sum invested in government securities is greater, and the number of depositors in the labouring class is increased.

At a numerous and highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Plymouth, at the Guildhall, September 14, it was unanimously resolved to establish an Infant School for the children of the Labouring Poor, from the age of 2 to 7 years, to be called "The Plymouth Infant School."

The Plymouth Dispensary relieved last year (by their Report) more than 1000 persons, principally at their own residences.

The ceremony of opening Exeter Canal took place September 14, and several vessels have since entered its basin.

Married.] At Bath, R. V. Edwards, esq., to Miss M. A. Armstrong; E. W. Clift, esq., to Miss E. Lax; Mr. James to Miss Deans.—At Frome, Major Fawcett to Miss Wickham.

Died.] At Marston-house, Lady Lucy Georgiana Boyle, second daughter of the Earl of Cork.—At Ilfracombe, Miss Priscilla Coats; Henry Lewis, esq.—At Bath, Mrs. Bird, of Widcombe Terrace.

CORNWALL.

Married.] At Garlennich-house, Rev. G. A. Moore to Miss Ann Turner.

Died.] At Tresuga, 68, Mrs. Robins.—At Hale, 82, Mrs. J. Bowden, leaving a progeny of 100 children, grand-chi'dren, and great grand-children.—66, Lieut.-Col. John Bailey, inspecting field officer in this county.

WALES.

The chapel of St. David's College, Lampeter, has recently been consecrated by the bishop of the diocese.

There has been an advance of 10s. per ton on bar-iron in the principality.

At Brecon Great Sessions, the judge, in his address to the grand jury, complimented the county on the paucity of offenders for trial.—In Merionethshire, there were only 2 persons for trial.—In Carnarvon, one only; and at Beaumaris, in the trial, Lord Newborough *v.* Spencer and Hughes, the jury, after a deliberation of nearly two hours, finding they were not likely to come to unanimity, agreed to *toss up* on which side the verdict should be given. This fact was stated on affidavit on the next court day as ground for a new trial.—At Glamorgan, 5 death, 3 imprisoned.—At Carmarthen, 1 transported.—At Pembroke, 2 death, 5 imprisoned.

The Mary Ann, from Bangor, loaded with slates, put to sea and became so dangerously leaky that the crew left her, took to the boat, and watched her sinking far beyond the time they had calculated she must disappear; they returned to her, and found the leak had ceased to increase. They set her sails, and brought her into Milford-haven; and to their astonishment found the leak had been stopped by the body of a fish which had been forced in with some sea-weed; their ship and cargo were saved.

Married.] Major Hartley, of Deganwy (North Wales), to Miss Clark.—Mr. James, of Merthyrtydfil, to Miss Louisa Carter.

Died.] At Llandovery, 80, Rev. Morgan Jones; this venerable clergyman had never been elevated above a curacy above £50. per annum, which he diligently served for more than half a century; and saved, by wonderful parsimony, £18,000.—At Glanbalren, 75, Mr. Matthews.—At Cardigan, J. Davies, esq.—At Montgomery, 75, Mr. J. Mickleburgh.—At Dolgellan, 104, David Pughe.—Evan Humphrey, esq., of Garth-hall, Glamorgan.—Mrs. Scowcroft, Haverfordwest.—At Llanelly, 76, Mr. Williams.—At Abergavenny, Rev. C. Powell.—At Swansea, J. Caldecote, esq.—At Neath, W. Williams, esq., comptroller of the customs.—At Llanelly, Captain Ray.—At Tenby, 77, Mrs. Brodbelt, of Jamaica.—At Bishop's-castle, T. Routledge, esq.

SCOTLAND.

By the last Annual Report of the Edinburgh School of Arts, it appears that there has been a considerable falling off in the number of students, caused by the pecuniary distress which, for the last two years, has been felt more or less by every class of the community. The wages of stone-masons, carpenters, and joiners, who have always formed the great majority of the students, have fallen from 26s. to 13s. a week.

Died.] At Edinburgh, 80, George Ferguson, Lord Hermand, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of August to the 25th of September 1827.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	211½212	87⅜ ⅜	86⅞ 87⅛	94 ⅜	94 ¼	100⅞ 1	19 15-16 20 1-16	254½	87 88p	55 58p	86⅞ 87⅛
28	210½211	87⅜ ⅜	86⅞ 87⅛	94	94½ ⅜	100⅝ 1⅛	20 ⅛	256	89 90p	57 59p	86⅞ 87⅛
29	211	87⅜ ⅜	86⅝ 87	94½	94½ ⅜	100⅝ 1	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	90 91p	58 59p	87⅛ ¼
30	210 211	87 ⅜	86½ ⅜	93⅝ 94	93⅝ 94	100⅝ ⅞	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	92p	58 60p	86½ 87
31	210 211	87¼ ⅜	86⅝ ⅞	93½ 94⅛	94⅛ ⅜	100¾ 1	19 15-16 20 1-16	254½	93 94p	59 61p	86⅜ 87⅛
Sep.											
1	212	87⅜ 88⅛	86⅞ 87½	—	94½ ¾	101⅛ ⅜	20 1-16 ⅛	—	93 94p	60 62p	87⅛ ¼
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	212½214	88⅛ ⅜	87⅜ ⅝	94⅜ 95¼	94⅞ 95⅛	101½ ¼	—	—	93 94p	61 62p	87⅜ ⅜
5	—	—	87⅛ ⅜	94⅜ 95	—	101¼ ⅜	—	—	—	59 61p	87⅛ ⅜
6	—	—	87⅛ ⅜	94⅞ 95	—	101⅜ ⅜	—	—	92 93p	59 60p	87⅜ ⅜
7	—	—	87⅛ ⅜	—	—	101⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	59 60p	87⅛ ⅜
8	—	—	87¼ ⅜	—	—	101½ ¾	—	—	—	59 60p	87⅜ ½
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	87⅜ ½	—	—	101⅝ ⅜	—	—	—	60 62p	87⅜ ⅜
11	—	—	87⅜ ½	—	—	101⅝ ⅜	—	—	93 94p	60 62p	87⅜ ⅜
12	—	—	87¼ ⅜	—	—	101⅝ ⅜	—	—	92p	58 60p	87⅜ ⅜
13	—	—	87⅜ 88⅛	—	—	101⅞ 2⅛	—	—	93 94p	58 60p	87⅞ 88⅛
14	—	—	87¼ ⅜	—	—	101½ ⅜	—	—	94p	59 60p	87⅞ ⅜
15	—	—	87 ⅜	—	—	101⅜ ½	—	—	93 94p	59 60p	87 ½
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	86⅞ ⅞	—	—	101½ ⅜	—	—	—	58 60p	86⅞ 87⅛
18	—	—	86⅞ 87⅛	—	—	101½ ⅜	—	—	—	59 61p	87⅛
19	—	—	87¼ ⅜	—	—	101½ ⅜	—	—	94p	60 61p	87¼ ¼
20	—	—	87¼ ⅜	—	—	101⅝ ⅜	—	—	94p	60 62p	87⅜ ½
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	86½ ¾	—	—	100⅞ 1¼	—	255½	93 94p	59 62p	86½ ¾
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	86⅞ 87⅛	—	—	101½ ⅜	—	—	—	59 61p	86⅞ 87⅛
25	—	—	86⅝ ¾	—	—	100⅝ 1¼	—	—	—	58 62p	86⅜ 87

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From August 20th to 19th September inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20			63	66	54	29 92	29 92	75	80	NNE	NNW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
21			63	70	56	29 97	30 01	84	88	E	NE	—	—	—
22		◑	59	68	56	30 09	30 15	90	88	NE	E	—	—	—
23			59	71	58	30 20	30 21	80	73	NNE	NE	—	Fine	—
24			64	68	55	30 14	30 01	75	78	N	NNW	Fine	—	Fine
25			58	68	52	30 00	30 06	76	77	NNE	N	—	Fair	Clo.
26	·6		55	66	49	30 07	30 10	76	81	NNE	N	Fair	S.Rain	Fine
27			55	66	58	30 17	30 19	83	78	NE	NNW	—	Fine	Fair
28			60	78	51	30 17	30 21	82	79	NW	NNE	Overc.	Fair	—
29		◑	53	66	53	30 26	30 23	80	78	NNE	N	Fair	Fine	—
30			58	65	55	30 17	30 05	84	90	WNW	NW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
31			57	66	55	30 17	30 22	93	82	NE	ESE	—	—	—
Sept.														
1			58	68	53	30 23	30 24	88	90	E	E	Sleet	Fair	—
2			56	71	54	30 22	30 20	93	87	ENE	ENE	Clo.	Fine	Fair
3			59	70	55	30 18	30 20	85	79	ENE	E	Fair	—	—
4			57	62	55	30 20	30 15	75	83	ENE	E	Clo.	Fair	—
5		○	58	68	51	30 11	30 17	85	82	ENE	ENE	Fair	—	Fine
6			56	66	50	30 16	30 18	86	82	ENE	ENE	Clo.	—	—
7			58	65	56	30 16	30 14	82	85	ENE	E	Fair	—	Clo.
8			58	65	58	30 13	30 07	80	82	NE	E	Clo.	Clo.	—
9			62	67	58	29 90	29 82	86	94	S	WSW	Fair	—	Rain
10	·82		59	66	63	29 76	29 76	96	80	WNW	WNW	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11			64	70	59	29 72	29 62	82	86	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	—
12	·31		59	66	53	29 61	29 68	90	88	SSW	WSW	S.Rain	Rain	—
13		◐	56	64	51	29 77	29 98	91	78	W	WNW	Clo.	Fair	Fair
14			54	68	60	30 09	30 08	88	89	W	WNW	—	—	Clo.
15			65	71	62	30 14	30 15	82	92	N	NNW	Fair	—	Fair
16			66	71	59	30 18	30 20	88	88	ENE	NNE	Clo.	—	Clo.
17			60	69	58	30 21	30 17	85	88	ENE	SE	Fair	Fine	Fair
18	·13		60	69	51	30 13	30 07	91	80	SE	N	Clo.	Fair	Rain
19			54	60	46	30 04	30 03	80	72	NW	NW	Fair	—	Clo.

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of August was one inch and 8-100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] NOVEMBER, 1827. [No. 23.

PAUPER LUNATICS.

OF the calamities flesh is heir to, the one conspicuously the most appalling to our apprehensions, and the least within our power to guard against, is lunacy. Any man, at any moment, may be thus visited; and, therefore, every man's interest it is, while he is in a sane state, to look well to institutions established for so deplorable a condition: it is his paramount interest to insist upon the most approved arrangements for care and cure; to detect and remedy abuses; to place such institutions, if that be possible, out of the range of corrupt and sordid motives; to stipulate for a system of inspection, of too wakeful and public a character to be easily evaded; and thus to secure to himself, beforehand, as far as precaution can go, something like fair treatment. Such is—if not the hardness of human nature, at least such is its indisputable indolence, there is no trusting to spontaneous kindness, and certainly not to steady and continuous kindness, for the fulfilment of what are styled the duties of humanity, especially when neither prompted by the impulses of affection, nor imposed by respect for opinion. These duties are often onerous and expensive, and beyond the reach of many who are called upon to perform them, and sometimes painful, and even disgusting, and such as nature shrinks from; and then a reluctant performance is all that even payment can exact, or authority extort.

What is everybody's business is nobody's; and so general is the conviction that such business will not be performed at all, that recourse is had, by common consent, to the sanctions of the legislature to enforce the discharge. Hence arises the necessity for asylums, and provisions of relief for poverty and age—for those who have neither the means of subsistence left them, nor friends to supply the loss. And if provision for the pauper can only be secured by an act of the legislature, the necessity for placing the lunatic—and, above all, the pauper lunatic—under especial protection, is still more imperative. The pauper, if refused relief by the proper authorities, can appeal to the magistrate; but the lunatic is, for the most part, utterly incapable of such appeal, and if, in a lucid interval, he be capable of applying for redress, he is more likely to be repulsed than relieved, and his very complaints be numbered among his hallucinations.

But such protection, it will be said, is already afforded. Lunatics are actually placed under the tutelage of the Chancery; and, with authority so unlimited, or at least so indefinite, as is that of the court, all abuses in the management of lunatics surely might be promptly remedied. Yes, in a hundred places we read lunatics are so protected; but books and facts—especially law-books and facts—are frequently at variance; and the fact in this case is, that it is the *rich* lunatic only who is under the Chancellor's guardianship. With respect to the rich lunatic, too, it is rather his property than his person with which the court is concerned; at least, where no property appears, we never yet could learn—let law-books say what they will—that the lunatic was ever the better for the honour of so distinguished a guardian. So far as the persons even of rich lunatics are concerned, the Chancellor's supposed authority is delegated to a Medical Commission, consisting of five physicians and a secretary, all appointed by the College, but perhaps approved by him. Returns, at all events, are annually made to his court; but let the reader learn—it will probably be new to him—that no returns are made of pauper lunatics. The Commissioners visit all mad-houses within the pale of their jurisdiction—a few miles only round London; but, in the clause which directs them to make returns of lunatics, pauper lunatics are expressly excepted; and, if the Commissioners do bend their lofty regards upon them, it is by straining the terms of their authority, and not in consequence of any orders or powers specifically entrusted to them. Remonstrances, it seems, they rarely make; and when they do, they appear—and no wonder, unauthorized as they are—to be treated with pretty uniform contempt. Mr. Warburton we shall find generally forgetting such remonstrances were ever made, and, when occasionally brought to his recollection, bearing testimony to his own neglect of them.

The office of this Medical Commission, then, amounts to visiting, once in the year—some of the larger establishments twice—and reporting upon the condition and management of those lunatics, who may, perhaps, with some small degree of propriety, be said to be under the Chancellor's protection; and the ultimate object of the visit is to prevent sane persons from being deprived of liberty under pretence of insanity, and of securing to the insane proper treatment while under restraint. How far these objects are accomplished by these means—how far the property is protected, liberty respected, and cruelty restrained—it is not our present business to discuss. That, in the two last respects, the expedients are effective, can scarcely be predicated.

The immediate question before us is the fate of pauper lunatics. Our attention is drawn to the subject by a Report, published by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums, and especially into that of the Pauper Lunatics in the County of Middlesex. The report almost exclusively concerns the treatment of the male paupers belonging to the parishes of Marylebone, St. George's Hanover-square, and Pancras, confined in an establishment called the White House, at Bethnal Green, kept by a Mr. T. Warburton. From this establishment, about a twelvemonth ago, the parish of Marylebone withdrew their paupers—to the number of forty or fifty—disapproving of the severity and neglect with which they were treated. This circumstance probably led to the appointment of the committee, and certainly influenced them in first directing their inquiries to the state of the White House. To the report containing the results of these inquiries, we shall,

for the present, confine our attention. The maxim of "*ex uno disce omnes*," is generally a safe one, where the circumstances scarcely vary, and the motives by which men are commonly impelled necessarily the same. The establishment in question, be it remembered, is not of a public nature, but a private one. It is especially instituted for private gain; therefore, the greatest profits, with the smallest trouble compatible with success, must be the final and ruling object of the proprietor. Humanity can scarcely enter into the system, and, at all events, cannot be calculated upon. It is at variance with the interests of the institution; for humanity implies more personal attention than is found to be given, and less coercion; and these things can only be at the expense of time, and anxiety, and labour, and, in the same proportion, to the sacrifice of profit. The only restraint upon severity and neglect—the only motive which is likely to secure any of the effects of kindness—is the apprehension that the too eager pursuit of gain may defeat its own purposes. Individuals may perish by harsh treatment, and the credit of the establishment suffer with them; therefore, there is a limit to neglect, some bounds to severity, some check upon cruelty—not in humanity, but happily in interest itself. Cruelty and interest may, however, long go hand in hand before they must part company; as a bow will take a good deal of straining before it snaps. It is an easy thing to throw an oblivious cloud around the insane, and, under the cover of that cloud, to commit fearful atrocities: their condition occasions their friends perplexity, and excites alarm among them; they look eagerly anywhere for relief, and welcome any promise of deliverance. The disposition of people to confide in the doctor is almost without measure: he himself affects to know more than he really does, and, on the claim of superior knowledge, demands greater confidence; and, under the shelter of this confidence, he may steadily and safely pursue his own interest, to the abandonment of the patient's welfare.

If there be one matter more than another, where it is essential to shut out all the ordinary motives and means of gain, the care of lunatics is that one. They cannot help themselves; they are thrown upon strangers interested in oppressing them; and, comparatively, are resigned into their hands, or deserted by their friends. The case of pauperism is not half so imperative; and yet it has been found necessary to withdraw the motives for personal interest from their management: it has been necessary to stop the practice of farming the poor, because the thirst of gain, which is in most natures next to ungovernable, has prompted the contractor to starve the miserable wretches who fell under his tender mercies. But what is this system of thrusting the pauper lunatics into houses like Mr. Warburton's, but *farming* them, under the most unfavourable circumstances too, where the poor victim is supposed to be unable to distinguish complaint from content, and may of course be oppressed with impunity.

The statement we are coming to, be it understood, is no attack of ours on Mr. Warburton's establishment. He owes the notice his establishment attracts to its greater extensiveness. The Committee do not suppose it to be worse than others; nay, the implication rather is, that it is one of the best; but, nevertheless, they find the system pursued liable, in their full extent, to the old objections pointed out by the Committees of 1807 and 1815; and as neither any modification in the laws, nor palliation in the practice, seem likely to remove them, the only effective expedient is public institutions—county asylums, superintended by the magistrates, and

managed by persons whose interests will not be advanced by oppression, and whose activity will be kept awake by inspection.

We have heard it asserted that Mr. W. has been unjustly and hardly dealt with by the Committee. His establishment has been ferretted out and out; every hole and corner exposed to open day; no secret suffered to lurk undetected; no malversation to be extenuated. The private recesses of his retirement have been invaded: the whole economy of his domestic management sifted and censured; his larder has beeen overhauled, and his very servants examined; the amounts of his bills for medical assistance have been demanded—for wine and delicacies—for sugar and spices: in short, the poor man, it has been said—and that by rational people too—has been treated as if his house was not his own. Nor is it, nor ought it to be, his own, in the common-sense of the term. So far as he and his management are concerned, the establishment should be a glass-house, and all the workings within visible to every passer-by. Every soul of man has an interest and an undoubted right in exploring the secrets of such a prison-house.

But others there are, who will not abstractedly deny that his house, as a mad-house, ought to be made the subject of public inquiry—but who seem inclined to side with the injured Mr. Warburton, on the general ground that all parliamentary reports of this kind are justly liable to suspicion, and, in the eyes of every man who can keep them open, ought to be distrusted. Two or three persons, it is said, thirsting for notoriety, seize upon some exciting occasion, and resolve forthwith to get up a committee. It is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish such a matter. Nobody opposes private committees. The proposers name their own colleagues—send for what witnesses they please—give the evidence what colouring they please—draw up the report to suit their own purposes—and thus are the public mocked and betrayed, and private interests sacrificed to personal ambition, and passion for distinction.

We have scarcely patience to repeat these calumnies—these wicked, but perhaps sometimes only thoughtless representations, though more generally the vile promptings of faction and party. Any part of them is rarely applicable to the reports of late years, which are in reality a mine and mint of the most valuable information—taken, as every thing else must be, with some grains of allowance, and not received with a credulous indiscrimination. The interrogations are no doubt frequently put expressly to elicit the facts, which the witness is known to possess, and which he comes expressly to state; but every body must surely be gratified by thus gaining evidence at the first hand, from men of the highest eminence and the best means of information, and which could never otherwise be got at—and, occasionally, by the felicitous results of cross and close questioning. But the evidence is not given upon oath. What then? Have not the House power to punish prevaricating witnesses?

But, with respect to the report before us, there is no ground whatever for distrust. Evidence, for and against Mr. Warburton's institution, has been received—not only the evidence of those who were led to complain—not only the evidence of recovered lunatics—not only that of the overseers and the medical men of the parishes—not only that of the Commissioners of the College of Physicians, but all who are immediately connected with the institution—from Mr. Warburton himself, and the doctor, his son—from his own medical attendants, and the superintendant of the establishment, down to the keepers, all have had their "say;" and not one of

them, we confidently add, will have the audacity to charge the Committee with misrepresenting them. All have had an opportunity of correcting their testimony. The report comes, therefore, in the most unquestionable shape; and by this evidence ought the institution to be finally judged.

To go through the report *seriatim* our limits will not allow; nor would such a survey further our immediate purpose, which is simply to give the results of the evidence as bearing against the propriety of continuing these institutions, or at least of longer allowing paupers to be placed in them. These results may be taken chiefly from Mr. Warburton's own statement, who was allowed to look over the evidence of the parish officers, of the surgeon of the parishes, of discharged lunatics, and of the College Commissioners. The complaints he finds to be—that the house is too crowded with patients—that no medical attention is paid—that no curative process is used—no classification of patients—no variation of food, according to the health and state of the patients—an insufficient number of keepers—inhumanity and neglect of superintendents and keepers towards the patients—that convalescent patients were *made* to act as keepers—that the crib-rooms were wilfully concealed, and in a state of loathsome filth—that the patients were confined in their cribs on Sundays, to save trouble to the keepers—that they were washed with mops and cold water in the winter: with other particulars, indicating gross mismanagement.

The truth of these complaints, one and all, he peremptorily denies, and desires leave to disprove them by the evidence he proposes, consisting mainly of his own medical friends, superintendent, and keepers. He was himself first examined, and his own evidence is detailed at great length—memorable, the whole of it, for the confident and undoubting tone with which it is delivered—for the absence of all power of measuring probabilities, or of judging of the effects on the minds of others likely to follow his hazardous assertions—for the direct testimony to facts, of which it is impossible he could know any thing, and to the general conduct of persons he seldom saw—and, finally, the absurd degree of confidence he professes to place in his superintendent.

But, to come to particulars. Complaints, it appeared, were actually on the books of the Medical Commission, of the "crowded state of the house." These complaints, Mr. W. recollects, were sometimes made, and, he admits, not without reason;—but no attempt was ever made to remedy them; and, in point of fact, we may safely infer he never, on that ground, rejected a patient. But other complaints stand on the books—of the "blankets and clothing." Of this he has no recollection. Again, of a "want of keepers." On recollection, thinks there was such a complaint.—What was done in consequence? Has no recollection; but, no doubt, if patients increased, keepers were proportionably so; not in consequence of any representations on the part of the Commissioners, but by the rules of the institution.—Again, of the "rooms being close and offensive." Has no recollection.—Of their being "still close and offensive, and no improvement made." Recollects a statement of this kind.—Of a "keeper being admonished and censured for rough treatment to a particular pauper." Has no recollection. When asked, after these remindings on the part of the Committee and his own recollections, if he perseveres in his assertion of the absence of all complaints? Does not doubt the complaints were made as they appear on the Commissioners' records, but still has no farther recollections than what he admits. Of course, it may justly be concluded, no

remedies were applied: the remonstrances were treated with contempt. It is not at all probable that complaints were made by these grave personages without very obvious cause.

Then, as to there being no medical attention paid—it must be observed that no such allegation had been made. But it is often good policy to aggravate an opponent's statement. It enables the party to contradict something; and though the part contradicted be only the aggravated part, it goes in the common estimate for a part of the whole accusation, and weakens the credibility of the charge. An advantage is thus gained, and that is half the matter in securing acquittal. But what is Mr. W.'s own account of the medical attendance? His own son-in-law is the regular surgeon of the establishment, and attends every other day. On other days, a friend of the surgeon visits the house—not a partner, nor an assistant, but a friend, or an amateur, perhaps: he is not paid for attendance, and of course is not responsible. But we shall hear more of him. In the White House there are about 500 patients, and in the adjoining one, called the Red House, 300 more. This surgeon, Mr. W.'s son-in-law, attends them all. This same surgeon attends also another house of Mr. W.'s, called Whitmore House: but the number of the patients there is not mentioned. This same surgeon is also surgeon of St. Luke's. This same surgeon has also a "fair share of general professional practice abroad." The inference is obvious; and the fact must be, that only cases of bodily ill-health are specifically attended to. That alone, indeed, must be quite enough to absorb all the attention one man can give—enough, and more than enough; for here are a thousand persons, of a class peculiarly liable to sudden attacks of bodily disease, every one of whom may justly, perhaps, be said to be constantly in a state of bodily disease—more or less susceptible of alleviation from medicine, and more or less to require attendance. That the same man can have any individual acquaintance with the cases of a thousand people, is too plain a matter to be questioned; and, accordingly, Mr. Warburton, when, by dint of more searching questions, he is compelled to modify his general assertion, observes that a large proportion come from other establishments as incurables; and with these the said surgeon, who attends to every person, has nothing to do, except with their bodily health. Dr. Robert Hooper is also introduced to the Committee to state his opinion, that, out of 160 or 170 patients, perhaps not more than ten or twelve, on the average, may require to be under process of medicine;—and this proportion will probably give a higher number than is actually under the care of the surgeon at any one time. Now how could Mr. W. thus broadly assert, as he does, that the medical attendant superintends all the patients, mentally and bodily; and that a "curative process," as he phrases it, was constantly going on; meaning—or at least meaning the Committee should understand—that the minds of the patients were as much attended to as their bodies? To mislead, of course, and to bear down suspicion, by the weight of confident and indiscriminating declarations.

But Mr. W. is a man who professes to undertake himself not only the care, but the cure, and may therefore fairly be supposed to supply any deficiencies, on the part of his medical attendant, by his own practice. Let us see. He tells the Committee his knowledge of insane cases is equal to any man's in England. But how—ask the Committee, very properly—how does he contrive to apply this knowledge, which nobody questions, attending, as it appears he does, only two single hours a week,

and a great part of that time occupied, as it probably is, by the other duties which devolve on him as proprietor of the house?—"By examining the patients, as other people do," is his answer. Besides, he adds, the confidence he places in Mr. Jennings, his superintendent, enables him to give more of the two hours to the "curative process" of the minds of the 500, than he could otherwise do. But when farther pressed by the questions of the Committee, who are naturally puzzled, and cannot comprehend how one poor mortal can look to 500 cases in less than an hour, that is at about the rate of ten per minute,—he "conceives the surgeon is the person whose constant attention in that way is required, and he knows *that* constant attention the surgeon does give at his visitations; but, with regard to himself, he sees the patients, and examines, and gives directions accordingly;" all which it finally appears he contrives to do very well, because "a very short time does for insane patients, many of whom also are incurables." When again pressed about his knowledge of the surgeon's attendance, and asked, as he himself only visits twice a week, and the surgeon every other day, if it frequently happened he did not see him—he boldly answers, "it rarely happens:" though, in fact, if both attended at the same hour, they could only meet once a week; but, on their own shewing, they do not even visit at the same hours. However, they possibly meet at Mr. W.'s other establishments; and the surgeon's report, so paradingly alluded to, may then be made of all the establishments together. But how, after all, are these reports, which are stated to be so regularly made—how are they made—in writing? No such thing; all verbal only. Truly, the one must have a memory, and the other an apprehension, quite unparalleled, to make such reports complete or useful.

With respect to professional attendance, then, the fact is, and must be, no attention at all is paid to the cure of the minds of the patients, beyond some general system of restraint and occasional separation—none, we mean, to particular cases. The patients are kept in safe custody, and acute diseases are attended to: that is the sum of Mr. W.'s "curative process."

Mr. Warburton is next examined as to the classification of the patients. "Any classification?"—"Certainly; one room for the violent, one for the more quiet, and another for the sick." It is a curious feature in Mr. W.'s examination, that he always answers as if his replies would be accepted as absolute and conclusive. He seems never to anticipate questions that must compel him to modify his peremptory statements. Even the very inadequate classification he speaks of turns out to be quite fallacious. The rooms are all accessible; nothing prevents the quiet from going to the violent, nor the violent from going to the quiet—only that the keepers would of course send back the violent to their own room, if they saw them out of it.

As to *food*, a difference, he says, is made between the sick and well. When asked if the same difference is made with respect to the paupers—and if, in point of fact, any paupers were *then* on the sick diet?—he is "positive there must be a great number, because it is constantly ordered, if required." We do not comprehend the logic of this reply. When asked, as no written report is made of those who are ordered a change of diet, how he knows that each has the diet directed?—the answer is, he relies on the superintendent. "Is Mr. W. aware of the different diet given in each case?"—"He is aware it is directed." "Is any distinction of diet made with reference to the mental malady?"—"The variation is according to the nature of the case." But in this matter, as well as in others, Mr. W.

and his superintendent do not coincide; and we suspect the superintendent knows most about the fact.

Now as to *attendants*. "What number of keepers have the care of the male paupers?"—"Five." "How long have there been five?"—"For years." Again: the superintendent's account will not coincide, though he labours hard to reconcile his and his master's; but that of the keepers themselves contradict Mr. W. point-blank. "But convalescent patients assist?"—"No patients are ever desired to do any thing but what is for the benefit of their own health and the promotion of their cure." The charge rests mainly upon the evidence of the convalescents themselves, and, though bearing every mark of probability, can of course be insisted on only so far as it is confirmed by other testimony.

The *crib-rooms*. These are rooms appropriated to the pauper-patients, who are in what is styled a "high" state, and also to those who are insensible to the calls of nature, and of course require extraordinary care. When asked if he knew in what manner patients were "placed" in these cribs at night?—Mr. W. answered he did. If he ever saw them so placed?—he left that to the superintendent. If he ever actually witnessed the manner in which they were placed?—Repeatedly, repeatedly he has gone to them. "Within how many years?"—"Less than years or months." Again, the superintendent will tell a different tale.

When denying the charges of neglect and cruelty—of the effects of extraordinary filth—of the patients being washed stark-naked in winter, with cold water and mops—he relies for the denial on the report of the superintendent, and the confidence he has in him, and cannot of his own personal knowledge deny it;—is only sure Mr. Jennings would not use any person with cruelty or hardship. He contradicts the evidence brought before the Committee—not from knowing himself the truth of this contradiction, but because he believes Jennings's counter-statement; he gives him general instructions that nothing be wanting, and relies with entire confidence on his fulfilling the directions, and is willing to abide by whatever Mr. Jennings shall state to the Committee; he knows all the charges of mismanagement, neglect, and cruelty made against his establishment; he has inquired of Mr. Jennings about them; Mr. Jennings denies them; and Mr. Jennings he believes.

Well, but the crib-patients are confined from Saturday till Monday—that is, chained to one spot in their cribs; "what is the reason?"—"Because confinement is beneficial." "But why on Sundays?"—"Because it is a quieter day—no visitors are admitted." "Is it not for the relief of the keepers?"—"Never." "But why should all of them be thus chained up? can indiscriminate confinement be a good plan?"—"Indiscriminate confinement, he should think, not correct." "Was Mr. W. ever at the White House on Sundays?"—"He seldom goes."—"Within a twelvemonth?"—"Yes; three months, perhaps." "Did he ever go into the crib-rooms on Sundays?"—"He never did; he leaves them to the management of Mr. Jennings." "Does he confine his 'private,' his gentlemen patients, as well as the pauper patients?"—"No." "Is it not extraordinary, then, that the pauper patients should thus exclusively be so treated?"—"It is under Mr. Jennings's management." Mr. Warburton is then asked if he considers himself responsible for Jennings?—"Perfectly so." "Did Mr. W. himself always know of this practice of Sunday confinement?"—"No." "Did he till within these three months?"—"No." "Mr. Jennings concealed it from him?"—"Yes."

"Has the knowledge of this matter weakened his confidence in Mr. Jennings?"—"It has." "Then has he not reason to doubt Mr. Jennings's statement in other matters?"—"No." "Is it not probable that, if he conceals one thing, he may another?"—"Yes." "But his general confidence is not shaken?"—"No." The examination closes with the Committee returning to the charge of chaining to their beds the crib-patients on Sundays. Mr. W. is again asked if he chains his private patients from Saturday to Monday; and he answers they are never chained. How does he justify the difference of treatment? The pauper patients of course are not under the same sort of discipline as the wealthier patients: he assigns, he adds, no other reason than that.

This is the sum of Mr. W.'s own testimony. No one can fail of being struck with the real ignorance under which he labours of his own establishment; by the sort of confidence he places in all about him—the surgeon—the superintendent; he scarcely seems to think any check or control required. He glances over the establishment twice a week; he trusts to the surgeon for their bodily health, and for following up his own directions for their mental maladies; he himself exercises his own curative powers by a word—a look; virtue goes out of him; he commands, and all obey; do this, and—it is done—for any thing he knows. For our own part, it seems marvellous how the establishment thrives; but that it does thrive—that is, that it pays—is of course beyond all question.

The cursory view we have thus taken of Mr. W.'s own evidence is of itself, we imagine, nearly sufficient to establish, to every body's conviction, that the system of management requires re-modelling—built as it is on the principles of money-making; that, in short, other institutions are demanded for the protection of the insane, to screen them from the oppressions which, first or last, sooner or later, more or less, are sure to spring from the sordid sources of personal avarice. But, to make the case still plainer, and to shew the interior workings of the establishment more distinctly, we will briefly look over the superintendent's evidence. His interests are of course so closely bound up with the establishment, that it will hardly be supposed master and man do not agree; and yet, the truth is, scarcely in any facts do they agree. The discrepancies arise chiefly from the one knowing more of the matter than the other—more of the whole range of facts and management: both are equally ready to vouch for the absolute perfection of the whole concern.

In reply to the inquiries of the Committee as to medical attendance, Mr. Jennings gives nearly the same account as Mr. W., except that he is not quite so peremptory about the surgeon's friend: he attends, he says, *almost* every other day. Mr. W. does not, after his manner, qualify at all. But how far this "unpaid" friend is effective, it is impossible to get at from any part of the evidence. The regular surgeon visits from eleven to twelve, or from twelve to one. According to this account, he could never encounter Mr. W., who comes at ten, for one hour. When asked, as to the several sorts of insanity—some violent, and some melancholy and mopish—whether he considers the same diet fit for all?—he answers, "yes, if the bodily health be good." Therefore, that diet is not regulated, as Mr. Warburton says it is, with reference to the mental state of the patient. When asked, as the patients are all treated alike, private and paupers, if he can state any paupers who have received the better, the sick diet, in the last year?—He really does not know that he can; it

is a thing he never supposed he should be asked, and never took any notice of it. "Can he name any one pauper?"—"He really does not know that he can." "Can he name any for the nine years he has superintended the house?"—"There are many; but he cannot name one." "Can he tell how much is expended on arrow-root and sago?"—"No; there are great quantities bought—enough for three months at a time; but things are bought together at Apothecaries' Hall, or at Mr. Dunston's: but he can give no separate account of any thing but bread and meat; he buys, perhaps, a dozen things together, and enters them in a lump in the cash-book—for instance, 'Sundries, three or four pounds.'" "Is Mr. W. satisfied with that?"—"Yes; all sorts of things are included—sometimes clothing—three or four, or half a dozen hats or shoes." "That is the way he accounts to Mr. W.?"—"Yes."

With respect to mental remedies. "Does he exercise his knowledge in promoting the mental cure of the patients?"—"He certainly does." "In what way?"—"By classing them, as well as the nature of the establishment and the keeping them together will permit; not allowing one in a raving way to be with a melancholy one." "Is that the only attempt he makes?"—"Yes, and keeping them well-bedded and cleaned, and washed and comfortable; and, as to the other part of the curative process, he leaves it to the medical man; he takes care to administer the medicine ordered." "The only point to which he turns his attention, as to cure, is classification?"—"Yes; attention to cleanliness and comfort." The facts, therefore, come to this:—Mr. W. leaves the mental care to Mr. Jennings; Mr. Jennings separates them into classes, keeps them "clean and comfortable," as he calls it; and leaves the rest to the surgeon, who troubles himself with nothing but acute diseases. And this is the process of the institution for the cure of mad people!

When Mr. Jennings is asked about Mr. W.'s attendance—whether he visits twice a week?—he answers, "Yes, or his son." Mr. W. himself said nothing about the son visiting in his stead. But the fact, of course, is, he does not visit the establishment even twice a week. "Has Mr. Jennings any recollection of Mr. W.'s being at the house at night?"—"No, not to look round the establishment." Yet Mr. W.'s language led the Committee to believe he had been there within three months—of course, to look over the house. When asked how Mr. W. came not to know about the Sunday confinement of the paupers?—he says, he always supposed he did know. What volumes does this fact speak! If such a circumstance could escape Mr. W. so many years, of how many others is he still more likely to be in utter ignorance? But, with respect to this confinement, Mr. Jennings asserts the patients were, nevertheless, all taken up, and washed on the Sunday;—an assertion, in which he is contradicted by the keepers, whose knowledge of what is actually going on is doubtless as much superior to Mr. Jennings's, as his to Mr. Warburton's.

This system of confinement—notwithstanding all the alleged advantages—is now, it seems, abandoned—abandoned in consequence of the wishes of the Board of St. George's. "Then, in consequence of this wish on the part of St. George's parish, you have discontinued the practice as to *all* pauper patients?"—"Yes." "Out of deference to one body of gentlemen, totally unacquainted with the treatment of mental insanity, you have discontinued the practice generally?"—"Yes." "Are you always so complying as to the regulations of the house, that, if any person objects to a

regulation, you always cease to enforce that regulation, and make the change universal?"—"Yes, certainly we do; it must become a general rule of the establishment, or we cannot carry it on. For instance, as to the confinement: we used to confine them in strait-waistcoats, till Lord Robert Seymour came to our house; he was constantly about it. We have discontinued it in consequence of his objection. I have heard him say, if he thought the use entirely of the strait-waistcoat was not abolished before he died, he thought he could not rest in his grave." "And for the sake of his resting in his grave, you have done away with it?"—"He was a man of some consequence."

To trace still farther the actual state of things, we must glance at the evidence of William Barnard, a keeper for eight years, and still in the establishment. It has been stated by Warburton and Jennings, though in less absolute terms by the latter than the former, that there were always five keepers for the paupers. Wm. Barnard, when asked who acted with him, named four plump. On farther inquiry, it proved one had been with him three months, another not so long, and a third from August of last year. Before August there were only two, himself and another—taking occasional assistance from the gentlemen's side, and assisted by the convalescent patients. These patients had no absolute care of rooms, but helped, and had remuneration in the shape of tobacco and money. As to the cribs, there were from thirty to forty confined in them on Sundays. Mr. Jennings spoke of twenty. These patients were not all taken up—did take out three—will not be positive about so many as five. Then as to the mops and cold water?—"Never used a mop three times in his life; but has seen it used occasionally, but never as a regular thing."

What says John Sharpe, who was hired as groom to Mr. Jennings, but, on his predecessor continuing, assisted for a few weeks in looking after the patients, and was there from November till the Duke of York's funeral?—The crib-patients were all chained up on the Sunday; they were not taken up and washed, but occasionally wiped: on Monday, if dirty, they were washed with a mop and cold water. "Did he often use a mop?"—"Often." "Use hot water?"—"Never." "Any flannel?"—"No; believes there was a copper heated every day, but did not use the water. As to variety of food, never knew any difference made, except with those in the Infirmary, and does not know what they had; at breakfast, some had coffee and bread and butter, at expense of friends. Has seen the convalescent patients assisting—putting others to bed; seen one of them strike the patients; left the establishment, because he was not wanted."

But the evidence of Thomas Dalby is of more importance, because he has been in the establishment nineteen years and a half, and is as stout about all being right as Mr. Jennings or Mr. Warburton. Till within a twelvemonth, he and Barnard had the charge of all the paupers, with occasional assistance. When asked if any alterations had taken place in the system of management, answers, "No." "What, just as it was a twelvemonth ago?"—"Yes, we do the best we can." "No alteration in treatment of patients?"—"No." "Crib-patients not now confined on Sundays?"—"No, but they are treated just the same." "Is not that an alteration in the treatment?"—"Yes, in that respect." "No change in Infirmary?"—"No; it is kept clean, and always was." The tone cannot be mistaken; nor could Thomas Dalby be mistaken as to the number of his colleagues.

We have before seen the extent of the surgeon's labours—at the least a thousand patients; but a glimpse at his own testimony will be more satisfactory. On his examination, he professes to consider himself responsible for the mental and bodily cure of all. When asked to describe the process, he fears, by speaking professionally, he shall not make himself intelligible; but, being farther urged, he states generally, if the case be one of excitement, he reduces; if of depression, he gives them a fillip; and, if dependant on bodily disease, he cures the disease. In short, all who are bodily ill, he attends to; and of those who are mentally so, all who are susceptible of being benefited by medicine. He does not hesitate to make this declaration, though never more than one out of ten are actually under his care. Of course, nine out of ten are considered by him as incurable, and no regard is, in point of fact, paid to them. Being asked how he remembers the cases, he says he keeps a paper, with the name and medicine prescribed, which he renews as it fills up—perhaps every week or ten days. "Does every description of patients receive the same diet, exclusive of bodily ailments?"—"Yes, but thinks the furious require better diet than the melancholy, and has no doubt they have it." Like Mr. Warburton, the surgeon answers generally: whatever is requisite is done; he gives orders, and is sure they are executed: but, being farther questioned, knows nothing of course of the actual execution of his orders. The superintendent is all in all.

Then follows the Pylades of this Orestes, Mr. Cordell, who is as ready as the best to make the largest declarations. He gives directions about diet—and every thing is done—done so far as the orders go, he means. "If I find a man sinking, I say let this man have wine; if accustomed to wine, give him brandy. I am speaking of paupers. With respect to the higher orders, of course, if we recommend champaign and brandy, it is followed immediately without restriction." "What sort of register does Mr. Dunston keep of his patients?"—"A very correct one." "Is it a book?"—"A large folio volume; and, I believe, for neatness, as well as correctness of detail, it is a pattern for every professional man to adopt." "Does that book constitute the means you have of going on with the system of medical treatment?"—"Precisely. For months back we have had occasion to refer, and I have never found the reference fail," &c. Will the reader believe that the whole of this detail is sheer moonshine—that, in reality, no such book exists?—and, of course, no such referencecould be made? This gentleman, on an after examination, when the Committee remind him of his evidence, begs leave to correct his statements. He laboured under a mistake; some years ago there was some such book, and he supposed it was continued; his statement was made in the confidence he had in Mr. Dunston's extraordinary punctuality and method. There can be no difficulty in attaching its due value to this gentleman's testimony.

Dr. Robert Hooper is also examined on the part of Mr. Warburton, and at Mr. Warburton's desire; not, the reader will think, with very good discretion. Speaking of Mr. W.'s house, he says, "The patients that are sent there are many of them epileptic patients, whose minds are, after an epileptic paroxysm, very much deranged, and who, during the attack, are very unmanageable: they are generally incurable cases. Now, I conceive, that such cases, if they are looked after to see that they do not hurt themselves, that they are taken proper care of under the paroxysm, and that they have comfort afforded them when the paroxysm goes by, are as well there as in any other place, affording them similar attention. There are very many

melancholy, whose aberrations of mind constitute what we term melancholy madness: I do not think the situation at all calculated to effect the cure of melancholy madness. There are some few that go there under acute maniacal sufferings—furious madness: the place is perfectly inefficient for the cure of those, I conceive. Perhaps another class may be said to be those who have delusions—cases of lunacy: I do not think that place well calculated to remove delusions.—That is the distinction I take." That is, in Dr. Robert Hooper's opinion, the epileptic are properly taken care of at Mr. W.'s; but the other three classes, as he expressly says, are left without any efficient system of cure—derive no efficient advantage.

The facts, then, which may be considered as established, are these:—that the patients are too thickly crowded to admit of adequate classification and exercise—in a space, indeed, less than either Bedlam or St. Luke's there are double the number of patients; that though the instances of positive cruelty may be few, those of the most criminal neglect are many; that the medical treatment is confined to cases of acute bodily disorders; that nothing—absolutely nothing—is attempted in the way of mental cure; that as to any attention in varying the diet according to the varying states of mental disease, little or nothing is done; that neither the surgeon nor the proprietor can be said to know much of what is going on in the establishment; that an absolute confidence is placed in one man, who has chained patients, indiscriminately and periodically, unknown to the proprietor, and has described the establishment itself in a manner of which he himself could give no proof, and which is contradicted by the keepers, and who is as adventurous and almost as reckless as the proprietor himself in answering for what he could not personally know. But, above all, it is manifest that the whole system of supervision exercised by the parish officers and their medical men, as well as by the College Commissioners, can give no security whatever for good treatment; that the whole centers in the confidence of all parties in Mr. Warburton, whose own account proves that he throws the burden of management upon another, whom few persons, after the disclosures that have been made, except Mr. Warburton, would think deserving of farther confidence.

If private establishments, then, were the proper places for lunatics, this is not the place; but the whole result only tends to set the fact in a more glaring light—that nothing short of a public institution, open to constant inspection, under the direction of men who have no personal interests to prosecute, is alone calculated to furnish the protection which the security of society, the rights of humanity, and the sympathies of our common nature demand.

THE MOTHER'S MONITOR;

SUGGESTED BY A GERMAN LEGEND.

Six playful summers had he seen,
The widowed mother's only boy;
Her care, her play-fellow had been,
The last dear spark of life and joy.

None ever caught his glancing eye,
But longed to look on it again;
"Heaven bless thee!" breathed the passer-by,
And churlish hearts still joined "Amen!"

Did he, who gave the treasured bliss,
But grant it as a taste of heaven,
To teach of better worlds than this?
Alas! 'twas only lent, not given.

E'en in the spring-tide of his day,
When closest to her heart he clung,
He pined, and sickened slow away;
The widow's wail, his death-dirge sung.

Now most forlorn she sits alone,
There, where she watched his heartfelt glee,
While memory brings with every groan,
Her boy's gay laugh of ecstacy.

Nor faith, nor hope, can reach her there;
Death is before her, round her, still.
That aching heart can raise no prayer;
Those streaming eyes ne'er cease to fill.

—'Tis that still hour when all should sleep,
And bless, in dreams, kind Nature's care;
—What form is that which seems to weep,
And stand in lovely sorrow there?

It bears her boy's transparent brow,
His soft round lip may there be seen;
But ashy white, its coral now,
For death now breathed where life had been.

Yet 'tis her boy! Oh, was it woe,
Or was it bliss, that shade to see?
A moment ceased her tears to flow,
—"Com'st thou, my boy, to comfort me?"

"Oh mother! look upon my shroud;
"'Tis ever wet with tears of thine;
"Past is the time for grief allowed,
"Now heaven's bright hope again should shine.

"Oh mother! let me rest in peace,
"Till on thy breast again I lie;
"And let it make thy sorrows cease,
"That thou shalt hope, not fear, to die."

Blest as the ray that paints the bow,
When God's own word to man is given,
Was that sweet voice, which bade her know
She should behold his face in Heaven!

FULL-LENGTHS.—N° VI.

The Ship-Clergyman.

We approach our subject with a degree of timidity; we crave the most charitable consideration of our readers. The matter to be discussed is at once both delicate and difficult. Fine hair-strokes, and softly-mingling colours are here imperatively requisite; we must venture no bold outline—a hurried touch would instantly destroy our subject, as well as hand us over to the scorching accusation of a reckless disrespect. We are, in sooth upon our very best behaviour.

As we always like, whenever it is possible, to lean upon the huge-nobbed stick of philosophy, we shall here for a brief space rest upon the weapon. It is well known that matter exposed to the sea air undergoes, in many instances, a variety of transformations; blacking and bottled porter ar particularly affected by a long marine voyage: but of all the changes worked by the ocean—and indeed we could heap the page up with instances—of all its manifold operations, none are so strikingly peculiar as those upon a son of the church. It is really wonderful to contemplate the character—the new tincture—given to orthodoxy by a voyage in a man-of-war to the West Indies. There is—or ought to be—in the bearing of every land clergyman, a kind of dignified suavity—a sweetness, yet still a dignified placability. Now, this dignity, which, indeed, we have frequently heard censured by the superficial and unthinking as clerical *starch*, we rather call gum, "medicinal gum," at once imparting a strength and a gratefulness to the clerical character. Now, of this moral gum our ship-clergyman hath not an atom; the sea air hath wholly annihilated it—the salient particles have utterly destroyed it, returning at the same time a less artificial rigidity to the character of the despoiled. We think if it were possible to feed a man upon musk, the excess of sweetness would render him an idiot. Is there not, however, other musk than that bought in packages at the perfumer's? Let us consider it philosophically;—and what are the hourly obeisances, the half-breathed replies, the continual cringings of deference, but so much civet curling up from the altars of the dependent to the nostrils of the patronizing? The nose of nearly every man is greeted more or less with this daily odour, which, steaming to the brain, there imparts a deceptive principle of strength, which, christened in the meekest name of passion's vocabulary, is called—confidence. We know it may take a hundred different appellations—folly, rashness, conceit—according to the original power of the organ it enshrouds. Now every member, from the bishop—from him who hath lawn sleeves—to the hard-working journeyman of the church, who can scarcely obtain linen for attire of any kind—every one of these hath, in his degree, a corresponding deference paid to him, from which results a peculiar, and truly clerical dignity. Now our ship-clergyman, having no marked distinction paid to him by supple humanity, his moral man undergoes a progressive yet certain change, and whilst feelings and ideas are at work within, the elements busy themselves both in his intellectual and physical powers. We must here attempt a contrast.

We can readily figure to ourselves a clergyman, confirmed an oracle of his village—the grand arbiter of all disputes—the peace-maker and the pet in families—the grand lexicon for the unlettered. How different the

clergyman of the quarter-deck. The boatswain prefers no complaint to his orthodox shipmate—the helmsman confers not with him on the quarter of the wind—nay, we much doubt, whether, if we were to examine the whole navy, we should find that "the gentlemen of the cockpit" ever once sent up "their compliments to the Reverend Mr. ———, and begged for his decision in an argument on the Hebrew roots." Indeed we much doubt the probability of the occurrence. Now this very consciousness of unimportance acts as a slow fire in the heart of every man—this tacit prohibition of all display of acquirements is, in itself, a grievous evil. If we were to bind round with packthread the tail of a peacock—if we were thus inhumanly to prevent an exhibition of its glories—the animal would doubtless pine and die. And so would man, had he not, when deprived of one resource, reason wherewithal to put forth another—and thus we have known a worthy marine clergyman, whose exquisite tact in hair-breadth points of faith was never called into exertion, gain immortal fame throughout a ship's-crew, by making grog—in the emphatic language of his admirers—"like an angel."

Our readers must not start at this praise; but must duly consider the many circumstances, morally and bodily, which urge our clergyman to gain such reputation. The elements which he has to confront demand of him a firmness uncalled for in his land brethren. Even a clergyman, whose black becomes drenched when the vessel ships a sea, cannot always retire to his birth to dry himself over Latimer or Baxter alone—a thousand seductive examples show a different mode. We must own that a roystering lieutenant, slapping the powder out of the reverend gentleman's collar, and telling him to "mix for the mess," has in it something averse to the respect due to the primitive church; we feel a surprise, akin to that excited by Marlowe, who, in his *Dido Queen of Carthage,* makes *Æneas* say to his taciturn and dull-headed friend:—

"Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box!"

A Trojan warrior and a tinder-box—orthodoxy and cold rum and water! What startling contrasts! A little consideration, however, destroys our wonderment, and we recognise in both a propriety begotten by a rigid necessity. As the clergyman cannot induce his shipmates to come over entirely to him, he must step a little way out of his road to shake hands with them. The first lieutenant declares he will not sit down to the book of Job; but kindly invites the reverend gentleman to a glass of rum and water. And an invitation from a first lieutenant—but, stop, we are doubtless conferring with the uninitiated; we must, therefore, explain ourselves by affinities. Our ship-clergyman cannot refuse the first lieutenant. Why? Can a poor curate reject a wealthy holder of livings?

A ship-clergyman is, in fact, a kind of negative ornament: something like the figure at the head of the ship; there is an air of propriety about the appointment, but little opportunity is afforded for a display of utility. Indeed our clergyman is in every way a victim to naval discipline. The sailors follow up their exclamations with fearful expletives, and pass on, unrebuked by their reverend pastor. The fault rests not with our subject. Let him, however, commence a lecture in condemnation of profane swearing, and he would have to contend with the shrieks of the boatswain's whistle, and the "Sway away, there!" from his mates. What then? He must endure the evil in silence. He must "compress the God

within him," and if he cannot pray with, pray for, the whole ship's company. He may, it is certain, treasure up all the enormities of the crew, and touch upon them with a tongue of flame in his Sunday's discourse—he may lay forth in the most odious colours, the vice of evil-speaking, even though the captain be not notorious for his courtly figures—he may, it is true, level his fire at the sin of drunkenness, and at the red nose of the purser—the reverend gentleman may fulminate against fornication, even though a hundred nymphs from the neighbouring sea-port make a part of his auditory—and such they always do, whenever the vessel bears so rich and gentle a freight! The reverend orator may doubtless scourge every creature in the ship from the admiral to the loblolly-boy; but, alas! can human courage dare so much? Ought he, compelled to live with tigers, to venture to pull them by the whiskers?

Indeed—after, we trust, a very patient and comprehensive view of things, a view in which we have anxiously pondered on all the harmless creatures and engines to be found in either civilized or savage society—we conscientiously declare, we know not a more unoffending, a more innoxious compound than a ship-sermon. These discourses form striking contrasts to the ceremony which they precede: they are generally delivered at the bottom of the quarter-deck companion ladder, where, on the pulpit being "doused," the soul-cheering liquor is instantly served forth—the prayer, "May the peace," &c. is directly followed by the pithy order "Pipe to grog!" and those of the congregation who have providently hidden their cans under the "church" benches, are in a moment ready to receive their liquor. The sermon is generally from Blair or Tillotson; all the vigorous passages expunged, with a few original emendations to mystify; *hiatus in manuscriptis* frequently occurs, but Jack has not the bitterness of criticism. These lectures are, in truth, more pleasant, as they are less comprehensible; ship-sermons, like glow-worms, shine most in darkness. Let us not, however, deny, that our clergyman is sometimes wholly original. He sometimes produces a fine soporific manuscript, with laudanum worked into the very paper, and bearing in every line a row of poppies disguised as letters—a volume, the leaves of which are no sooner parted, than we sympathise with the covers, and yawn likewise!

We have endeavoured philosophically to account for the distinction between the churchman of the land and the (pardon the pun) "rector *pelagi.*" Notwithstanding, we cannot come to a close ere we attempt to strike off the lineaments and habitudes of one particular ship clergyman, at present most vivid in our recollection.

There was an admirable union of the gravity of the church and the sturdiness of the quarter-deck in the person and manners of Mr. E——. It was a droll, yet happy amalgamation. There was, to the eye of Fancy, a smutch of nautical tar on the three-corner beaver of the theologian; the milk-white bands which descended from his neck, were not cambric, but plaited oakum; his very hair, although closely cropt, to the considerate look, seemed to tend in all the downward yearnings of a pig-tail. When he exclaimed "Dearly beloved brethren!" one naturally concluded that "Hearts of oak" must follow. Not a boatswain in the whole fleet had, a more unyielding frame. There was a compact robustness in his form a kind of graceful violence in his bearing, which spoke the man whose nerves delighted in a stiff gale and a high sea. In the event of an appalling

leak, no man could have been more efficient at the pumps than parson E——. We think he inwardly pleased himself in the knowledge of this, yet deemed a public belief of his powers at variance with the meekness of his calling. From hence resulted some laughable manœuvres in his affectation of timidity. He would step into a boat with all the interesting terror of a young lady; and was inexpressibly perturbed at the prospect of a royal salute. Poor Mr. E——! he would have cut out a "three-decker," or sent a broadside of grape into her, with any lieutenant or gunner in his Majesty's navy. His face truly shewed the man! Winds from all points had lacerated his visage, and good proof spirit had worked a cure; albeit, it left some scars behind. Boreas and Bacchus had his cheeks between them—their powers had fiercely disputed every atom of ground; although we cannot but think Bacchus must have been the victor, he having, in token of conquest, planted his round tower (a barnacle) on the reverend gentleman's nose.*

In the ward-room, Mr. E—— was an oracle. When in port, it was he who was intrusted with the important charge of visiting all the poulterers, the wine-merchants, the pickle-warehouses—it was he who brought to the mess, nearly "a pair of every living thing." Often have we marked him nearing the ship—the gig sunk to the very gunwale with the weight of flesh and fowl—the eye of our clergyman, as it were, slumbering exultingly on a fat haunch, or gigantic turkey some three-hands breadth before him—in fact, his whole person dilated with the consciousness of self-importance, and the anticipations of dinner. We must confess it—in every point of cookery, &c. Mr. E—— was orthodox—a very bigot—even to the laying of the *soft tommy*.†

The failings of Mr. E——, if failings they be called—vanished with the cloth. He was a good, and, perhaps—but we never heard him discourse in Greek—a learned man. Certain it is, he had a pleasantry, the sure sign of a mind at ease—at times, a joviality of manner, which, whilst it fitted him for his companions, gave no licence to their looseness. He—and let not this be considered as his meanest virtue—was the patron of the poor child who had stepped from the nursery to the riot of the cock-pit: he would take the ten-years old midshipman with him in his shore rambles—would feed him with cakes and good counsel—and, as much as possible, cleanse the mind of the infant from the moral mildew of a man-of-war! Mr. E—— was a bluff, a merry, a good ship clergyman.

J.

---

* We trust not to be understood as here falling into a vulgar cry. The truth is, although a water-drinker may do in the Weald of Kent, he would be mightily inconvenienced in the "chops of the channel."

† Nautical—*bread.*

TRAVELLING PARTICULARITIES:

No. I.

CALAIS. *July* 8, 1827.

I BELIEVE you are right, after all, in bidding me send you as many *facts* as I can lay my hands on, and permit you the privilege of collecting your own inferences from them, and forming your own opinions. We "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" are, I confess it, very apt to insist that those whom it pleases us to enlighten by our lucubrations shall accept the boon after *our* fashion, rather than their own. We modestly believe that you, who are good enough to read what we write, cannot be repaid for your kindness by any thing less than being spared all the trouble of thinking for yourselves. Seriously, our travellers' letters of the present day are very full of "wise saws;" but they leave the "modern instances" to lag behind. This shall, at any rate, not be the case with mine. The latter shall be all in all with them—leaving you to form or collect the former as best you may. In a word, I will endeavour to write with a view to *your* satisfaction exclusively—except in so far as mine can be made to grow out of that.

But you bid me write you from every town at which we stay in the course of our desultory route—forgetting that the track we are likely to follow, for the next month or two, is a beaten one, upon which nothing new has sprung up for the last century or two, much less for the last week or two; during which latter period you have, no doubt, seen it duly described. This is what I told you when we parted: but still you insisted that I must write all I observe, and all I do *not* observe;—tempting me to do so by your flattering hints, that, in both cases, I shall tell you something you did not observe or miss yourself, and have not been told by others. There is no resisting this—especially when you add, seriously, that you have not yet obtained, either from your own or other people's observations, any very distinct and available general notions of the different places, persons, and matters with which I shall come in contact in the course of my errant journeyings. This last plea decides me. It refers to a want that I have long felt myself, and that I am determined at last to remedy—for myself I mean. If, in doing so, I can also remedy it for you, the satisfaction I shall feel in my success will be doubled.

I think I told you that we mean to stay several *days* at least, in every town of any note that we visit, and also in every one of *no* note, if we find any thing, either in or about it, that claims attention. Shall Calais, then, be passed by without mention, merely because all the world has seen it, and knows "all about it," as the phrase is? Assuredly not. Calais will merit to be described by every Englishman who visits it, and to be read of by every one who does not—so long as Hogarth, and "Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England!" shall be remembered, and—which will be longer still—till the French and English become one people, merely by dint of living within three hours' journey of each other.

Calais has been treated much too cavalierly by the flocks of English, who owe to it their first, and consequently most fixed impressions of French manners, and the English want of them. Calais is, in fact, one of the most agreeable and characteristic little towns in France. It is "lively, audible, and full of vent"—as gay as a fair, and as busy as a bee-hive—and its form and construction as compact. This latter is the great merit (not to men-

tion its being the great defect) of all fortified places. A town should *be* a town; and Calais is one entirely. Its inhabitants know no more about "the country" than those do who have spent all their lives, except an occasional Sunday afternoon, in Cheapside; and they are wise enough to care about it still less—seeing that all the good appertaining to it, in their eyes, is brought to them every Saturday throughout the year, and offered at almost their own prices.

Calais, therefore, unlike any English town you could name, is content to remain where it is—instead of perpetually trying to stretch away towards Paris, as our's do towards London, and as London itself does towards them. Transporting you at once to the "Place" in the centre of the town (an entirely open square, of about 150 paces by 100), you can scarcely look upon a more lively and stirring scene. The houses and their shops (they have all shops) are like nothing so much as so many scenes in a pantomime—so fancifully and variously are they filled, so brightly and fantastically painted, and so abruptly do they seem to have risen out of the ground! This last appearance is caused by the absence of a foot-path, and of areas, porticos, railings, &c.,—such as, in all cases, give a kind of *finish* to the look of our houses. The houses here seem all to have grown up *out* of the ground—not to have been built *upon* it. This is what gives to them their most striking effect of novelty at the first view. Their brilliant and various colourings—so unlike our sombre brick-work—is the next cause of the novel impression they produce. The general strangeness of the effect is completed by the excellence of the pavement, which is of stones, shaped like those of our best London carriage-ways, but as white as marble in all weathers, and as regular as the brick-work of a house-front. The uniformity of the "Place" is broken (not very agreeably) by the principal public edifice of Calais—the Town Hall; a half-modern, half-antique building, which occupies about a third of the south side, and is surmounted at one end by a light spiring belfry, containing a most loquacious ring of bells, which take up a somewhat unreasonable proportion of every quarter of an hour in announcing its arrival; and, in addition, every three hours they play "*Le petit chaperon rouge*," for a longer period than (I should imagine) even French patience and leisure can afford to listen to it. Immediately behind the centre of this side of the "Place" also rises the lofty tower, which serves as a light-house to the coast and harbour, and which at night displays its well-known revolving lights. Most of the principal streets run out of this great square. The most busy of them—because the greatest thoroughfare—is a short and narrow one leading to the Port (*Rue du Havre*): in it live all those shopkeepers who especially address themselves to the wants of the traveller. But the gayest and most agreeable street is one running from the north-east corner of the "Place" (*Rue Royale*). It terminates in the gate leading to the suburbs (*Basse Ville*), and to the Netherlands and the interior of the country. In this street is situated the great hotel Dessin—rendered famous for the "for ever" of a century or so to come, by Sterne's Sentimental Journey. The only other street devoted exclusively to shops is one running parallel with the south side of the "Place." The rest of the interior of Calais consists of about twenty other streets, each containing here and there a shop, but chiefly occupied by the residences of persons directly or indirectly connected with the trade of Calais as a sea-port town. None of them are either very good or very bad; but observe that (not golden, but) silver mean, which is so agreeable in most foreign cities of this kind, and the absence of which is so painfully felt in

English towns similarly situated—where you find little or nothing between the town residence of the purse-proud trader, and the loathsome hovel of his poverty-stricken dependents. Here you see no such thing as either poverty or dependence. Even the female shrimp-catchers (of which you occasionally meet a little army) march merrily along to their daily occupations—their nets shouldered with an air of almost military defiance, and their handsome sun-burnt legs (seemingly as firm as the stones on which they tread) uncovered to the knees—as if to prove that poverty never laid his withering fingers on such a frame as *they* belong to.

I shall, in a day or two, tell you something of the exterior of Calais and of its inhabitants—English as well as French; and shall also give you an insight into the prices, qualities, &c. of those various articles of consumption which we are pleased to term "the necessaries of life." In regard to this latter subject of observation, you may expect me to be very particular wherever I go; since, next to the promptings of a somewhat restless and erring spirit, my chief inducement for travelling at present is to determine, from my own experience, in what spot or neighbourhood I shall hereafter "set up my rest."

Calais, July 10, 1827.

I beg you not to believe a word of what any body may tell you against Calais—especially if they tell it you in print. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of the printing-press, that "liar of the first magnitude." I never yet received a clear and distinct, still less a fair and unexaggerated account, of any foreign place whatever, from the lips or pen of a person to whom it *was* foreign—much less from one who was native to it, or to the country to which it belonged. And Calais has been more ill-used in this respect than any other place—merely because a few unlucky scapegraces from England have taken refuge in its friendly arms. If you believe its maligners, Calais is no better than a sort of Alsatia to England, a kind of extension of the rules of the King's Bench. The same persons would persuade you that America is something between a morass and a desert, and that its inhabitants are a cross between swindlers and barbarians; merely because its laws do not take upon them to punish those who have not offended against them! If America were to send home to their respective countries, in irons, all who arrive on her shores under suspicion of not being endowed with an Utopian degree of honesty—or, if (still better) she were to hang them outright, she would be looked upon as the most pious, moral, and refined nation under the sun, and her climate would rival that of Paradise. And if Calais did not happen to be so situated, that it affords a pleasant refuge to some of those who have the wit to prefer free limbs and fresh air to a prison, it would be all that is agreeable and genteel. It seems to be thought, that a certain ci-devant leader of fashion has chosen Calais as his place of voluntary exile, out of a spirit of contradiction. But the truth is, he had the good sense to see that he might "go farther and fare worse;" and that, at any rate, he would thus secure himself from the intrusions of that "good company," which had been his bane. By-the-by, his last "good thing" appertains to his residence here. Some one asked him how he could think of residing in "such a place as Calais?" "I suppose," said he, "it is possible for a gentleman to *live* between London and Paris." His choosing to reside here has, in fact, done more for his reputation as a man of sterling wit and sense, than even he himself would perhaps give it credit for. And it is a finer satire on his great

friends, and a sharper thorn in their sides, than any thing he can do by his promised (or threatened) history of his "Life and Times." But to leave this prince of petits-maîtres to that "illustrious obscurity" which he has so richly earned, by cutting the world, in revenge for being cut by one of its chief rulers; let me proceed soberly with my description of the place which he has chosen as his Corioli. The interior of Calais I need not describe further, except to say that round three-fourths of it are elevated ramparts, overlooking the surrounding country to a great extent, and in several parts planted with trees, which afford most pleasant and refreshing walks, after pacing the somewhat perplexing pavement of the streets, and being dazzled by the brilliant whiteness which reflects from that, and from the houses. The port, which occupies the other fourth, and is gained by three streets parallel to each other, and leading from the "Place," is small, but in excellent order, and always alive with shipping, and the amusing operations appertaining thereto; and the pier is a most striking object, especially at high water, when it runs out, in a straight line, for near three quarters of a mile, into the open sea. It is true our English engineers —who ruin hundreds of their fellow citizens by spending millions upon a bridge that nobody will take the trouble to pass over, and cutting tunnels under rivers, only to let the water into them when they have got all the money they can by the job—would treat this pier with infinite contempt, as a thing that merely answers all the purposes for which it was erected! as if *that* were a merit of any but the very lowest degree. "Look at Waterloo Bridge!" they say; "we flatter ourselves *that* was not a thing built (like the pier of Calais) merely for use. Nobody will say that any such thing was wanted! But, what a noble monument of British art, and what a fine commemoration of the greatest of modern victories!" True: but it would have been all this if you had built it on Salisbury Plain; and in that case it would have cost only half the money. The pier of Calais is, in fact, every thing that it need be, and what perhaps no other pier is; and yet it is nothing more than a piece of serviceable carpentery, that must have cost about as much, perhaps, as to print the prospectuses of some of the late undertakings, and pay the advertisements and the lawyer's bill.

At the opposite side of the town from the port, are the gates leading to the suburbs and the open country, over three separate lines of fortification. Though the uninitiated in the "noble art of war" must look upon the fortifications of an almost impregnable town, like Calais, with very different eyes from those who can *read* them as scholars do Greek, yet (unlike the latter) they cannot fail to be almost as interesting to the one as the other class of observers. We can all of us make something out from them; or at least conjure up something, which answers all the purpose. We can invest, or rather we cannot help investing, the surrounding plain with a besieging army, and lining the walls with cannon, and placing sentinels on every "coin and vantage ground" within view, and lifting up the drawbridges, and sluicing the fosses, and converting every crack in the walls into an "imminent deadly breach." The fine fortifications of Calais afford ample scope for speculations of this nature. Passing through their three solid gates, and over the drawbridges that adjoin them, you immediately reach a long wide street, paved in the centre, and lined on either side by houses, chiefly of a very inferior kind. Indeed, the Basse Ville is by no means a handsome appendage to Calais; but it has the merit of drawing off from the town itself most of those of the very lowest class, who are necessarily employed in it occasionally, and thus acts the part of the

offices to a great house. At right angles with the principal street, on either side, run others, which pierce away into the country, and take almost the character of green lanes, except that they are all perfectly straight—the French being at once the most flighty and the most precise people in the world—and having the good sense to cut their roads, plant their woods, and build their cities, as if with a view to curb and counterbalance one against the other of these contradictory characteristics. In these little side lanes are situated the cottages of the lower orders, mixed with others of a better kind, which vie, in an air of *comfort*, with any thing that England can shew of the kind: for it is idle to deny that the French have the *thing* above named, however we may choose to twit them with the want of the *word*.

I will close this letter by naming (in plain English), the prices of the chief matters connected with a residence here:—premising, however, that Calais may, for various reasons, be looked upon as one of the dearest towns in France. An excellent suite of furnished apartments may be had in one of the most respectable *private* houses in Calais, consisting of a sitting-rooms, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen, for twenty shillings a week, and smaller ones in proportion, down to five shillings a week for a batchelor's apartment. This, however, does not include *attendance* of any kind; and, with few exceptions, the apartments can only be taken by the month. The price of meat is fixed by a *tarif*, at a maximum of sixpence per pound for the very best. It varies, therefore, between that price and fourpence; and this pound contains something more than ours. Poultry is still cheaper, in proportion, or rather in fact. My dinner to-day consists, in part, of an excellent fowl, which cost 8*d.*, and a pair of delicate ducks, which cost 1*s.* 6*d.* The price of bread is also fixed by law, and amounts to about two-thirds of the *present* price of our's in London. Butter and eggs are excellent, and always fresh: the first costs from nine-pence to ten-pence the pound of eighteen ounces; and the latter 10*d.* per quarter of a hundred. Vegetables and fruit, which are all of the finest quality, and fresh from the gardens of the adjacent villages, are as follow: asparagus, at the rate of 8*d.* or 9*d.* the hundred, peas (the picked young ones), 3*d.* per quart; new potatoes (better than any we can get in England, except what they call the *framed* ones), three pounds for a penny; cherries and currants (picked for the table), 2*d.* per pound; strawberries (the high flavoured wood-strawberry, which is so fine with sugar and cream), 4*d.* for a full quart, the stocks being picked off. (This latter is a delicacy that can scarcely be procured in England for any price). The above may serve as an indication of all the rest, as all are in proportion. The finest pure milk is 2*d.* per quart; good black or green teas, 4*s.* 6*d.* per pound; and the finest green gunpowder tea, 7*s.*; coffee, from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.*; good brandy, 1*s.* 3*d.* per quart, and the very best, 2*s.* (I do not mean the very finest old Cogniac, which costs 3*s.* 6*d.*) Wine is dearer in Calais than, perhaps, in any other town in France, that could be named; but still you may have an excellent table wine for 1*s.* per quart bottle; and they make a very palatable and wholesome beer, for 1½*d.* and 2½*d.* per bottle—the latter of which has all the good qualities of our porter, and none of its bad Fish is not plentiful at Calais, except the skate, which you may have for almost nothing, as indeed you may at many of our own sea-port towns. But you may always have good-sized turbot (enough for six persons) for 3s., and a cod, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, for half that sum. As to the wages of female servants, they can scarcely be considered as much cheaper,

nominally, than they are with us. But then the habits of the servants, and the cost of what they eat, make their *keep* and wages together amount to not more than half what they do with us.

It only remains to tell you of what is *dearer* here than it is in England. I have tried all I can to find out items belonging to this latter head, and have succeeded in *two* alone—namely, sugar and fuel. You cannot have brown sugar under 8*d.*, and indifferent loaf sugar costs 1*s.* 3*d.* And as to firing, it is dearer, *nominally* alone, and in point of fact, does not cost, to a well regulated family, near so much, in the course of the year, as coals do in our houses.

So much for the necessaries of life, in Calais. In my next I shall tell you something of its superfluities—that is to say, its amusements, its means of luxurious living, its society, &c.

A PARTING SONG.

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?
—When the last red light of the sunny day
From the rock and the river is passing away;
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought;
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?
—When the rose of the rich midsummer-time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread;
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
—When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain-stream;
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—
Then let it be!

Thus let my mem'ry be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound;
As of a wand'rer whose home is found—
So let it be!

CANONS OF CRITICISM.

" Avec quelque talent qu'on puisse être né, l'art d'écrire ne s'apprend pas tout d'un coup."—*Confess. de J. J. Rousseau.*

When I look around me on the world (as the writers of sermons are wont to say at the opening of their discourses), and behold the infinite number of all sorts and conditions of persons, who start up, like the soldiers of Cadmus, armed to the teeth with pens, ink, paste, and scissors, with indexes and common-place books, to burst upon society in quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, I do not so much wonder at the prevalence of an opinion that authorship is no art; and that criticism, with its dogmas and maxims, is no better than medicine, and the other solemn plausibilities of which society is the dupe. *Cela non obstant*, Rousseau is right; and books were never written with more art than at present. Whatever may be the unpractised simplicity of some authors (and we have more reason than ever for saying with Horace, " *scribimus indocti doctique*")—from however humble and uneducated classes they are taken (and many of them can scarcely sign their name or spell)—yet the publishers are all, if not theoretically profound, at least practically experienced; and it is in their obstetric hands that books, for the most part, receive their form, and are fitted to meet the public eye. It is to the critical *acumen* of the booksellers that authors are chiefly indebted, not only for the greater excellencies of their works, but for their very existence. In a vast many instances, the publisher takes the initiative, and bespeaks books to be " done according to sample ;" and when this is not the case, his judgment is generally decisive as to the appearance or non-appearance of a MS. Without his aid, learning, research, wit, science, and invention go for little or nothing: and never were they more in need of his solitary guidance than in this present 1827—which God preserve!

But while all other arts are in progress—while the " march of mind" is advancing in quick step time in all the other departments of science—criticism stands pretty much where it did. While Bentham is throwing a blaze of illumination on the science of legislation, and while even Mr. Peel thinks it decorous to light his farthing candle at the flame, the Jeffries and the Giffards have not condescended to reduce their art to first principles; but suffer others to write, and themselves to review, without method and without compass, by the rule of thumb! Even the most experienced publisher cannot explain the principle of his decisions; and when he has told you, your book " is not at all the sort of thing,"—that " it wont do,"—he would be terribly posed, if you insisted on knowing why. I shall make, therefore, no farther apology for my attempt to supply this desideratum, but proceed at once to a revision of the canons of criticism, in order to place the institutes of literature " *au niveau du jour.*"

It has been falsely supposed by a few old-fashioned pedants, " *con la veduta corta a'una spanna,*" that the laws of criticism, like those of nature, are eternal; and that what was true in the time of Aristotle and Longinus must be so in the days of Nares, Lockhart, and Southey. That this is not true can be proved, not only by an appeal to fact, but by the more satisfactory argument of *à priori* necessity. In criticism, as in every thing else, it is " *autres tems, autres mœurs.*" Did Aristotle know any thing of Romanticism? or could Longinus have satisfied a German critic on any point of the doctrine of œsthetics? Can anybody nowadays sit out a tragedy that preserves the unities? and is not the code of Boileau and of Horace as obsolete as the laws of the Brehons, or those of Lewark Hen?

But how, I beseech you, do the dotards, who maintain this similarity between the laws of criticism and those of nature, know that even the latter are as irrevocable as they pretend? For aught they can tell, nature may have her Benthams and her Peels as well as ourselves, and may proceed, from time to time, to the revision of her code as well as the United States of America. Even the *nolumus leges mutari* gentlemen of Westminster Hall, who would as soon part with a fee as with a precedent, have not been able to prevent the most serious innovations in the customs of law. How then can criticism, which is neither protected by authority, backed by power, nor bolstered by interest, hope to escape the reiterated assaults of time and fortune? Criticism being the art of adapting style, &c. to the susceptibilities of man, it must follow the changes in the human affections. If a Briton is differently affected, in ten thousand particulars, from a Roman or a Greek, how can a writer hope to produce the same effects now, by the same means, which were successful in the classic authors? As well might we apply our Aristotle to measure the Arabian Tales, as to scan the productions of the modern "Row." A religion, it has been said, will last you but a couple of thousand years, or so: how then can criticism hope for a greater longevity? No, no; *à priori, à posteriori, et ab utroque latere.* It is demonstrable that a new code is wanting: so there is no more to be said of the matter.

To begin with the beginning: it is a fact, which neither Aristotle nor Dennis (I do not mean "him of the Dunciad," but the Halicarnassian) never dreamed of, that literature is not equally predicable of all classes in society. The critics of antiquity, good easy men, never stopped to inquire into the pedigree of a writer; and the slave Terence had as good a chance of obtaining a hearing as if his plays had indeed been written by Scipio. In the present times, if authorship be not strictly an attribute of the privileged classes—if the οἱ Πολλοὶ do indeed write books—yet it is not the less true that they are quite unable to compete with their betters in the art. In this respect, a tremendous revolution has occurred; though scarcely a few years since a villainous orthography, and a style at once stiff and disjointed, were affected as the characteristic of nobility. But "*on a changé tout ça*:" the poor spinsters of the Minerva press can scarcely support life by their labours—so completely are they driven out of the market by the Lady Charlottes and the Lady Bettys; and if "parsons" are not as much bemuzzed in beer as formerly, "a rhyming peer" is as common as a Birmingham button. It would take ten Horace Walpoles at least to do justice to the living authors of the red book; and so general is authorship in the Upper House, that the bench of bishops includes nearly the whole of the non-literary portion of the peerage.

It is then a decided canon of criticism that a book is, *cæteris paribus*, better in proportion to the aristocratic grade of its author. Messrs. Colburn, Murray, and Longman, the Aristarchuses of the age, are always ready to treat with the Lord Johns upon the most liberal, not to say extravagant terms; and there is scarcely any thing that they would refuse for a romance with "Viscountess" in the title-page. What immense sales have recently been effected of fanatical politics, under the assumed name of the late-lamented Duke of York! What a farrago of trash passed current under the title of "the King's Letter!" proving that his name is, in literature, as in government, "a tower of strength." Even Sir Walter himself sells the better for his baronetcy; and, from the Icon Basilike to Sir John Carr and the chaplain of the Lord Mayor of London, the supremacy of church and

state dignities, is as uncontrolled in Parnassus as at court, or the Bath assemblies; nor should we despair of a sale even for Leatherbreeches himself, as long as he has the privilege of clapping M. P. at the end of his name.

In matters of taste, there is nothing so tormenting as a definition. How many painful pages have been expended in defining the sublime, the beautiful, the graceful, and, above all, the picturesque! Yet I cannot say that the world is much nearer understanding what is meant by these sensible obstructions. Upon fine writing we have works innumerable; yet a clear definition of it is still a *desideratum*. I feel myself, therefore, a benefactor of society, and have more reason than all the Horaces in the world for "knocking my head against the stars," when I afford mankind an insight into this mystery. In one word, then, fine writing is the writing which pleases your publisher; and a good book is a book that sells. Had this simple verity been known to the Roscommons, the Popes, the La Harpes, and the Gravinas, what a deal of learned labour it would have saved! Like all other great discoveries, the thing appears simple enough, and one only wonders that nobody hit on it before. I should not, indeed, be surprised if the envious should endeavour to deprive me of the honour of the invention, and say that it lies inclusively in Hudibras's proposition:—

> "What is the worth of *any thing*,
> But so much money as 'twill bring?"

But then, I ask, how comes it that nobody has made the application? It is the case of Columbus's egg over again. Be this, however, as it may, the doctrine itself is logically demonstrable. Goodness is a quality solely referable to our sensations; and to say that a thing pleases, is to say every thing in its favour. It is with taste as with opinion: *et sapit et mecum sentit*. You think with me, and are a man of taste and judgment. You dislike what I like, and you are a blockhead and a coxcomb. That, therefore, which generally pleases is alone entitled to the general epithet of good. But how shall we know what generally pleases, if it be not what is generally bought? Money is universally allowed to be the thing which all men love best; and if a man buys a book, we may safely infer that he thinks well of it. What nobody buys, then, we may justly conclude is worth nothing. But if this does not satisfy the reader, *probo aliter*, as the Cambridge slang has it. Every thing is good in proportion as it attains the end to which it is directed; but the end of all writing is to make money. Whatever finical writers may talk of fame, the wants of the public, or the pressing solicitations of those who have seen the manuscript, "obliged by hunger and request of friends," is as true now as ever it was. Petronius Arbiter has with his usual acuteness remarked,—

> "Magister artis ingeníque largitor
> Venter,"—

that want is the best inspiration; which could not be true, if the sale of a book were not the criterion of its excellence. Our noble authors themselves do not disdain to accept of pecuniary compensation; therefore, we cannot doubt that money is the great end of authorship. The conclusion is obvious: the work which brings most money most perfectly answers its end, and is the best. No wonder then that booksellers are such good critics, and that they so rarely pronounce a work bad that really is not so.

Upon this foundation rests a canon of criticism of the last importance. In all things, write down to the level of your age.

He who gets the start of his age cannot please (*i. e.* sell) universally; *ergo*, he offends against the chief rule of criticism. Who will read the author that thus appeals to a posterity he will never reach? *Vel duo vel nemo.* He is ridiculed by the worldly, calumniated by the hypocrite, censured by reviewers, and, worse than worst, remains a fixture on his bookseller's shelves. We should laugh at any one dull enough to hope for success by works on verbal criticism, palmistry, or the philosopher's stone; yet, surely, the man who writes to put down bigotry, to denounce tyranny, promulgate free trade, or advocate cheap and rational justice, would not be less remote from the existing order of ideas! To sell many copies of a book, there must be many purchasers; and where shall we find many, to whom such doctrines are not odious, damnable, and heretical? Oh! ye makers of books, of all possible churches! ye anti-catholic scribes! ye dealers in Methodism, Toryism, party venom, and personal scandal! ye writers of flimsy novels, chroniclers of the nothingness of high life, and fabricators of anecdotes! ye Southeys, Philpots, and Crokers! ye Hooks, Dibdins, and anonymous lords and ladies! bear witness, that philosophy and philanthropy have nothing to do with authorship, and that wisdom cries aloud in the street, and no man regards it. To write a good book, take measure of the many. Dilworth was a more valuable writer than Sir Isaac Newton; Dr. Kitchiner was worth all the Benthams, Ricardos, Davys, La Places, and Cuviers put together; and Harriet Wilson ranks far above Antoine Hamilton and Bayle, consolidated.

The choice of subject has ever been deemed an important point of authorship; and a critic would be justly deemed unpardonable who should leave it untouched. I am the more disposed to enter somewhat deeply upon the subject, because the older writers have so miserably failed in this part of their treatises. Horace, for instance, recommends his pupils to consult their forces—to examine "*quid valeant humeri.*" A fig for Horace and his shoulders, I say: and Heaven help the unfortunate Pisones who should set off on such a wild-goose chase!

It is a canon of modern criticism, well known to the most paltry publisher of numbers, that every body can write any thing. Newton wrote on the Apocalypse; Sir Malachi writes history; Anacreon, biography; and the muse of Windermere *de omne scribili.* Lord Leatherhead is great alike in finance, and corn, and currency; and has composed more pamphlets than Hume has spoken speeches. Sir Richard Phillips has undertaken the planetary system; John Bell wrote on the fine arts; and Dr. Kitchiner on optics. Figoro has said that it is not necessary to possess a subject, in order to write on it; and this is true in the intellectual, as well as the physical sense. When an author comes to his work full of the subject, and, to use a vulgar piece of critical cant, *prepared for his task*, he necessarily brings to it all the prejudices of his previous education. The less he knows, the less likely he is to mix himself up with his theme. Watson never had opened a chemical book when he was appointed professor; and, in six months, he produced the most original lectures that ever were given. To utter ignorance of his subject, an author must bring a proportionate industry, and he cannot write a line without profound meditation. Exquisite advantage! Knowledge and labour go *pari passu*, and, when the work is complete, the author is in full possession of his subject. If a diploma can make a physician, ordination strike off a divine, and military success make

a lawgiver and a sovereign, it is devilish hard, indeed, if writing a book will not serve to make a man an author. The former old-fashion way of studying first and writing afterwards, is like never entering the water till you have learned to swim.

It is not, however, to be imagined that the choice of subject is a matter of indifference; or that, because any body can write upon any subject, therefore all subjects are good to write upon. There are subjects which no skill could make vendible; whereas there are others which may be said to sell themselves. A man of genius possesses the enviable faculty of divining the vendible, and can tell at a glance whether or no the thing will do: commoner intellects choose in the dark, and sometimes stumble on a good thing; but the safer way is to follow in the beaten track. There is always some reigning favourite with the town: sometimes it is a Scotch novel—sometimes a novel of real life: sometimes it is political economy, sometimes autobiography, and sometimes a ghost story. Now it is corn, and now Catholics—now negro slavery, and now the north pole. The commonest numscull who can keep a good look out a-head, and descry what is doing in the trade, may be always sure of a good subject: he is only to take care that he is not in the rear of the fashion, and does not come to market the day after the fair. At present, personality is all the vogue; and the best book is that which discloses most private anecdote. If, unfortunately, you are afraid of being kicked—or don't like the attornies—or, worse still, if you have nothing to tell worth knowing of any body of notoriety—you have nothing for it, but to lie and swagger—to insinuate in all societies that there never was such a scandal as the book about to appear—that its unknown author will be horse-whipped, and the publisher imprisoned for libel; &c. &c. &c.

These remarks chiefly are applicable to the higher orders of genius. For a thoroughly dull dog, there are but two rules that can be serviceable; and these are either to apply to the trade, and leave the whole matter to the publisher; or, if this cannot be done, to plunge at once into polemics. Write what you please on sectarian theology, you will be sure of a limited sale. Every sect has its followers, contented to purchase sanction for its own doctrines, and abuse of all opposing churches. For the rest, the greater the nonsense the more numerous the purchasers. *Sed de his hactenus.*

Next to the subject, nothing merits more consideration than a title-page. A good physiognomy, it has been remarked, is a letter of recommendation; and a good title-page may be said to put a work in good countenance. It is notorious that many books which have failed in the first publication, have been successfully republished with a new title. Dr. Cheyney's popular essay fell still-born from the press, when it first appeared under the untaking title of an "Essay on Sanity and Longevity." A title may be promissory, allusive, plagiary, or simply taking. A promissory title is one which affects at once to let you into the secret of the book: as, for example, "Almack's,"—"Crockford House,"—"The Guards,"—the "Complete Art of splitting Straws,"—the "Fisherman's Guide,"—or the like. Whether the promise be fulfilled or no, is a matter of secondary importance; for the purchaser will not discover his disappointment till it is too late. Like playhouse managers, publishers trade on the "no money to be returned" principle: and a very good principle it is. As a general rule, the obsolete lottery puff may be taken as a model, which, always terminating in the merits of the current scheme, recommended itself to public notice under the guise of the most attractive subject of the day. Upon this model,

more especially, is built the allusive title-page: such as, "The Grand Vizier," on a change of ministry; "The Divorce," in an era of crim.-con.; "The Usurper," on a great political revolution. The merit of this title is precisely opposite to that of the promissory; for the less the work has to do with the innuendo of its title, the cleverer is the adaptation. Thus Moore's "Epicurean" would have much disappointed me, had it contained any allusion to Sir W. C. and turtle-soup. On this principle, "The Corn Question discussed" would make a pretty title for a chiropedist's manual; and "the whole Art of Love" would sell many editions of a Methodist sermon. The plagiary title is sufficiently intelligible. The use of this species was first borrowed from the quack doctors. The simply taking title is as various as the modes of imposture. Lord Byron's portrait peeping from behind a mask was a bright thought. This vignette was worth the whole book. In general, however, fashion is the principal merit of a taking title. At one time, contrasts, or rather conflicting impossibilities, were all the mode. Such were "The Innocent Adulterers,"—"The Humane Cut-Throat,"—or, "The Sympathetic Jailer." Such a title now would not sell five copies. Double titles are also now completely obsolete; and an "or" (once of the strictest etiquette) would, in the present day, damn a Milton or a Pope. The last run was upon two substantives and a conjunction copulative: such as, "Sense and Sensibility,"—"Sayings and Doings,"—"Gaieties and Gravities." The same sort of title, *voyez vous bien*, will not do for any length of time; and it is safer to try something new at a venture, provided it is at all likely to catch the ear or the imagination, than to hazard a title upon the decline. Sir Richard Phillips was, in his day, the best judge of a title-page going; but, at present, it would not be safe to depend on him. Of this great truth we have many pregnant examples. "Bernard's Isle of Man; or, Proceedings in Manshire against Sin," was excellent in 1668; but, in 1827, "*ne vaut pas le diable.*" "Hayward's Hell's everlasting Flames, with a Frontispiece." is too strong for the "ears polite" of these degenerate times: it is no more to "Conduct is Fate," than a turnip is to a pine-apple. "A Pair of Stilts for the Low in Christ," would be justly deemed blasphemous and indecent; but "Sinful Sally," and "New Milk for Babes," might pass muster.

Let no one imagine that bulk is a matter of indifference. All books have their legitimate size: "*sunt certi denique fines,*"—or, rather, "*est certa denique* FINIS"—a man should know when to stop. In the beginning, no books under a folio was esteemed worth reading: books were then rare; and "cut and come again" was a great recommendation. Now-of-days, we have too much to write ourselves to be able to read long books. Few readers really go deeper than indexes and tables of contents; and these are read a page at a glance. With respect to the limits of books, we may give rules, but not reasons. Why has a tragedy five acts, "and no more;" or an opera, three? All that can be said is, *sic vult usus.* There is a general tendency to narrow the limits of authorship, Epics are shrinking into epigrams, acrostics into *petites pièces*, novels into tales, and tales into anecdotes. For the time present, one quarto, two octavos, and three "neat volumes in duodecimo," are the *ne plus ultra* of productive publication. A series of essays are better than a continuous treatise: only don't call them essays; it is too serious and alarming to weak nerves. So also a set of tales sell better than one novel. Alas! poor Richardson! His long-winded heroines would have no chance. On the same principle, a magazine

beats a substantive publication hollow: only the articles must not be too long. The next generation need not despair of having books written, like promissory obligations, with an I. O. U.

Among the obsolete canons of criticism, we are not quite justified in placing the good old rule of judging a work by its politics. True it is, that this canon is not so much acted upon as it was ten years ago. Other matters are now taken into consideration: sense, spirit, and information do go for something; and Whig and Tory do not contain all that is to be said on a subject. Yet woe betide the author who overlooks entirely such considerations! Occasional demonstrations of *proper thinking* are as necessary to a successful publication, as loyal clap-traps are to a successful play; and a slight dash of Methodism produces the same good effect even on a jest-book, or a volume of loose love songs, as rubbing a plate with shalot does on a beef-steak; it renders the matériel much more palatable.

But, of all literary excellencies, there is none more important—none more winning on a reader, and more profitable to an author, than a good advertisement. *Felices ter et amplius* the authors who are *au fait* to this branch of literature, the art of preparing the way for a new publication, and of well-timing the series, or, if I may so speak, the climax of eulogium, is neither easily learned nor lightly communicated. The *tactus eruditus* is every thing. The collection of the "*testimonia recentium*"—Anglicé, the opinions of the reviews, and setting them forth to the best advantage—is a mere mechanical branch of the art. Those who have narrowly watched the great geniuses of the day will find that they have made a larger expense of wit and labour in what is technically called "keeping themselves before the public," than in the mere drudgery of composition. "The ingenious Mr. Scribblemuch is on a visit with his *friend*, Lord Haut-Ton;"—"Tom Distich is on a poetical tour to the Lakes;"—"Sir Humphry Hum is searching the files of the *Morning Post* for his ingenious biography of Alexander the Great,"—are mistaken by the simple for articles of newspaper intelligence: the knowing ones are well aware that it is a preliminary flourish to a "forthcoming publication." A good writer should never suffer himself to be forgotten by his readers for a moment; and, if really nothing extraordinary happens to him, he ought to throw himself down stairs, or set fire to his house, or be stopped by a highwayman—upon paper, after the most approved Major Longbow fashion—at least once a fortnight. Observe, that any nail will serve to hang a *notice* upon. If a butcher's boy stops you in the street, and be-*trays* his knowledge of your being the great Mr. A., or the noted Mr. B., the dialogue will make the world happily recollect that you are neither dead nor in St. Luke's. *Quod erat proximé demonstrandum.* Sitting for your picture is a good plan: it kills two birds with one stone; and the painter and the author may divide the expense of inserting the news between them. To recur, however, to the *matériel*, it is a rule, from which there is no derogation, that poetry should always be well printed, and upon good paper. The reasons are many, and, indeed, almost self-evident. Every one complains that poetry is difficult reading: it should, therefore, meet with no unnecessary obstacle in *charta eventissima* and muddy type. Besides, poetry should dazzle the reader (Boyer calls it elevate and surprise). Now, if the lines do not effect this operation, the hot-pressed wire-wove forms a useful substitute. And, last not least, it is good that a book should be good for something; and a handsome book, especially if well bound, always looks well on a library-table. In prose publications, the print is less essential. In the

first place, the public do not expect such decoration in prose works, and it is not right to lead them astray; and then most prose works are sufficiently long to make them vendible with the butter-sellers and trunk-makers—which, after all, is something.

These are only a few of the many points of criticism on which the moderns differ very widely from the ancients; but I am admonished, by the extent of the manuscript, to pause—at least for the present. Of the remaining canons, some are communicable only to the initiated; for the art of writing, like the Eleusinian religion, has its exoteric and its interior doctrines. In this respect, it is but on a level with the most sublime and sacred arts. Law, physic, divinity, and politics are precisely on the same footing; and so, too, are music, and painting, and coach-building, and tailoring (male and female), porter-brewing, and the manufacture of polonies and sausages. To betray these secrets would not only be treason to the craft, but would deprive the whole tribe of gentle readers of seven-eighths of their pleasure. What would they say to a Marplot who should come on the stage and tell the audience, "these jewels are paste"—"this robe calico, and not silk"—and "this terrible irruption nothing in the world but a pennyworth of gunpowder and nitrate of strontian?" I would never sit in the same boat (as Horace says) with such a man: so do not look for it at my hands. T.

WHAT IS FAME?

And thou wouldst write? for what!—a name?
To have a life-surviving fame,
Blazoned 'midst the glorious ones
Who shine—the never-setting suns,
Where unborn men shall constant gaze,
And dedicate with voice of praise;
Giving their future destinies
To spirits of the poet's skies;
To tempt the deed of youthful bard,
His hope to raise, and then discard!
To have the verses thou hast sung
Translated in a foreign tongue;
To have a statue, raised to grace
Thy all-revered resting-place?—
'Tis true, this is a noble theme,
Or else—say which?— a madman's dream.

Thou'rt dead,—and left behind some books,
Which, neatly bound, fill up the nooks
Of some dull-headed plodder's room,
Well pondered o'er by—housewife's broom;
Or yet, less lucky, doomed to sleep
On bookworm's stall, with label—"cheap;"
And all the wit thy brain has wrought
May, with good fortune, fetch a groat.
Yet still thy fame neglect rebuts,
If, 'midst the care of cracking nuts,
Some fop avers he's read thy lines,
Picks off the shell—then talks of wines;

And thy proud heart's immortal sport
Is lost in claret, hock, or port.
Again, some literary lord
Thy marble bust with care may hoard,
Giving it a station meet,
Because he knows a bust can't eat—
('Tis strange that human nature's known
Less kind to man than chiselled stone!)—
And then the all-divine translation
May waft thy name to distant nation;
'Tis something yet, when all is o'er,
For Russian slave, or German boor,
To give a veto—"right," or "wrong,"
"Sublime," or "blasphemous," thy song.
Yet, in a senate-house debate
(As beet-root beautifies a plate
Of salad for a supper-course),
Thy lines may deck a green discourse;
Quoted in very timely season,
To save by rhyme when lost to reason;
Then, if thou'st been a civil beast,
Nor gored a king, nor tost a priest,
Nor lived of courts and place a scorner,
Thou'lt stand in stone in Poet's Corner;
Gaped at by 'prentice, clown, or tabby,
Who brings her nieces to the Abbey;
Be shewn for halfpence, like the bear
Or monster of a city fair.
And, should thy portrait e'er be printed
To grace thy book, thou may'st be stinted
Ee'n of thy comeliness of feature,
And made a squint-eyed, high-cheek'd creature—
Thy placid visage crimped and smug,
And Roman nose transformed to pug.

This, this is Fame—to be well bound,
Sold for the sixtieth of a pound.
Now spoken of by petit-maître—
Now lost in cry of "wine" and "waiter;"
By peer well prized thy carved-out head,
Which, living, perhaps had wanted bread;
Cited to aid a new taxation,
To stuff a king, and starve a nation;
A statue raised above thy grave,
To tell the world thou wert no knave.
Beholders of thy sacred haunt,
A Sunday lout and sapient aunt.
A privilege before the great
To keep thy back of marble straight.
To rival monsters of the town,
And wear thy *nasus* upside down.

This, this is Fame!—O flattering ill!—
Bards, cut to toothpicks every quill.

D. W. J.

BOYS'S NARRATIVE OF AN ESCAPE FROM THE FRENCH PRISON OF VALENCIENNES.*

THE struggle of skill and personal courage against unequal and superior force, even where those qualities are opposed to a constituted and acknowledged authority, is always a theme of interest to the million, and its success generally a subject of congratulation. The disappointment of a bailiff diverts everybody—but an attorney. No man considers whether the fugitive really deserves his favour, but speeds him on his way; and chuckles in the defeat of the slip of parchment—the execution of which, nevertheless, he would not, by violence, have resisted. This penchant it is that explains the popularity of such books (the modern epics—Iliad and Odyssey—of London and Westminster), as "The Lives of the Highwaymen," (including of course their deaths). "The Freebooter's Manual," (describing all the most approved methods of handling the property of other people); "Notes taken in Newgate," (by a gentleman accustomed to take notes out of Newgate), &c. &c. in which the hair-breadth deliverances of prisoners by unusual and perilous modes of human conveyance—up chimnies, over walls, through the roofs of houses, and down drains and sewers—become subjects of delight to persons of the most undoubted moral feeling and respectability—there is a pleasure, inseparable from our nature, in seeing any deep-laid scheme or stratagem, in which we are not personally concerned, unexpectedly, and rather ridiculously overthrown. The maxim of Rochefoucault, that the misfortunes of our friends never very seriously displease us, is true in an ultra extent of all failures in public arrangements—so long as the overthrow is attended with no such decided danger to the country as renders it probable it may become mischievous to ourselves. As it may happen to respectable people, therefore, to be entertained even with the escape of an offender from gaol in London or Lancashire, although that very escape be a defeat not less of moral and legal justice, than of an authority which we bow to, and part and parcel of which may be regarded as our own, we find no apology necessary in laying before our readers a story of the escape of four British officers, prisoners of war, from a foreign dungeon. The advantage being at least so far in our favour, that the power here evaded is one which both our duty and our prejudices incline us rather to defy and to despise; and the eluding parties those to whom captivity was an honour, instead of a disgrace; and in whose success we may exult without violence to our consciences—if, indeed, the tenderness of that organ be likely to interfere with us in any amusement which we have otherwise a mind to.

In the year 1803, almost immediately at the close of the short peace between this country and Bonaparte, Captain Boys, being then a midshipman in the Phœbe frigate, was captured as prize-master of an Italian vessel, which the Phœbe had taken on her passage between Marseilles and Genoa, and carried by the French man-of-war, Le Rhin, with his crew, into the port of Toulon. No exchange of prisoners, at that time, took place, in consequence of the anger excited—first, by the English seizure of French merchant vessels, immediately on the declaration of war—replied to by the counter-decree on the side of Bonaparte, the holding all English

* Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders, between the years 1803 and 1809, by Capt. Edward Boys, R.N. London: Long, Finsbury-place.

subjects then within the dominions of France as "détenus;" and the consequence was, that the author, with a considerable number of companions in misfortune—amounting, altogether, to about a hundred and forty—were conducted up the country, to remain in permanent captivity at Verdun. On the march to this place some laughable accounts are given of the conduct of the French authorities; and especially of the behaviour of the new revolutionary officers, whose desire to exhibit their suddenly gotten power, and violent national hostility to the English, displayed itself in various petty annoyances inflicted on the prisoners; but we must go forward, at present, to the more material points of the narration, referring our readers, for these smaller details, to the book itself.

The town of Verdun, in which Captain Boys remained almost five years, was, at the time when he reached it with his party, almost a British colony. The whole number of English residents—prisoners of war and "détenus"—exceeded a thousand: who had no choice—for regret and wailing cannot go on for ever—but to live, in some sort, as though they were reconciled to their situation. So large a population of idlers, though they were any thing rather than rich, of course became a valuable property to the trading and industrious classes of the district; and not merely for their wants, but for their convenience or luxury, arrangements by degrees—when it was found that they could pay for them—were projected, and sprung up. Schools were organized among the prisoners themselves—for children were born and grew up in confinement. A gaming-table was established (with the concurrence of the French authorities), expressly for the English use: the affiche over the door announcing that—"This bank being established for the peculiar accommodation of the English, all Frenchmen are forbidden to play." And, like men who sat down to reconcile themselves to a lot which there was no evading, little by little, some of the "détenus" formed friendships and connections among the French; others availed themselves of their long leisure to pursue peculiar studies, which their former duties in life had not allowed them time for: and what with a tolerable deal of drinking, and some dicing, and a little duelling, occasionally diversified by a passing love affair, or an excursion into the country to snare quails and rabbits, the time—especially with any of the detained parties whose prospects did not happen to be particularly brilliant at home—rolled tolerably well away.

This feeling, however, did not, by any means, prevail with all. There were many, to whom the lapse of year after year, in unprofitable inactivity, joined to the apparent hopelessness of all relief, grew, the longer it was borne, only the more entirely unbearable. And among those who became most disgracious by this kind of feeling (together with the daily attempts at breaking prison, which arose out of it), to the governing powers of Verdun, it appears by Captain Boys's account—and we are not at all disposed to question the fact—were those mischievous ornaments of our English naval armament, the "midshipmen."

It very frequently will happen, that little points arise upon which the opinions of prisoners, and of those appointed to guard them, do not exactly tally; and this was the case between his Majesty's midshipmen and the commandant of Verdun. While upon parole, it was frankly and openly admitted, by the whole body of officers, that any thought of attempting to escape was impossible. But, as it was convenient to sail as near the shore as possible, in getting round this point of difficulty, a device was hit upon which rather kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it to the

hope: when any one, Mr. Boys says, wished to try the chance of an escape, it was the custom for him *purposely* to commit some offence, which would entail deprivation of parole; as "it was an acknowledged rule that the instant any one was put into prison, or even taken into custody by armed men, *no matter from what cause*, parole ceased." Now, it is possible that the French, under all the passions which actuated them at the time in question, might have considered such a "rule" as this, however "acknowledged," rather Jesuitical; and we are half afraid, that even now it must be shewn that the transitory arrests above described were considered by the *authorities* of Verdun as *determinations* of parole, and that at their close it was the custom to re-demand parole—again and afresh—from the parties concerned, before the last can entirely get rid of the imputation of what our courts of law call "sharp practice." Be this, however, as it may, in the month of July, 1808, all quibbling upon construction came to a downfall, for—"I blush," Captain Boys says, "while I relate it—three of the midshipmen were detected (without the form even, in words, of laying any salvo to their consciences), in the direct act of *violating parole.*" This unarguable offence afforded to the governor—who desired no better—an opportunity to represent to the minister at war, that the whole of the English midshipmen were such "très-mauvais sujets," that nothing short of close custody, and a removal from Verdun, could secure them: and the result was, that an order, six days after, arrived, for the removal of all that body, under strict surveillance, to the dépôts of Valenciennes and Givet.

The variety of precaution adopted by the escort upon this journey, excites our author's indignation, and sometimes his contempt; but, judging impartially, we confess that it does not appear to us to have been altogether misplaced; inasmuch as, that the whole party escorted, amounting to about a hundred and fifty, were excellently well disposed to take the first opportunity—or, if necessary, to make an opportunity—to decamp. At the very first place of stoppage, (Stenay), after an endeavour to "tempt the guards into a free use of the bottle," (which failed, "owing to the circumstance that French soldiers are not addicted o the vice of drunkenness,)" a project in the way of departure, between the author and his particular friend, a Mr. Moyses, is imagined.

"Towards nine p.m. the party lay down on the floor to rest. Moyses and I took our stations in a corner by the window, under which a sentinel was placed, whose turnings were to be watched about *eleven;* and when his back should be towards the window, Wetherly (a brother mid) was to lower us down with towels tied together. If discovered, the sentinel was to be instantly knocked down. We were to make for the river, distant only a few hundred yards, swim across, and gain the woods. In case of success thus far, it was our intention to have proceeded to those in the vicinity of Verdun, and there wait the assistance of a friend, who was to furnish us with the necessaries for travelling through Germany, to the gulph of Venice."

This first scheme is unexpectedly frustrated by a change of arrangements.

"About *ten* the guard was relieved, and we were ordered into a large lighted room, there to lie on the floor, with the gens-d'armes forming nearly a circle around us, the windows barred in, and doors bolted. This unexpected precaution totally frustrated our plans. At day-light, we were again assembled in the waggons, and continued our journey, escorted as before."

Nevertheless, so "actively alive were we all along the road to every hope which beamed upon the fancy," that—

" Each copse, which rose to view as we advanced, we fancied invited us to its protection. It was our intention to take the first opportunity, in passing a wood, through which our road sometimes led, to leap from the waggon, and trust to our heels, and its shelter, for security. To this end, we had taken our station in the front of one, with our knapsacks (containing a few articles necessary for a march) on our backs. On approaching a wood, a gen-d'arme observed, with a very significant expression of countenance, ' Messieurs, il me semble que vous vous trouverez plus à votre aise sans l'havresac au dos.' "

At Sedan, a " citadel with ramparts, in a most delightfully dilapidated state," hopes are again entertained ; but, unhappily, only to be again foiled by the " cat-like vigilance of the guard." And at Meziers a fourth most admirable plot is knocked on the head, (as the projectors, we rather think, would have been if they had attempted to execute it), by the unexpected appearance of some " large dogs," upon whom the gaoler evidently counted as his most effective and incorruptible turnkeys. The subsequent halts at Arras, Quesnoy, and Landrecy, though the parties were incessantly upon the *qui vive* afforded no better fortune : and, on the 17th of August, having then been five years, less by a few days, in France, the author, with his party, arrived at the dépôt of Valenciennes.

At Valenciennes, according to the order already recorded, no parole is to be allowed ; and the new coming party are conducted to the citadel, there to take up their abode with about 1,400 prisoners who occupied the barracks. No distinction is made between the midshipmen—" très-mauvais sujets"—and the seamen—" mauvais," of course—in virtue of their inferior rank—except that the former have the permission of walking on a certain rampart fronting the town, under observation too close (as it was supposed), to let the privilege turn to much account.

From the citadel, indeed, escape appears almost physically impracticable, it being surrounded with ditches, which the new-comers soon discover to contain six feet of mud, with not more than one foot of water above it—so that swimming is impossible ! The sentries, also, are increased in number, and the very gens-d'armes, in their passage round the town at night, carry a lanthorn ; commands being given to *fire* at every body who is found in the streets after dark, without such a means of recognition. In addition to these precautions, " espionage" is carried on to an inconceivable extent; and several individuals, who attempt to break prison, are shot by the soldiers (in preference to being re-captured), by way of caution to the rest.

But, in despite of all these impediments—or rather in wilful opposition to them—notwithstanding that he is now separated from his comrade, Mr. Moyses—our author (in whom the very spirit of flight seems to have taken up its residence), has hardly been twelve hours in the depôt, before he begins to meditate how he shall get out of it ! And in his endeavour to enlist associates in this enterprize (for it was impossible to undertake it alone), he goes from man to man, sounding one and exhorting another, until at length his intentions are not only known and publicly denounced by the French authorities, but the very English themselves grow shy of him, as a speculator whose plots are likely to bring their whole body into trouble.

In fact, the book itself must be read, in order to form any idea of the extreme pertinacity with which Captain Boys pursued this favourite point : and it is one of the worst symptoms (in our view) for Mr. Pocock's man-carrying kites, that the possibility of such a vehicle did not suggest itself to him. First, he applies in succession to at least half-a-dozen of his brother midshipmen ; some of whom consent to aid, but all decline to

accompany him. A seventh gentleman, then, a young man of the name of Hunter, comes into his views, and agrees to a plan; but changes his mind only six hours before the time comes for carrying it into execution. A third arrangement is broken up—and again, at the critical moment of departure, by the illness of an officer named Rocheford, who is an associate of our author: and, on this occasion, Mr. Boys grows almost desperate; and, quitting his canvass among the midshipmen, tries for an associate among the more active and steady of the sailors; but still in vain. Still, however, no disappointment entirely disheartens him; and, we fully believe, as he says himself—"that nothing short of death could have changed his determination." Until at length, in defiance of augury, his perseverance turns to account; and, on the 16th of November 1809, in association with three other midshipmen, Messrs. Whitehurst, Hunter, and Mansell, the project for escaping from Valenciennes is attempted, and actually carried into execution.

The night of the 16th of November is one of anxiety. By means of an agent in town, the associates had got "iron handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, which they meant to use as picklocks." A quantity of cord has been procured, by purchasing "skipping lines," such as are used by the children, as though for amusement; and a further supply of the same important material is calculated upon, by taking away the rope belonging to the well in the "midshipmen's yard," which (as the conspirators have wrought in their own behalf) is a new one. Spirits and provisions moreover are procured, and placed in knapsacks, which are hidden in a dog-kennel. A letter of quizzing "farewell" civility is written, to be left behind in a situation where it will find its way duly to the French commander. And, finally, on the night appointed, at half-past seven in the evening, the parties found themselves entirely prepared.

"At half-past seven p. m. we assembled, armed with clasped knives, and each provided with a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependance; for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended throwing a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and running away. The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors: a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these means, we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for, if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary they were discovered, we hoped to have time, during the alarm, to gain the country. Our intentions were, to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Breskins, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing; and, if means of getting afloat were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and, about mid channel, rise and seize the vessel. It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy, that not a star could be seen: the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and myself, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed."

The escape from Valenciennes was entirely successful. In fact, difficult as the feat was, and severe as the exertions were likely to be that were to follow it, the author and his friends were the proper kind of people to get through it with security. No sort of men—cases of individual power or aptness excepted—could be so well calculated, from their general habits, for such an undertaking, as naval officers. They were accustomed from

boyhood to defy all inclemencies of weather. It was twenty to one that they were good swimmers (a faculty which soon stood them in sufficient stead); and the daily duties of their profession made those feats of activity matters of course to them, which, to landsmen, would be difficult, and perhaps impracticable. Again, by their profession they were all handicraftsmen, ready at the work either of smiths or carpenters; and familiar with every device by which human strength could be applied most advantageously, or safety best secured during its exertion. And above all, by their possession of the art of managing a boat or vessel at sea, they would be secure of success perhaps under the very same identical circumstances, which, to landsmen, however strong and determined, would have left little choice but between the certainty of being drowned, or the allowing themselves to be retaken. The account of the manner of their quitting Valenciennes is curious; and that of the difficulties which they at once began to experience in their march through the country, not less so: but as our limits will only allow us to give a certain extent of notice to the narrative, we shall come at once to the most interesting portion of it—that which follows their passage through the Netherlands, and arrival at a little fishing village on the Dutch coast—about four miles from Ostend—the port of Blankenberg.

The fugitives had been twelve days from Valenciennes, lying of nights, during the whole time, in the open air, and marching under a rain (and in November too) almost unremitting; their feet were swollen and bleeding: the nails of one of the party absolutely dropping off, and a tumour formed in the side of another, which proved the foundation of a rheumatism for life: in short, says Captain Boys, our condition was so desperate with fatigue and exhaustion, that "we had only made one mile in the last three quarters of an hour," when we gained the high road that led to Blankenberg, a small fishing village, a few miles to the eastward of Ostend. It was the intention of the parties to get on, if possible, to the coast, seize the first boat that they found lying unguarded, and, at all hazards put off to sea; but a circumstance of a very unexpected character occurred, and altered their arrangements.

"At ten, passing by a solitary public-house, we observed though the window an old man, two women, and a boy, sitting round a comfortable fire, at supper. Hunter and myself entered for the purpose of purchasing provisions to take on board any vessel we might be enabled to seize, being then about four miles from the sea. We asked for gin: the woman of the house rose and stared at us, apparently alarmed at our appearance. We repeated the demand without obtaining a reply; still gazing, for a few seconds, regardless of our request, she rapturously exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! ce sont des Anglois,"—immediately offering us chairs. Somewhat disconcerted at this unexpected reception, we again asked for gin; to which she replied, 'Take seats, and you shall have whatever my house can afford.' We thanked her for her attention, reiterating our request: she insisted we should partake of her fare, assuring us that not a soul should enter the house during our stay, if we would but sit down. We again refused—observing, that, being conscripts, ordered into garrison at Blankenberg, we were fearful of punishment should we not arrive there that night, according to orders. She burst into a loud laugh, running to bar the door and window-shutters, at the same time ordering the servant to fry more ham and eggs. We assured her it was useless, as we had already taken supper at Bruges, and that we dare not stay; adding, it was a pretty compliment to us Frenchmen to call us English. She jocosely replied, 'Well, then, you are not English; but it is so long since I saw any of my good folks, that I insist on your eating some ham and eggs with me; besides, you will not be able to get away from Blankenberg to-night.' We used every means in our power to dispossess her of her suspicions; to all which she only replied, 'Take chairs, if it is

only for a few minutes, and then, par complaisance, I will believe you.' Her persevering deportment, bearing the almost certain stamp of sincerity, together with our hungry inclinations, induced us to accept the invitation, and partake of her luxuries, knowing there could be little danger, as Whitehurst and Mansell were on the look out. During our most comfortable regale, she talked of nothing but her dear English (notwithstanding our repeated endeavour to change the subject), dwelling particularly on the happiness of her former life, when in the service of an English family. She uttered several broken sentences in English, of which we took not the slightest notice, but which confirmed in our minds the idea of her having lived sometime where the language was spoken. Being just about to rise, furnished with provisions for our companions, a loud rap announced some one at the door:—the woman started up, seized me by the arm, and, pushing me into the next room, exclaimed, 'Pour l'amour de Dieu par ici, les gens-d'armes!' Although we felt sure it was Whitehurst, yet we had no objection to see the result of this manœuvre, and therefore made no resistance to her wishes, but complied with seeming reluctance. Still, as it was possible he might have knocked to warn us of the approach of some one, we followed her to the back door; at parting, she took me by the hand, and repeated her assurance of the impossibility of getting off from Blankenberg that night, and desired us to return: adding, 'Good night, friends; I shall see you again.'"

The prophecy of the old lady was not uttered lightly. In fact, our adventurers had, without being aware of it, fallen into the hands of people who were prepared to render them assistance; and who knew what would be their emergencies, and even what conclusions their emergencies would lead them to, far better than they did themselves. Continuing our march, says Mr. Boys, between twelve and one we entered the village of Blankenberg.

"and finding a foot path leading over the sand-bank, we ran down to the sea, forgetting our wounds, and exulting as though the summit of our wishes was attained, and we were on the point of embarkation. Indeed, so exquisite was the delight, that, regardless of consequences, we dashed into the water, drank of it, and splashed about like playful school-boys, without being the least disconcerted that the few vessels that could be seen were high and dry, close under the battery; nor will these feelings create surprise, when it is recollected that more than five years had elapsed since we last quitted the sea in the Mediterranean, and that to regain it was considered as surmounting the principal obstacle to final success. But when these first transports had a little subsided, and were succeeded by rational reflection, we could but acutely feel the disappointment; although, had we been enabled properly to caculate the tides, we might have foreseen this event; for it was high water on that day about half-past five p. m.; consequently, low water about midnight, and, as the vessels cannot be launched from that flat beach, excepting about the last quarter of the flood, and the first of the ebb tides, we could not have got afloat had we arrived even four hours earlier."

At this moment the clashing of musquets is heard; it is the guard, which has seen the intruders from the heights above, and they make good their retreat by little less than a miracle. On gaining a point where they can pause to breathe with safety, it is determined to be most advisable to revisit the cabaret; and this course is taken. The hostess receives them in her bedchamber; orders coffee, and reminds them that "she prophecied they would not get off that night from Blankenberg." She then cuts short a long compliment, with which the author thought of introducing the real truth, by telling him that "she knew him to be an Englishman the moment she saw him:" to which he replies, "that a hundred pounds shall be given to any one who will land him and his companions in England, or put them on board an English ship at sea." She rejoins, that "if they were twenty of them, if they are not in England in three or four days, she

is not an honest woman!" And the whole party sit down to breakfast together within five minutes (so very amenable does mutual interest make folks) as well acquainted as if they had been friends, or relatives at least, for twenty years.

"The roof which now sheltered us covered a solitary 'cabaret,' situated midway between Bruges and Blankenberg, known by the sign of the 'Raie-de-chat,' which, by way of abbreviation, we called the 'Cat;' and being the house of police correspondence, it was visited regularly three times a week, and sometimes oftener, by the gens-d'armes, consequently the less likely to be suspected. According to the 'code Napoleon,' the penalties attached to favouring the escape of prisoners of war, were a fine of 12*l.* 10*s*, the expenses of the law proceedings, and two months' imprisonment. This law, however, did not intimidate Madame Derikre, for such was her name; she resolved upon serving us; yet, notwithstanding her apparent sincerity and assurance of success, our minds were not perfectly at ease until twenty-four hours had elapsed; that being the time allowed for proprietors to announce to the police the presence of strangers in their houses. In order to excite confidence, we offered her all our money: this she generously refused, declaring that, if success did not attend our exertions, she should not expect a stiver. No sooner were we in the loft than, aided by our friendly hostess, our separate wounds were examined and dressed. After dark, the servant-maid, named Cocher, and the dog Fox being placed at the front door to watch, we descended to partake of some broth—anxiously waiting the return of a messenger sent by Madame Derikre to Blankenberg for her confidential friend, a man named Winderkins. About nine, the boy came with intelligence that he was gone to Ostend, and that his wife would send him to the 'Cat' upon his return. We remounted into the loft, and slept as comfortably upon clean straw as the pain of our wounds would allow. The following evening, Mynheer Winderkins was introduced: he undertook, upon condition of sharing the reward, to find a fisherman who would either land us in England, or put us on board an English man of war; and promised information on the subject the following day."

The first movement made under the auspices of Mr. Winderkins is a failure. The party march down at an appointed hour to Blankenberg, and remain several hours in the dark among the sand-hills, expecting a boat to carry them off. The patrole, however, remains too much on the alert, until after the hour when the tide will serve; and they return to "The Cat," much to their own chagrin, and the surprise of Madame Derikre.

A second attempt is made three days after this first, on the 4th of December, at night; it has no direct success any more than the former, but what occurs serves to keep up the spirits of the adventurers.

"We now (once more) bade adieu to the 'Cat,' and, accompanied by Madame Derikre and Winderkins, proceeded to Blankenberg. After leaving us some time behind the sand-hills, the latter returned with information that he could not find the fisherman who had undertaken to embark us. It was instantly determined to seize one of the schuyts: we accordingly ran down to the beach, preceded by Winderkins as a look-out, gave him his bill, and leaped on board the outermost vessel. The sails were arranged, and every thing speedily prepared for weighing. The night was dark; we sat silent as the grave, waiting with intense anxiety, until the tide, which was then flowing, should float our little bark. Whilst thus listening to the murmuring break of the sea, which seemed slowly to approach, as if chiding our impatience, yet inviting us to the protection of its bosom, our dearest hopes appeared on the point of being realized. These hopes, however, were but of short duration, and only tended to render our disappointment more bitter: the tide rose—just to cast a few sprays against the bows, and to retire. So high had our expectations been raised, that the water had receded some feet ere we could believe it had left us: it was then, however, too evident to be doubted. In so

critical a situation, within pistol-shot of the fort, there was little time for deliberation. Disappointed, but not disheartened, every article was replaced as it had been found, and we reluctantly withdrew—fully convinced, however, of the practicability of getting afloat from Blankenberg, if we did but seize the proper opportunity."

In the morning, M. Winderkins sends word that he has reason to believe his ally the fisherman had deceived him, and advises our friends to remain housed at the inn (where they are in security), rather than hazard the loss of all by too precipitate a venture. The soundness of this reasoning contents them until the evening of the ninth of December, when he comes again, and congratulates them on the certainty, this time, of success.

"'In two days,' said Mynheer, 'you shall be with your families; for I have now found a fisherman who will undertake the job, provided his vessel be restored to him;'" of this we gave him every assurance, and he left us. After so irksome a state of suspense, we were the more elated at the now flattering prospect of a speedy restoration to our native shore. On the 10th he returned, damping our hopes with information, that, in consequence of the appearance of several English vessels of war, all the fishing smacks were hauled above high water mark. Suspecting such repeated excuses originated either in fear, or incapacity to fulfil his engagement, it was determined to go again that night, so as to be on the beach at half flood. We, accordingly, departed towards midnight, and rendezvoused at his house; his daughters keeping watch at the doors, for it appeared all the family were in the secret. Leaving my friends there, I went with Winderkins to the beach, and found the vessels as he had represented, except one, which was moored with five hawsers, about pistol shot from the fort, just to the eastward of a jetée. I got on board to examine her sails, and to see that every thing necessary could be got ready in an instant. I found that the wind, being nearly on shore, we should be obliged to make a board to the eastward, which, in a flat-bottomed craft, without sufficient ballast, the ropes and sails all covered with frozen snow, and a good deal of swell upon the beach, would have been of very doubtful issue: should, however, the wind shift only two points, there was a chance of success. With this information I returned to my comrades, and we all went down to the beach, there watching the rise and fall of the tide; when, the impracticability of getting the vessel to sea, as the wind then stood, being evident, and seeing her again hard and fast, we returned to the country from the fourth trip. The next day, bad weather prevented the fishermen from going to sea, and obliged them to haul the vessels beyond the reach of the surf."

There are limits, however, to the efficacy of the soundest advice—even although the parties on whom it is bestowed are midshipmen: and our author, whose endurance, is incomparably more considerable than his patience, determines, that as M. Winderkins does not seem materially likely to help the party, it is highly necessary that they shall revert to their old practice, and help themselves. In consequence of this conclusion, three efforts are made to seize vessels lying at Blankenberg, neither of which are successful; but the circumstances of one are so peculiar, that we shall extract the story nearly as it stands.

The first of these experiments is made on the 2d of January; a month having then been consumed in fruitless speculation, and nightly visits to the beach, with and without M. Winderkins, which we have not room even to take an account of.

"On the 2d of January, information was brought that two of the vessels had been nearly floated by the last tide. Upon the receipt of this joyful news, it was resolved to pay them a visit that night; the wind being from the eastward, and the weather fine, our hopes were most sanguine, amounting almost to a confidence of immediate departure. Accordingly, soon after eleven, we went down to the

coast, remaining behind the sand-hills as before, until the tide rose within a few feet of one of the vessels which was found embedded in the ice and snow; we, however, jumped on board, and, in this situation, remained about twenty minutes, in the anxious hope that every succeeding wave would lift her bows; but the tide ebbing, we were obliged to retire. The next night, we again proceeded to 'Mynheer's' house, who seemed to consider it the last time they should see us.—'To-morrow,' he observed, 'we shall all be *chez nous*.' When the tide had risen within a few feet of its utmost height, Hunter and myself got on board the same vessel as before, and made several preparations, that there might be no delay or confusion when she floated. So soon as all was ready, we ran to the other two, with the joyful information. On our way thither, Hunter expressed some doubt, which proved nothing but an untimely difference of opinion. The exact state of the vessel I represented to Whitehurst and Mansell, who, always ready to run any risk rather than suffer the slightest chance of success to escape, coincided with me in the propriety of making the attempt: Hunter, believing it useless, declined attending. Nevertheless, we three instantly repaired on board, let slip the stern-fasts, and began to heave upon the bow hawser. Each wave, as it rolled in, lifted the vessel, and having hove a taught strain, she crept seaward about a foot every rise, falling upon the sand with a shock almost sufficient to drive the mast through her bottom. We exerted every nerve, and had got her out about ten fathoms, when, to our mortification, the tide receded faster than we could heave a-head: soon after, she became immoveable. On jumping ashore, Hunter rejoined us, and, in justice I should add, was extremely distressed at his previous decision, as the result proved that his additional strength would have enabled us to get to sea. We were thus obliged to return to the 'Cat.'"

Again, on the 17th of February, they are informed that the evening tide will be high enough to float the vessels; but, after proceeding to the beach, and "watching the roll of every wave amid ice and snow" for two hours, "the water recedes without even reaching a single boat."

On the 4th of March, however, the tide on the 3d having broke upon the bows of two vessels, and being to rise higher on the following night, the last and *thirteenth* attempt at Blankenberg is made; the result of which is, the most provoking disappointment that even the fancy of a dramatist or a romance writer ever suggested.

"With heart elate, as in the moment of victory, on the night of the 4th of March, I made my thirteenth and last trip to Blankenberg, and, leaving my comrades at 'Mynheer's' house, went with him to the beach to reconnoitre; when, finding several vessels nearly afloat, we returned to our party with the joyful information. Furnished with provisions and a lantern, we took a friendly leave of Winderkin's family, proceeded silently to the water's edge, and jumped on board the easternmost vessel, in the pleasing confidence of having at length evaded the vigilance of the enemy, and of being on the eve of restoration to our native soil. The wind was fresh and squally from the W. N. W., with a good deal of swell; the moon, although only three days after the full, was so obscured by dark clouds, that the night was very favourable for our purpose. The vessel was moored by five hawsers—two ahead, and three astern. It was arranged that Whitehurst and Mansell should throw overboard the latter—Hunter and myself the former: this was preferred to cutting them. We had been so long in Flanders, and received such protection from the natives, that all harsh feeling which might have existed towards an enemy was so mellowed into compassion for their sufferings under the Corsican yoke, that we were unwilling to injure one of them, and therefore had determined, if in our power, to send back the craft, which, being a fishing 'schuyt,' might probably be the only support of an indigent family. Whilst Whitehurst and Mansell were executing the duty allotted to them, Hunter and myself got ready the foresail, and paid* overboard one of the hawsers. The tide now

* "Let run fathom after fathom."

rolled in, the vessel floated, and we hove her out to within about four fathoms of her buoy. Whitehurst and myself being ready to cut the other hawser, and hoist the sail, Hunter went to the helm, when he found the rudder was not shipped, but lying on the poop. We instantly ran aft, and got it over the stern; but the vessel pitched so heavily, that it was not possible to ship the lower pintle. We were now apprehensive of the total failure of the attempt; for to go to sea without a rudder would have been madness, and, being nearly under the battery, we were in momentary expectation of being fired into. Several minutes were passed in this state of anxiety and danger, still persevering in the attempt to ship the rudder; but at length finding it impossible without a guide below, and feeling that our only hope was dependant upon the success of this important effort, in the excitement of the moment I jumped overboard: at the same instant, the vessel springing a little ahead, and the sea washing me astern, it was not without the greatest exertion I could swim up to get hold of the stern-post. Hunter, seeing that I was dashed from her by every wave, threw me a rope: this I made fast round my waist, and then, with some trouble, succeeded in shipping the rudder. The effort of swimming and getting on board again, although assisted by my comrades, so completely exhausted me, that I lay on my back for some time, incapable of moving a limb; but, at length, rallying, I went forward to help hoist the foresail, whilst Hunter cut the hawser, and then ran to the helm. The sail was no sooner up than the vessel sprang off, as if participating in our impatience, and glorying in our deliverance. Such, however, is the uncertainty and vanity of all human projects, that at the very moment when we believed ourselves in the arms of liberty, and our feelings were worked up to the highest pitch of exultation, a violent shock suddenly arrested our progress. We flew aft, and found that a few fathoms of the starboard quarter hawser having been accidentally left on board, as it ran out a kink was formed near the end, which, getting jambed between the head of the rudder and the stern-post, had brought the vessel up all standing. The knife was instantly applied; but the hawser was so excessively taut and hard that it was scarcely through one strand ere the increasing squall had swung her round off upon the beach. At this critical juncture, as the forlorn hope, we jumped out to seize another vessel, which was still afloat; when Winderkins, seeing a body of men running upon the top of the sand-hills, in order to surround us, gave the alarm. We immediately made a resolute rush directly across, leaving our knapsacks, and every thing but the clothes on our backs, in the vessel. The summit was gained just in time to slip over on the other side unseen. We ran along the hills towards the village for about a hundred yards, when, mistaking a broad ditch for a road, I fell in, but scrambled out on the opposite side. Mansell, who was close at my heels, thinking that I had jumped in on purpose, followed: this obliged the others to jump also. Having regained the 'Cat,' we related the heart-rending disaster to Madame Derikre."

The immediate consequence of this unhappy adventure is, as may be supposed, to render the condition of Mr. Boys and his friends ten times more wretched and desperate than ever. Their old quarters, of course, can no longer be tenable; and they at once make for the woods, where they remain for three days, "wet to the skin," from the constant bad weather, and with the extremities of their garments "solid boards of ice." At length, on the third night, their small stock of provisions being entirely exhausted, want compels them to revisit the cabaret; where they learn from Madame Derikre the results of their unlucky enterprise.

"We set out at eleven o'clock, and, reaching a neighbouring wood about one a. m., halted to listen—being apprehensive that, if any article had been found in the vessel to create suspicion of the 'Cat,' that gens-d'armes would be laying in ambush ready to butcher us. It was arranged that Whitehurst and Hunter should remain under the hedge of the orchard, whilst I approached the house; and in the event of my meeting with such numbers as to render their assistance unavailing, I was to give the alarm; and they were to fly, regardless of me. With firm, yet cautious step, I advanced, crept through a gap in the hedge, and entered the

orchard, looking around, and listening, like the timid deer for the approach of the savage hound, whose thirst nothing but blood can satiate. Starting, as by electricity, at a cold touch on my hand, I involuntarily threw myself into an attitude of defence; but seeing nothing, and judging that coward fancy had created this alarm, I again advanced; when I perceived by my side the dog Fox, whose cold mark of recognition in the dark had been the cause of it, and who, trotting before me to the house, every now and then returned, as if to invite, and assure me that no enemy was near. Having reached the window, I gently tapped: Madame Derikre opened it, begged me not to come in, and sent the dog to look out. She then related that, soon after her return, the house was surrounded, and searched most minutely, by thirty-six gens-d'armes and police officers, without their finding any thing to corroborate their suspicions. During our residence in the loft, we had procured five sticks, and put spike nails with a sharp edge and point into the ends, to use as weapons of defence. Four of these were taken in the vessel; the fifth we had given to young Derikre, who incautiously left it by the fire-side. Fortunately, it was not noticed, or it would have been sufficient proof to implicate the whole family. She likewise related that the lantern, having been known to belong to Winderkins, his house was also searched, and both of them were taken before the police. He confessed that the lantern was his property, but swore he had lent it to Madame Derikre: this she acknowledged, stating that she had put it out of the door, in lieu of her lamp sent to be repaired, and that some one had stolen it. The baker, who was also taken before the mayor, proved that the consumption of bread at the 'Cat' had been more than doubled for several weeks: this, however, was evaded by a declaration of an unusual increase of custom—to which she could safely swear, without risk of perjury. This explanation did not entirely clear her of suspicion: the house was again surrounded, and searched on the second night, but with no better success."

It should have been observed, some way back, that the English prisoners—a great many of them—had so far profited by their long residence in France, as to acquire a most perfect familiarity with the language and habits of the country. This acquaintance was indeed so complete, that it had already enabled our party on several occasions in their route from Valenciennes to Blankenberg, to pass for French conscripts. And, upon the strength of the security afforded by it, immediately after the failure of the last attempt at Blankenberg, one of the associates, Mr. Mansell, had ventured to proceed in the disguise of a female to Bruges, there to communicate with an agent of the name of Moitier, and discover if it was possible to get off from that quarter, or if any advance of money could be obtained for himself and his companions. Four days had now elapsed since the departure of this emissary, and no news had been received; and it was with heavy hearts that the remaining three were compelled again to turn round and take up their *gîte* in the forest; leaving notice with the landlady of "The Cat," of the spot where they intended to conceal themselves, and furnished with such means of subsistence, "bread, gin, and cold potatoes," as the diminished larder of the cabaret could supply.

"We now retreated to a thick wood, about three miles to the westward, and remained there without hearing from the Derikres until noon of the 10th, when a rustling amongst the bushes set us all upon the 'qui vive.' I crept forward, and, having listened attentively for a few moments, to my great joy perceived it was occasioned by our faithful friend, Fox, who fawned upon us, apparently as much elated at the meeting as ourselves. On going with him in the direction whence he came, I found his young master bringing cheese and eggs. We had been so long together, that he became really attached to us; and, on the recital of our hardships and sufferings, he was so struck with the view of our camp, which was fortified by twigs made into basket-work, that the kind-hearted boy burst into a flood of tears. We learnt from him that his mother had been to Bruges, but that, not finding Moitier at home, she was afraid to say a word to his

wife. She had, however, seen Mansell, who was concealed in the house: he told her that he had not been able to procure money; and that he had gone out to *Windmill Wood*, but that his search for us had been ineffectual. She also learnt that Moitier was gone into Holland, and was expected back in the course of the week. All this the boy related with as much feeling as if he thought our situation the most deplorable and wretched that human nature could endure: he promised to bring us bread and eggs so long as we remained in the neighbourhood, but thought it much better to be in prison than to perish with cold in the woods.

"In order to recompense him for his trouble, and to ensure his future assistance, I made him a present of my watch, the only valuable I possessed. Two days more were passed in this basket fort, when we were alarmed by the approach of an old peasant. Well knowing that the Flemings entertained the utmost horror of the conscription, we passed ourselves off for conscripts. The old man seemed to sympathize in our distresses, and promised to bring us a loaf of bread; but as it would have been imprudent to have suffered him to depart, and to have waited his return, he was kept in conversation until nearly dark, and, when he left us, we broke up the camp, and fled. Scarcely had we gone a mile, following each other at some little distance, when Fox and his master were discovered: the latter advised us to go to a thick wood, about two miles east of the house, and gave information of Moitier's return. Soon after taking up this position, the weather set in intensely cold; and, literally clad in armour of ice, we lay listening to the whistling wind, and shivering with exposure to the chilling blast, which not only defied repose, but threatened the most calamitous effects. Indeed, the limbs were sometimes so benumbed, that it became absolutely indispensable to shake and twist ourselves about to promote the necessary circulation of the blood. Nor did there appear any prospect of the termination of this misery; for, as the black and ponderous clouds passed swiftly over us, the wind increased, the hail beat furiously down, and the trees trembled, until the raging violence of the storm seemed to threaten the uprooting of the very wood we occupied. In this exposed situation, with variable, though piercing cold weather, we remained until the 15th, when the boy, with the help of Fox, again traced us out, and said his mother had seen and detailed to Moitier our exact situation: he pretended surprise, declaring that Mansell had never given him reason to suppose that he had companions, and lamenting, at the same time, his inability to be of service at present, promised to assist in a day or two."

This condition, which is ill enough, rapidly becomes worse.

"Whitehurst now suffered so severely from illness, that doubts arose as to the possibility of his continuing much longer in this state of exposure; and, had not his complaint taken a favourable turn, his patience and fortitude must soon have yielded to stern and absolute necessity.

"In addition to our anxiety for the sufferings of our companion, a degree of gloomy restlessness pervaded every thought, auguring nothing but evil; but whether these feelings proceeded from pain and despondency, or bore any affinity to that instinctive foresight which teaches the tenants of the forest to prepare for tempestuous weather, I will not determine. With this presentiment, however, we prevailed on the boy to bring a horse-cloth; and, as neither of us had a second coat, it proved one of the greatest comforts I had ever experienced. Indeed, it so renovated our strength, that we were more firmly bent than ever upon marching into Germany; but the increasing severity of the season confined our attention to present preservation, rather than heedlessly running into greater dangers. The dark and cheerless clouds, upon which our eyes were continually fixed, soon discharged flakes of snow in such profusion as to threaten our being cut off from the 'Cat;' but, fortunately, to prevent the too frequent passing and repassing, Madame Derikre had sent us a stock of bread, gin, and a little meat, which were economized to the best advantage. At the commencement of the fall of snow, we moved about the wood, and finding a hollow, from which a tree had been dug, we plucked a quantity of twigs and laid in it, so as to make a dry bed: the horse-cloth was then spread loosely over, propped up by a stick in the centre, fastened down with pegs, and dead leaves strewed round the edge—thus

forming a kind of tent: one corner was left open for the free admission of air, and for our entrance and exit. Here we lay in such comfort, that the sensation experienced can only be imagined by comparing them to turning into a warm bed, after being nearly frozen to death. The snow falling all night, in the morning our nest was covered nearly a foot deep, and scarcely rose sufficiently above the surrounding white surface to indicate the place of our concealment. Very little change occurred until the 19th, when we again despatched a messenger to Bruges, with a note to Mansell; but, as we received no answer, it was doubtless intercepted—it being Moitier's policy to prevent communication between us. A sudden thaw almost inundated the wood, and it was with much difficulty that the boy could get to our retreat with provisions. On the morning of the 21st he came, almost out of breath, with information that a party of men were again about to surround the house, and, it was supposed, to search the adjoining woods. Upon this we instantly broke up our camp, threw the twigs in all directions, and ran through the woods a mile due east. A ditch, about eighteen feet wide, now presented itself before us. Luckily, at a little distance was a piece of timber lying across—upon which we passed without a moment's delay; and being too well versed in military tactics to leave the bridge for the enemy, it was drawn over, and thrown into a hedge.

"Our hasty retreat was continued about three miles, when reaching an almost impenetrable thicket, we crept in and hid ourselves. In this thicket we lay for some time, expecting every moment the approach of the pursuers; but, as we occupied a very favourable position for retreat—the surrounding woods being intersected with wide ditches, one of which was immediately in our rear—we were in no very great apprehension for the issue. In the midst of our consultation, a distant noise was indistinctly heard, which seemed gradually to approach, until the actual motion of the bushes put an end to all doubt. We instantly jumped up, ready to fly; when a dog was discovered drawing near, and, not far behind, some person penetrating through the thick wood; but, ere we had time to decide, our faithful friend Fox burst to view, fawning and curling himself in silent congratulation, as if sensible of a narrow escape. Almost at the same moment came his affectionate master, who brought information that a body of gens-d'armes only halted at his mother's, on their way to Blankenberg, but, fancying they were come to make another search, he immediately ran off to give us timely notice. The keen lad, guided by the sagacious Fox, had followed our footsteps, until he came to the broad ditch; when finding the bridge gone, and suspecting we had pulled it over, he had run round a considerable distance. Having so done, he returned to the opposite bank, and continued hunting us up. We immediately retraced our steps, replaced the bridge, and marched back to our 'trou,' which was rendered as comfortable as before. This little trip we fancied did us good, from the exercise it afforded. A heavy fall of rain, during two days, prevented the boy from getting to us; and apprehensions were now entertained, that, from the overflowing of the ditches, and almost inundated state of the woods, we should be compelled, by hunger, to expose ourselves in the day—although, in preference, we had resolved to endure the utmost extremity of privation. Indeed, we already felt the want of food: our fare was seldom more than bread, sometimes potatoes, and occasionally eggs—though, a few days previous, we had a little meat, the bones of which were thrown away. For these I now searched, and felt delight in finding one, which I ground down with a canine voracity, reproaching myself for my previous extravagance. At length, hunger and wet forced us to quit the camp; and, about ten at night, approaching the 'Cat,' two of us went in, dried our clothes, and got something to eat; whilst the third, with Fox, kept watch at the door. The sagacity of this dog was really wonderful. Madame Derikre assured us, that, latterly, this faithful animal, as if he knew our enemies, growled at every gen-d'arme he saw, although he had been in the habit of seeing and being caressed by them almost every day of his life. She again said that Moitier had promised to assist us the moment Mansell was gone. Our hopes being somewhat enlivened by these repeated assurances, it was determined to wait a few days longer, could we survive the cold, to see the result of Mansell's departure. We now ventured to pay nightly visits to the 'Cat,' in order to procure

provisions, taking each time a different ditection, to avoid making a path. One night, Whitehurst, exhausted with illness and fatigue, while crossing a ditch, fell in; and, swinging under an old tree that overhung the water, it was with some difficulty we could extricate him. After this accident, we always left him in the nest; but Hunter and myself continued our nightly excursions to the 'Cat,' and found its inmates, at each succeeding visit, more and more determined to persevere in rendering us assistance. Indeed, so much had we grown upon their esteem, and so intense was the interest excited by the extremity of our sufferings, that, on one occasion, poor old Cocher, the servant, offered to pawn even her gold cross and heart, and all she possessed, to Moitier, if he would but befriend the poor 'Englishers.'"

The conduct of these poor people appears to have been highly creditable throughout. They could scarcely be fairly considered (though they were aiding the escape of an enemy) as traitors to the interests of France; because, except by the right of force, France had no more title to claim allegiance from them than from the fugitives whom they were assisting; and their fidelity to Captain Boys and his friends remained firm under circumstances of great difficulty. It may be urged that "they were paid for what they did;" but he who looks for service altogether disinterested, will generally be mistaken: and it would have been very easy for Madame Derikre and her companions, had they been so disposed, to have obtained all the money which our adventurers possessed, without affording them any real assistance—or even with the additional fraud of obtaining a government bounty for delivering them up, or giving information which should lead to their apprehension. There seems to be no reason, however, for believing that any thought of treachery ever suggested itself to them throughout the transaction; and in fact it was to the courage and fidelity of the old landlady, Madame Derikre, in person, that our friends in the end were mainly indebted for their escape.

In the desperate condition to which their last efforts had reduced them, news having arrived that Mr. Mansell has actually sailed, and all hope of getting off from Blankenberg seeming to be at an end, Captain Boys determines at all hazards to proceed himself to Bruges, and communicate with M. Moitier, in order to ascertain if any thing can be done. This journey, which he undertakes under heavy auspices, and without the knowledge of his friends, leads in the end to the deliverance of all the parties; but our limits will only allow a short extract, describing the commencement of it.

"After making the necessary arrangements with Madame Derikre, I lay down in the stable, with my friend Fox at the door, who seemed to watch with increased vigilance, as if aware of the importance of his trust. My bed, in this solitary cell, was certainly not one of roses; for, independently of the anxiety arising from the fear of surprise, I at first felt something like compunction, at not having previously consulted my companions; nor was I without apprehension that they might suspect I intended to desert them; and, should any thing occur to cause the capture of either party during our separation, the report of such a disgraceful act might be circulated, without my ever being able to prove its fallacy. But the evident necessity for some decided step, and the conscious rectitude of my intention, presently dissipated such thoughts, and created a cheerful presentiment that my plans would lead to some favourable result. At length, my mind became wholly absorbed in the consolation which this feeling afforded; and I lay meditating schemes for the guidance of the future, till about four o'clock, scarcely able to close my eyes. At that hour, I gently tapped at Madame Derikre's window. She immediately equipped me in the same dress I had worn to Blankenberg on the 15th of December, and furnished me with a carpenter's rule, line, and chalk. After taking some refreshment, we set out 'tête-à-tête' for Bruges. At dawn of day we separated,

keeping about a hundred yards apart, and entered the town just as the labourers were going to work. In passing the guard at the gates, I was chalking and rubbing out figures upon the rule, as if my mind was wholly occupied in my business. Although I did not turn my head, I could nevertheless observe, from under my broad brim, two gens-d'armes eyeing me from head to foot. I, however, trudged on uninterrupted, following the guide from street to street, until we entered that in which Moitier lived. Fortunately, not a creature was to be seen. On passing his door, she made a momentary pause, placing her hand on her hip as a signal to me, and then went on without looking behind her. I knocked, and asked for 'Monsieur;' but he was not at home. Upon inquiring for 'Madame,' she appeared. I told her that my business was of such importance, as absolutely to require my seeing 'Monsieur son époux;' and, if she would permit it, I wished to wait his return. She politely shewed me into an apartment; but, seeing it to be a public waiting room, and being desirous of privacy, I made one or two observations remotely bearing upon the purport of my visit; when, finding she entertained no suspicion of who I was, I ventured to congratulate her upon the success her husband had met with respecting Mansell. 'Manselle!' she emphatically exclaimed, starting with surprise, and fixing her large black eyes upon me. On my bowing most respectfully, and repeating—'Oui, Mansell, Madame! I learn that, by your husband's kindness, he is restored to the bosom of his family.' She, evidently much agitated, asked if my name was 'Boiçe?' On my replying, 'Yes, Madame, I am that unfortunate wanderer,'—she seized me by the hand, and immediately conducted me to the attics."

The remaining portion of the story consists of adventures of a more cheerful character than those which have hitherto presented themselves; and after a somewhat tedious negociation, chiefly prolonged by the want of ready money on the part of our adventurers, through Mr. Moitier's agency, assisted by another personage whose business it is to exercise "an industry beyond the law," the parties all escape. On the 29th of April 1809, having then, for the last month, travelled openly about the Netherlands, as Frenchmen, and having been six months altogether concealed in the country since their escape from Valenciennes, disguised as much as possible like Flemings, and assisted by Mr. Neirinks, and a smuggler, designated only as "Peter," the fugitives leave Bruges in the close of the evening, and march, by woods and cross roads, to the island of Cadsand, opposite to Flushing. The principal danger they had to apprehend, the author says, was in passing the guard at the gates of Bruges; but as many people were passing in and out, they mingled with the crowd, and their joy at approaching the Cadsand, at one in the morning, when they expected immediately to find a boat ready to embark, was as lively as that which they felt after descending the last rampart at Valenciennes.

The position in which they stood even now, however, to persons less inured to peril, and to escape from it, might have been deemed a nice one; for the very point of ground from which they were to embark, was overlooked by a fort, and patroles were almost hourly passing along the beach within a few yards of them.

"On arriving near the coast we met Peter's wife, who ordered us to lie down on the ground, whilst this Amazonian chief reconnoitred the strand. She had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, when she was hailed, and saluted with a shot. Like a skilful general, she instantly made good her retreat, and bivouac'd with the main body. In this position we remained for about two hours, whilst Peter and his chief were occasionally watching the motions of the enemy, and looking out for the private signal from the boat. Our anxiety was now at its utmost stretch, and every passing moment appeared an age. The look-out, every now and then, was obliged to retreat, to avoid the patroles; although, had the boat arrived, being well

armed, amidst irregular sand-hills, and the spirits inflamed by confidence, our object could not have been defeated easily, or with impunity. The boat not coming, we were obliged to retreat to Peter's hut for concealment. This habitation had but one room. A few loose boards lying across from side to side upon mud walls, which supported a straw roof, formed a kind of ceiling to about one-half of it: on these boards were spread some dry rushes, upon which we reposed. In this situation, day after day closed, whilst we expected each succeeding one to be the last in this country. But no appearance of the boat; and, as no exertions on our part could expedite its arrival, we did not quit the loft. At length, on the 8th of May, positive information was brought that all would be in readiness at ten p. m. Accordingly, at that hour, the weather fine, and the night dark, we assembled in the sand-hills; and, so soon as the patrole had passed, the private signal was made and answered. The boat gliding silently to the beach, with muffled oars, we rushed in with the rapidity of thought, and, in an instant, were all safe afloat. Each seized an oar, and, vigorously applying his utmost strength, we soon reached beyond the range of shot."

Twenty hours, from this time, brought them to the back of the Goodwin Sands; and within twenty-four they were landed in England: with which gratifying intelligence our limits warn us that we should take leave of Captain Boys; to whom, in conclusion, we pay no compliment when we say, that he has told his tale in a very simple, intelligent, sailor-like manner. In his anger for the sufferings he endured, he now and then does some injustice to the French character; but the point between prisoner and gaoler, as we have already observed, is one which it has never been our good fortune to see very entirely accommodated. Where one man is responsible for the custody of another, he will, in defiance of the most liberal dispositions, have occasional fancies about the efficacy of a lock and key; and, without at all desiring to increase the annoyances of prisoners, or any hope to satisfy their personal judgments, we confess we think that, though a custodier's duty may be an unpleasant one, he is entitled to a liberal and large construction in seeing that it is properly executed. With all the abuse that has been bandied to and fro, on the subject of the treatment of Buonaparte, at St. Helena, it would have been an ill answer to this country, and to Europe, if that important captive had escaped, to have proved that Sir Hudson Lowe was so delicately minded a gaoler that he could not descend to the double bolting of a door.

Some of the French dignitaries, however, are most mercilessly handled by our author; and in particular, M. Wirion, the governor of Verdun; who we dare say was a great rogue; but who, at the same time, having a thousand English prisoners to manage—and some persons among them of so little reverence as to treat the effigy of sovereigns as Mr. Boys treated the bust of Buonaparte—would have enough, probably, from time to time, to try his temper. Again, for the "extortions," it will be recollected that the ordinary regime of the continent authorises a good deal of exaction which opportunity does not arise for in England; while, on the other hand, it relieves us from a good deal, for which opportunity in this country does arise: and some of the items put into the balance sheet,—as "*robberies* committed upon the English," seem rather hastily to have been classed under that severe and sweeping title. The sum of £1,800, for instance, calculated to have been levied in fines, for "*missing* the appels," &c., pressed upon no gentleman who *attended* the "appels." "Doctor's certificate (again) to *avoid* regulations, £600." This would not affect those persons who *complied* with regulations. Again, "Gambling-houses, £3,600," gained by. Why did persons (we should

ask) *frequent them?* Two or three other items in this account, strike us as open to the same sort of objection: but our author is resolute in his aversions, we suspect, as well as his friendships; for he not only stands out fiercely against all the system of making money that was organized by General Wirion, but actually concludes—to damn his foes to "everlasting fame"—by publishing a list of *all* the French commandants who have been hanged, committed suicide, or been dismissed from the army, within his knowledge!—"in hope," as he expresses it, "that their fate may prove a warning to future commandants, and a safeguard to the unfortunate!" We make a final extract, to give this document:—

WIRION—A general, and inspector-general of the Imperial gendarmerie, officer of the legion of honour, and commander-in-chief of the prisoners of war; *shot himself.*

COURÇELLES—Colonel and commandant of Verdun, and of the department of the Meuse, officer of the legion of honour; *dismissed from the army.*

DEMANGET—Lieutenant of gendarmerie, member of the legion of honour; *dismissed from the army.*

MASSIN—Lieutenant of gendarmerie, member of the legion of honour: *shot himself.*

BOUILLE—Maréchal de logis of gendarmerie, paymaster, and member of the legion of honour; *reduced to the ranks.*

NAME FORGOTTEN—Lieutenant of gendarmerie at Sarre Louis; *shot himself.*

NAME UNKNOWN—A colonel at Montmedy, member of the legion of honour; *condemned to the gallies.*

MUNDEVELLARS—Captain in the army, aide-de-camp to General Wirion, member of the legion of honour; *dismissed the army.*

NAME FORGOTTEN—Aide-de-camp to General Wirion, member of the legion of honour; *dismissed the army.*

Besides these honourable members so disgraced, many others narrowly escaped, and a long list of insignificant delinquents, might be added, whose rogueries are not comprised in the foregoing calculations.

With the exception of a few sallies, however, like this—which, after all, are by no means the ultra extent of prejudice; for one gentleman at Verdun, a Lieutenant Mackenzie, had such a horror and detestation of every thing French, that he even refused to learn the language—there is nothing to find fault with in the temper of Mr. Boys's book, and a great deal to amuse in the details of it. The fate of the parties who made such vigorous exertions to recover their liberties (as related in the last pages of the book), has a little tendency to excite feelings of melancholy. "Mr. Hunter," says Mr. Boys, "was promoted in 1811." Whitehurst was sent to the Halifax station, where he had not been long before he was *again made prisoner*, and detained in France during the remainder of the war. Mansell, a short time after, *died at sea.* Two or three little engravings are added to the work, which serve to render particular points in the narrative, intelligible, which it might have been difficult to comprehend without such assistance.

LETTER FROM PARIS, UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Paris, Oct. 15th.

There are certainly very few of your erratic countrymen who have travelled in Swisserland, and frequented society there, without knowing something of the venerable Meister. This amiable old man, who had lived for upwards of eighty years at Zurich, and died there last year, retained, to an advanced age, that vigour of mind, and elegance of conversation, which had, in early youth, rendered him the delight of men of letters, and the haut-ton of both sexes, more especially those of the latter, who exercised such an influence on the ideas and habits of the last half of the eighteenth century. Meister seemed only to have lived by his recollection since that period. A stranger to the great social movement which had been effected in literature, arts, political institutions, and even the intercourse of society, one might have said that, like a modern Epimenides, he had fallen asleep from epicureanism, when he beheld those tranquil habits of society, interrupted by the gravity of political affairs, and did not awake till roused by the reopening of the gilded doors of our saloons. His philosophy, blended with a refined incredulity, called to mind the school of Voltaire, Frederic of Prussia, Diderot, and Catherine II., amidst which he had passed his early years. All the memoirs of that day, the correspondence, secret and literary, have successively disclosed certain facts relative to each of these distinguished personages, which it would have been more decorous to have left in oblivion. But in the midst of all this gossip of the makers of memoirs, correspondences, and biographies, a highly important literary fact has been overlooked: and this will explain to you, why I commence the correspondence you have proposed, by a few remarks on Meister.

Your readers are, doubtless, acquainted with the celebrated correspondence of Baron de Grimm, so famous for his quarrels with Rousseau, and his conquest of Madame d'Epinay. A hundred articles have been written on this subject, in France, and on your side the channel. Each writer certainly appreciated the author's merit with judgment, and gave his opinion of Grimm according to his feelings. Well, then, this famous correspondence was almost unknown to Grimm! Out of the eighteen volumes, he only wrote the last half of the first, and the first half of the second. D'Alembert wrote half of the first, Diderot the end of the second, and the whole of the third. The nine following are by Meister, and the remainder by Madame Guizot, then Mademoiselle Maillant, whom we lost a few months ago. Meister, himself, shewed me the originals at Zurich, and when M. Suard printed the correspondence here, Meister sent them to him, to insure the correctness of the edition. Like a true epicurean, he would not afterwards take the trouble of claiming his share of the reputation, and the book continues to circulate under the name of Grimm. You have also seen an ingenious correspondent of one of your periodicals, adopt the signature of Grimm's grandson, as a sufficient recommendation. Thus it is, with most literary correspondences, in which all is fiction, even to the name of the author, if he thinks proper to assume one. I begin with you, by escaping this first temptation, of leading your readers into error, and I propose, in my future communications, to depart as little as possible from the strictest veracity. I am placed in a better situation than those authors printed under the name of Grimm. They addressed a prince who was glad to hear certain truths, but who did not like to see them carried too far. I speak to a British public, that rejects nothing which is rational—for whom the word *extraordinary* is not synonimous with *ridicule*—and that knows how to accord that freedom to others which it claims for itself.

October is the worst month in the year to begin a correspondence of this sort. Those whom the charms of the season could not hitherto attract to the country, are now called there by the powerful interest attached to the vintage, and the necessity of superintending the first operations of this important object. It is to this solicitude that your tables are supplied with the sparkling champaign, the perfumed clos-vaugeot, and the chateau-margot, so delectable to the palates of your nabobs. But this rural activity becomes detrimental to the city, which is, as it were, abandoned to foreign travellers in September and October. It is not

till the first symptoms of cold are felt somewhat severely, that life in the capital is resumed in all its tumult. The Paris season is the reverse of that of London. It commences at the end of November, and closes at the beginning of May. The period of your hunting is that of our drawing-room parties. Previous to November, Paris may be compared to a vast lazaretto, where the valetudinarians of every country take refuge. Instead of an exile to the Baths of Aix, or Bagnères, some have, of late years, preferred those of Tivoli; some seek in the midst of our fêtes, the oblivion of favours received at the Court of St. Petersburgh. Mr. Recacho has arrived from Spain, to obtain the protection of the court mercenaries, with the constitutionalists whom he had banished. The members of the first Portuguese Cortes take their ices at Tortoni's, seated with peers, who thought Don Miguel would pardon them for having accepted the constitution of his brother, on condition of preventing its being put into execution. A certain lady comes from London, to wait until certain scandalous reports, prejudicial to her honour, are forgotten; and the gentleman who sits in the next box to her ladyship at the opera, who has given the slip to his creditors, plunges into the vortex of dissipation, and thus avoids the reproaches of an uneasy conscience.

Add to the above, a few *ennuyant* visitors from the provinces, and some of the petits maîtres, delicate creatures, who would perish out of the subtle and vapourous atmosphere of the Boulevard de Gand; some stock jobbers; some adventurers about to incur ruin by speculating on the fall, and others on the triumph of M. de Villele, speculations equally adventurous, and you will see Paris in October. Every thing is in preparation, but nothing is yet executed. The ovens are heated and the metal in fusion. A few short weeks, and we shall then see mean or magnificent monuments—the ridiculous or admirable, useful or absurd—of human ingenuity. Herbault, in a grotesque head dress, meditates on the direction to be given to the feathers of a new hat of her own invention. M. Scribe continues to report a new production of his fecund and brilliant imagination, at the Gymnasium, Feydeau, and Opera. M. Arnault, the younger, is rehearsing his Tiberius, by French actors; and M. Laurens is organizing, under similar discipline, the productions of Shakspeare and Rossini, for the pleasure of the idle Parisian, who is highly pleased to pass in review the dramatic productions of England, Germany, Italy and Spain, after dining at the Caffé de Paris, and before going to review the beauties *à la mode*, while enjoying his ices at half past eleven, before the door of Tortoni's.

Whilst literature and the fashions are preparing to enter the arena, politics have also their champions, and M. de Villele is about to enter the lists. It is said that he will, in a few days, strike a masterly blow, by the aid of some old gladiators. Before the 5th of November the lugubrious columns of the Moniteur will contain the funeral oration of the chamber which voted for the septenniality, and that also wished to impose the right of primogeniture, and the slavery of the press on us. This dissolution is agreeable to all parties. In spite of the efforts made by the ministers, the liberals hope that the well informed electors will perform their duty and return independent members. The *illiberals* calculate on the apathy of the nation, and strong in the fortune of seven years, promise themselves the pleasure of imitating the example of their brethren in Spain, and put an end to the liberties of the country. Thus every body finds his account in the hazardous measures of M. de Villele, and even the indifferents themselves, look forward to it as a means of feeding their eager curiosity.

The distinctive character of this month, is, therefore, in all ranks, rather a prelude to life than a real existence. The engine by which everything is to be put in motion, is adjusting. The most important event of the month, is the trial of the Abbé Contrefatto. For some time past, the crimes committed among the Catholic Clergy have increased to a frightful extent. This is by no means surprising, and it must go on increasing. Before the revolution, the clergy were not separated from the nation, as they now are. The first class, that of grand vicars, among whom the bishops were chosen, were composed of the sons of the most distinguished families in France, who added extensive information to all the graces of society. The second class, that of beneficed abbés, was rather a set of indigent idlers, whose morals were often relaxed, but who strove, above all things, to avoid exposure. Some steady ecclesiastics, attached to their profession, occupied the

important cures; and the clergy, having a great preponderance in the state, called to itself all that was distinguished throughout the country. In the present day, the old class of grand vicars and abbés has disappeared. There is no longer a single respectable family, who dares attempt to impose the sacerdotal office on their children. None take orders now but those who are suffering from poverty, and whose indolence will not allow them to think of taking a different calling. Their passions, compressed by the severity of Catholic discipline, burst forth at a later period, with the more force, since they are not restrained by the respect due to a society with which they never mixed, and are engaged in a sort of warfare against them. Formerly the young abbés had mistresses among women of title: nor did this prevent them from looking forward to good benefices. At present, the priests are chaste until the moment when their passions, which had been repressed in a manner so contrary to nature, overstep every human check, and reveal themselves by some dreadful crime. In the departments, the activity of the bishops has sometimes intervened in sufficient time to interrupt the prosecution of the family or public authorities, to enable the guilty to escape. Near Paris, this is more difficult; a curé has just been condemned to the gallies by the criminal court of Versailles, for an outrage against public decency. The Abbé Contrefatto, accused of the same crime, was brought before the judge of instruction, who, alone, supplies the place of your grand jury. The jesuitical congregation, terrified at the dishonour that was about to fall on the cloth, took care to get M. Frayssinous, nephew to the Bishop of Hermopolis, minister of public worship and instruction, named judge of instruction. Conformably to the wish of his masters M. Frayssinous hastened to declare that Contrefatto was virtue personified, and he was even about to issue an order for the arrest of those who had levelled their accusations against so upright a person. Thus Contrefatto got out of the difficulty triumphant. He presented himself at the office of the *Constitutionnel* accompanied by a young priest, and requested the editor to state that he had been declared innocent of the charge made against him. "By all means," replied the editor, "it is our duty, as well as pleasure, to cause the innocent to triumph. But of what crime were you innocent? of what were you accused? Inform us of it, that we may proclaim the fact." Contrefatto made no answer. The same questions were put to the young Italian Abbé who accompanied him, and he was also silent; and neither being inclined to state what the alleged crime was, left the office together. In passing through an adjoining street they were recognised by the mob, who abused Contrefatto, and were on the point of rolling him in the mud, which, thanks to the neglect of the police, is so abundant in all the streets of Paris; but he escaped, and took refuge in a guard house. Soon after this, a party of gens-d'armes came and conveyed him away in a hackney coach. It was not prudent for him to return to his lodgings, which were near the spot, and where the little child of eight years, who had been the victim of his monstrous brutality, also resided. He was conducted to the prefecture of police, followed by a crowd of people, uttering cries of indignation as they went along. "Look," said they, pointing to the vehicle, "there is another malefactor whom the police is wresting from the hands of justice, and the vengeance of the laws, like the Curé Maingrat, who, after having cut three of his victims in pieces, is retained by the King of Sardinia, in a house of correction at Fenestrelles! Let us prevent his escape!" The soldiers and gens-d'armes seemed to partake of the popular indignation; they, however, conducted him in safety to the prefecture. The censorship, that docile instrument of jesuitism, prevented the insertion of a single word as to the scene of the preceding evening. Notwithstanding all this, the worthy and independent judges of the royal court had been informed of the facts; conformably to the law, they directed the procureur du roi, or attorney-general, to prosecute, and named one of their counsellors as the judge of instruction. The latter instantly issued a warrant for the apprehension of Contrefatto, and sent an officer of the court to the agents of police, who had already proceeded to the residence of Contrefatto, with a view of endeavouring to suppress the proofs of his crime, that the court had taken cognizance of the affair, so that the agents should withdraw, and henceforth await the decision of the court. The prosecution commenced at once; after a delay of two months, the trial has taken place, when a jury of twelve, of which the majority held public employments, decided, with only one dissenting voice, on the guilt of Contrefatto,

who has been in consequence condemned to the gallies for life, to stand in the pillory, and be branded with a hot iron, as well as to all the costs of his trial.

The congregation, furious at this verdict, could only revenge itself in preventing, as much as possible, the publicity of the affair, and not allowing it to be stated that Contrefatto is a priest. You, who have the happiness to know nothing of the censorship, except for the drama, cannot form an idea of this daily torment; these poor creatures, chosen from the dregs of those who dishonour the pursuit of letters, betray the greatest ignorance and incapacity in all that concerns politics, frequently cancelling what the ministers wish them to approve, and admitting passages the latter would fain suppress. But in whatever concerns the church, they never deceive themselves. Will you believe that they have suppressed the following article, which had been changed and reproduced in ten different forms?—

"A catholic priest, M. Fischer, professor at the Lyceum of Landshut, having quitted the catholic church to embrace the protestant faith, the king of Bavaria would not allow that this act of mere conscience should be prejudicial to his temporal interests, and therefore requested the learned professor to continue his services in the direction of public instruction. He has been, in consequence, transferred to a protestant college, with the same rank and emoluments he enjoyed at the Lyceum of Landshut."

The censorship has also prevented all the journals from inserting a decree of the king of Prussia, which interdicts any of his subjects from pursuing their studies in any seminaries conducted by jesuits; and yet the publication of these two facts was permitted by the official censors of Germany, and actually appeared in the journal of M. Metternich. The Frankfort journal, edited by the Abbé Harmerin, under the inspection of M. de Münch Billinghausen, the Austrian minister at the diet, also published them without the least scruple. The truth is, that notwithstanding the boasted liberties of the Gallican church, we bow the head much more humbly to Rome, than ever Austria did; when I say *we*, I of course allude to the government, for the nation marches in a totally opposite direction.

The nation advances so rapidly, that they will one day find themselves so far apart, that it will be impossible either to understand, or find each other out. I shall endeavour to enable you to follow the progress of both one and the other, whether as regards the sciences or arts, politics, literature, and religion. In eloquence, the Abbé Fayet, a furious missionary, and full of audacious pretension, represents the court and its wishes. Royer Collard, a practical philosopher and real stoic, eloquent by the force of morality and reason, represents the nation and its wants. In poetry, nothing is left for the court but the canticles of Saint Sulpice and the hymns of the missionaries; for all the young writers have gradually come over and joined the phalanx directed by the Berengers, De la Vignes, and Lebruns. In politics, the Abbé Loignet remains master of the field, whilst the two oppositions continue to be increased by all the social and intellectual superiority of the nation. In fine, every notion favourable to ignorance and despotism, seem to be terminating with the closing generation, while a love of truth and virtue appears to be the distinguishing characteristic of that which has commenced.

Our young female writers have been the first to second this improving spirit in the age. Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, whose head and figure might, like those of Lady Hamilton, represent the Pythonissa, has withdrawn from the society of which she is so great an ornament here, to seek, in the fine climate of Italy, that independence of thought, which she incurred a great risk of losing at Paris. Mademoiselle Gay is the daughter of a lady well known as the author of several literary productions of merit; this young lady's visit to Italy has led to some poetical effusions, of which report speaks very highly, and they will, no doubt, soon see the light. Madame Tastu, wife to the printer of that name, is not less distinguished for her poetic talents; she has been peculiarly happy in some attempts to transfer the spirit of some scenes of Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, and a Midsummer Night's Dream, into our language. Madame Tastu is about to publish a series of historical sketches in the style of your Sackville's "Mirror of Magistrates;" the scenes are principally taken from the "Chronicles of the Middle Ages," published by M. J. A. Buchon.

Another lady, Madame de Bauer, has just made an attempt at the theatre

François, which is not quite so fortunate; her "*Friend of all the World*" does not seem to have won the friendship of anybody. Hissed at the first representation, it was tolerated with a respectful silence at the second. The fair author understood this, and withdrew her comedy at once. In order to compensate in some measure for their disappointment, the manager announced her charming little drama, the "Sequel of a Masked Ball," and it was received with the loudest plaudits by the audience, who readily seized the occasion to heal, as much as possible, the wounded self love of Madame Bauer.

A dramatic writer, M. Mazeres, known by the success which recently attended his comedy of the "*Les Trois Quartiers*," author of the "Le jeune Mari," is about to bring forth another piece entitled, "*Chacun de son Côté*." Of all our dramatists, M. Mazeres has been allowed to attack the follies of the day with most freedom. The following is the way in which he has acquired this privilege:—Having heard that his play of "Les Trois Quartiers" had been stopped by M. Lourdonein, one of the censors, who retained it without giving any answer, he wrote the censor a very polite letter, requesting that he would have the goodness to examine his play, and send it to the manager. To this application no answer was received, upon which Mazeres, without farther delay, went to the shop of the famous Verdier, a dealer in canes, and so well known by his bill of 15,000 francs for sticks supplied in the course of a single year to the Duke of D—, nephew of Prince Talleyrand. Here he asked for a cane of stout dimensions – agreed for the price—paid the amount, and requested Verdier to furnish him with a bill and receipt, in which the article was thus described:—"Sold to M. Mazeres, author of '*Les Trois Quartiers*,' a cane, &c." This done, Mazeres wrote the following note on the back of the bill:—"M. Lourdonein will have the kindness to hand the bearer, who waits an answer, the play of the '*Les Trois Quartiers*,' such as the censorship authorises its representation. Signed, MAZERES;" at the bottom were these words, by way of postscript—"Turn over." On seeing the alternative which awaited him, the censor did not wait for a second message, but instantly delivered the comedy, with his name affixed, and without taking the trouble of looking at it a second time. The successful gasconade of Mazeres excited a good deal of mirth, and was not less useful to him as an author. But what matter was it to Lourdonein? The ridicule which fell on him only served to give him a greater title to the esteem of the congregation.

In speaking of the women distinguished by their talents, I ought to have placed in the first rank, a young lady whose death has deprived society of a most inestimable member; I allude to Mademoiselle Cuvier, daughter of the celebrated naturalist. There has seldom been any instance where the strongest benevolence was so closely united to the charms of intellect. She possessed a rare mixture of elevation of mind and firmness of character—of strength and equanimity – sweetness and simplicity. It was truly gratifying to witness her worship, or rather superstition, for truth, and to watch the avidity with which she used to seize and illustrate whatever she thought likely to remove ignorance, or promote the cause of virtue and freedom. The circumstances which attended the death of this amiable creature, have, if possible, greatly augmented the grief of her family and friends. The day of her nuptials was fixed, and she was to be united to a man of her own choice, and every thing was prepared for the ceremony. Being suddenly afflicted by rapid symptoms of consumption, all hopes of her recovery soon vanished. Notwithstanding, the ball dresses, veils, and shawls continued to be sent home to the unhappy parents, who dared not refuse them, lest they should themselves be accused of giving way to despair. This mixture of preparations for rejoicing, and the certainty of death, formed a picture the most melancholy and pathetic. When the fatal moment arrived, her family and many friends surrounded the dying couch in mournful silence. The funeral was attended by all that is distinguished for rank and fortune at Paris; a clergyman of the protestant church read the service for the dead, and a funeral sermon. A number of young females whom she had formed for succouring the poor, were ranged round the bier, dressed in white, and followed it to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where M. Salvandy, one of her friends, undertook to deliver the final eulogy, which it is usual in France to pronounce on departed worth.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE political events of the last month present nothing worthy of very extended comment. Spain remains in a state of entire anarchy; Portugal is still in the occupation of the British troops. In Ireland, the "popular orators," finding their copyhold tremble under a long continuance of peace, are endeavouring to get up a grievance out of the "Report on Emigration." The independence of Greece is in a fair way to be established, and as every one conversant with the affairs of the Porte, we believe, expected it would be established—by the acquiescence of the Turks. Even Ottoman pride and absurdity is not so well disposed to run its head against stone walls, now, as it was forty years ago; and the mob of Constantinople are, probably, the real "contracting parties," who oppose a barrier to the immediate execution of the treaty: the debate of the Sultan is how he may avoid the destruction that refusal would bring upon his kingdom, and at the same time get out of the danger in which consent would place his life. In the mean time, for Greece herself, the internal affairs of the Islands wear but an unpromising aspect; and it seems more than probable that to head or hang a very considerable number of the newly liberated, will be our only chance of checking the intolerable spirit of rapine and disorder that devastates the country. A permanent guillotine, of sixty-axe power, worked night and day for six months, will be absolutely necessary! and, in fact, that this is unlucky truth is generally understood, stands almost beyond doubt, from the state of the share market: the prospect of "independence" does not raise Greek bonds at all; nor, as regards any payment of them to be expected, ought it to do so. The only real gain, probably, to be looked for from a change of circumstances, is that the Turks are wedded to a system which, while it exists, must render barbarism perpetual. The Greeks are the greater knaves of the two, in point of present practice; but there is nothing in their theory which precludes the possibility of amendment.

From the Turks, by an easy transition—Heaven guard us from Ottoman vengeance, for the declaration—we come to the condition of the Jews—whose affairs have been going on, in the strangest way imaginable, all over the world, for the last six weeks. An ukase of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, dated the 7th September last, orders, in the first place—

"That all Jews settled in the Russian Empire shall henceforth be liable to military service."

The terms of the order are as follow:—

"Imprimis.—As we consider it just, that, for the relief of our beloved subjects, the duty of *serving in the army* shall be enforced equally on all who are liable to it—we order—First, That *the Jews are to be made to serve in person.* Second, The pecuniary tax imposed upon them, in lieu of their personal services, is abolished. Third, We are convinced that the improvement and the knowledge which the Jews will acquire by their military service, will, *on their return home* [speaking of course of the survivors], after their legal time is expired, be communicated to their families, and greatly tend to accelerate the progress of their civil establishment and domestic life!"

The horror which the transmission of this edict has excited in Petticoat-lane, is said to be indescribable. A Jew, in a red jacket, standing—in the minds and associations of our English members of that tribe—as a thing out of the bounds of moral possibility. And even to good Christians—such

is the effect of habit and conceived opinion—there does seem something very unnatural in the notion of a Jew being a lancer, or a foot-guardsman! This very merciless decree, however, of the Emperor Nicholas—which has but one redeeming circumstance about it—to wit, that it is the *first*, we believe, on despotic record, that ever relieved the Jews from any "pecuniary tax imposed upon them," under any emergency whatever—places in a strong light the inconvenience of men's addicting themselves to the observance of eccentric habits and ceremonies, and the necessity there is that those who are bound by religious scruples, &c., should get themselves converted immediately. There is no reasonable ground upon which either Jews or Quakers can claim exemption from military service; and yet, what a ridiculous position would the followers of either sect be placed in by its being enforced! The Quakers would be in a terrible difficulty. It is true their usual stiff and upright posture would rather assist them, as being proper to "parade;" but then the natural movement of a Quaker is wholly opposed to such an order as the *Pas de Charge!* And, moreover, the uniform would be an "abomina-a-tion!" And the calling the adjutant, or serjeant-major, "Friend!" would lead to perpetual punishments for breach of discipline. And the "presenting arms" to a field officer, on sentry—or to a general, at a review, would be considered a direct and absolute "bowing of the neck to Baal!"

Now, the Mordecai men would not mind about "Baal;" but from mere habit we cannot conceive the thought of their *fighting*—any where but in Monmouth-street, or at Moulsey Hurst. And they too would become exposed to numberless inconveniences in the possible routine of a military life—as, for instance—in the event of *pork* being served out to the army as rations; this would be tantamount to imposing a day of fast upon the Israelitish portion of the troops. Again, if we did fix a recruiting sergeant in Rosemary-lane, it would become the duty of those who, as Falstaff observes, "kiss my Lady Peace at home," to look that the armies to which those new levies were draughted, joined not issue on a *Saturday*—of which the enemy, being aware, would no doubt make their attack on that day. The navy too, to both these classes of sectarians, would be a more killing service even than the army. Only to imagine the sight of a Quaker urged "aloft" to a "reefing of top-sails," by the profane pipe of the boatswain, or still more objectionable rattan of his mate:—or a Hebrew disturbed in the mid watch, from his visions of cast suits, and the Feast of the Passover, by a tweak of the nose from the midshipman on duty, and an order to cry out—"All—sh vell!" Altogether much inconvenience must arise from the employment of such people, in a great many of those active duties of life to which every citizen ought to be competent; and perhaps we shall endeavour to say a word upon the propriety of their abjuring all personal and temporal peculiarities, at some early opportunity.

Relics of Chivalry discovered in America.—Dr. Silliman's "American Journal of Science" for September, announces, as a treasure presented to the antiquarian, that there has been discovered in the valley of Black river, within the town of Coventry, "a shirt without sleeves, made of wire, a little larger than that of the small steel purses:" in fact, "a *real* coat, or shirt of mail, of the ages of chivalry!" The paragraph, probably owing to some accidental omission, does *not* go on to state *who had hid it there.*

"*Mule Silver*"—(*from the same publication*).—"We are informed by a

correspondent, that the mules employed at the amalgamatory mines in Mexico, are opened after death, and that from two to seven pounds of silver are often taken out of the stomach. The writer adds, that he is in possession of a specimen which is perfectly pure and white, as they generally are." This is a fact that was not known to us; but it explains the reason why so little silver comes to England from these Mexican mines—*The mules eat it!*

"The celebrated Mr. Abrahamson," a French paper says, "we are happy to announce, has published his third report on the progress of the System of Mutual Instruction," at Copenhagen. He states that the happiest results have been obtained from it in all parts of the Danish territories." This is the system lately described in an Irish work upon Education, by which two persons, who know nothing, are enabled to teach one another.

English Drama in Paris.—We adverted in our last number to the difficulty—or, as we considered it, the impossibility—under which the critics of every country must labour, in attempting to draw conclusions as to the merits of foreign dramatic performances. And an article in the French *Globe*, of this week, upon the representations of the English theatre in Paris, affords a curious illustration of this very difficulty, and of the danger which even able people incur, in meddling with matters which they do not fully understand. We select this article in preference to many others before us, no less on account of the general talent of the journal in which it appears, than because some parts of it are written in a sound and liberal spirit of criticism.

We pass over the admiration given to the actors—(which we have sufficiently noticed before)—the applause given to the excellence of Mr. Abbott in *Mercutio!*—the ravishing talent of Miss Smithson, in *Juliet*, &c. &c. —to come to the point where the critic tumbles in, smack out of his depth—over head and heels—in examining the *acted* play of *Othello*, and "retranchements" that "Les Barbares"—("nous parlons des arrangeurs de Covent Garden, et de Drury-lane")—have made in Shakspeare's text. The writer here falls into the true French error: not contented to speak for the taste (though hastily adopted) of himself and his countrymen, but boldly anathematising the "arrangeurs" of "Covent Garden and Drury-lane;" and it is whimsical to observe *what* are the scenes and passages which he considers our English audiences wronged in being deprived of.

In the first place, he says "On efface un rôle entier, celle de Betauca!" This is a "rôle" upon which we shall say a word, because some of our readers may not be aware that it ever existed in the tragedy. It is the character of a "common woman," whose ministry is not in any way necessary to carry on the business of the play, but rather soils and weakens it. And—here comes the woe of speaking where we are only superficially informed—the writer is not aware that it is a description of character which English custom—(let that custom be right or wrong, the "arrangeur" has nothing to do with it)—has banished entirely from the stage. In all plays where such a character has existed, and can be omitted—as in Otway's *Venice Preserved*—it is entirely left out. And even where the development has been less offensive, and it is impossible to get rid of the part entirely, we have found the necessity of cutting it down quite to shadow: *Lamorce* in the *Inconstant*, and *Myrtilla* in the *Provoked Husband*, are barely permitted to utter so many words as will serve to link together the action of the piece; and people begin to

look coolly at the scenes between *Joseph Surface* and *Lady Teazle*, in *The School for Scandal.*

But, besides this objection—as it so happens for the ruin of our instructor—all the matter in *Othello*, connected with the existence of *Bianca*, is so wretchedly bad and clumsy, as to make it almost difficult to conceive that it could have been written by Shakspeare! The critic of the *Globe* says—"On n'a pas manqué déjà de relever l'invraisemblance du mouchoir perdu; mais on ne dit pas que Shakspeare avait écrit *une autre scène* qu'on ne joue pas, où les soupçons du Maure se changent en certitude par le témoignage de ses oreilles et de ses yeux." This "*certitude*" (as we understand it), is rather a strong epithet to describe a scene by, in which *Othello* is merely made the dupe of an artifice, and a very poor and flimsy one. *Iago* proposes to the *Moor* to conceal himself in a closet, whence he shall hear and see him (*Iago*) get an admission from *Cassio* of his intimacy with *Desdemona*. He then leads *Cassio* (who enters at the time) into a discourse about his (the latter's) mistress, the courtesan *Bianca;* and *Othello* being made to hear only *portions* of the conversation, believes that all which is said applies to the conduct of his wife. Now such a device is something farcelike, and the having to stand as the dupe of it does not much raise the dignity of the character of *Othello*: but, besides this, the scene or scenes alluded to are more than weakly written. In the beginning of one, for instance, where *Othello*, in his rage, falls in a trance at the feet of *Iago*, the latter, when he comes to himself, inquires—"*If he has hurt his head!*" This is literally the fact. The words are—raising *Othello*—"Have you not hurt your head?" to which the latter replies, naturally enough—"What a question!" Again, in the place where *Othello* listens to the supposed confession of *Cassio*, his exclamations, "aside," are such as these—"What, have you *scored* me!" "Oh, I see that *nose* of yours—but *not the dog I shall give it to!*" &c. And afterwards, when he speaks of the seducing attributes of *Desdemona*, he says—"So delicate with her *needle!*" And for music—"Oh, she will *sing the savageness out of a bear!*" &c. &c. And these are by no means singular blots upon a great mass of that which is excellent—as very constantly occurs with Shakespeare and the dramatists of his day: but there is nothing contained in the scenes of any dramatic or poetic value—they would not do—both from their length and from other circumstances—for us to extract; but those who are at the trouble of a reference to Johnson's edition, will not find that we cannot be at all damnified in losing them.

As we go on, the entanglement gets still deeper. The *Globe* complains, for instance, of the modern practice of *Othello's* "stabbing" *Desdemona* with the dagger, after stifling her with the pillow. He says—"Shakspeare does not direct this—le texte de Shakspeare n'indique pas cela. *Othello* exclaims—Je ne veux pas te laisser languir—I would not have thee linger in thy pain. But at that moment *Emilia* knocks, and intercepts him; and he opens the door." And the writer adds, "Ces deux coups de poignard augmentent sans nécessité *l'horreur* du dénouement, et rendent *peu vraisemblables* les mots si touchants—"Nobody! I myself," &c. (in answer to *Emilia's* inquiry, "Who has done this deed?")—which *Desdemona* has to pronounce some five minutes afterwards. Now this seems to be the very *acme* of *wilfulness*, or of nonsense. As regards the "*horreur* augmented without necessity"—this outcry comes very oddly from the same writer, who, not half a page back, and in this very article we are

discussing, *complains*, in the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*, of the *omission* of the death of *Paris*—an incident which, certainly, there was no reason for omitting in the French performance, but which has nothing very material to do with the course of the piece. And, for the "*vraisemblance*," the fact is, that the *monstrous impossibility* of *Desdemona's* speaking, ten minutes after she has been *suffocated with a pillow*, is changed, for the sake of "*vraisemblance*," into the not entirely impossible occurrence, that, from the wounds given *with the dagger*, she should have lingered to that moment still alive!

The whole article, however, is full of the same curious contradictions or absences of perception. In the previous notice of *Romeo and Juliet*, the critic observes, that the scene in *Capulet's* house, after the supposed death of *Juliet*, has been considerably shortened, "no doubt from the impossibility of acting it with such indifferent performers as are employed in the characters of *Capulet, Lady Capulet*, &c." This is perfectly true, and well judged; and ridiculous enough, certainly, the scene commonly is. *Capulet* and the rest come on the stage, and hold up their hands, and say—"Oh, she (*Juliet*) is dead!" or something of that kind. And then the *Friar* says—"If she is dead, she must be buried!" or something of that kind; and so the characters go away. But ten lines after, the same writer—again complaining of "omissions"—finds fault with the conclusion of the same play by the incident of *Juliet's* death; and says, "Pourquoi avoir retranché l'arrivée des deux pères, qui se réconcilient sur le corps de leurs enfans?" Why, it might be supposed, without any great employment of critical acumen, that the same sort of actors—those who play *Capulet, Montague, Lady Capulet*, &c., having been incompetent to the business of the former scene—that of the chamber, with *Juliet's* trance—would hardly do well for the important task of winding up the play, with the still more difficult scene in question! Nevertheless our friend continues, in the true spirit of a Parisian, to assure the world, that—"In these matters, as well as in a thousand other points of more importance, France is far in advance of England"—"Nous savions bien qu'en une foule de choses plus importantes, nous sommes, *à son insu*, de beaucoup en avant de l'Angleterre;" and concludes by promising that, "if the public assists him, the performances at the English theatre in *Paris* shall instruct *us in England* how Shakspeare ought to be acted!"—The *Globe* criticism is, notwithstanding, taken altogether, a very ingenious notice of a *foreign* dramatic representation.

The *John Bull* of the 30th ultimo—who stands out in general valiantly for the right of keeping his fellow subjects, of whatever colour or complexion, in chains—publishes a series of "*negro notes*," received from a correspondent in Antigua (in an article entitled "West Indian Slavery,") to shew the happy condition of the persons who are bought and sold, as convenience directs, in our colonies, and how infinitely better off such persons are, as slaves, than they would be if, by any accident, they were to be emancipated.

The papers—which are not *very* jocose—run as follows:

No. 1. A note, doubled cocked-hat-wise.—"To Miss Hampson.—Mr. Dinbar and Lett will be happy of Miss Hampson's company for Saturday, to take tea and spend the evening at Weir's estate."

No. 2. An embossed card.—"Miss Trittand and M. J. Charles solicits the favour of your company, Saturday, 17th of March, to spend the evening at Friar's Hill."

No. 3.—"Miss Richards and Miss Mills solicit the favour of Miss Trittand, Miss John, Miss Harvey, and Miss Bennett's company, on Saturday, 17th of March, to take tea with them at Williams's Farm," &c. &c.

Now, these "exhibits," which our readers will perceive are "invitations" to negro *balls*, and *petit* soupers, are not very comical; and they prove nothing in the world. To shew the most boisterous merriment existing among any race of people, is not at all to negative their general misery or degradation. The wretched pick-pockets and trulls that come up every day to be sent to the tread-mill, from the police office in Bow-street, sing and laugh, and "Sir" and "Ma'am" each other ten times more than the substantial tradesmen in Holborn or the Strand. But it is strange that John, and his fellow defenders of the colonial system, should always elect to take up that part of the case which does not give them a leg to stand upon. There may possibly be a doubt raised—particularly while the "licensing system" in England continues to be upheld, to protect the monopoly of the brewers—how far we are justified, even for the relief of the slaves in the West Indies, in taking any course (without compensation) which damnifies the property of their owners; but, for the *condition* of the slaves, it seems almost a pleasantry, how any human creature can affect to have a doubt about it! All the *facts* in the world —if it were shewn, even upon affidavit, that every negro in Jamaica ate plum-cake twice a day—cannot deserve the consideration of a moment. We will not ask what *is* the case, but what, according to all existing analogy and experience *must* it be! What does any body think, even in this country—where a sharp control over human action exists in the freedom of the press, and the responsibility consequently induced to public opinion, and where long habit has not yet deadened or corrupted the general feeling—what does any sane man believe would be the condition of those plagues of human life, the *domestic servants of England*, to morrow—if their masters and mistresses were invested with the same powers over them that the colonists of the West Indies hold over their negroes? How many footmen does John think—we will take his own now for an example, as no doubt he esteems himself the most merciful man in existence—at the end of the first three years of such a regime would have escaped whipping? Not to speak of what Mrs. Bull might consider from time to time to be for the benefit of the housemaids? And is it not a work of supererogation to go as far even as this? Can any man doubt, who is in his senses, that every creature, subjected to the absolute domination of another, *must* become the victim constantly of the most horrible cruelty and injustice? What shall we say of one little illustration of this fact—if any argument upon it can be necessary—which we can't pass through the streets of the metropolis without having before us every day of our lives? The temptation to maltreat *brute animals*—fear of the law, and of retaliation apart—is not a tenth part so strong, or so frequent, as that which we feel to chastise and coerce our fellow-creatures; and yet, for the protection of *brute animals*, a specific law is found necessary, the operation of which, every one only regrets cannot be made far more extensive and more efficient.

The daily papers contain an account of a meeting of the "Steam Navigation Company," in the course of the last week; the proceedings at which seem to have been marked by the same urbanity and pleasantness of mutual feeling which so eminently distinguishes the discussions of most

of the "Joint stock Associations," which the last few years have created. One director, it appears, charged two others, openly, with having made £4,000 by a single job—(we are not sure that *job* would be exactly the correct term for such a transaction)—in the money affairs of the Company. One of the dignitaries impugned then arose, and confessed that the said *job* had been talked of; but it was only "in jest"—"poison in jest!"—it was only a job "in a merry sport"—all (to use the worthy director's own expressive phrase)—all "gammon." The most entertaining part of the affair, however, was the manner in which Mr. Whittle Harvey's House of Commons heroics—which he took it into his head to sport rather out of their place—were treated by the Company. The meeting was composed—unluckily for eloquence—of practical people!—steam and pit-coal people—who knew what *smoke* was, being daily in the practice of manufacturing it; and who, moreover, were talking of the management of their own property, not that of the public—and upon whom—as much as the song of the nightingale upon the hungry hawk—the tropes and figures of the member for Colchester's rhetoric were wasted! As for example—"Standing there, as he (the honourable member) did, in a proud and eminent situation!—(loud hisses, and cries of 'off!')—"standing, not as the representative of a rotten borough, but of a place where the inhabitants knew how to appreciate character!" (great laughter, and more particular hisses!)—He was glad that the meeting treated the matter in so facetious a way: he should have more remarks to address to them, which—" (renewed hisses, and cries of 'Ah! that may do in *another place*,' &c.) The same agreeable sort of running commentary continuing to accompany the honourable member and director, during the whole of his Ciceronian harangue. The fact is, that this talking, where parliamentary *forms* do not interfere to prevent occasional unlucky scintillations of *truth*, is a delicate matter. And, besides, the affectation of parliamentary style or dignity in private discussions, is like an actor's wearing his stage clothes in the street: none but very vulgar performers are ever guilty of it; and those who are, become very properly exposed to the *huées* of the populace.

Prospects for the Opera.—The hands into which, by the course or failure of commercial speculations, the management of our public places of entertainment fall from time to time, are rather curious. A very respectable vender of boiled beef, in Fleet-street, some little while ago found himself—we believe to his sorrow, in the event—metamorphosed into a dealer in murder and rope-dancing, at the Royal Circus; and Mr. Peter Moore will never be forgotten (and, if he were, his wig would never be forgotten) as the arbiter of taste and purveyor of public diversion at Drury Lane Theatre. The Opera House, for the ensuing season, it appears, will be almost as facetiously managed and possessed. The directors of Italian opera—as assignees of the property—will be Mr. F. Bernasconi, plasterer; Mr. W. Leonard, surveyor, and Mr. W. Richardson, stable-keeper! A fourth manager appears, who is designated "gentleman," and his name is *Grum*!

The *Examiner* of last Sunday (the 7th instant), contains a notice on the affairs of Greece, in answer to Cobbett's paper (Register, 29th September), upon the unlucky business of the steam-boats. This matter, now, is hardly worth discussion. Long since, investigation was tried, and the accounts were found so involved, and the statements of those parties who could give information, were so wilfully unintelligible, that all hope of a fair analysis of what had been done, was abandoned by every body.

But still the *Examiner* makes a wretchedly bad defence—and it is as well that he should understand this—against, not merely Cobbett's accusations, but against the admitted facts of the case. Nobody suspects Sir F. Burdett, or Mr. Hobhouse, as we take it, of having profited in a pecuniary point of view by the Greek loan; but it is not clear that they have not misused the trust with which they were invested—for to neglect such a trust was to misuse it—very abominably notwithstanding. The case of the steam-boats, upon facts which are indisputable—stands thus:—Sir F. Burdett, and a party of his friends and connections, had direct and considerable influence—an influence amounting morally to absolute control—in the disposal of the funds of the Greek government. Of these funds a very large sum was to be laid out in the preparation of steam vessels; which vessels might have been *purchased* at once, and *ought* to have been so purchased, in a case where the loss of a single hour might lose the best hopes of the cause which was to be aided. Instead of purchasing, the decision of the friends of the Greek cause is to *build;* a course which must necessarily be attended with delay, but which of course—where such a sum as £150,000 was to be laid out—opened the door to the dispensing a considerable quantity of *patronage*. It would seem that if the boats *must* be built, there could be no doubt as to one portion of the arrangement—to wit, that the work should be given to the most able and experienced artists in such construction, that England could produce: but this feature of the transaction is decided as unfortunately as the preceding resolution had been. Mr. Galloway of Fleet Street, who knows nothing about building steam boats; and who has a son engaged in the service of the very power which these steam-boats are to destroy; but who is an active partisan of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hobhouse, at their Westminster elections, obtains a contract on which he is paid more than £20,000! and the result is that the money thus laid out, seems to be entirely wasted; that the machinery furnished is either inefficient or interminably delayed; and that, in conclusion, the project of the steam-boats, upon which the deliverance of Greece was to depend, lingers on until public patience will bear the humbug no longer, and then is confessed to be defeated altogether!

Now all the bolstering in the world will not help a state of facts like this. The parties who volunteered to "save the Greeks," *may* all have used their best diligence, and *may* all be completely justified—but it will be hardly possible for them to make any reasonable man believe so. Results will count for something—especially those results which the conduct of parties (although it *may* not produce them) has an obvious and direct tendency *to* produce. A stage-coachman mounts his box, drunk. He drives without lights, though the night is dark, and at full gallop, and the coach is overturned. We all know that the coach was overturned "by a stone that lay in the road"—we hear it sworn—there was no earthly fault on the part of the driver—but the jury finds a verdict with swingeing damages against Mr. Waterhouse, notwithstanding. Careful people, when they heard that Mr. Galloway—who was *not* a steam-boat *builder*—was to build these boats, which were wanted so hastily, and on which so much depended, would say—"This is not the right course." When the same people heard that Mr. Galloway, who was to build these boats for the Greeks—their whole value, and even utility, depending on their being completed within a given time—had *a son in the employ of the Greek enemy*, the Pacha of Egypt—they would say "Decidedly this course

is objectionable. It may be safe, but we ought not to hazard it." When those same persons, however, heard again that this Mr. Galloway, already doubly unfit for the duty proposed, happened to be the *friend* and *partizan* of those who nominated him, they would say—"We must *retreat from this*; in case of *accident*, how would it be possible to answer the general suspicion?" The accident has occurred, and it has been a total failure. If a minister of this country had bestowed the profitable job of preparing an important armament upon one of his own retainers or allies; if it had been discovered that this party so favoured, had not customary skill for the execution of such works; that he had a son in the service of the enemy; and that eventually, the preparation of that armament entrusted to him, had entirely miscarried—would either pamphlets or protestations have saved that minister from *losing his head upon the scaffold?*

The "appeal" which the *Examiner* proposes to Mr. Galloway's "character," as an answer to all this, is no doubt extremely cogent; but it is not the sort of answer that—as given to facts—people in general will be content with. To get rid of the imputation of at least *culpable negligence and error*, the proof of the *Examiner* must demonstrate this—That the course taken by the Greek counsellors was such as, to every impartial person seemed, to be grossly wrong: that it turned out to be grossly wrong: but that, nevertheless, it was quite right. The problem is not a new one; but we confess we never saw it worked—in any case—to our entire satisfaction.

Seeing is Believing.—In South America, the whole population is equestrian. No man goes to visit his next door neighbour on foot; and even the beggars in the street ask alms on horseback. A French traveller being solicited for charity by one of these mounted petitioners, at Buenos Ayres, makes the following entry in his note-book.—"16th November. Saw a beggar this morning, who asked alms of me, mounted on a tall grey horse. The English have a proverb, that says—'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil!' I had often heard this mentioned, but never saw one upon his way before."

The "Beebles."—Something definitive *is* going to happen to the Jews, that's certain! In all quarters, for the last month or two, they seem, as it were, to be delivered over. All the respected family of the Ikey Solomons seem irretrievably booked for Botany Bay. Another considerable buyer and seller of the property of his neighbours, named, if we recollect well, "Reuben Isaacs," has been taken up, and is (it is said) to be "weighed in the balance," where doubtless he will not be found wanting. And "Mr. Levi, the Bum," has got a second defeat in his action for libel against the printers of the little *feuille*—long deceased—called "The Spirit of the Times."

But, by the way—it seems to us a portentous state of things, that a Jew, in a civilized country, should be allowed to bring *two* actions against a Christian! And Lord Chief Justice Best, who tried the cause, and who has always, to do him justice, an equitable feeling, obviously felt this, and was placed in the oddest dilemma, between his official hatred of a libeller, and his personal, irresistible inclination to bite off the head of an Israelite!—thereby saying the very oddest things, and taking the most eccentric and whimsical positions! On the one hand, his law, "hanging about the neck of his heart"—and yet it was but a bastard sort of law neither—cried, "Good Lancelot—or, good Sir William—here is a *libeller!*" and forthwith his lordship delivers us a stoutcharge in

favour of the right of the plaintiff. But, in the next minute, his conscience, catching him by the great toe—which some will have to be the tenderest point in all his lordship's body—though we don't believe it—cries, "My lord—your lordship—is not this witness, with the suspicious name of 'Nathan,' dabbling a little, or coquetting, something as one may say, with the pleasant game of perjury?" Whereon his lordship makes no more ado, but out with his sword of sharpness—and a right sharp one it is—and rips up the Hebrew from the systole to the diastole; knocking the plaintiff, and his case—and he would have included the whole tribe of Benjamin had they been present—pell-mell to the devil! and shewing the jury, who would have been something loth to find in opposition to the opinion of so eloquent and pleasant a man as Judge Best really is—the clear road—smooth and broad as M'Adam's highway—to a verdict for the defendants: and all this in less time than you could say "Shealing-vaxsh!"

The fact is, that we have a sort of admiration (which goes near to play us false) for Chief Justice Best's talent, even when we differ from him (at due distance) in opinion; and we are sure that there must have been a great struggle in his mind before he could resolve to consider a Jew as libelled in any case. But, that a Jew should be allowed to act as a bailiff, in a Christian country, at all—that is the most wonderful wonder! That a mere misbeliever should dare to touch the hem of the garment of —much less the *shoulder*—much less to *empoigner*, as the French call it —a true man! That we should absolutely be arrested by a fellow, who can't even tell us in plain English—"At whose shoot?" It shews the admirable height to which the feeling of obedience to the law is carried in this country.

The last volume of M. Benjamin Constant's book on *Religion*—ancient and modern—the former portions of which have acquired very high reputation on the Continent—contains an ingenious and elaborate discussion of the well-known problem—Whether the *Iliad* of Homer, and the *Odyssey*—the "Homeric poems," as the writer calls them, generally—are works of the same date; and whether it is possible to attribute the composition of them to one individual? M. Constant supports the opinion, that these poems are *not* the work of one hand, but an assemblage of legendary "rhapsodies," first collected by Pisistratus; and he maintains this theory by internal evidence, taken from an examination of the works themselves.

"We will take it as shewn, then (M. Constant begins), that the Greek polytheism of this time (the epoch treated in the *Iliad*) afforded to *morality* no solid support," &c.

"It is otherwise with the *Odyssey:* morality *there* becomes an *integral* part of religion. So early as in the seventh verse of the First Book, it is declared, that the companions of Ulysses had forfeited by their crimes, the benefit of return to their country; and, if the principal of these crimes is the having destroyed the herds of Apollo—which is a fault committed against the personal interest of the gods, the justice of the latter, in abundance of other places, shews itself independent of that particular feeling of advantage. All crimes here (in the Odyssey) are seen to excite their horror. 'If I forced my mother to quit my home,' says Telemachus, 'she would invoke the Furies.' Jupiter prepares for the Greeks a fatal voyage, because they are neither prudent nor just. The Gods warn Ægisthus not to assassinate Agamemnon, in order to marry his widow: and, after he has committed the murder, they do not delay to punish him. Minerva approves, and demonstrates the propriety of that punishment: and Jupiter adds, that Ægisthus has committed his crime *in opposition to the will of Destiny.* Now this new point of view, which forbids men any longer to accuse *fate* of those crimes which are their own, is an amelioration of moral feeling. The same Minerva, in reproaching the

Gods for abandoning Ulysses, whom she protects, founds her intercession not upon the *number of his sacrifices*, but upon the *justice* and *worth* of the hero. 'I will not detain you by force,' says Alcinous, in another place, to Ulysses disguised; 'such an act would be displeasing to Jupiter. If I killed you after having received you here, with what confidence could I address my prayers to the mighty of heaven?'

"The Gods of the *Odyssey* interpose as *ex-officio* in the deeds and relations of mortals. They traverse the earth disguised, to observe the acts of crime or virtue.

"In the *Iliad*, their resentment always founds itself upon some *sacrifice neglected*, or some insult offered to their priests: in the *Odyssey*, the crimes of *men* against *men* draw down their severity. In the *Iliad*, the gifts conferred by the Gods on men, are always strength, courage, prudence, or cunning: in the *Odyssey*, they inspire us with *virtue*, of which happiness is the reward.

"The distance which separates man from the Gods is also considerably widened in the latter poem. In the first, the Deities all act, and they are acting incessantly. In the second, Minerva is almost the only deity that interferes. In the one poem, the Gods act like men; they strike blows with their own hands; they utter shouts that ring through heaven and earth; they snatch from the warriors their broken arms. In the other, Minerva works only by secret inspirations, or at least in a manner mysterious and invisible.

"In the *Iliad*, when the immortals desire to be concealed from men's eyes, they are obliged to encompass themselves with a cloud: their *nature* is to be visible. Often they are detected in despite of all these efforts. Minerva, when she descends from heaven, is seen, both by the Greeks and Trojans: and, to hide himself from the sight of Patroclus, Apollo envelops himself in thick darkness. But, in the *Odyssey*, it is declared impossible to discover a deity against his will: at this second epoch, therefore, the nature of the immortals has advanced; their character is to be invisible, and it is a prodigy when they are seen.

"Again, in the *Iliad*, Thetis is compelled by the command of Jupiter to espouse Peleus. In the *Odyssey*, the Gods disapprove of alliances with mortals. Such a mixture of races appears to them unfit and inconvenient. Jupiter forbids Calypso to espouse Ulysses, and strikes Iasion with a thunderbolt for forming an ambitious alliance with Ceres."

If we carry these comparisons beyond the real state of religious belief or feeling, the evidence becomes stronger still.

"In the *Odyssey*, we perceive (as it seems to us) the commencement of a period which has a tendency to be pacific: the first developments of legislation; the early essays of commerce; the creation of amicable relations among people mutually interested in such arrangement: all replacing, by voluntary negotiation, brutal force, and, by exchanges, freely consented to, violence and spoliation.

"One of the characteristic traits of the *Odyssey* is a curiosity, an avidity of knowledge—a proof of the dawn of an epoch of repose and leisure. Ulysses is announced as having learned an infinite deal: observed the manners of various nations. He prolongs his voyage, and encounters a thousand perils for the sake of instruction. The eulogium of science is frequently pronounced; and that sentiment is incorporated even in the fables. All this refers clearly to a period posterior to that of the *Iliad*; where the Greeks, occupied with the immediate interests of their own lives, and expending all their strength in attack and defence, scarcely have time—for any other business—to look around them.

"The state of *woman* too—which always rises with a rising civilization—is quite differently described in the *Iliad* and in the *Odyssey*. Alete, the wife of Alcinous, exercises an extended influence both over her husband and his subjects. The delicate modesty of Nausica too, and her sensibility, shew a condition at the time of considerable refinement. The description that she gives of the scandalous humour of the Phœnicians, before whom 'she dares not pass through the city with a stranger,' shew the tactics and relations of a polished and a pacific state. So again, we may mark, the difference between Penelope—in the *Odyssey*, and all the women of the Greek heroic time (Andromache excepted); who are—Eriphryle, Helena, Clytemnestra, Phidia—all of them capable of treason, adultery, and murder. In answer to this last point it has been urged, that the state of women

prisoners—female slaves—is the same in both poems. No doubt this is, in some degree so: the laws of war, more rigorous and cruel than those of peace, are also more slow in their progress of modification. Nevertheless, the condition of captive women—though in both cases painful—is *differently* described in the *Iliad*, and in the *Odyssey*—and with a variance which is not opposed to the hypothesis of their advance (in the latter poem) in the general state of society. Now—for example—the more free and happy the existence of women was at home, the more odious and intolerable would slavery be to them. The higher and more honourable the rank assigned them by their husbands and lawful protectors, the greater would be their horror of those masters to whose lot they fell as slaves, by right of conquest. Thus in the *Iliad*, Briseis, whose father Achilles has slain, attaches herself to the conqueror, without remorse or scruple: while, in the *Odyssey*, we find a female prisoner driven forward even by blows—but that very fact of rigorous treatment supposes a resistance in the individual to the conqueror, of which the *Iliad* exhibits no example.

"The manner, too, in which the passion of love is occasionally spoken of, shews a state which, with some of the virtues, has also the vices peculiar to civilization. In the *Odyssey*, barbarous nations treat this passion grossly, but never jest upon it. In the *Iliad*, the infidelity of Helen is treated solemnly. Menelaus is outraged; but nobody finds in that outrage a subject for pleasantry. On the other hand, the Mercury of the *Odyssey*, jesting with Apollo upon the account of Mars and Venus, is a coxcomb, speaking in a society which refinement has already, to a certain point, corrupted.

"This is not all: the two poems are not distinguished merely by their moral character: they differ in their literary style; and that difference indicates in one of them a state of society more advanced.

"A unity of action, rendering a tale more simple and clear; the concentration of interest, which renders it more lively and more sustained; these are the perfections of the narrative art; and these perfections are strangers to the *Iliad*. The action is neither single nor continued. The interest is divided from the very first book. Every hero shines in his turn; and Achilles often is forgotten.

"The character of the *Odyssey*, on the contrary, is that of perfect unity—all turns upon the restoration of Ulysses to his home. Ulysses, Telemachus, Penelope—these are the objects we are constantly interested for. Moreover, the tale is told with superior art and arrangement. Repetitions are avoided more carefully than in the *Iliad*. Ulysses, in the palace of Alcinous, having arrived at that part of his history which the poet has already described, breaks off in the recital of his adventures, in order that he may not relate that which has been told before."

M. Constant then proceeds to examine the comparative poetical merits of the two works, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and he concludes also upon this ground, as well as upon that which he terms the "fundamental arrangement of the two poems, both with respect to religion, manners, customs, morals, the state of women, and civil and political life," that it is impossible they should have been written at the same time and by the same hand. He goes farther into a discussion of considerable ingenuity, but through which we cannot follow him, to shew that the very fact of the constant increase of force and grandeur which distinguishes the *Iliad* as it advances (some episodes excepted) from all other poems, is evidence that it was not written or composed by *one* man, but by a *succession* of bards, each of whom strove to surpass what had been performed by the other. Upon this last point we think all analogy is against M. Constant; but, for the present, our limits compel us to quit the subject.

From ancient inquiries, to turn for a little while to modern—the manner of writing what is called "History" in the present day, gets entertaining. A "History" now consists of one or two good thick volumes, large octavo, published by some popular advertising bookseller; and put together by some writer whose opinions nobody cares a farthing about, and whose facts are compiled from the readiest undigested material that happens

to lie in the way. We were about to have mentioned one or two parties who have performed rather *chefs-d'œuvre* in this way of doing business, if a book just now produced by Mr. Murray, called "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe: an Historical Discourse," had not rather outrun all things that have gone before it. In this "Historical Discourse," the author, not content with quoting largely from such authorities as the Baron de Tott, the Tableau de L'Empire Ottomane, &c. boldly makes up his mind to nonsuit half measures, and nicety at once, and says—speaking of some customs peculiar to Christians in the East—See "*Anastasius!* one of the best delineations of manners ever given to the world!" Now there is no doubt that Anastasius is the most splendid novel that modern times have produced; and a great deal of the matter contained in it bears internal evidence of being founded in fact: but still that a "Historian", should quote a *romance* as authority for his statements, is a stretch of coolness which, thirty years ago would hardly have been imagined. It is true that the word "history" is *only* a word—of seven letters. It is only perhaps a difference as to a name. But the calling things by *wrong names* leads to confusion.

A Sunday paper copies the following notice from a board near the new bridge, in Kensington Gardens. "All persons *found guilty* of fishing in these waters, will be *prosecuted.*" There is some mistake here, we apprehend: the "cart seems to be before the horse." The Board of Works probably means to say—"All persons *prosecuted* for fishing in these waters, will be *found guilty.*"

The report of the committee upon Lunatic Asylums has been published; and will be found discussed at length in our magazine this month, in an article to which we recommend the attention of our readers. Perhaps, after the investigation, it is little more than justice to Mr. Warburton to say, that—considerable as the faults and abuses of his establishment unquestionably have been—the marvel is rather that they should not be discovered to have been greater. Considering the dreadful character of the trade in question, how impossible it would seem to find subordinate agents disposed to undertake the management of lunatics, and to minister to all the wants connected with their unfortunate condition, even at large and ample stipends; what can we reasonably expect, where a capitalist has to make a fortune (as every man in trade fairly expects to do), by furnishing food, lodging, clothes, constant guardianship, and medical attendance, to pauper lunatics, at twelve shillings a-head per week? Where so many temptations concur to induce neglect and misconduct, it can scarcely excite much astonishment that such vices should exist. But that very fact only furnishes a more decided argument of the necessity for taking so difficult a calling out of the pale of *trade* altogether; and confining the treatment of pauper lunatics to asylums provided, and regulated, at the charge and under the guidance of the public.

Irish Intelligence—"Rock's the boy to make the *fun* stir!" The *Belfast Chronicle* says—"During the night of Monday last, four horses were killed in a grazing field behind Cromal Lodge, adjoining this town, their throats being cut across with some sharp instrument. Two belonged to a carman named James Duncan, and one to James M'Avary, who had hired the grazing field, and the other was the only property of a poor industrious man, named Pat M'Garry, who made his living by selling water about the streets. The outrage appears to have been produced by

a personal malice against Duncan, for on the head of one of the dead horses was found a rude couplet, to the following effect:

> 'James Duncan, you bought the apples out of my hand;
> For the same, your two horses lie dead on the land.'

"The horses which belonged to M'Avary, and M'Garry, were probably destroyed, being in the dark, in order that Duncan's should not escape."

Our readers will not have forgotten that worthy adjuration—"*By the hate you bear to Orangemen!*" In the little, single, sacred feeling, appealed to by that very pathetic admonition, lies the moving spirit of all this kind of atrocity, and of three-fourths of the miseries which are desolating Ireland. Here is some miscreant disappointed in a bargain about *apples;* probably (from the wording of the precious verse) merely outbid by some dealer, who was disposed, or could afford, to give a higher price for the property; and, in the feeling by which he is adjured by his teachers, when he is called upon for a conduct of peace and charity, he destroys the whole means of livelihood of the man who has opposed him, and adds the ruin of two others (into the bargain), in order that the first may not escape! As long as this accursed disposition lurks in the hearts of the Irish people, it little matters what political measures are pursued—as far as regards any real chance for happiness and tranquillity to the country. But we should be curious to know whether, where these outrages are committed by Catholics—which must be the case in the greater proportion of instances, from the mere numerical state of the population—whether they are disclosed by the perpetrators to their priests in confession—and what the kind of penance, or penalty, affixed is? Because the Roman Catholic system makes the *priest*, in point of fact and practice, the *lawgiver;* and a despotic, and an irresponsible, lawgiver.

A court of Common council was held on Thursday, the 4th of October, to consider of the report of a committee of that body upon the state of the City nightly watch. The principal improvement suggested upon the existing plan—the compelling the guardians of the night to keep walking about upon their *beats*, instead of allowing them to sit in their *boxes*—we rather doubt to be no improvement at all. In fact, we perfectly agree with Mr. Figgins—(we believe the worthy common councilman's name *is* Figgins!)—though his remark excited laughter—that, as it is—if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain—If the watchman goes to sleep in his box, when you want him you know where to find him! but, on the altered plan proposed, in case of an accident, there would be to seek him through half the public-houses in the ward; and, if you only sought him in *half*, just an even chance against finding him when all was done.

To speak, however, more seriously—the object of a nightly watch, like that of London, must be considered as twofold. First, it is to serve the purpose of keeping a number of men ready, who may be easily mustered at a given signal, to repress plunder, or act in case of riot. And next, it is to provide a number of vigilant agents, whose task it is to look to the houses of the inhabitants during the night, and preserve them (preventively) from general harm or pillage. Now, the first of these duties our watch executes indifferent well—although only indifferent well. The men ought to be better paid than at present—at least at the rate of fourpence per hour—and never permitted, under any circumstances, to remain more than six hours on duty. If these changes were attended to, as their posts

would be better worth the people's having, they would be more anxious and active to preserve them; and, in this way, the first part of the duty of our watch would be executed pretty efficiently.

But the second part of the work—that is the *watching*—the guarding premises, by observation and vigilance, from being entered by thieves—this, looking to the facilities and ingenuity with which such entries are now performed—is a more nice and expensive matter. In most of our streets, the arrangement of the open *area*, provides a trench regularly built and furnished for the thief: he descends into it in a moment; and it covers his after operations, which he stops during the momentary passage to and fro of the watchman. In other places, where doors are left upon *lock and key*, the "skeleton key" opens a door in less than half a minute. It seldom happens, we take it, that a burglary is committed (in town), where the first entry into the house is a work of more than five minutes; and this (with a spy *out* to observe) is managed perfectly well, while a watchman goes from one part of his beat to the other.

The only arrangement which could afford anything like full security against this last danger, would be the employment of a large additional number of watchmen; and, even then, the arrangement of every division must be so set out, that the watchman to whom it belonged should be able, from any position, to see from one end to the other of it. A watchman, who has to turn two or three corners, cannot possibly be responsible for the security of *any* of the houses entrusted to him. Such a change as that which we suggest would be a measure of expense; and it may perhaps be a question, whether the added protection is worth so much expense. But even under any circumstances—the thief and the watchman *watch* one another. The first watches for a booty of a hundred pounds, and the last for a hire of eighteen-pence or two shillings. It will happen sometimes, with the best organized system in the world, that the thief will prove the more vigilant of the two.

Pedestrianism Extraordinary.—The *Chronicle* of this morning contains a calculation, worked upon unerring arithmetical principles, of the extent of ground walked over daily by the prisoners in all the tread-mills of England. The following is an exact copy of this valuable piece of statistics: "At Lewes, each prisoner walks 6,500 feet in ascent in a day; at Ipswich, 7,450; at St. Alban's, 8,000; at Bury, 8,950; at Cambridge, 10,750; at Durham, 12,000; at Brixton, Guilford, and Reading, 13,000; and at Warwick (recollecting, probably, that 'the thief of all thieves,' according to the song, 'was a Warwickshire thief'), the penalty is to go farther than any where else: the summer rate (at Warwick) will be 17,000 feet in ten hours." Now, 17,000 feet in ten hours, and all up hill! might it not answer—we put it to any gentleman of the turf—this sort of exercise, as "training" for prize-fighters? Because, some of the sporting characters would find it a great convenience if it would; as they might be discharging an occasional debt to society, and be labouring in their own vocation at the same time.

The law of Libel continues, as usual, to form a fruitful source of discussion, equally to the lawyers and essayists of the day. Every fresh verdict commonly gives the newspaper writers something to complain about; and every fresh charge from the Judge contains a covert reply to previous complaints—as far as the dignity of the Bench will allow of its making one. But the oddest verdict—as taken together with the direction—that we have met with lately, is the verdict in a cause of *Haywood*, v. *Green*; in which the jury found, with Fifty pounds damages, for the

plaintiff. The cause—upon the merits of which, we mean to give no opinion whatever—arose out of the wreck of a vessel, in which the defendant was a passenger, and on which he publicly imputed unskilfulness to the plaintiff, who was the commander. And the learned Judge is reported to have said, in his summing up,—"Though the commander, to whom this unfortunate accident had occurred (the plaintiff) might be considered at the time to have wanted the experience, which such a situation as he held at particular times required; yet, it did by no means follow, *that the proceedings of that day* might not prove a *useful lesson* to him, and that he might in time coming make a most excellent commander!"—Now upon this, the jury found a verdict of fifty pounds damages for the plaintiff! But if the case was, as the learned Judge said, that the "lesson" of that day was likely to be so valuable to the plaintiff—does it not seem to be the hardest thing in the world, that the defendant should have to *pay fifty pounds* for having given it to him?

Cobbett, we see, by his Register of this day, the 20th of October, announces his intention to stand for Preston again at the approaching election, in opposition to Mr. Stanley. This writer seems to "give medicines," as *Falstaff* expresses it, to all men that can appreciate faculty, to make them, if not "love," at least endure him. His Register of this day—there is not a line in, that is not as false, and as flimsy, as matter or argument well can be; and yet, it is all written with such force, and such freshness, that one would read it ten times over, and be pleased with every word. Even his panegyric on his own honesty, we were obliged seriously to recollect that it *was* Cobbett who spoke, before we could convince ourselves that some passages in it were not true.

In parliament, however, even should he be elected—(we have hazarded an opinion upon this point before)—Cobbett *assuredly will sink*. He can *do nothing* in the House of Commons, because he must stand alone—no party can or will support him. But his estoppal would arise even before the matter came to this: he would never speak five minutes in parliament—that is, in the manner in which he speaks and writes elsewhere—and, if he did not use the same style, he would cease to be effective—without bringing up the Speaker upon the always-convenient point of "Order." The forms and usages of the House of Commons are spread, to wind round every man of violence like a web. Sometimes a very great blue bottle—like Mr. Brougham—bounces through: but the smaller flies are caught, and disposed of by the gentleman in the great wig, in a moment. There is this wide difference too—besides the mere difference of strength and character, between the two men (Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Brougham:) "disorder," sharpened with a great deal of poignancy and wit, is only the occasional *garnish* to the speeches of the one: it would be the *whole dish*—the staple article—seasoned only with coarseness and fury—of the other. Cobbett will never make an impression on the House of Commons: for the interests and the dispositions of *all* who sit there, are alike against him. Should he even so far command himself, as, for any length of time, to be permitted to speak, he can only look to make his impression (through the newspapers), upon the people without doors: and the people out of doors have heard already, and do hear, all that he has to say! The only people in England, we believe, to whom his election would be likely to produce any serious advantage, are the door-keepers, who take half crowns in the lobby of "St. Stephen's:" his appearance, we have no doubt, for the first six weeks, would draw as full "galleries," as the début of a new Mazurier at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry the Fifth into France, &c., by Nich. H. Nicolas; 1827.—The reader will naturally ask, what could lead to a new and separate history of this brilliant but familiar event? Why, the secret is—among the MSS. of the British Museum was discovered a list of the peers, knights, and men-at-arms, who were actually at Agincourt. To print was the first thought, from motives obvious enough, but the editor hammers out another or two—the interest it possessed for the descendants—and still more, the data it furnished for estimating the amount of the English army. At first, also, a few pages prefixed to the list, seemed sufficient—merely to make a "small tract" of it; but then a small tract, for so splendid a thing, was really betraying its dignity, and, besides, flinging away an opportunity of making a *justum volumen.* "Accordingly, the original idea (says Mr. N.) was abandoned, and it was resolved to collect all which had been said by cotemporary writers of both countries on the subject—together with an account of the preparations for the expedition itself, from the public records."

To these public records, and cotemporary authorities, consisting chiefly of Henry's biographer, who called, and doubtless considered himself another Titus Livius, Charles's biographer, St. Remy, Elmham, Walsingham, Hardyng, Otterborne, Monstrelet, Pierre de Fenin, Jean Juv. des Ursins, M. Labonreur's collection, Lydgate's poem, the Fœdera, and the Rolls of Parliament—has now been added an anonymous chronicler, whose labours have long reposed, undisturbed, except occasionally perhaps by Sharon Turner, among the Cotton and Sloane MSS. The writer, it appears, was a priest, and was, as he tells us, present at Agincourt, where he sat on horseback with the other priests, among the baggage in the rear of the battle. The MS. is in Latin, and, except by the said Sharon Turner, intact, and by him noticed only in the octavo edition of his work. It is therefore nearly in a virgin state. Of this valuable piece of virginity, all that relates to the year 1415 has been "literally translated, and every word, (Mr. N. assures us) which occurs from the day on which the fleet quitted England, until Henry entered his palace at Westminster, after his return, has been introduced into the text."

The volume before us, then, to page lxxxvii. contains a statement of Henry's proceedings previously to his embarkation—the result of the editor's own researches; then follows the narrative of the anonymous priest, to page ccxlvii., with an ample supply of notes by the editor, among which are some, happily enough, illustrative of Shakspeare; and close upon the heels of the narrative comes Lydgate's metrical, and probably very faithful, account of the expedition. Then re-appears the editor, in his character of author, resuming his own story, and retracing the events detailed by the chronicler, and "submitting such comments as it is the province of the historian to make upon the events which are the subjects of his attention." This is again interrupted at page ccclxxiv. by the singular and entertaining description which the same chronicle gives of the pageant prepared for Henry's reception into London upon his return—which is followed by Lydgate's metrical account of it;—and then, finally, comes the roll of the peers, knights, &c. Now to the narrative—or rather to the introduction, for we have not space for more.

The pretence for Henry's invasion was the assertion of his claim to the crown of France, as the heir of Edward III. Edward's own title was indefensible; and Henry's, of course, still more so, as he was not even Edward's legitimate successor. To this invasion he was prompted, says Mr. Nicolas, by (Chicheley) the archbishop's persuasions, and the remembrance of his father's dying injunction to furnish employment for his people, and thus turn their thoughts from his usurpation—and more probably by his own youthful ambition—and more probably still, it may be added, by the distracted state of the country, torn and divided by the Burgundians and Armagnacs, and exposed, as it was, to any body's attacks, by the king's imbecility. No pains has Mr. N. spared in ferreting out the circumstances which preceded the invasion; but though incidents in abundance are detailed, they do not string well together, because the motives of the respective parties are still wrapped in obscurity, and almost disregarded.

The first indication of Henry's design was a demand of the crown as heir, in July 1414. This demand the French government refused even to discuss. What followed then? Why Henry, *consequently*, says Mr. N., consented that Charles should continue in possession; but still demanded other concessions, which it was equally impossible to grant. In short—stripping Mr. N.'s laborious researches of their solemnity—Henry takes the first opportunity, after his accession, to announce his claim to the crown. The ambassador says—"My master claims your crown, and

begs you will hand it over to him as the legitimate owner." The French government reply—"We won't listen to you." "Then," says the ambassador, anticipating apparently his reception, "we must have *some* of the country—we must have Normandy, Maine, and Anjou—the Duchy of Aquitaine, and half of Provence—we must have the arrears of John's ransom, and besides, we will have your daughter Catherine, with two millions of crowns for her dowry." "No," says the Duke de Berri, the organ of the government, "but, for the sake of peace, you shall have Aquitaine, and Catherine with 600,000 crowns —not an acre nor a farthing more."

According to some cotemporaries, however, this was not all—for the Dauphin, a boy of eighteen, to shew his contempt for Henry, in mere wantonness, sent him a box of tennis-balls. Now this, according to Hume, is utterly incredible, because the large concessions the French were ready to make, shew them to have thought the matter no joke; and even according to Mr. Nicolas—a much more deliberate person—not at all disposed to dismiss a case while an atom of evidence is left—not much less so; for though many cotemporaries speak of the matter as notorious, others say nothing about it—and though Lydgate tells the whole story in verse, yet, if even on other occasions he be as good an historian as a poet, he may in this be nothing but a poet; and besides, if such an insult had really been offered, it must have cut off all hope of accommodation, all farther negociation—which was not the case; and besides, continues Mr. N., Henry afterwards challenged the Dauphin, and made no allusion to the *balls;* and—to crown the argument, and annihilate the fact at once—not one of the tennis-balls, no, nor even the box, are at present known to be in existence. Triumphant, however, as all this may seem, we ourselves are not at all inclined to give up the fact—nor will we so readily fly in the teeth of cotemporary authorities, and of Lydgate to boot. Nobody says the fact was not so—and what improbability is there in supposing that a petulant prince of eighteen chose to do, what might not be approved of by his father's ministers? Besides, does not the fact well account for what is otherwise not so accountable—Henry's challenging the Dauphin at all?

But to return—the concessions on the part of France not satisfying Henry, he summons a parliament, and the Chancellor Beaufort tells them of the king's resolve to recover his inheritance—enforcing his purpose on this very satisfactory ground —that for every natural thing there are two seasons—one to bud and another to ripen—one to act and another to repose—one for peace and another for war; and of course, as they had had peace for some time, they must now have a little war. But war has its exigencies—counsels, support, and supply; and supply was what was wanted from them; and supply it was good policy to give—because the more the king enlarged his dominions, the less they would have to pay. Convincing as all this was, they gave, however, only two-fifteenths, and that out of love and affection,—not to prosecute the king's views.

The subsisting armistice was to expire in January—an embassy was accordingly sent, consisting of an earl, and two bishops, and 600 horsemen, to negociate an extension till the first of May. This matter being readily accomplished, the ambassadors proposed a peace upon new terms—they gave up the claim to Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, and offered to take Catherine at half price, that is at one million. No motive whatever is suggested by Mr. N. for this reduction in the terms —but the difficulty of providing the supplies is perhaps significant enough. But what said the French to this offer? Did they retreat upon this show of moderation? No, they actually advance upon their former offer—they yield Aquitaine, and propose 800,000 crowns with Catherine, and moreover her wardrobe, and equipage proper for her rank; and express, besides, some readiness to negociate on the other points. The fact is, Henry was known, in the meanwhile, to be actively pursuing his preparations; and the French could not forget Edward; and probably did not know all the king's difficulties about money-matters.

About the beginning of April, no steps having been taken by the French to resume the negociation, Henry resolved to try his own eloquence, and accordingly, in his own name, despatched a letter—and a very curious one it is—in which he expresses his deep regret for the necessities of his situation—his love of peace, and horror of blood—his hope that France would have renewed the negociations—his wish that they may not imitate Lot and Abraham, whom avarice excited to discord—and assurance, that as the truce was nearly expiring, he must consult the welfare of his people, and follow their inclination. This was dated the 7th of April, and apparently, without waiting for an answer, he follows it up on the 15th with another, still more hypocritical—fuller of the most loathsome cant, and covered with false pretences. The very next day a council was held, and the resolution finally taken to attempt the invasion in person, and the day after a regency appointed. Every thing was forthwith put into activity; the dukes, earls, barons, knights, who were to attend, were all named, and the pay for each fixed; contracts were entered into

with such as were bound to provide a stated number of men-at-arms; and with others for carpenters, masons, smiths, waggons, bows, arrows, &c.; despatches were sent to Holland to hire vessels; orders sent to the Thames, and ports as far as Newcastle, to arrest all vessels carrying twenty tons or more, for the king's service; and directions given to the masters of the king's ships to impress sailors to navigate them.

But money was still wanting. The parliamentary supply was insignificant; and accordingly a proclamation was issued to the king's very dear and loyal subjects, informing them that the lords and others of his retinue had been paid a quarter's wages, but he had promised another on embarkation, which, if not paid, would retard or defeat the expedition, and therefore he trusted to their kind assistance—promising speedy repayment. This appeal was to some extent certainly successful, for it is known that Canterbury sent as a gift 100 marks, Sudbury 40, Bristol £240., the Bishop of Hereford £100, the Bishop of Lincoln £40, and a foreign merchant 100 marks. Nevertheless all would not do; and recourse was finally had to mortgaging the customs, and pawning the crown jewels and plate. Not a soul would lend without a deposit, nor a soul embark without something in hand. Robert Chalons, knt., as security for his second quarter's pay, amounting to £45. 6s. 1½d., received a cup of gold, two pots of silver gilt, and a small vessel of silver gilt. To other knights, were "pawned, for their wages, several vessels of plate and jewels, tablets, images, crucifixes, notre-dames, tabernacles, and the like." To Sir Thomas Hanley, a pair of gold spurs with red tyssers, a sword garnished with ostrich's feathers, &c. The HARRY CROWN was broken, and distributed among several; and the Duke of York had the gold almes dish, called the *tygre*, made in the fashion of a ship, standing on a bear, garnished with balays and pearls—with many others, to a great extent. 500,000 nobles were thus raised by pledges; and the greater part of the articles were it seems actually redeemed in the first eight or ten years of his son's reign.

In June, Henry set forth in the full parade of royalty—detailed in Lydgate's versification—and on the 26th reached Winchester, where he stopped some days to receive the French ambassadors. Several interviews and discussions took place, and, on the 16th July, the French consented to add to their former offers the towns of Limoges and Tulle, with all that belonged to the latter, worth about 40,000 gold crowns. These offers Henry agreed to accept, provided the towns, Catherine, and the money were all delivered by St. Andrew's Day—the ambassadors remaining with him till the king's answer arrived. To these conditions the ambassadors demurred, and alleged the money could not be minted in time. The king was highly offended at this, and bade Beaufort read them a trimming lecture, which so much nettled one of them, an archbishop, that he boldly declared the king had no right to what he claimed, nor even to the crown of England. There was no brooking such insolence—he was ordered to depart forthwith—with an assurance the king would speedily follow.

All chance of accommodation being now over, Henry proceeded to Southampton; where he was detained by the discovery of the Earl of Cambridge's conspiracy. The conspirators were put on their trial without delay, and on the 5th August were most of them executed. On that same day, Henry wrote another letter to Charles, of the same hypocritical character with the former—lamenting that they were at last like Lot and Abraham—he being himself of course the yielding Abraham — and imploring him, for the last time, on the strength of another bit of scripture, to do him justice—and assuring him how much more agreeable it would be to live an innocent life with his fair daughter, than to enrich himself with the treasures of iniquity. According to some authorities, this letter was written on the 28th July; and Mr. N., *pro suâ humanitate*, inclines to this date, solely, because it seems more creditable to Henry to believe he never could have written such a letter the very day his kinsman and most intimate friend had suffered a violent death. Does Mr. N. suppose for a moment Henry wrote the letter with his own hand?

On the 7th, Henry embarked with a force of probably 30,000, in a fleet of from 1,200 to 1,400 ships, from 20 to 300 tons burden; and landing near Harfleur, besieged and took it early in October. His loss during the siege was considerable; many thousands perished by dysentery; and as many more were sent home incapable from disease of service. From this place, with the relics of his troops, about 9,000, probably not much exceeding 7,000, Henry resolved to march by land to Calais, in the teeth of a numerous force collected to intercept him. For this fool-hardy attempt, Mr. N. can find no excuse, but plainly declares it was justifiable only by the event—which is no justification at all—and so he himself seems to think, though the thought is smothered in a mass of words. Xenophon, we remember, commends his hero, Agesilaus, for putting nothing to hazard—adding, "If I praised him for fighting against a superior force, I should make him a blockhead, and prove myself a fool." Hume states unreservedly,

that Henry first offered to give up Harfleur to secure a safe passage to Calais—on what authority does not appear; and as Mr. N. says nothing about any such offer, we may conclude this was only another of Hume's guesses—to palliate, what of course to him appeared a piece of temerity. In this march to Calais occurred the battle of Agincourt, of which it is quite superfluous to speak—but with respect to the description of this battle, Mr. Nicolas, in his preface, "anticipates, that if his work be attended by any particular result, it will tend to remove the absurd impression, that that victory must be contemplated with humiliating feelings in France. There is no truth with which the consideration of this battle has more deeply impressed him than that the bravery of the French character, its exalted patriotism and chivalrous courage, instead of being tarnished, acquired new lustre on that memorable occasion"—which we venture to say is one of the drollest conclusions that author ever arrived at. The French were ten to one—and panic-struck—what, then, to any purpose, can be said of the bravery of that particular army?

Though we may seem to smile occasionally—we have no desire to depreciate Mr. N.'s labours; we have too much respect for them, and shall always welcome them with pleasure. A little ante-diluvianism is inseparable from the profession of an antiquary.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, &c. by T. Hood; 1827.—This poem is in the Spenser stanza, and the first production, of any length, of Mr. Hood's pen—that is, it occupies sixty-four pages. Another poem, and in another stanza, nearly as long, of the old story of Hero and Leander follows; and then a third, in trochaic measure; and a fourth, in a different metre still; with a lot of smaller pieces by way of make-weight.

Take the story of the Midsummer Fairies. The poet is strolling along, as poets do, something listless, one autumn evening, about sun-set, musing upon the usual themes of a poet's contemplation at that particular season, when he suddenly discovers Queen Titania—and a matter of very great interest it is to him—holding her court close to his very footsteps, and, at the precise moment his attention is thus drawn towards her, issuing a mandate for the immediate appearance in her august presence of every man, woman, and child-fay in the elfin dominions. Titania, it seems, was in a fit of the blue devils that evening—and possessed by all manner of melancholy forebodings of the speedy wind-up of her kingdom. Her sleep had presented the most menacing prognostics, and the persuasion, equivalent to "this night thy kingdom departs from thee!" was pressing heavily upon the little lady's sighing bosom.

Like many other people, however, who move in brilliant circles, she was quite aware of the good policy of putting a good face upon the matter; despair can at any time be resorted to, while to rush into it prematurely is the most hazardous step possible. So the lieges being, as we said, convened from their several retreats—the primrose-buds, harebells, cowslips, and other country residences—and displaying themselves before her in their very best court dresses, are commanded to dance, either by way of bravado against the apprehended catastrophe, or to give her majesty an opportunity of yielding up her thoughts for a short space to the sad impressions she had imbibed. But not long could she keep up appearances; and the innocent little fays, though the sorrow of their royal mistress was but too conspicuous, were utterly at a loss for the cause; and whether it were a matrimonial fracas, or Oberon's absence merely, or anxiety on account of the hostility of the gnomes, they could not even guess. So, suspending the fantastic tripping, they gathered round her with looks of humble and devoted solicitude, and to them she gladly unbosomed her griefs, of which the substance appeared to be, that she had dreamed of a very awful and hoary personage, 'yclept Old Time, armed with his scythe and usual appurtenances, who had delivered in her ear pretty decided threats of mowing away at one fell-stroke the remnant of her sovereignty, and herself to boot—and had been inexorable to all her prayers. While speaking even, our old acquaintance of the hour-glass in reality glides in among the appalled multitude—presenting the very apparition, and exhibiting the very weapon, of the doom he had denounced.

Now follows a long expostulation on Titania's part, in which she dilates on the good deeds of the fairies; and then Saturn's reply, in words, accompanied by the still more expressive process of whetting the blade. Then speaks an Eve-fay, with much the same effect as her mistress; and another, and another try their desperate eloquence in vain upon stern Saturn, who scorns all their "pleas." Their long-winded deprecations of his wrath seem intended mainly as expositions of the offices and dispositions of the fairy-race, as assigned by ancient credulity, consisting of the benevolent and beneficent only. A good deal of fancy characterizes the detail of their good deeds; but it is terribly wearisome; and we could not but wonder at the patience of Old Time in listening, and especially in replying, as he did occa-

sionally, whole mouthfuls of spleen—alias bombast and balderdash.

Relief offers itself at last in the person of a youth—Shakspeare, we believe, is meant—who, fearless and resolute, determines to rescue the sinking kingdom from Time's clutches. He deals a few substantial blows at the phantom, and a great many bitter taunts—paying meanwhile due, and reverent, and blythesome greeting to the pale queen, whom he reassures and comforts, and finally compels the hoary sage to forego his expected harvest. We are probably mistaken in the person of this youthful saviour. Titania had already alluded to Shakspeare, as one who had before given her a lift—and could not be unknown to her—it must be Mr. Thomas Hood himself.

Nothing can we see—not even a stanza—at all valuable in the MidsummerFairies. Mr. Hood has plenty of language—good poetical language too; and a good deal of the inward material of poetry; but he has, either by injudicious exercise, perverted the natural march of thought and feeling (see Whims and Oddities), or he is innately too much of a grasshopper in his mental movements, to produce any thing concentrated, or continuous, or effective in writing. The fault, we suspect, is not an original one, but rather a vicious habit—for vicious it is, and always diminishes the amount of intensity that belongs to our thoughts, to wrest them forcibly either in pursuit of verbal contrasts, or absurd images, or, in short, in any way, where they would not spontaneously go. Such a course is not confined in its effects to the subject and period in which it is employed; but is lastingly operative upon future associations of thought; and if long continued will destroy, irrecoverably, the finer and higher faculties of the understanding. We suspect, as we said, that Mr. Hood has cultivated a taste for the ludicrous but too successfully—to the incalculable injury of another and a superior set of powers, which nevertheless could not be entirely subdued—so that his poetry assumes a tantalizing and artificial appearance. When just upon the verge occasionally of moving and exciting one, it goes off suddenly into some quaint absurdity, or pun, or common-place, as if the writer's energy were no sooner kindled than spent again—or, as if he were ashamed of being carried away by his imagination the moment it becomes tinctured by sensibility.

The "Hero and Leander" we liked better. The tale has enough naturally of the pathetic to apologize for his not joking over the whole, though in the construction he has thrown in a dash of the ridiculous, by making an amorous sea-maid the effective cause of Leander's destruction—while, in the detail of the nymph's desolation at finding she had unwittingly drowned the gentle youth in their passage to her subaqueous retirement, he is quite touching. "Lycas, the Centaur", like the rest, displays a good deal of ill-ordered talent. The "Two Peacocks of Bedfont" is good for nothing. But to make some amends, one little exquisite piece there is, addressed to the moon, in which a lofty poetic feeling is sustained throughout—where the thoughts, melting into one another by the tenderest gradations, are simple and beautiful—the images harmonize with the feeling, and the cadence with both.

The English Gentleman's Manual, by W. Goodhugh; 1827.—This is a guide to the formation of a library of select literature, accompanied with original notices, biographical and critical, of authors and books—published with the same object as Dr. Dibdin's "Guide to the Young and Consolation to the Old," but with somewhat less quackery, though not without quackery. Mr. Goodhugh for himself announces to the world, that he has acquired a knowledge of many of the Oriental (we hope he feels the full import of these portentous words) and most of the modern languages (and also of these); and therefore conceives himself competent to undertake any department of bibliography. This last word was probably meant for bibliopoly, because he at the same time "does not hesitate to avow that it is as a bookseller, he is desirous of appearing before the public, and to found a reputation upon a strict and punctual attention to every department of his business, as best calculated to secure that confidence and favour, &c. &c." These notes of preparation are somewhat alarming, and seem mightily superfluous for a knowledge of the mere titles of books; but every man to his taste; and every man must speak, if he speak at all, according to the measure of his knowledge, and the scale of his intellect. The same words and phrases will sometimes mean different things in different mouths, and happily it is not always impracticable nor discriminate. If it were—!

Nevertheless the book will prove very useful to young readers, and others yet unacquainted with the common treasures of booksellers' shelves. Books of established reputation in all departments of literature are pointed out, with the prices appended, and also little scraps of popular criticism, and sundry anecdotes of books and authors *omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus*—though read a score of times, there are listless moments with the busiest, when the same may be read again, and the leaves of a catalogue like this be turned over with something like pleasure. Sir

Walter Scott and Dr. Dibdin—the first time surely they could ever have met—are his great authorities. Mr. Goodhugh, however, does not recommend books, copies of which cannot be got at; his, as might be expected, are all of the accessible kind. He even ventures a smile at one of his oracles on this point. "It is amusing," says he, "to notice Dr. Dibdin's advice in his Library Companion, on the History of Portugal. He recommends his young man to procure, with all imaginable earnestness, anxiety, and delight, and with a fearless disregard of its expense [Dr. Dibdin must be the very Apollo of booksellers] the Bibliotheca Lusitana, Historica, Critica, et Chronologica of Barbosa Machado, Lisbon, 1741, 1759, a work beyond all competition, and beyond all praise, and of the most extensive difficulty of acquisition,—[did the world ever hear such balderdash?]: and in a note he adds this consoling information—'The work in question is in vain looked for among the displays of auction-rooms, and in the repertories of booksellers, for which Mr. Bohn rummaged Bavaria, and Mr. John Payne, Italy, to no purpose.'"

In the course of the volume, Mr. Goodhugh introduces some original letters, given him by the Earl of Buchan, of Thomson the poet, which shew up the bard—more fat than bard beseems—in a very amiable light, as the kind brother, who, out of his poor accumulations, set up his two sisters at Edinburgh in the "millinery line," with a stock of £15., and allowed them a small annual pension as long as he lived. A long account also is given of Jemmy Thomson and some of his friends, extracted by force of question and answer by Thomas Parke (a brother we believe of Judge Parke) in the year 1791, from a Mr. Richardson, a very aged surgeon of Kew, who died within a few hours of the torture. The account, however, we have seen somewhere or other before.

Some of the opinions scattered about the book are due, it may be presumed, to Mr. Goodhugh himself; for instance, "TEMPLE. The works of Sir William Temple, first printed in 1720, in two folio volumes, now re-printed, 1814, in four vols. 8vo, £1. 16s. That will be a dark and doubtful period in the era of national taste, when the volumes of Sir Wm. Temple shall be neglected or depreciated." And yet we are very much afraid he is, if not depreciated, neglected. To neglect is not absolutely to depreciate; but most booksellers will find the book is *depreciated*; — we know not who will give £1. 16s. for it.

The First Twenty-eight Odes of Anacreon, by John Broderick Roche, M.D., and A.M., &c. &c.; 1827. — Here are twenty-eight odes of Anacreon, occupying 300 pages. According to this ratio, the 140 scraps will fill 1,500 pages. The publishers—for it appears by the preface to be their doings—aware that such a mass would find but a heavy sale, have sent into the world this fasciculus as a feeler —not, to be sure, on the ground which we have suggested, but kindly and considerately to stay the impatience of the greedy public, whose appetite they knew the "novelty of the plan, and the advantage of its arrangement," must have whetted almost beyond endurance. The whole—if the whole ever sees the light, is intended to be a complete Thesaurus Anacreonticus. The disposition of the work comprises—

1. The Greek text, from the best authorities.

2. The same text arranged in the prose, or literal order, for the use of learners.

3. A translation in rhyme.

4. A literal translation in prose, in which the ellipses of the original are supplied, and the points of difference between the idioms of the Greek and English languages pointed out.

5. Variorum notes, for the most part in English, selected from the best editors and commentators.

6. A grammatical analysis, in which all the original Greek words are parsed for the use of learners; and

7. A lexicon, in which the same words are all fully explained, so as to supersede the necessity of a separate Greek lexicon.

The reader shall have a specimen of this elaborate, or rather accumulative performance; and as there is little motive for choice, we will open the book at random, to glance over the translation and commentary. It proves to be the fifth, headed commonly, and also by Dr. Roche —"To the Rose."

The prose translation, with two exceptions perhaps, is clearly and specifically correct. The metrical one is anything but close, any thing but gay and airy, anything but tasteful and delicate. It is indeed coarse and heavy, fitter for the debaucheries of a tap-room than the revels of the loves and graces—more like the inspirations of porter than nectar. Then for the commentary, wherein Dr. Roche first preludes a little. "This spirited poem," says he—any body else might have called it light and elegant—"is an eulogy on the rose;" and to shew that he knew this was not all the same Anacreon had said of the rose, he very properly refers to another ode. But Barnes, Dr. Roche discovers, refers to a fragment of Sappho preserved in the romance of Achilles Tatius, where the rose is styled the "eye of flowers;" and the same "poetess," in another fragment, one Mœbius observes, calls the favours of the

muses—the "roses of Pieria." Now all this is little, or surely nothing to the purpose, if the purpose be to explain Anacreon, and not merely swell the pages. From the contents of this little ode, Dr. Roche next infers, but not without the aid of some odes of Horace, that it was "customary for persons of a refined or voluptuous taste, among the ancients, to introduce OINTMENTS (a most disagreeable image, as the doctor, or one of his authorities, says, somewhere else), PERFUMES, and crowns at their entertainments." This was an inference of too much value to be lost—being quite original, too—and therefore, as Sappho's fragment was the matter before him, it was obliged to be thrown in parenthetically. Now Sappho's fragment from Achilles Tatius, having alluded to the rose, and called it the "eye of flowers," ocular proof must be thrust upon the reader; and accordingly here we find the original, probably, in Achilles's own fustian prose; but this takes up only six or seven lines, and, therefore, to fill up a little more space—to shew the Doctor's universal reading, and excite his patient's —we mean his reader's—wonderment, we are next favoured with one Stirling's hammered translation in rhyme, followed by another, of course a gayer and more tripping one, by Mr. Thomas Moore. But why Dr. Roche should stop here we cannot imagine—for, surely, with a very little more research among the commentators, or a very little inquiry among the lady botanists, he might have found lots of other allusions to the rose—quite as much to *his* purpose.

But some critics, Brunck for instance, think this beautiful little scrap of sixteen short lines is altogether spurious; and Brossius believes the first five lines are not genuine; and others think the ode, short as it is, is not one, but two odes. Again, it is not quite settled among the said critics, what, after all, is the subject of this ode, be it one, or two, or more. Born is decided in his belief, the poet meant only to commemorate the glories of the rose; while Mœbius differs *toto cœlo;* —according to him, the poet was in high spirits at the return of spring, and being resolved to get jovially drunk on the occasion, invites his friends to join him, and, among other things, to bring some roses with them for chaplets, and dance a reel or two;—and so confident is Mœbius that he has hit the right nail on the head, he discards the old heading εις ροδον, and substitutes—agreeing in this with Pauw and Gail—εις συμποσιον.

Now then, leaving all farther prelusions the Doctor comes to the verses, taking them, one by one, and sometimes two by two; but really we must cut the matter comparatively very short.

1. 2. "Let us blend with Bacchus the rose, the flower of the loves," or rather probably, "that of the loves"—specifically "Loves' rose." The rose, observes the Doctor here, the rose is sacred to Love and Venus, and also to Bacchus and the muses, as we shall see, he farther tells us, in the fifty-third ode—but that we have not got yet. Dr. Roche would also have referred to two passages in Horace, had not Longepierre anticipated him; but though Longepierre has anticipated him in the reference, that is no reason on earth, why he should be precluded from quoting the same two passages. Accordingly "Mitte sectari," &c.; and "Huc vina," &c., both follow; and both are accompanied by a rhymed translation, by whom done and executed is not stated, nor is it material—perhaps by Dr. Roche himself. But obvious to every man of commonsense, as is the sense of the latter piece, Fischer has one opinion on the purpose of the poet, and Born has two, both differing from Fischer's; and all three Dr. Roche mercilessly inflicts upon his unsuspecting reader. By the way, we overlooked in its place, though Dr. Roche would have reminded us again, that Plutarch says the odour of flowers prevented ebriety.

3. 4. "Fitting to our temples the beautiful-leaved rose." Does this require a commentary? Yes—for what purpose are they so fitted? Plutarch has already hinted —to prevent ebriety. Aye, but what say the moderns? Why one Younge—is this one of the score of physicians of this name, or the Scotch Grecian?—says very profoundly, and we suppose professionally— "It was imagined that partly by flowers, and partly by the constriction made by the chaplet, drunkenness might be prevented, or the disagreeable consequences much allayed. I do not conceive that, used in this manner, the bare effluvia could have any effect, though some of them were of a medicinal nature. Hippocrates, indeed, prescribes rose-leaves (but first made into a poultice with vinegar) as a good topical application for the head-ache. That may be rational; yet the strong scent of flowers in general hurts the nerves." Dr. Younge's authority, great as it doubtless is, is not, it seems, conclusive—for Dr. Roche now brings up Gail's reference to two passages—both to account for the use of chaplets of *flowers* generally—in Athenæus, who was himself a most indefatigable quoter. These two passages belong respectively to Sappho again, and one Philonides, another physician; and Gail follows them up with some profound argumentation—which we spare our readers—though Fischer and Born come again upon the stage, and Plutarch again, and the old story—and in addition Festus.

5. "Let us drink, gaily laughing."—Born and Fischer of course cannot agree; but here comes a new combatant, a lady, Madame Dacier, who unluckily cannot agree with herself—her translation in her text is, "let us think of nothing but amusing ourselves;" and in a note, the sense is, she seems to say, "let us drink and laugh, comme le diable." For all this information, we appear to be indebted to "Greene."

6. 7. "O rose, most excellent flower! O rose, nursling of spring!" Here again is a grand bustle and confusion among the commentators; and Barnes, and Baxter, and Trapp, and Faber, and Mad. Dacier, Addison, Gail, and Pauw, mingle pell and mell in the fight. The whole squabble resolves itself into ῥο and ω. Of the patrons of ῥο, some will have it the first word of the line, and others the second; and of the advocates of ω, some insist upon the exclamative, and some the invocative sense; while Dr. Roche himself, apparently declining to take part in the fray, seems impartially to adopt one in his prose translation, and the other in his metre. But then follows, in the same lines, almost as hot a dispute upon μελημα, which Dr. Roche, in his prose, calls, as we see, nursling, and in his verse, daughter. Barnes, who was but a dull fellow, most prosaically calls it *pupil;* while Baxter and Degenius, who have more imagination, if not common-sense, are for terming it *darling;* but Fischer, who had a little of both, dexterously avoids altogether a term, and says it was so called, because the spring commands, or causes it to grow and bloom. But let us move on.

8. "Roses are delightful even to gods." Ex. gr. says Dr. Roche—Baccho, Veneri, Musis, Amori;—and then recollecting every body might not understand him—he offers the benefit of a translation, signed Degen. Thus—"The gods meant were Bacchus, Venus, Cupid, and the Muses.—(Degen.)"

9, 10, 11. "The boy of Cytherea, dancing with the graces, entwines roses with his beautiful ringlets." Here comes on another skirmish, as sharp as any we have encountered. The point is whether the accusative shall be used for the dative, or the dative for the accusative—whether love intwines roses with his ringlets, or his ringlets with roses. The combatants of course wield the weapons of their logomachy with various skill—none of them trusting to MSS., or authorities, which indeed are pretty equal, and Euripides uses both constructions; but one defends the construction he patronizes, because it has, to his ear, more suavity—another, because, he presumes to say, his has more accuracy; and a third, because it is more common, backing his assertion, at the same time, with a quotation from Aristophanes, which has nothing whatever to do with the question. Dr. Roche himself will again have nothing to do with the conflict, but, not to be altogether a cypher, he gravely adds—"The graces are here very properly chosen as companions for the god of love, since every qualification, which can adorn a woman, is by the poet ascribed to those divinities"—which seems to have been suggested by one of the French editors—'this sweet idea of love dancing with the graces is almost peculiar to Anacreon.' Dr. Roche concludes with quoting Moore's translation of these lines:—

> Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
> His hair with rosy fillet braids,
> When, with the blushing, naked Graces
> The wanton winding dance he traces.

In Anacreon, be it observed, the said Graces are neither naked, nor blushing, nor wanton—this is all Master Moore's usual pruriency.

12. "Crown me, then, and I will strike the lyre." This unlucky verse again swarms with materials for squabbling. First, the word λυριξω—might it not be λυριξω, or λυρισσω, or λυρισω, or even a participle to agree with a previous one;—shall the verb, again, correspond with another verb, or correspond with none? Then, once more, might not the copula be left out, to make room for another mood and person of ειφου, requiring three syllables instead of two? Dr. Roche, all the while, maintains himself inflexible silence—he often shews great modesty—at least reserve;—but we may gather from his prose and his verse, that he sticks to the verb, and will not at all events consent to its being transmogrified into a participle.

13. "Near thy shrine, O Bacchus." The word Bacchus gives room for enumerating the different stories of his origin, his attributes, and his insignia—all which appears to belong to one (A). The same (A) tells us the σηκος, the shrine, was the place where the image of the god stood, and was in the middle of the temple, a little raised, and railed in. This is being very precise, and quite in the style of an eye-witness. The proof is—*Tum foribus divæ Media testudine templi*—which is rendered in somewhat a novel manner by Dr. Roche himself, we suppose, whose ear is remarkably true—"'Midst of the temple, just before the shrine." Fores therefore must mean the railing in of the shrine, or perhaps a little door let into, or forming part of the railing. It must pass for what it is worth.

The reader no doubt is tired, and as Gilpin says, so are we. But there is still a long winded note upon the word βαθυκολπος, of which the least that can be

said is—Dr. Roche, and his authorities, make nothing. Mr. Younge is quoted as calling "deep-breasted," a most disagreeable image, and to be sure it is, if it mean hanging like an Hottentot's. But really so fond as he is of accumulating names, he might have made room for the Bishop of Chester's, whose opinion is at least as much entitled to attention as most of those he enumerates. We have not Dr. Bloomfield's books at hand, but he thinks, if we recollect rightly, βαθυζωνος, and βαθυκολπος, have pretty much the some meaning—whether correctly or not is not to the purpose—and that meaning he expresses, as a mantua-maker might, *long-waisted.*

We must now leave the book—the good and the bad—for those who have more patience, and more learning than ourselves.

The Glorious Recovery by the Vaudois of their Valleys, by Henry Arnaud—Edited by H. D. Acland; 1827.—Mr. Sims, Mr. Gilly, and Mr. Acland himself may, by their several publications, be thought to have exhausted the subject of the Vaudois; but Mr. Acland has, however, produced another goodly octavo—aided by the common arts of book-making—not that the volume before us is altogether superfluous, but it inclines us to murmur a little, because it plainly is not *conclusive.* Another book becomes indispensable to put the whole mass of scattered information into something like order.

Mr. Jones's History stops at the expulsion of the Vaudois in 1686—he being unable to trace them and their history any farther. The present occupants of the Valleys he considers to be a new race—not descended from the ancient possessors; but he grounds his opinion not on historical facts, but on some fanciful interpretation of the Apocalypse, and on an assumed difference in the tenets of the ancient and modern Vaudois. Arguments of this kind, however, will satisfy few readers now-a-days. The facts of the expulsion of the Vaudois in 1686, and of their return, or at least of a considerable number, in 1689, are as well established as any historical matter can well be by cotemporary authority and uninterrupted tradition.

A narrative actually exists, written by Henry Arnaud, the chief pastor of the Vaudois, and the military leader of the enterprize, in which they recovered possession of their old quarters. This narrative Mr. Acland has translated and republished, preceded by a sketch of their history, by himself, from Claude of Turin, professedly, to the expulsion, in 1686, by the Duke of Savoy, but in reality stopping short at 1664. Arnaud's narrative of the "rentrée glorieuse," is followed by another sketch of their subsequent history to the present time. So that this volume which, one way or other, was to exhibit a view, more or less detached, of their whole history, after all leaves out this conspicuous event, and we must refer for it to other volumes—particularly to one Boyer's work, which was, it seems, translated and abridged by a person of quality, 1692.

To that work Henri Arnaud himself apparently refers, and states:—

> That the able author has exposed the cruelties by which 14,000 Vaudois, imprisoned, in violation of the written promise of a prince of the house of Savoy, were reduced to a remnant of 3,000, who, more like spectres than men, were at last released by his royal highness of Savoy, and allowed to retire to Switzerland only in virtue of a treaty with the Protestant cantons. He has also so feelingly painted the arrival of these moving skeletons at Geneva, that I feel grateful for being spared a description which I could not have dwelt on without abandoning myself too much to grief. The Genevese vied with each other in taking to their houses the most wretched of these exiles, and carried many of them in their arms from the frontier, where they went to meet them. Some arrived only to die, and others scarcely in time to be susceptible of assistance. These were put in a state to follow their countrymen who had previously been recovered, and who, after being clothed according to their wants, had already proceeded to Switzerland, in performance, on their part, of a treaty, many articles of which had been violated towards them.

In February 1687, they had all arrived in the Swiss Protestant cantons, chiefly in that of Berne, where subsistence was kindly afforded them. But, restless, and pining for home again, they made two unsuccessful attempts to return, the last of which was productive of almost fatal consequences to their wishes. The Duke of Savoy was put on his guard, and augmented his garrisons; and the Bernois, to exculpate themselves from the charge of aiding the attempt, compelled them to quit the canton. A proposal was made to them to emigrate to Brandeburgh; but, still holding to their resolution of returning to their vallies, they objected to the distance.

At length they embarked on the Aar for Zurich and Schaffhausen, intending, some of them, to go onward to Wirtemberg, where a grant of lands had been made them. Unwilling, however, to separate, they solicited permission to winter (1687-8) in Zurich and Schaffhausen, and obtained it chiefly by the interposition of the Genevese, and the protection of England and Holland, from the latter of which countries they received 92,000 crowns. But this sum would not last for ever; and the poor Vaudois were again urged to accept the offers of the Elector of Brandenburgh, which they peremptorily refused.

The Swiss were now deeply offended at the obstinacy of people who had not a farthing to bless themselves with, and finally forced them to sign an instrument promising to go wherever they were ordered. This instrument Arnaud himself signed, with a protest against an act extorted by violence. Eight hundred, however, determined to comply, and they were accordingly conducted to Berlin, and kindly welcomed by the Elector. The rest, compelled to find new places of abode, spread about the Grisons, the frontiers of Wirtemberg; and some parts of the palatinate were assigned by the Elector, who was anxious to re-people his desolated territories. But soon the advance of the French compelled the new settlers to abandon their new-sown lands to escape falling into their hands; and again flinging themselves upon the mercy and protection of the Swiss, they were again hospitably received by that generous people.

In the meanwhile, Arnaud, in company with a Vaudois captain, Batiste Besson, proceeded to Holland, to communicate with the Prince of Orange, who listened to their statements, applauded their resolve to attempt a recovery of their homes, and exhorted them to keep the Vaudois together. On his return, measures were forthwith adopted to carry their views into effect. Taught by their former failures, they conducted the matter with the utmost secrecy; and so well did they manage their plans, that their whole force was in motion towards the point of rendezvous, before the subordinate individuals knew of the purpose immediately in view—and neither were the Bernois able to throw any obstacles in the way of their departure, nor was the Duke of Savoy at all aware of their purpose. The Vaudois assembled in a large forest in the Pays de Vaud, between Nion and Rolle. About 8 or 900 had there assembled, and were waiting anxiously for the arrival of some from the extremities of Switzerland, who, to the number of 120, were unhappily intercepted by the envoy of Savoy, who had got intelligence of their route. Of this event the party in the forest were ignorant; but, weary of delay, and fearful of discovery, they determined on crossing the lake. This, however, was not effected without disaster and treachery. When all had crossed, they divided into nineteen companies, of which six were foreigners, chiefly from Languedoc and Dauphiny—Protestant exiles of France, after the revocation of Nantes. Arnaud, whom they styled their patriarch, commanded. They lost no time in commencing their march—seizing in their way the priests and gentlemen as hostages, and employing their authority in procuring provisions—exposed every hour to the attack of foes, or the treacheries of friends—compelled, from the smallness of their numbers, to butcher the captives, whom they would willingly have spared—crossing the great and little Mont Cenis, amidst difficulties and dangers not to be described—losing each other in the fogs, or the windings of the hills, but luckily reassembling on the eighth day just in time to repel an attack of Savoyards who occupied the heights—pouring down rocks upon them—and on the eleventh reached Balsille, the first village in St. Martin's, one of their own vallies. Embarrassments thickened upon them; and events come too rapid to be here enumerated; but the writer details them day by day to the thirty-first, the 3d of October; after which his narrative proceeds with less particularity to the end of October, when the French, compelled by the harassings of their enemy and the rigours of the season, to quit the heights of St. Martin, bade the Vaudois expect them again the next spring.

By this time the Vaudois were reduced to 400; but these through the winter enjoyed comparative quiet, and found abundance around them. In April of the following year came again the French, and terms of surrender were offered, which they indignantly rejected, claiming the vallies as their birth-right. Balsi, the last point of attack the year before, was again assailed; 10,000 French troops, and 12,000 Savoyards, were witnesses. 500 picked men made the assault. Covered by their main body, they gallantly gained the first barricade of trees, but were unable to pass it. The Vaudois opened a vigorous fire upon them. Confusion followed. The Vaudois rushed in upon them, and cut them all, with the exception of ten or twelve, to pieces. On the 10th, the siege of Balsi was again resumed; and on the 14th the grand attack was prepared. Luckily — providentially, the narrator says, a sudden mist wrapt the hill in obscurity, and at the moment when death seemed staring them in the face, they escaped; and not till two hours after daybreak the next morning were they discovered ascending, by steps cut in the snow, up the Guignevert. The detachment sent in pursuit was routed by them with little loss to themselves. More pursuits, more escapes, more successes followed, too numerous to detail, when, early in June—just as new perils seemed likely to crush them, arrived the news of a war declared against France; which rescued the Vaudois, and soon gave them an opportunity of signalizing their loyalty to their reconciled sovereign.

The narrative of Arnaud here closes. In the war between the Confederates and Louis, their conduct more than once com-

manded the applause of Eugene. They were formed into one regiment, commanded by their own officers. In 1694, our King William gave Arnaud a regiment, and a company to his brother. Arnaud himself ended his days, at the age of 80, at Schonberg, in the Duchy of Wirtemberg, not being allowed to live and die on his native soil. In 1706, Victor Amadeus took refuge among the Vaudois, when a fugitive from his capital, besieged by the Duke of Orleans. In 1726, two years before his death, he received their oath of allegiance, and promised them security in their vallies, but at the same time diminished their boundaries, and banished those who were not born within the limits. The Vallenses of Wirtemberg are the descendants of these exiles—these victims of treacherous ingratitude. From this period to the usurpation of Piedmont by the French, the Vaudois were only distinguishable for resignation to an oppressive government, and adherence to their faith. "With Napoleon's empire a gleam of prosperity (says Mr. Acland) passed over the Vallies. The Vaudois were restored to their civil rights. But on the replacing of the old regime the old severities were resumed; and they are now again excluded from office, civil and military—compelled to serve as soldiers, but cannot rise above the rank of serjeant; as attornies and apothecaries only can they practise in law and physic, and this practice must be confined to their own vallies; the holidays of the Romish calendar must be observed by them; their pastors are deprived of their additional salaries; they may build neither churches nor presbyteries without special permission; they are allowed no printing presses; and a duty, amounting to prohibition, is laid on bibles and books of instruction; correspondence with foreign clergy is forbidden; the very ties of nature are dissolved, for children may be taken from their parents to be converted from the faith of their fathers; and marriages between a Vaudois and a Romanist be annulled at the will of the Romanist—in short, it is the old code of England inflicted upon Ireland in its worst stage of severity."

A dozen engravings of the scenery of the Vallies, beautifully executed, accompany and adorn Mr. Acland's volume—of his own drawing.

The Nullity of the Roman Faith, &c., by the Rev. I. Garbett, M.A.; 1827.—The world must, and of course will, get on as well as it can; but the truth is, there is too much liberty among individuals to suffer sound policy to pursue its own wisest course. Every witling must have his opinions, and crude and ill-timed as they may be, must publish, or—though probably himself a mighty stickler for authority—public liberty is infringed. For our own parts we sometimes think a little restriction would be very usefully applied, particularly upon theological controversy—we think so, not merely as reviewers—for that nobody will doubt—but as friends of the best interests and moral progress of men. With respect to Catholicism, the effectual mode of extinguishing its authority in Protestant countries would be to leave it to itself—take no notice whatever of it, and soon no notice would be left to be taken of it, except to record its former existence as an historical remembrance. And no notice, we are persuaded, would in our days be taken of it, were it not for the Protestant clergy, who are worked upon by too many motives to keep their tongues and their pens still. Among some of them exists a sort of hereditary and unreasoning terror of the Catholic power, cherished by the records of Smithfield—among others perhaps a fixed belief of the rampant ambition inherent in the hierarchy of Rome, and the consequent necessity of stedfastly watching her outbreaks, gathered not from the actual conduct of that church in our own times, but from the course of professional study and limited reading—among some a thirst for exhibiting their sagacity in research, and their dexterity in debate—among others, a lurking apprehension the revenues of their own church are in danger—while among others, more cunning than candid, the corruptions of Rome prove an excellent stalking horse to their own personal ambition; and we verily believe there is no surer method for the unbeneficed to catch the smiles of their ecclesiastical superiors than displaying their zeal against popery.

By which of these, or of other motives, of equal value, the writer before us is influenced, we presume not to determine—by one or other, or more of them, there can be little doubt—for convinced are we, were a man at once sane, honest, and enlightened, he would never again stir up the controversy—he would waive it as superfluous, or spurn it as worthless, or shrink from it as an impertinent interference with the prejudices of his fellows, or abandon it from despair of grappling successfully with the stubbornness of personal interests. For ourselves we are sick of the controversy. The one party argue like lawyers—to have and to hold—and the other are fools enough to take up the argument on the same ground. The Church of Rome claims infallibility. The Protestant, instead of looking solely to the foundations of the claim, goes cackling about, searching for instances of practical fallibility, and at every petty

discovery, discovered a thousand times, crows in ecstacies, as if the victoty were won. The argument of the Romanist is—to take Mr. Garbett's exhibition of it—The Church of Rome *cannot* err, therefore she has not erred. To this the true mode of replying would be to ask—*why* she cannot err?—and if she cannot give a satisfactory answer, to reject without ceremony her claim. But Mr. Garbett, like other gabblers, we were going to say, prefers a different one. His reply is—(he loves the "Stoici conclusiuncalse")—she *may* err, because she has erred, and thereupon he sets to, zealously and vigorously to shew that she has thus erred—erred in her doctrines and discipline—in her relations at home, and her connexions abroad—erred, particularly, as to Transubstantiation, communion in one kind, in the sacrifice of the mass, in that of penance, in indulgences, in purgatory, in the invocation of saints and angels, in the adoration of images, in being idolaters, schismatic and heretical.

Of all these errors he produces his proofs in a series of dialogues between Orthodox and Philodox. Orthodox is of course Mr. Garbett himself, the champion of the Church of England, and Philodox is—not a Catholic, but a sort of bottle-holder to his fellow dialoguist, who, when Orthodox has fought his round, or has exhausted his powers, supplies a fillip, and by a timely suggestion either of some forgotten objection, or of some fresh topic, prepares him again for the scratch. Orthodox of course floors his man—has indeed the best of every round—carries it all his own way like a bull in a china-shop; and one is surprised to see the fight hold out so long—only that we know the pugilist must have an opportunity of shewing *all* his skill. His opponent, indeed, is but an air-drawn figure, which any weapon can cut in two, though it cannot prevent the coalescing again.

But seriously, the volume contains nothing new—nor is any thing new to be expected from another with which we are indirectly threatened. The writer, indeed, recommends his book, not for its novelty—God wot—but for conveniently bringing together what is elsewhere too much scattered to be readily accessible to every reader; but we believe, without trouble, we might name eight or ten volumes, each of which embraces every point of the whole controversy. The general tone however of the composition is rather moderate than otherwise, and that is some merit—the writer merely loses his temper; and when he does, he vents his indignation, and covers his vituperations in the vigorous language of scripture, without trusting the promptings of his own spirit. The matter occasionally is put smartly and logically enough, but as dialogues, never were any more dreaming—never was any thing a greater misnomer.

Heraldic Notices of Canterbury Cathedral, with Genealogical and Topographical Notes, by Thomas Willement; 1827.—Mr. Willement, who designates himself "heraldic artist to His Majesty," is, we believe, favourably known by his "Armorial Insignia of the Kings and Queens of England from Coeval Authorities." Judging from the present performance, he is not a mere man of shields and symbols, but plainly regarding them with the eye of a rational antiquary as matters subsidiary to historical accuracy. In search of original authorities to illustrate family genealogy, he has visited the Cathedral of Canterbury, which he finds rich in these matters beyond all comparison, affording cotemporary evidence of the arms of almost every family of every rank in the kingdom, entitled to use them in the 14th and 15th centuries.

This superb edifice, to the credit of the Dean and Chapter, has for some years been repairing, or rather restoring—of which Mr. Willement, in his performance, deservedly speaks in high terms of panegyric. "The heraldic embellishments," he says, "have been carefully attended to, in the admirable restoration of this magnificent cathedral, which has so rapidly advanced under the superior taste and intelligence of the present dean (the present Bishop of Carlisle); an undertaking not merely confined to the careful removal of those disfiguring coats of colour, which had for years accumulated on its beautiful enrichments, but embracing substantial and scientific repair, in the most important and difficult points. Some of the shields on the bosses of the nave were found totally defaced. On these have been sculptured armorial bearings appertaining to the present dignitaries of the church—of one of which, Lord Nelson's (a prebendary of Canterbury), in another place, he adds, with great propriety—the contrast between the elaborate intricacy of this modern coat, and the simplicity of the earlier ones that surround it, is particularly striking, and says but little for the heraldic taste of these later times.

Nearly, if not quite, 1,100 shields are "blazoned," we believe the phrase is—described that is—in this volume—some few of which are cut in wood, and four vases are very tastefully and effectively engraved on copper. Among the notes subjoined to the blazoning, occur matters of no inconsiderable curiosity—particularly on the origin of the Prince of Wales's feathers. The common story is, as every

body knows, that they were worn by John of Bohemia, who perished in the field of Cressy, and the motto of "Ich Dien" is referred to the act of his serving that day in the army of the French king. The feathers and the motto, for no assignable reason, nor with any intelligible propriety, were adopted by the Black Prince, as his own cognizance. The story originates with William of Walsingham—not a cotemporary writer, but posterior by a full century—that is, Walsingham's history is the earliest in which the matter is mentioned. Objections have been started against the accuracy of this account, on the grounds that John of Bohemia's known crest was not these feathers, but the expanded wing of an eagle—and that these feathers were not peculiar to the prince's cognizance, but were well known to be used by other members of the royal family. Other sources have accordingly been sought for; and Randle Holmes, in a MS. preserved in the Harleian collections, asserts, that these same feathers were the ensign of the Welch, and that when the King of England's eldest son was made Prince of Wales, he assumed the feathers, and added the "Ich Dien" to indicate that though a Prince in Wales, he was still a subject of the crown of England. And then to account in some measure for the old story of the King of Bohemia, he adds, "the prince took the king's crown, and added it to his own Welch feathers." The story wants authority—particularly whether the Welch ever knew any thing themselves about ostrich feathers. But referring to the minute directions given in the prince's will, respecting the array of his funeral obsequies, it is ordered, that on the arrival of his corpse at Canterbury, it should be preceded by deux destrez (armed chargers) coverts de nos armes, et deux homes armer de nos armes et in nos heaumes; c'est assavoir, l'un *par la guerre*, de nos armes sentiers quartellez; et l'autre *pur la paix*, de nos bages des plumes d'ostruce. "From this distinction," observes Mr. Willement, "it is highly probable that it may hereafter be discovered, that the cognizance of the ostrich feathers took its origin, not from the victory of Cressy, or any other martial achievement, but from some pacific event; or, as it was also used by his collateral relatives, it might have borne a genealogical reference."

Among the shields in the undercroft of the cathedral (which by the way, as an antiquarian friend of ours, and a townsman, assures us, is not, as Mr. Willement describes it, under the nave, but under the choir and Trinity Chapel) is that of John Holland, Duke of Exeter. In a note Mr. W. adds—

The duke died in 1447, and was buried in the church of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London, where his monument existed until the recent demolition of that church. The greatest care has, however, been taken of the several parts, and it is gratifying to learn that they will be again erected, and the deficiencies supplied in the new collegiate church, now in progress in the Regent's Park, from the elegant designs of Mr. Poynter.

In the cloisters is a boss with an eagle with wings expanded, standing on a child, and an escutcheon on the right wing, charged with the arms of the Isle of Man:—

The device of the eagle and child appears to have originated from a legendary account of a male infant having been discovered in an eagle's nest, and adopted by Sir William Latham, of Latham, circ. Edward II. The foundling, who took the same name, left an only daughter and heir, Isabella, who became the wife of Sir John, the second son of Wm. Stanley, of Stanley. He was seated at Latham, in the county of Lancaster, which he held in right of his wife; and this may account for his placing her arms in the first quarter. Among other high offices, he was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, was steward of the household to Henry IV. and on the forfeiture of the Earl of Northumberland, obtained a grant in fee of the Isle of Man. He held likewise the constableship of Windsor Castle, and was elected a knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. There can be little doubt, from the date of the cloisters, that the bearings on the above boss appertained to this individual. He died at Ardee, in Ireland, 6 Jan. 1414, and was ancestor to the Stanleys, Earls of Derby.

On the Nobility of the British Gentry, and on the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire, compared with those of the Continent. By Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta.—The gentry of England are indebted to the Chevalier Lawrence for this little work, which treats a dry subject in an amusing and interesting way. The Chevalier appears to be deeply versed in genealogy; and, if this was an age for tournaments, no doubt he would turn his abilities to good account; happily, however, for the present generation, a man is valued rather for his own deeds, than the fame of his ancestors; and although due honour should be given to the descendants of those who, in a former day have contributed to the welfare of their country, and rendered illustrious the land of their birth, yet, we must never forget that high rank, and exalted station, involve a duty to perform, rather than a privilege to enjoy. With this view, we confess some little indifference for the claims of those who have retrogaded from the eminence of their forefathers, the best means of regaining which, would be to imitate Sterne's Marquis, and restore the dignity of their name by a life of usefulness and activity. Here, blood is but a sorry pretext for distinction; and it is with some little satisfaction we remind the Che-

valier of the old opinion of Englishmen, with reference to the rank of foreigners—

" A French Count, an Italian Prince, a Spanish Grandee,
A British yeoman is worth them all three."

and we doubt not but our young heiresses will soon discover the truth of this illustration. Some few, indeed, of weak minds, and credulous dispositions, may be led away by the false glare of titles they do not understand, and to such as these we earnestly recommend this little book as a traveller's vade mecum, during their next autumn on the Rhine, or winter in Italy. Needy adventurers are plentiful in all countries, and marquisats are as easily attached to the name as mustachios to the lip. The author's advice, therefore, to have nothing to do with any foreigners, who are not introduced by their ambassador, is invaluable, and may save many a youthful and ambitious aspirant for rank from misery and disappointment. We do not think it necessary to enter into a discussion of the relative claims of nobility and gentility. We are perfectly satisfied with the station allotted to each in their own country, and we do not believe that either have occasion to grumble at their reception abroad, when their pockets are in a condition to pay for the respect they require. Those who cannot afford to pay, must e'en submit to the common neglect of poverty, and console themselves with Paddy's ditty, " When I'm rich I rides in chaises," &c.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE summer theatres closed with *éclat*. The Haymarket had the good fortune to produce two of the smartest translations from the French that we remember. " The Bride at Fifty," by Kenny's rapid, and certainly dextrous turn for adaptation, was remarkably effective. The burlesque of late marriages was easily understood, and slightly as the allusion might have been made to the opulent lady who was so conspicuously in the predicament of the heroine, it was sufficiently *piquant* to secure popularity to this pleasant little production. Cooper's performance of the rakish husband was very amusing, and it might be reckoned among the proofs of how little the stage is the " mirror of life," that his vice improved his reputation, that his drunkenness did credit to his judgment, and that he never appeared to more advantage than when he would have deserved to be sent to Coventry by all mankind.

" The Rencontre," translated and adapted by Planche, was similarly successful: without the force and immediate application of the " Bride at Fifty," it had superior grace. There was a want of character in the personages, but it was made up by the happy interest of the plot. It had the advantage of being admirably acted, and we would advise those who desired to see Farren, Vestris, and Miss Tree in their happiest talent, to see them in " The Rencontre." This piece does great credit to Planche, and, we hope, will encourage him to transplant more of the pretty and ingenious dramas of the " Opera Comique."

The winter theatres opened with a strong determination to struggle for popularity. But it has always, to us, seemed surprising, that to this bold determination, which commences every year, and without which they must perish, they add so little of the obvious means of success. Both theatres have now been open a month, and in Drury-lane but one new performance has been presented, and in Covent-garden nothing. The ill consequence of this tardiness is palpable in the thinness of the houses. Yet every man who knows London, knows that there are every night, of even its thinnest season, ten thousand individuals who would be rejoiced to find any theatre open, in which they might have a chance of amusement for the evening. It is said that the Londoners are not attracted by the theatre, and that the chief audience are strangers. But the stage coaches bring into London, every day of the year, thousands of people, who have, for the most part, no resource for the evenings of their remaining in the capital but the tavern or the theatre, and who would chuse the latter alternative, in ten instances to one, if the performances were *new*, and tolerably attractive.

But nothing can be more unfounded than the idea that the Londoners are not fond of the theatre—give them something that catches the public taste, and they crowd the house; but they will not go to the perpetual repetitions of old plays, to see even our ablest actors for ever in the same parts—to be bored with heavy melodrame, or have their ears and eyes equally exhausted by the horrors of dull débutantes in exploded tragedies.

This plan has been adopted long enough, and has shewn its weakness by its failure. The old system of putting off the public with every kind of weariness until the meeting of Parliament, is made to fail, for it is founded upon a total disregard of the

changes of society. Fifty years ago the higher orders led the public tastes—the presence of stars and garters was essential even to dramatic fortune, and the play which ventured forth without a handsome display of diamonds and feathers in the side boxes, was pronounced good for nothing at once. But those times are past, the higher orders lead no public taste—they are directors of nothing but stupid *routes* and *exclusive* balls, fashionable market places for the disposal of heirs and heiresses. The world knows but little about them, or they about the world—the little that is known is not good, and another class of society, a much more intelligent, accomplished, active, and useful race, have altogether thrown the "*privileged*" into the back ground. With the young nobility, dandies, and profligates; their seniors, gamblers and victims to pride, poverty and the gout; intrigue and insipidity among their women; and general indolence and fastidious foolery the characteristic of the whole; we may leave them to the unenvied possession of titles which, to their great majority, are but a reproach; and opulence, when real, often made worthless by its abuse, yet full as often empty and nominal as their virtues.

The middle classes of society have so totally superseded those feeble holders of distinction, that the only individuals of the nobility who retain any true rank, retain it on the claim of adopting the habits, knowledge, and intellectual vigour of those classes. We may thus disregard the supercilious distance which such unleading leaders may be pleased to interpose between themselves and the better mind of England, and follow the course of our public tastes, without knowing or caring at what hour it may please a duchess to dine, or a noble marquess to leave his faro table.

The result of all this change should be a conviction on the mind of every man who provides for the public intellectual gratification, that the opinions of the "very first world"—the starred and gartered, the *élite* of the creation, are utterly insignificant—that he has no occasion to trouble his soul with the columns of the *Morning Post*, announcing the return or departure of their lordships from London and duns—that the dinner hour in Portman-square may be forgotten among his calculations of popularity, and that whether my lord is a subscriber to the Pandemonium in St. James's-street, or to the more select and not less plundering associations of St. James's-square, is a matter with which he has no more concern than with the discovery of the Pole.

Yet with this knowledge feelingly impressed upon every fibre of managers, repeated night after night in the visages of treasurers, and echoed by every form of public communication, managers will persist in "reserving their force," as they call it, for the fortunate months of spring, when ladies may walk in Kensington Gardens, and *therefore* must go to the play. We wish these men would take the trouble of ascertaining, for their own edification, how many noble families see one play a piece in the course of the season. We wish they would make the still more valuable experiment of how many families of the middle classes might be attracted by a vigorous exertion of the whole means of the theatre at the commencement of the season. If Mr. Kenny is to produce his translation at all, let it be ready before a single fiddler breaks the summer silence of the house. If Mr. Poole teems with farce, let him teem in time. If the other habitual authors of the theatre are to give their efforts, let them be called on at once; the idea of reserving the manager's strength for the fulness of the town, is absurd. Let it be exerted at the time when its exertion is most required by the thinness of the town, if London can be considered thin, and a single experiment will, we have no doubt, settle the question in favour of the old maxim, that the first blow is half the battle.

We give Drury-lane, however, credit for having made an attempt to strike the first blow, and that, too, a home one. The introduction of young Kean was an excellent *ruse*, if it was no more. Of course the manager never dreamed that the son would supersede the father, nor that the public would care sixpence whether he did or not. But no expedient could have been more ingeniously conceived to divide the public attention, and none could have more effectually succeeded. No man alive can play more impressively than Kean, the father, when he chooses. Yet the *Shylocks* and *Richards* have been paralysed by the *Norval*. Comparison between the actors would be idle. But the effect has been wrought, and the elder Kean talks in a pet about abandoning the ungrateful stage, and leaving the ungrateful public to find out his equal when he is gone. Whether this resolution be more than the fever of the moment, must depend on caprice; but, for the sake of those who desire to see Shakspeare represented on our stage, we hope that Kean's caprice will be brought to reason by that golden persuasion which shakes the resolutions even of the most angry among actors and men.

Young Kean has figured for a few nights in *Norval*, a part long exhausted, never good for much beyond the display of school boys, at a Christmas breaking-up, and now tiresome beyond endurance. His *Achmet* was probably a more fortunate character; but the public will not be per-

suaded that either "Douglas" or "Barbarossa" is worth seeing. The tragedies of that day were of an order which nothing but capital acting, novelty, and public prejudice, stirred up by the peculiar circumstances of the time, could render popular. The adventitious charm is past, and nothing remains but the wonder how any charm could have sustained the natural heaviness of the material. The single conclusion is, that no acting which we can discover on the living stage, will sustain exhausted mediocrity. We will say more, that even Shakspeare sinks, by eternal repetition; and that every time that our leading actors appear in his plays, draws more largely on the patience of the public. Who goes to see "Hamlet?" the finest dramatic conception in the world. Empty benches echo the magnificent eloquence of *Macbeth*; *Richard* calls "to horse," in the presence of a pitfull of half-sleeping apprentices; and *Shylock* breathes fiery passion, to the admiration of an audience of orange women. Are we never to see a great tragedy again? Is comedy to be all French, and all farce? Is melo-drame to perplex us with doubt whether we are in a theatre or in the Old Bailey?

The performances at Drury Lane, have, however, not wanted the advantage of variety. A succession of comedies, favourites in their day, and with no demerit greater than this, that their day is past (nor a greater could they have), appear nightly. Dowton, Jones, Miss Tree, Miss Paton, Braham, and Liston, all excellent, appear perpetually. And if a man could rise from some sleep of a century, he would be delighted by the succession. But, unfortunately, we have not been indulged with that valuable receipt for novelty—a hundred times told play is as bad as a twice told jest, and both are intolerable.

The principal comedy has been "The Cure for a Heartach," in which Liston figured as the old tailor, and Jones as the young. Nothing could be better than the actors, as nothing could be worse than the parts. Singular a portion of the creation, as tailors may make, two such tailors never existed, and could never have existed, but in the monster-breeding brain of their author. Incongruity upon incongruity, affected phrase, extravagant sentimentality, and the dullest of all dull humour, make up this patch-work of character; and the actor, if he were Garrick and Shakspeare in one, must be broken down under the merciless weight of this thing of gaiety.

The "Illustrious Stranger," a burlesque founded on the French trifle, adapted by Planche, "You must be Buried," has been played a few nights on the strength of Liston's popularity. It contains some humourous situations. Liston's grotesque style makes the populace laugh, and the piece lingers on.

The "Hypocrite" has been played for the advantage of Liston's *Mawworm*. Nothing can be more perfect than his conception of this repulsive and ridiculous character. But the play is altogether unpopular, and its unpopularity does credit to the public taste. The ridicule that was meant for French fanaticism, a hundred years ago, might have been pleasantly transferrd to English fanaticism fifty years ago; but the occasion has died away; fanaticism stalks no more among us. The field preachers are a past generation, they are married, have roofs over their heads, fleece their congregations according to law, wash their faces, and wear breeches like the sinners of mankind. Whitfield terrifies the sacred bench no more, and Wesley, with his face of saintship, and his little ambitious heart, the infallible of free consciences, the pope of methodism, runs his annual round no more preaching and pence-collecting to the extremities of the empire. We might as well laboriously burlesque the Roundheads of 1648, or write down Jack of Leyden.

The moral of the "Hypocrite" is past, but the offence remains. The language of piety and purity is contaminated by the lips by which it is uttered. We see a gross attempt at seduction carried on before the audience, insults to maiden delicacy and matronly virtue urged to an offence, which almost makes the author as culpable as the vice which he stigmatizes; and a lesson of corruption administered under the mask of a defence of principle. The play has another grand defect, which fortunately prevents its evil on any large scale. It is dull, nothing can be more fatiguing than its gravity, except its humour, and nothing more calculated to repel the audience than its grossness, except its attempts at ingenious satire.

The other performances, "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Slave," "The Lord of the Manor," &c., have introduced no novelty, except Jones's *Young Marlow*, and *Young Contrast*, both excellent. The embarrassment of *Young Marlow*, which in other hands is generally a clumsy caricature, is rendered probable by the actor's dexterity. The idea is extravagant, and ill managed by Goldsmith; and the most timid man that ever had eyes, would not have used them as the hero is intended to do in this comedy. But this fault rests on a head that can bear it well. Jones's dandy 'squire is capital: utter effeminacy, feebleness of mind, and affectation of manner, were never better delineated.

Braham has appeared with his habitual popularity; and Miss Paton with a rather enfeebled voice, but her taste and talent

cannot be shaken by casual illness, and we may look to her speedily taking the lead again.

Poole brings out immediately his translation, which had been superseded by Kenny's. The title is nearly the same, "The Wealthy Widow;" probably with the same intentional allusion;—we will hope with the same success.

"Alfred," a musical melo-drame, is about to appear at Covent Garden.

The English Theatre in Paris, contrary to all expectation, is likely to succeed. Abbot's intelligence and good manners make him highly adapted for a manager. A succession of English tragedies and comedies are rapidly brought out: to the French they are all new; and popular caprice, the goddess of the Parisians, carries all the world to be enraptured.

On the whole, the only performance which has attracted even a brief popularity, has been "The Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life;" a frightful exhibition of the misery and ruin in which this atrocious vice plunges its victims. It has powerful parts, but is too painful for the stage.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—July 23.—M. Arago, in the name of a commission charged to consider the means of executing the regulations regarding steam-engines, communicated the experiments made on the subject. M. Girard detailed the circumstances of the explosion of a low pressure engine at Amiens. Several experiments, instituted by M. Dulanie, on brome, were stated by M. Arago. M. Cordier concluded his memoir on the internal temperature of the earth. M. Ampere presented many observations on this memoir, and objections against the hypothesis which forms its base. M. Dutrochet read some new observations on endormoris and exormoris, and on the cause of this double phenomenon.—30. M. Thenard read a report on part of the MSS. forwarded by the minister of the interior, and acquired by the death of M. Preineck, a Prussian, who died at Amiens: they were considered not worth the expense of printing. M. de Petit-Thouars made a verbal report on an agricultural dictionary offered to the Academy, and presented some claims to what his own researches had established.—August 6. M. Young was elected foreign member of the Academy, in the place of the late M. Volta. M. G. St. Hilaire exhibited a plaster mask, modelled on the face of a man for whom Dr. Delpech had made an artificial nose. This operation was performed in Italy, in the sixteenth century; then abandoned and renewed in England, after the manner of some savage nations; and lately recommenced in France, by Dr. Delpech, who had succeeded in affording regularity to the features. M. G. St. Hilaire presented the head of a young cameleopard, from which it was evident that, during its earlier years, the osseous germ of the horn is separated from the forehead by a distinct secture, like the antlers of a stag immediately before they are shed; and offered some remarks on the subject: among others, that, on the horns of the adult giraffe, some tuberosities may be seen, which evidently stand in the place of the antlers of the stag. M. de Candolle read a memoir on the family of the "Nodastomees." M. Stanisles Julien was elected sublibrarian. MM. Molard and Navier reported on M. Conti's machines, called a "Tachygraph and Tachytype." The first of these pieces of mechanism is designed to print with as much rapidity as words are delivered in ordinary speaking: the cost of its construction is estimated at 600 francs (about twenty-five pounds sterling); and it was recommended to be undertaken at the expense of the Academy.—30. M. de Freycinet made a report on the work of M. Adrien Balbi, entitled, "Introduction to an Rthnographic Atlas of the Globe, or Classification of the ancient and modern People, according to their Languages, applied to many Branches of Human Knowledge." M. Chevreul read a note on the discovery of the photenic acid in the orcanette (lithospernum tinetorium). M. G. St. Hilaire read a memoir on a horse, which had toes separated by membranes. M. Silvestre read a report on the second edition of a work by M. Francœur, entitled, "Instruction in Linear Drawing."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Captain Parry's Expedition.—On the 29th of September, Captain Parry, having left the Hecla at Longhope in the Orkneys, returned to town, accompanied by Mr. Beverly, the surgeon to the expedition, to announce the total failure of his last attempt to penetrate to the pole. The intention of this enterprising navigator was to have proceeded with the vessel to the verge of the ice, and then to have crossed this latter in sledges drawn by reindeer, so contrived as to serve for boats whenever an opening in the ice left the water clear. At Hammerfest, on the coast of Lapland, the supply of reindeer, snow-shoes, &c. was procured; but, upon arriving at Spitzbergen, where the vessel was to have been laid up, the harbour was found to be closed with ice; and, the Hecla having got entangled in it, it was not till May 27 that the boats could be employed, and the Hecla was left in latitude 81°. 62′. The ice, however, soon breaking up, to proceed at this time with the boats was found impracticable; and a delay ensued till the 19th of June, when they succeeded in penetrating 1°. 39′. more to the northward: but the ice was so rotten, and altogether so different from what they had been taught to expect, that the passage over it became indescribably laborious—the boats, on some occasions, being necessarily unloaded and reloaded twenty times in a day. No field of ice was found to extend unbroken more than three miles; and at length they found that, owing to a current setting to the southward, they were, after three days of most severe exertion, and describing a distance of eighteen miles, two miles farther to the southward than at starting. The reindeer being useless, the officers and men were harnessed to the tackle, and their food only about nineteen ounces of prepared biscuit-powder, with a pint of warm water per twenty-four hours. The physical strength, not the spirits, of the party becoming gradually exhausted by the hard life they led, and the obstacles to their progress multiplying before them, the accomplishment of the object in view seemed utterly impracticable. When the boats, on their return, got into an open sea, they were fifty-six hours pulling under a severe snow-storm, and the wind occasionally blowing hard; and, as the scurvy had began to appear, it was with the greatest difficulty they got on at all. At length, however, they rejoined the Hecla, which, during their absence, had been forced high and dry upon the coast by the irresistible pressure of the ice, which a heavy gale had detached: her cables had been cut, and the anchors lost. Much valuable time was occupied in getting her again into the water, which being effected, they proceeded to Whygatt Straits—but have returned to this country, we are happy to add, without the loss of a single life, and, at the time of their arrival, only one individual had not recovered from the effects of their unparalleled fatigue. The failure of the expedition is to be regretted rather as a disappointment to the hopes of the individuals engaged, than from any other cause: the question it involves is one of mere speculative curiosity. In a philosophical point of view, as well as in a mercantile one, no possible benefit can result from its solution; and, while we admire the courage and ability displayed on the occasion, we lament that they were not directed to some more useful object.

Locusts' Eggs.—The Pacha of Acre has offered a reward for whatever quantity of locusts' eggs, which are deposited in the earth, may be brought him, after the rate of sixteen piastres for each measure. A letter from Acre states that more than forty garavas, each containing seventy-two measures, had already been brought in—amounting in weight to about 40,000 pounds English, and the value of the reward will exceed 46,000 piastres.

Artificial Leeches.—A French surgeon has invented a mechanical instrument to serve as a substitute for leeches. The advantage consists in withdrawing only the precise quantity of blood that may be required, and in occasioning no inflammation, which frequently results from the use of the beneficial, but disgusting reptile, the natural leech. It is considered that, in every climate, and under all circumstances, this small machine will be equally efficacious.

Tenacity of Screws.—We inserted some time since, from the Philosophical Magazine, the result of Mr. Bevan's experiments on the adhesion of nails: the following are the results of his experiments on the force necessary to draw screws of iron, commonly called wood screws, out of given depths of wood. The screws were about 2 inches in length, 0·22 diameter at the exterior of the threads, 0·15 diameter at the bottom, the depth of the worm or thread being 0·035, and the number of threads in an inch, 12. They were passed through pieces of wood exactly half an inch in thickness, and drawn out by the weights specified in the following table:—Dry beech, 460 lbs.; ditto ditto, 790; dry round ash, 790; dry oak, 760; dry mahogany, 770; dry elm, 655; dry sycamore, 830. The weights were extracted

about two minutes before the screws were extracted. The force required to draw similar screws out of deal and the softer wood was about half the above. Hence, as a rule to estimate the full force (f) of adhesion in hard wood, f=200,000 *adt*, and in soft wood, f=100,000 *adt*; *a* being the diameter of the screw, *d* the depth of the worm or thread, and *t* the thickness of the wood into which it is forced, all in inches—f being the force in pounds to extract the same.

White Monkey.—A perfectly white monkey was caught in April at Ramree. The hair on its body was white, curly, and soft as silk. The animal was reckoned of a very rare description; so much so, as to excite great wonder and admiration among the natives, who represented that such a creature had never but once, to their knowledge, been seen in those parts; and then the king of Ava sent down a golden cage, with a host of people to escort the animal to the golden presence, and expended, beside, 20,000 rupees in sacrifices and public rejoicings; auguring, from the arrival of the extraordinary stranger, the most happy presages of good fortune. In the present instance, the creature was unfortunately of too young and tender an age when caught. A Burmese woman, who was nursing an infant of her own, requested permission to suckle it, and very fairly divided her maternal attention between the two. The animal lived in apparent good health and spirits for six days; but, whether it was that its nursing disagreed with it, or that it was naturally very delicate, it died on the seventh day.

To bronze Statues, Medals, &c.—Take of sal-ammoniac, two drachms; of salt of sorrel, half a drachm. Dissolve them in half a pint of white wine vinegar; clean the metal to be bronzed from verdigrise; then moisten a brush, by dipping it gently into the above solution; rub it continually on the same place, till the colour becomes dry, and assumes the depth of shade required. In order that the dyeing may be more rapid, this operation is to be performed in the sunshine, or by the heat of a stove. The oftener it is repeated on the same place, the deeper proportionably will be the colour of the bronze.

Measure of the Arc of a Mean Parallel between the Pole and the Equator.—Under the auspices of Napoleon, it was proposed in France, as a continuation of the trigonometrical operations which the mathematicians of that country had so ably executed, to cross several meridians by a parallel, of which the curvature and the extent should be determined with precision. MM. Broussaud and Nicollet, to whom the completion of the undertaking was entrusted, have recently given an account of their proceedings. The difficulties they had to surmount were considerable and unexpected. The first philosophers who engaged in measuring a terrestrial arc were far from suspecting the cause of the errors against which they had to provide. In the geodesiacal operations in Lapland, Maupertuis, Clairaut, and Carmes disregarded the refraction. By Bouquet and La Condamine, it was taken into account during their labours in Peru. MM. Broussaud and Nicollet have learned to distrust all extraordinary refractions. The measure of a mean parallel assigns to the earth a depression of $\frac{1}{313}$ to $\frac{1}{315}$ less than that which was deduced from measures of the arcs of the meridian: but, before they deduce any other results as to the figure of the earth, these gentlemen wait till the astronomers of Austria and Italy furnish the details of the continuation of the arc, as far as Fiume.

Tunnel under the Mersey.—The expediency, not to say necessity, of a communication between the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, has given rise to two of the most splendid projects that ever were formed even in this country: the one, a suspension-bridge over the Mersey, at Runcorn, several miles above Liverpool; the other, a tunnel underneath the same river at Liverpool itself. The first will require a centre arch with 1,000 feet waterways; and the latter must extend one mile and a quarter under the bed of the river, which, as it is supposed to flow over a rock, will present no dangerous obstacle to the success of the undertaking. Mr. Brunel, to whom the execution of this great work is to be entrusted, has calculated that the expense will not exceed 150 or 200,000 pounds sterling; while the receipts, estimated on a very limited scale, will average from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a year. This gigantic enterprise, which was proposed several years ago, it is now understood will be commenced as soon as the similar work under the Thames is so far advanced as to prove, even to the most incredulous, the probability of its success.

Geology.—Numerous fossil bones have recently been discovered in Ava. Want of means to make an accurate comparison with the fossil skeletons of the larger animals discovered in Europe and America, renders it difficult to discover their appropriate classification; but they are larger than the bones of ordinary-sized elephants, and their teeth present some marked differences. Their discovery is of great geological interest.

Preparation of Spruce.—Early in the spring, cut off the young branches of the pine or fir, three our four inches in length,

and break them into small pieces; boil them in water, and, after filtering the extract through a sieve, add to sixteen gallons of it about six pounds of sugar. It may then, by boiling, be reduced to a syrup, which will keep in bottles for a length of time. For beer, mix three pints of this extract with thirty of water; boil it for about two hours, and, when cold, put it into a cask (a fresh-emptied wine-cask is the best), and ferment it in the usual method.

Gurney's Steam-Carriage. — Although the steam-engine has been successfully employed for draught, where immense power but no great speed was required—as in the collieries in the north of England—great doubts have been entertained as to the practicability of adapting it to vehicles which shall move with sufficient velocity to supersede the ordinary stage-coach. Messrs. Brustall and Hall are stated to have produced an engine which answered this purpose; but, on the day of its intended exhibition to the public, the boiler exploded. Mr. Goldworthy Gurney has been much more fortunate: a machine, of his own design and construction, travelled from his manufactory in the Regent's-park to the town of Highgate, during part of the time at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and ascended the hill at about one-third of that pace. By endeavouring to render the vehicle as light as possible, its strength was injudiciously impaired, and, when descending the hill, on its return to town, the axletree broke. Little or no damage was sustained by the machinery, of which the arrangement and adaptation were equally admirable. It would be unhandsome to offer a sketch of the machine in its present state to our readers; but, as soon as the ingenious inventor has satisfied his own wishes regarding it, we shall not fail to offer an exact representation.

Roman Galley. — A beautiful galley, which it is believed was constructed by Tiberius, was sunk at a very remote period in the lake of Nemi, five leagues from Rome. According to local tradition, many valuable articles and a great number of curious antiquities were lost in this vessel, and two attempts were formerly made to raise either it or its cargo from the bottom. The first attempt was in the fifteenth century, by the order of Cardinal Bosper Colonna; and the result was the recovery of several brazen or leaden articles,—in one of which was well engraven the name of Tiberius Cæsar. In 1535, the celebrated architect, Marchi, made a second attempt, which, without being entirely useless, was nevertheless not more decisive than the first. The undertaking has now been recommenced by M. Annesio Tusconi, a Roman, who has brought to some degree of perfection the machine for the subaqueous operations. This last has already arrived at Nemi, and accounts of its success are daily expected.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Viscount Dillon, the able annotator of "The Tactics of Ælian," has in the press an epic poem in twelve books, entitled "Eccelino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua." The scene lies in Italy in the middle of the thirteenth century: and the poem contains the history of that portion of the Wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines.

Preparing for publication, with a Plan of the proposed Town of Hygeia, and Map of the Vicinity of Cincinnati: Sketch of a Journey through the Western States of North America, from New Orleans, by the Mississippi, Ohio, City of Cincinnati, and Falls of Niagara, to New York, in 1827. By W. Bullock, F.L.S. &c. &c. Author of "Travels in Mexico." With a Description of the new and flourishing City of Cincinnati, by Messrs. B. Drake and E. D. Mansfield. And a Selection from various authors on the present Condition and future Prospects of the Settlers, in the fertile and populous State of Ohio, containing Information useful to Persons desirous of settling in America.

Mr. Kendall, Author of "Letters on Ireland and the Roman Catholic Question,' and of "An Argument on Trial by Battle," is preparing for publication Judicial Oaths, in English Jurisprudence, their History and Law: written with reference to the question of administering an Oath upon the Gospels to Unbelievers, and likewise the questions of the legal utility and Christian lawfulness of judicial swearing in general. The work will also comprise a variety of legal, historical, and philological annotation.

The Author of "The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century," has just ready The Prophetic Messenger, with an ominous Hieroglyphic for 1828, on a large copper-plate, coloured; it is to contain all the entertaining and interesting parts, peculiar to The Prophetic Almanack, the publication of which is discontinued.

Snatches from Oblivion, containing Sketches, Poems, and Tales. By Piers Shafton.

Religion in India: a Voice directed to Christian Churches for Millions in the East.

A Treatise on the Cutaneous Diseases incidental to Childhood. By Walter C. Deny,

Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for Children, with 24 coloured delineations of the most important diseases.

Crowning the British Poetesses; a Poem.

A Compendium of the Laws of Nature and Nations. By J. P. Thomas.

The Romance of History: England. By Henry Neele, Esq. will consist of Tales founded on fact, and illustrative of the romantic annals of each reign, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration. In 3 vols. small 8vo.

Bibliographica Cantabrigiensia, or Remarks upon the most valuable and curious Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by original Letters and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian.

An Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey. Embellished with engravings, from original drawings, by W. Mulready and C. Cope. In post 8vo.

The Planter's Guide, or a Practical Essay on the best Method of giving immediate Effect to Wood, by the Removal of large Trees and Underwood. By Sir Henry Steuart, Bart., with plates.

The White Hoods: an Historical Romance. By the Author of "De Foix," "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy and Brittany," &c. In 3 vols.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of that admirable Artist, Wenceslaus Hollar, arranged according to their various Classes, with a Biographical Account of his Life, from the MSS. of the late Messrs. Robert Graves, Senior and Junior, with Additions, by Francis Graves.

The Antidote, or Memoirs of a Freethinker: including Letters and Conversations on Scepticism and the Evidences of Christianity. In 2 vols. 12mo.

The Rev. S. W. Burgess will shortly publish a volume of Poems, to be called Leisure Hours, to be published for the benefit of an Orphan.

Hope Leslie, or Early Times in the Massachusetts. By the Author of "Redwood," "A New England Tale," &c.

Introductory Report to the Code of Prison Discipline, explanatory of the Principles on which the Code is founded. Being part of the System of Penal Laws prepared for the State of Louisiana. By Edward Livingston.

In November will appear Time's Telescope for 1828, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack, containing Historical, Biographical, and Antiquarian Notices, together with the Natural History and Astronomy of every Month in the Year.

A Third Edition of Mr. Bakewell's Introduction to Geology, greatly enlarged, will be published early in January next.

Traditions of Lancashire. By W. Roby.

Sylvia, or the May Queen, a Lyrical Drama. By George Darley, Esq.

Allan Cunningham, the Author of Paul Jones, has in the press a Romance, bearing the name of Sir Michael Scott.

An Edition of Cowper's John Gilpin, with six illustrations by George Cruikshank.

Illustrations of India. By Messrs. Thomas and William Daniell, R.A. under the patronage of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain.

Twenty-six Illustrations to Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler. 8vo. prints, 21s. 4to. India proofs, 22s.

The Clarendon Papers will be published in a few days, by Mr. Colburn, in 2 vols. 4to. They comprise the Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and Laurence, Earl of Rochester; with the very curious Diary of Lord Clarendon, from 1687 to 1690, containing minute particulars of the Events attending the Revolution. They will be illustrated with Portraits, (copied from the originals, by permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon,) and other Engravings.

The noble Author of "Matilda," is about to publish another Tale of the Day, entitled "Yes and No."

The well known and admired Author of "Granby" who has been residing abroad for the last two years, has also nearly ready for publication a new Novel, to be called "Herbert Lacy."

"Angelo's Reminiscences" are in the press, and will very speedily appear, consisting of the Memoirs of the Elder Angelo, his Friends and Connexions, from his first arrival in England in 1750; and continued by his son, Henry Angelo, to the present time. The two Angelos had the honour of attending professionally, nine members of the Royal Family, and almost all the persons of rank in the kingdom, for nearly eighty years successively, and are thus enabled to add to the interest of their own reminiscences, by introducing numerous original anecdotes and curious traits in the personal history of many noble and illustrious characters.

An octavo edition of the curious and valuable Memoirs of Pepys, is nearly ready for publication.

"Vicissitudes in the Life of a Scottish Soldier," written by himself, will soon appear, and is to contain some curious particulars of the Peninsular War, not to be found in works of more pretension on the subject.

The celebrated Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "The Prairie," &c. has in the press a new work, called "The Red Rover." It is said to be another Tale of the Sea.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom is nearly ready. The new edition, which has been very considerably enlarged and improved, from communications of the first authority, is to be infinitely the most complete and important work of the class ever published. It will comprehend the latest alterations in the names of the

Baronets, and the titles and creations of the new peers; and, with the convenience of an alphabetical arrangement, will form both a Peerage and Baronetage.

Mr. Murray has published his list of new works in preparation for the present season; they exceed, including new editions, fifty in number. Many of the new works have been already announced.

The Memoirs of the Life of General Wolfe. By Robert Southey. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wicliffe, D.D. By Robert Vaughan. With a Portrait, from the Original Picture of Sir Antonio More. 2 vols. 8vo

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo.

Journal of a Fourth Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage. By Captain William Edward Parry, R.N. With Plates. 4to.

Narrative of a Second Expedition to explore the American Shores of the Polar Sea, from the Mouth of the Mackenzie River Easterly, to that of the Copper-Mine River, from thence, by Great Bear Lake, to Winter Quarters. By Doctor Richardson, accompanied by Lieutenant Kendall; and from the Mackenzie River, Westerly, towards Icy Cape, by Captain Franklin, accompanied by Commander Back. Illustrated with Charts and various Plates, descriptive of Local Scenery, and the more striking incidents of the Expedition. 4to.

Proceedings of the Expedition to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, in 1821 and 22; comprehending an Account of the Syrtis and Cyrenaica; of the ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis, and other various existing Remains. By Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N., and H. W. Beechey, Esq. With Plates, Maps, &c. &c. 4to.

Journal of Travels over various Parts of India. By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. With a Map, and several illustrative Plates from the Author's own Sketches. 4to.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico, in the Year 1826, with some Account of the Mines of that Country. By Captain George Lyon, R.N. 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, Native of Italy. Written by Himself. 2 vols. post 8vo.

The United States of North America, as they are now in their Political, Religious, and Social Relations. 8vo.

The Present State of the Island of Sardinia. By Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.S., F.R.S., F.S.A., and Memb. of the Astron. Soc. of London. With numerous Plates. 8vo.

Historical Sketches of the latter part of the Reign of Charles the First, including his Trial and Execution. With several important Documents, and numerous original Portraits. By W. D. Fellows, Esq. 4to.

Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, from the first Settlement of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain. By Francis Palgrave, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 4to.

The Present State of Hayti (St. Domingo), with Remarks on its Agriculture, Commerce, Laws, Religion, Finances, and Population. By James Franklin, Esq. Post 8vo.

The Annals of Jamaica. By the Rev. George Wilson Bridges, A M., Member of the Universities of Oxford and Utrecht, and Rector of the Parish of St. Ann, Jamaica. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Third Volume of the History of the Late War in Spain and Portugal. By Robert Southey. 4to.

Description of the Circus situated on the Via Appia, near Rome, with some Account of the Circensian Games. By the Rev. R. Burgess, Chaplain to the English Residents at Geneva, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lieut.-Gen. Lord Aylmer. Post 8vo.

The Wilmot Papers. Papers and Collections of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., some time Secretary to the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland. 3 vols. 8vo.

Sir Thomas More. A Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey. With Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo.

Statement by the Council of the University of London, explanatory of the Nature and Objects of the Institution. 8vo.

Considerations on Miracles, &c. By the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, inscribed by permission to the Lord Bishop of London. 8vo.

Elements of Rhetoric, comprising the Substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with Additions, &c. By Richard Whately, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Printed uniformly with the Elements of Logic. 8vo.

Elements of Algebraical Notation and Expansion. By the Rev. George Walker, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Head Master of the Grammar School, Leeds. 12mo.

The Journal of a Naturalist. With Plates. 8vo.

A Treatise of Practical Surveying, and Military Sketching, for the Use of Young Officers and others, both Military and Civil; in which will be found complete Instructions for every part of the process, from its commencement on the ground, to the finishing of a Plan, with various other useful particulars connected with the subject of Topographical Plan-Drawing. With Illustrative Plates. 8vo..

Mr. Blaquiere is about to publish a Third Volume on the Greek Revolution, containing a detail of Military and Political Events during the last three Years, together with

some additional Notice of Manners and Customs in Greece.

A new work from the fertile pen of Madame de Genlis is said to be forthcoming.

In the press, Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good; with numerous Selections from his unpublished Papers. By Dr. Olinthus Gregory.

An Essay on Popular Premises, examined in connexion with the Origin of Moral Evil, and the Attributes of God. By Richard Dillon, is in the press.

The History of Tom a Lincoln, the Red Rose Knight, by the Author of the Seven Champions of Christendom, will form the Seventh Part of Mr. Thoms' Series of Early Prose Romances.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

CLASSICAL.

Virgil's Æneid, Book I. with an Interlinear Translation, on Mr. Locke's plan; and the Original Text, in which the quantity of the doubtful vowels is denoted. 2s. 6d.

Parsing Lessons to Virgil, Book I. 2s. 6d.

Cæsar's Invasion of Britain from the Commentaries, with an Interlinear Translation, &c. 2s. 6d.

A Short Latin Grammar. 2s. 6d.

GREEK SERIES.

Homer's Iliad, Book I. with an Interlinear Translation; and the Original Text, in which the quantity of the doubtful vowels is denoted. 2s. 6d.

The Odes of Anacreon, with an Interlinear Translation, &c. 2s. 6d.

LAW.

Historical Essay on the Laws, &c. of Rome, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Hovenden's to Vesey, Jun.'s Reports. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. boards.

Statutes at Large. Vol. II. part 1. 4to. 1l. 2s. boards.

Connell on Election Laws of Scotland. 8vo. 18s. boards.

Mr. Peel's Acts Alphabetically Arranged. 12mo. 5s. boards.

Palmer's New Law Costs. 4to. 8s. bds.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

Introduction to the Science of the Pulse, as applied to the Practice of Medicine. By Julius Rucco, M.D. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 2l. 16s. boards.

Clinical Report of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. By J. H. Curtis, Esq. Surgeon to the Institution. 8vo. Price 1s.

Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, with additional Notes and Cases. By Frederick Tyrrel, Esq. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Carus's Anatomy of Animals. Translated by Gore. In 2 vols. 8vo. and a 4to volume of 20 plates. 3l. boards.

Practical Treatise on the Blow-Pipe. 18mo. 4s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on the new Method of Land-Surveying, with the improved Plan of keeping the Field Book. Designed for the Use of Schools, and for those who wish to be Practitioners of the Science. By Thomas Hornby, Land-Surveyor. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Remarks on the Prevalent Desertion and Want of Regularity amongst our Merchant Seamen. By Lieut. S. Eborall, R.N. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

The Establishment of the Turks in Europe. An Historical Discourse. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.

A Treatise on the Art of Music, in which the Elements of Harmony and Air are practically considered, and illustrated by Examples from the best Authors. By the Rev. W. Jones, M. A. F. R. S. Folio. 1l. 1s. boards.

Mulamen and Callacles, or the Reigning Principles of Astronomy Exploded, and all the Phenomena Solved on Principles entirely New, and in perfect Harmony with Nature, Reason, and Common Sense. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Hints to Young Sportsmen on the Art of Shooting Flying. 18mo. 1s. 6d. boards.

Bolster's Quarterly Magazine. No. 7. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Letters on Early Education, addressed to J. P. Greaves, Esq. by Pestalozzi. Translated from the German MS., with a Memoir of Pestalozzi.

Shaksperiana. Catalogue of all the Books, Pamphlets, &c. relating to Shakspeare. To which are subjoined, an Account of the Early Quarto Editions of the great Dramatist's Plays and Poems, the Prices at which many Copies have sold in Public Sales. 8vo. pp. 69.

A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions, and Reciprocal Regulations between Great Britain and Foreign Powers as far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, &c. &c. By L. Hertslet, Esq.

Memoirs of the Public Life and Administration of the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool. 8vo. 15s. boards.

A System of Popular Trigonometry both Plane and Spherical; with Popular Treatises on Logarithms and the Application of Algebra to Geometry. By George Darley, A.B. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d., forming vol. 3, of the Scientific Library.

Dr. Uwin's on Indigestion. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

The First Lines of Science or a Comprehensive and Progressive View of all the leading Branches of Modern Scientic Discovery and Invention. By James Mitchell. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Practical, Moral, and Political Economy, or the Government, Religion, and Institutions, most conducive to Individual Happiness and to National Power. By T. R. Edmunds, A.B. 8vo. boards.

Notes on Cambridge Churches. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Dermott on the Arteries. 12mo. 6s. bds.

Dermott on the Peritoneum and Pluræ. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Ackermann's Forget Me Not for 1828. Price 12s.

NOVELS, &c.

The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. A National Tale. By Lady Morgan. In 4 vols. post 8vo.

Belmour. A Novel. A New Edition. By the Hon. Mrs. Damer. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Whitehall, or George the Fourth. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

Fashionables and Unfashionables. A Novel. By Rosalia St. Clair. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. boards.

The Mummy, a Tale of the Twenty-second Century. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d.

POETRY.

Original, Serious, and Religious Poetry. By the Rev. Richard Cobbold, A.M. of Ipswich. 12mo.

Professional Poems. By a Professional Gentleman. 12mo.

Fitful Fancies. By W. Kennedy, Author of My Early Days. Foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon. New Edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

The Resurrection of Believers, and Christ the Author of it: a Sermon, preached at St. Cuthbert's Church on August 19, 1827, being the Sabbath immediately after the Funeral of Sir H. Monorief Wellwood, Bart. D.D. By A. Thomson, D.D. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Jesus Christ the True God and Eternal Life, by the concurrent Voice and Testimony of the Sacred Scriptures. By T. F. Churchill, M.D. 8vo. 6s., royal 8vo. 8s. boards.

The Omnipresence of the Deity. A Poem. Designed to illustrate the Presence of God over the Works of Creation, and in Human Life. By Robert Montgomery.

Phelan's Church of Rome in Ireland. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Jorgenson's—The Religion of Christ is the Religion of Nature. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Sermons on the Truth of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. William Malkin, A.B. 1 vol. 8vo.

Parochial Psalmody, being Select Portions of the New Version of the Psalms, for the Use of Churches and Chapels, with a Comprehensive Index, and a Few Select Hymns. By W. D. Snooke. 1 vol. 12mo.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

List of Patents lately granted.

To Joseph Hall, and Thomas Hall his son, Leeds, braziers and brass-founders for an improvement in the making and manufacturing of metallic cocks for drawing off liquids—Sealed 11th October; 2 months.

To Elias Carter, of Exeter, upholsterer, for a new covering for the roofs of houses and other buildings.—11th October; 6 months.

To Joshua Horton, of West Bromwich, Stafford, boiler-maker, for a new and improved method of forming and making of hollow cylinders, guns, ordnance retorts, and various other hollow and useful articles, in wrought-iron, in steel, or composed of both those metals—11th October; 6 months.

To Goldsworthy Gurney, of Argyle-street, Hanover-square, surgeon, for certain improvements in loco-motive engines, and other applications connected therewith—11th October; 6 months.

To James Stokes, of Cornhill, merchant, for certain improvements in making, boiling, burning, clarifying, or preparing raw or Muscovado bastard sugar and molassses—11th October; 6 months.

To John Wright, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, engineer, for certain improvements in window-sashes—11th October; 6 months.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE EARL OF GUILFORD.

Frederick North, Earl of Guilford, Baron Guilford, of the county of Surrey, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, High Steward of Banbury, Chancellor of the University of the Ionian Islands, Joint Chamberlain of the Exchequer Tally Court, D.C.L., and F.R.S., was the third son of the celebrated Lord North, many years prime minister of this kingdom. His lordship was born in the month of February 1766; and he succeeded his brother Francis, fourth Earl of Guilford, in January, 1817. Through his father's interest he obtained the patent place of one of the Chamberlains of the Tally Court. Some years since, he was appointed Governor of Ceylon, where he resided until he had acquired an easy fortune. While there he made the tour of the island, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Cordiner, who was thus enabled to give the public an excellent account of Ceylon.

His lordship succeeded to the title soon after his return to England. Subsequently to that event, he was sent to the Ionian Islands, on a mission from government. His lordship, who had been some time in a declining state of health, died on the 14th of October. He was a nobleman of great classical taste. Dying unmarried, he is succeeded in his title by the Rev. Francis North, son of the Hon. Brownlow North, late Bishop of Winchester.

LORD ARCHIBALD HAMILTON.

Lord Archibald Hamilton, second son of Archibald, the ninth and late Duke of Hamilton, by Harriet Stewart, daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Galloway, was born on the 16th of March, 1769. Having been educated at Eton, he was brought into Parliament for the county of Lanark, and he immediately entered warmly into political life on the Opposition side. His lordship was an active and intelligent member of the House of Commons. In 1804, he published Thoughts on the late and present Administrations, in which he warmly advocated the cause of Mr. Fox. When the charges, upon which an impeachment was subsequently founded, were brought forward against Lord Melville, he observed, "that not one Scotch member had spoken against the nefarious conduct of his countryman, and that he rose only for the purpose of declaring that it was disapproved by the Scotch nation." At the time of the inquiry into the conduct of the late Queen, he was one of her majesty's warmest partizans. He has more than once, we believe, received the thanks of the county of Lanark, for his independent conduct in Parliament.

His lordship had nearly recovered from an illness by which he had been some time afflicted, and was making arrangements for his departure for Scotland, when, unfortunately, a severe cold, caught from a too sudden exposure to the air, terminated his life. He died on the 4th of September, at his residence, in the Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

LORD ENNISMORE.

The Right Hon. Richard Viscount Ennismore, eldest son of William Hare, Earl of Listowell, by his Countess, Mary, only daughter of Henry Wrixton, of Ballygibbin, in the county of Cork, Esq.; was born on the 20th of March, 1773. His lordship sat as member of Parliament for the borough of Athenry, in 1798; and he afterwards served as one of the knights of the shire, for the county of Cork, in four successive Parliaments. His lordship was a warm friend of the existing constitution in church and state. He was accustomed to reside in his own country, where his presence was of the utmost advantage to the peasants and his tenantry. Lord Ennismore married on the 10th of June, 1797, the Hon. Catharine Bridget Dillon, eldest daughter of Robert Lord Clonbrock. By that lady, who died in 1823, he had four sons and two daughters.

On the morning of September 15, his lordship (then at his usual residence, Convamore) arose in excellent health and spirits; after breakfast he proceeded to walk about the demesne; but, in a short time, he felt indisposed, hastened towards the mansion, was seized with apoplexy, and became insensible. Every medical application to restore him failed, and on the morning of the 19th he expired.

His lordship's eldest son, the Hon. William Hare, now Viscount Ennismore, was returned M.P. at the late election for the county of Kerry.

M. MANUEL.

M. Manuel, one of the most formidable opponents of the French Ministry in the Chamber of Deputies, was born at Barcellonette, in the Department of the Lower Alps, in the year 1775. He was educated at the College of Nismes. In 1793, he entered as a volunteer in one of the battalions of the requisition, and rose to the rank of captain. After the peace of Campo Formio, he left the army, studied the law, and was admitted a barrister at Aix, in which capacity he soon acquired a high reputation. In 1815, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, convoked by Buonaparte, and, after that ruler's abdication, he strenuously contended for the rights of young Napoleon. He also moved a protest against the force which was employed by the Allied Powers to effect the restoration of the Bourbons—

a measure which, of course, offended the partizans of the ancient dynasty. M. Manuel, however, settled at Paris, and, in 1816, he made application to be inscribed upon the list of Parisian barristers, that he might be entitled to plead in the courts. In the hope of finding something against him, the Council of Discipline consulted the members of the bar, at Aix, respecting his character; but, although the answer was favourable, the Council refused to comply with his request. M. Manuel, therefore, practised only as a Chamber Council. In 1818, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies by three departments; but was expelled in 1823, on the triumph of the court party.

M. Manuel spoke extemporaneously with great facility; a talent possessed by few of the French orators; and, on that account, he was generally put forward in debate by his party, when any thing occurred requiring immediate notice or answer.

M. Manuel's death occurred on the 20th of August, in the house of his friend M. Lafitte, at Maisons. His funeral procession, on its way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, experienced, as in the case of M. de Rochefoucauld, a serious interruption from the police. The fear of popular commotion was the pretext assigned for this interference. More than 100,000 persons are said to have attended the funeral; and it was with considerable difficulty that M. Lafitte prevailed on the people not to resist the military. Orations were delivered over the grave by M. Lafitte, General Lafayette, and M. de Schonen, counsellor of the court of Paris; and a public subscription has been commenced to erect a monument to his memory.

C. G. KIESEWETTER.

Christoph Gottfried Kiesewetter, the celebrated violinist, born at Anspach, in the year 1777, was the son of Johann Frederick Kiesewetter, first violin at the Royal Chapel of Anspach, and one of the best performers of the school of Beuda.

C. G. Kiesewetter had, since the winter of 1821, spent much of his time in England, where he acquired much popularity by his concerto and solo playing. A competent judge of the science has observed, that "Kiesewetter was on the violin, what Munden was in Comedy; like him, he could either raise a smile by his comic skips and eccentric *roulement*, or move the heart by his touches of exquisite feeling." His first performance in London was at the Philharmonic Concert, where his success was complete. He was the first who introduced the compositions of the celebrated Mayseder into this country. In the season of 1824, he performed at the Spiritual and other concerts in London. Kiesewetter was engaged at the late Leicester Music Meeting, where he played once. He was also engaged at Norwich, but the committee would not suffer him to perform, in consequence of the indisposition under which he was labouring. Mr. Oury, leader of the ballets at the Opera House, was fortunately with him. From that gentleman he received every attention. Mr. Oury brought him to London, on the night of Sunday the 23d of September, and never left him till he breathed his last, at his apartments in Great Portland Street, on the morning of the following Friday. It is feared that Kiesewetter's circumstances were not the most flourishing. He has left an affectionately-attached widow, and eight or nine children, in Germany.

JOSIAH SPODE.

Josiah Spode, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in the year 1754, was the son of a respectable manufacturer of earthenware in that town. In the early part of his father's time, the manufactories for this now valuable article of commerce, were few and small. The old gentleman produced, in perfection, and with great success, the blue printed table and tea services, which had then been recently introduced; and the vitrified basaltes, or black Egyptian ware, received from his efforts a valuable improvement. His success in business was considerable, and he lived to see the manufacture of earthenware become a staple source of national industry and revenue.

Young Spode was, from his earliest years, remarked for intelligence and attention. When taken from school, his father employed him occasionally to superintend every branch of the manufacture, in which his services could be available. At the early age of nineteen, he married Miss Barker, a daughter of a brother manufacturer. This union, in which neither interest nor ambition had part, constituted the mutual happiness of the parties, until the year 1797, when the lady died in childbirth.

After his marriage, Mr. Spode's father and father-in-law, found it eligible that he should settle in the metropolis, where, by the sale chiefly, of the blue printed table and tea services, and also of every description of earthenware, he might greatly extend the connexions and interest of the establishment. In this he so abundantly succeeded, that, in one year, previously to the death of his father, which occurred suddenly in 1797, his net profits exceeded the sum of £13,000. His liberality kept pace with his success. Upon one occasion, he presented a diligent and confidential servant with a donation of £1,000.

On his father's death, he committed the management of the London warehouse to the conduct of his eldest son and of the confidential servant alluded to, and settled his family at Fenton Hall, in the neighbourhood of his manufactory, at Stoke. The establishment was now greatly extended; and, to the manufacture of earthenware, that of porcelain, hitherto obtained from Derby,

Coalfort, and Worcester, was added. Mr. Spode's celebrity as a manufacturer of porcelain, may be inferred from the circumstance, that, in 1806, his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, attended by the Duke of Clarence, the Marquess of Stafford, and several other noblemen, visited his potteries, and appointed him potter to His Royal Highness.

In 1803, Mr. Spode erected a splendid mansion at the Mount, whither he removed his family in 1804. There, at the Jubilee, in 1809, he gave a splendid *fête* to all the gentry of the district, and as handsomely regaled the persons in his employment. In 1811, he erected a very large steam-engine on his premises, and made many important improvements. In 1823, having greatly enhanced the value as well as the beauty of his porcelain, he produced, as a specimen, a large and superbly ornamented jar, of such elegance in form and embellishment, as to entitle it to the praise of a *chef d'œuvre*.

Mr. Spode's liberality to his servants was proverbial; and, at his death, those who were in the more confidential offices, were distinguished by substantial proofs of the estimation in which they had been held.

Mr. Spode died, universally lamented, in the month of July, 1827.

GEORGE DODD.

Mr. George Dodd, the projector of Waterloo Bridge, was the son of Mr. Ralph Dodd, a civil engineer of considerable merit, who died at Cheltenham, about five years since, in consequence of an injury which he had received from the hot water from a steam-engine, in the west of England, while it was under his inspection.* He was born about the year 1783, and, of the same profession as his father, the public have profited by many of his speculative schemes. A bridge across the Thames from the Strand, is said to have been first proposed by Mr. John Gwynn, in 1766. Mr. Dodd revived the idea; and it was from his design, with very slight alterations, that Waterloo Bridge, which Canova pronounced to be the most elegant and classical production of its kind in Europe, was built. Mr. Dodd is said to have received upwards of £5,000 for his services from the Waterloo Bridge Company. On account of his youth, however, he was superseded by Mr Rennie, as principal engineer; Mr. Dodd being retained as resident engineer; and each of those gentlemen receiving a salary of £1,000 per annum. Mr. Dodd—on what account we know not, but he was always improvident—soon resigned his situation.

It was to Mr. Dodd that the public were first indebted for the idea of steam passage-boats from London to Margate and Richmond; but from that scheme, which was carried on successfully to a considerable extent, he derived little solid advantage. In a short time he had the mortification to see his plans, his anticipated fame and profit appropriated by others, on most of the navigable rivers of Britain.

Amongst his more recent schemes, was an invention, said to have been greatly approved of by many men of nautical eminence, for extinguishing accidental fire on board of ships at sea. However, not experiencing the encouragement which he expected, the disappointment preyed upon his mind, and ultimately produced an aberration of intellect. He was consequently reduced to a state of extreme want and misery. On the 17th of September, this unfortunate man was taken before the Lord Mayor as a vagrant, having been found in a state of drunkenness on the preceding night, and carried to the Giltspur Street Compter. He requested permission to remain at the Compter, till arrangements could be made for his removal. The request was complied with; but, under the insane apprehension that poison would be administered to him, he refused all medicine; and, after lingering until the morning of September 25, he expired. On the following day, an inquest was held upon the body, and a verdict returned of "died by the visitation of God."

Mr. Dodd has left a son and a daughter to lament his loss. From some family influence, Mr. Dodd was accustomed to take an active part in the elections for Berwick. He was diminutive in stature, obliging in his manners, and of lively address.

LORD BANGOR.

Nicholas Ward, second Viscount Bangor, Baron of Castle Ward, in the county of Down, Ireland, was the descendant from a family of Norman origin, seated at Capesthorn, in the county of Chester. Bernard Ward settled in Ireland in the year 1580. Michael Ward, one of his descendants, M. P. for Downshire in 1715, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland, married a co-heiress of James Hamilton, of Bangor, in the county of Down. His eldest son, Bernard, was created Baron Bangor in 1770, and advanced to the dignity of Viscount in 1781. His eldest son, Nicholas, by Anne Bligh, daughter of John, first Earl of Darnley, and widow of John Hawkin Macgill, of Gilford, in the county of Down, Esq., and mother of Theodosia, Countess of Clanwilliam, was the second and late Viscount. His Lordship was born in 1750, and he succeeded to the title on the 20th of May, 1781. He died at Castle Ward, on the 11th of Septem-

* Mr. Ralph Dodd was the projector of Vauxhall Bridge, the South London Water Works, the Thames Tunnel at Gravesend, the Surrey Canal, &c. He wrote an Account of the principal Canals of the known World, 1795;—Reports, with Plans and Sections, of the proposed Dry Tunnel, 1798;—Letters on the Improvement of the Port of London, &c., 1799;—Observations on Water, intended to recommend the metropolis being better supplied with that article;—and Practical Observations on the Dry Rot in Timber.

ber. His Lordship is succeeded by Edward Southwell Ward, Esq., eldest surviving son of the late Honourable Edward Ward, next brother to the late Viscount.

THE REV. THOMAS THIRLWALL.

The Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, some years a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and well known as a Speaker at the India-House, was a son of the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, Vicar of Cottingham, near Hull. He took his degree of A. M. at Braze-nose College, Oxford, in 1786. After he had taken orders, he obtained the curacy of Trinity-church, in the Minories, subsequently the curacy and lectureship of Stepney; and, in 1814, he was presented to the Rectory of Bower's Gifford, in Essex, by John Curtis Esq. He was also a magistrate of the county of Essex.

Mr. Thirlwall appears to have been fond of popularity; he frequently distinguished himself as an author and as an editor; and in his magistrative as well as in his literary capacity, he repeatedly stood forward as the vehement opponent of scenic exhibitions at the Royalty Theatre. In 1792, he married Mrs. Connop, the widow of an apothecary, at Mile End. By that lady he had several children. His eldest son, Thomas Wiggele, is Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and his second, Connop, is Fellow of Trinity, in the same University. Of the early genius of this, his second son, he, in 1809, published some specimens under the title of "Primitiæ; or Essays and Poems on various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining; by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age: dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of Dromose." Mr. Thirlwall was, at one time, Minister of Tavistock-chapel, and Chaplain to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore. He was favoured with that prelate's assistance in preparing an edition of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's works; but, for some reason or other, the intention of publishing was abandoned.

In 1795, Mr. Thirlwall published The Alarming Situation of the Times, a Fast Sermon, preached at Stepney; in 1798, The Dawn of National Prosperity, a Sermon; in 1802, The Instability of Human Power, and the Insufficiency of Human Means; and, in 1803, The Child Jesus, a Pattern of Early Piety. In 1803, he also published a Diatessaron, seu integra Historia Domini Jesu Christi, Latine, ex Quatuor Evangelis. In 1804, he produced a Solemn Protest against the Revival of Scenic Exhibitions and Interludes, at the Royalty Theatre; in the same year, a Candid and Dispassionate Address to Sir Francis Burdett; in 1808, a Funeral Sermon, preached at Stratford, Bow, on the Death of the Rev. W. J. French, Rector of Vange, Essex, Chaplain to the Trinity House, and Lecturer of Bow; and, in 1810, he edited the Theological Works of Sir Matthew Hale, with a Life of the Author, in two volumes, 8vo. In 1817, Mr. Thirlwall published "A Vindication of the Magistrates acting in and for the Tower Division, from the Charges contained in a printed Work, entitled 'The Report of the Committee, on the State of the Police of the Metropolis, together with the Minutes of Evidence, taken before a Committee of the House of Commons.'" This Pamphlet was considered a breach of privilege by the Police Committee; and, having been complained of by the Chairman, its author was obliged to make his apology, before the House. Mr. Thirlwall contributed numerous articles to the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine. He died at his rectory of Bower's Gifford, on the 17th of March.

MRS. GENT.

This lady, celebrated for the delivery of a course of lectures on the "Physiology of the External Senses," &c., a perfect model of elegant composition and refined oratory, was the wife of Thomas Gent, Esq., of Doctors' Commons. She died there, after a month of severe suffering, about the middle of August. A fine bust of Mrs. Gent, by Behnes, was exhibited at Somerset-house two seasons ago.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE prevalent disease of the last month has been fever, shewing itself in an unusual number of forms. The intermitting and remitting type of fever has been seen in several parts of the town, and more especially in Westminster. That this has had for its more immediate or exciting cause, *malaria*, or air tainted by exhalations from the earth, there can be no question. But when we take into our consideration the simultaneous occurrence of fever in several of its other forms, a reasonable presumption exists, that, but for some peculiar state of atmosphere, favouring the diffusion of such miasmata, ague would not have been so general. The extreme moisture of the air during the last month is, no doubt, the principal of these accessory causes—to which the uniform mildness of its temperature (averaging about sixty degrees of Fahrenheit during the day) must also be added. In the treatment of this particular kind of fever, the sulphate of quinine has proved very serviceable, and its claims to the title of a most efficient febrifuge are certainly established beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil. The Reporter is informed that in several parts of the country, especially in and around Cambridge, the ague has been very general this autumn.

The second form of fever which has lately appeared in London, is the true inflammatory fever, or *synocha*. This disorder cannot reasonably be expected ever to become epidemic in this climate—the range of atmospheric temperature being too low for its development. It can only occur, therefore, in persons of sanguine temperament, rich blood, and general fulness of habit—such circumstances operating as accessory causes in seasons characterized by the general prevalence of fever. The Reporter has met with several cases during the last month, to which these observations apply. One of them, unhappily, proved fatal. It was ushered in by violent rigours, and excessive irritability of stomach, lasting for four or five hours. To this succeeded swelling of the parotid gland, and turgescence of the head and face, followed, soon after, by excruciating pain of the forehead and temples. Delirium shewed itself on the fifth day of the fever, and gradually increased in intensity: the pulse was frequent, strong, and incompressible. On the seventh day, very severe pains attacked the arms and knees, which were followed by œdematous swellings of those parts. The tongue, too, which throughout the early stages of the disorder had been usually clean, now swelled, and became dry and rough, like the rind of pomegranate. The most active treatment was had recourse to. Bleeding was practised five times; and the blood, on all occasions, was cupped and sizy. The other parts of the antiphlogistic treatment were also vigorously employed—purgatives, cold lotions to the head, &c.; notwithstanding which, the patient sunk on the ninth day.

The third, and by far the most common, of the several kinds of fever which have lately prevailed, and which still continue to prevail extensively, is the common continued fever of this climate, so frequently alluded to in former Reports. Some of these cases, though to appearance setting in with severity, admit of being cut short by active evacuants—such as emetic, followed by a brisk cathartic of calomel and jalap. Others run on, in spite of every effort, for two or three weeks—the crisis being so obscure as hardly to be discerned, even by the careful eye of the physician. Among the peculiarities of the fever of this season may be noticed a heat in the mouth, which has proved a very general, and, in many cases, a most distressing symptom. One patient complained to the Reporter of having flames of fire in his mouth, for which he urgently desired relief. This symptom was always associated with præternatural redness of the tongue, and occasionally with superficial aphthous ulcerations of the tongue and palate. There are not wanting those who would ascribe this form of fever, equally with that which exhibits intermission and remission, to the influence of a *malaria;* but the Reporter has in vain sought for facts to support such an hypothesis. The two forms of fever appear in different situations, are attended by a different class of symptoms, and, above all, are benefited by a different system of treatment. The tonic plan is almost, if not absolutely, essential to the cure of the one; whereas the other will subside perfectly under the continued use of remedies of an evacuant character. Simplicity in theory is no doubt very captivating; but, on that very account, it is apt to mislead. The sweeping generalizations of some modern authors, with regard to the noxious influences of *malaria*, furnish, we apprehend, the latest, but not the least striking instance of the truth of this reflection.

Measles and scarlet fever are both to be met with at the present time; and, we regret to add, that no diminution is yet perceptible in the quantity of small-pox, which continues to shew itself in all parts of the town, and to expend its virulence upon those who have not secured themselves by vaccination.

Coughs and colds have began to shew themselves within the last few days, and cases of more active thoracic disease are not wanting. Several instances of very acute pleurisy have lately been seen; and the lancet has been more in requisition than for many months past. Bowel complaints were very frequent towards the early part of the month, but are gradually on the decline.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John Street, Golden Square, Oct.* 23, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE harvest throughout Britain, from north tosouth, may now be said to be universally gathered and secured; and the general average of corn, pulse, and root crops may be pronounced most favourable. This may be safely understood to relate to both quantity and quality; for if, in cold, damp, and exposed situations, part of the crops have been affected by blight and mildew, and, during the harvest, have been drenched with rain, and kept abroad by fogs and heavy dews—the consequence of which has been a great quantity of discoloured and sprouted corn—on all our best and most pro-

ductive soils harvest has been most speedy and propitious, and the products great and estimable, both in quantity and quality. The wheat crop in Scotland is deemed a full average, with the strange exception of the CARSE OF GOWRIE; where they venture to predict—we hope from a splenetic rashness—that it will not thrash to more than half the quantity of last year's crop. To the credit of the Scots, the practice gains ground of dragging and cleaning their potatoe grounds, preparatory to wheat sowing.

During last month, the weather being so highly favourable, has doubtless urged the cultivators of our best and most forward soils to a premature seeding of their wheat, which was above ground almost immediately, and is even at present luxuriant. Unless checked by early frosts, the certain consequence will be a bulk of grass, which must, in some degree, exhaust the roots, with the dangerous accompaniment, in the spring, of voracious slugs and grubs. However, our farmers generally sow thick enough to spare a considerable portion of their plants; sometimes so very thick, that, after fattening their live stock of slugs and grubs, there still remains an unprofitable superfluity. Wheat-sowing may be said to be completed on the pulse stubbles and fallows, and little remains unseeded of the potatoe grounds—the whole performed under the happiest auspices. It is, however, with regret that we have to state the fallows too generally are so foul as to disgrace British agriculture. The late warm, moist, and favourable weather has purified the turnips from mildew, and excited a very luxuriant degree of vegetation, affording the prospect of a very considerable crop on real turnip soils.

The meadows and pastures luxuriate in a superabundant flush of autumnal grass, sporting that beautiful native green, peculiarly English, the admiration of foreigners. Never, indeed, was there a greater contrast in production and hue, than between the appearance of the pastures some months past and at present. Men were then driven to the necessity of sending their cattle many a mile in search of a bit of green food; whereas now, with many farmers, a field of grass is a tenement to be let. Winter tares, clovers, and the variety of green crops for the support of sheep and lambs in the spring, seem to rival the natural grasses in luxuriance. Large second crops of clover have been cut. There is, perhaps, at present, the most extensive breadth of the green crops ever before witnessed in England—one of the most important articles of provision within the farmer's view. Clover-seed will make a poor return this year. It is said —but of the fact we have no present means of judging—that the extent of land sown with wheat is considerably less than that of the last year.

Home-made manure having necessarily been extremely short in quantity, every article of that kind has been songht without, and purchased with the utmost spirit and avidity by the cultivators of the most improved districts: as some recompence, the present corn crops will afford a large bulk of straw. The great abundance of keep, present and prospective, must soon have considerable effect on the price of store cattle and sheep, though, at present, the rise is not of much amount. Wedders and lambs find a ready sale on improved terms; while ewes hang on hand. Cattle advance gradually; and good milch cows, which indeed seldom fail, meet great prices. Store pigs are quoted somewhat lower; but they must be dear, at least, until after the spring. Nothing need be said of fat stock of every description, since the public demand continues immediate and pressing. After all, the immense stock of animals, and of human food of every description, demonstrates any thing rather than poverty in the country, and inability for production. Good horses, according to the example of many years past, command extraordinary prices; and their comparative paucity does no extraordinary credit to the skill of our English breeders. The import from the Continent still continues.

In this great fruit year, apples and grapes make a conspicuous figure. But the breeders of apples seem to have subjected themselves to a reproof analogous to that applied to the breeders of horses. Immense quantities of apples are thrown upon the market, fit for no other purpose than to disgust the palate and gripe the bowels of mortal man. This is the consequence of our old and unimproveable stagers obstinately retaining the vile sorts bequeathed to them by their grandfathers, instead of replacing them with valuable stocks. But, in the view of improvement, we do not consent to abandon the old pippin, rennet, and nonpareil, which, notwithstanding the fashionable objections, might with care yet remain the glory of the British orchard. Landlords should look to this. Great outcries are made in some parts of the country against the *cowlady* (lady-bird, in Kent and the metropolis; golden bug, Essex), as issuing from holes in the beans, the substance of which are devoured; whilst, on the other hand, this lady is strongly defended, not only as harmless, but friendly to the farmer, by feeding on the *aphides*. Hops render a sufficient price, considering the improved quantity of the crop. Wool, if not dead, yet sleepeth.

The wheat market gradually declines, though fine samples command a fair price, and are in constant request. The best wheats seem to be held back, and the markets over-

stocked with rough and cold-handed samples. There seems little doubt of a further decline in price, though probably not very considerable, until the great question shall have been determined. Barley has experienced a considerable reduction in price; for which the abundant crop may have been a sufficient cause, without recourse to the new regulations, to which the maltsters have been subjected by the government—the defenders of which assert that the sole motive of these additional regulations is the proved impossibility of obtaining the whole of the duty, in the old mode of estimating it. The case of the agricultural labourers, *sufficiently deplorable throughout all times, whether of plenty or scarcity*, seems now perfectly hopeless. It is a revolting subject. There is such a bitter and indomitable spirit aroused, both in town and country, against that system of ancient tyranny and ignorance, and of modern insanity and folly—the GAME LAWS,—that they will, beyond all doubt or apprehension, in no great length of time, be accommodated with a drastic purge. The liberalism of the present government, Game Laws remaining in *statu quo ante*, would be mere quiz and pretence.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 5s. (Dairy) to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 9d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat (Old), 42s. to 66s.—Barley, 26s. to 35s.—Oats, 16s. to 26s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 110s.—Clover 90s. to 126s.—Straw, 30s. 6d. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 33s. to 43s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Oct. 22, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—There was an increasing disposition last week to purchase Raw Sugar; there was more business reported; the fall in the prices is from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. The Sugar is to-day 7,589 hogsheads and tierces less than last year. Dry brown, which was selling at 65s., is now 62s. per cwt. The delivery last week short of the corresponding week in 1826, is 419 hogsheads. At the conclusion of the market, the estimate sales of Muscavados were 700 hogsheads, prices unvaried. Refined Sugars gave way last week; Lumps being reported at 84s. to 85s. per cwt. Molasses, 26s. to 27s. per cwt.

Coffee.—The Coffee market gave way materially. Old Jamaica descriptions were 2s. per lb. Lower Ordinary St. Domingos, 37s. 6d.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market continues quiet, and rather a heavy appearance. Brandy is still held up with firmness: in Hollands, there is no alteration.

Cotton.—The Cotton market continues very dull, and no alteration in prices. New Orleans, 6d. to 6¾d. per lb.; Pernambuco, 8d. to 9¼d.

Indigo.—The Company's sale of E. I. Indigo, consisting of 6,784 chests, commenced on the 3d instant, and finished on the 12th. Blue, 11s. 9d. to 12s. per lb.; Blue and Violet, 11s. to 12s.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market very dull last week; prices 37s. to 37s. 6d. per cwt. Hemp and Flax lower.

Cochineal.—42s. to 43s. per lb.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 4.—Hamburgh, 36. 10.—Frankfort, 15. —Petersburg, 10.—Cadiz, 35⅛.—Barcelona, 35.—Cadiz, 35.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Vienna, 10. 6.—Gibraltar, 48.—Naples, 38½.—Malaga, 35.—Lisbon, 47½.—Oporto, 47½.—Bahia, 44.—Buenos Ayres, 44.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d¾.—Silver in bars, standard 5s. 9d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE BROTHERS, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 300*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 114*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 20*l.* 5*s.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 720*l.*—Regent's, 27*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 850*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 295*l.*—London DOCKS, 90*l.*—West-India, 207*l.* 10*s.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124*l.*—Grand Junction, 65*l.*—West Middlesex, 68½*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1¼ *dis.*—Globe 151*l.*—Guardian, 21½*l.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97½*l.*—GAS-LIGHT, Westmin. Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 11 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 22d of September and the 22d of October* 1827 ; *extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Collins, W. Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-manufacturer
Kirton, J. Durham, hatter
Moneyment, M. Swaffham, Norfolk, cabinet-maker
Willmott, T. Manchester, wine-merchant

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 69.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Ackroyd, J. Sheffield, draper. [Potter, Manchester ; Milne and Co., Temple
Abbott, E. Leamington-priors, Warwickshire, cabinet-maker. [Burfoots, King's-bench-walk, Temple ; Poole, Leamington-priors
Burdy, G. West Derby, Lancashire, glass-manufacturer. Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house; Leather, Clarendon-buildings, Liverpool
Breeze, R. junior, Great Yarmouth, ironmonger. [Tolver and Preston, Great Yarmouth ; and Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court
Bird, N. North Shields, earthenware manufacturer. [Tinley, North Shields; Robinson and Co., Austin-friars
Boutle, E. Back-road, St. George's-in-the-East, builder. [Wright, Goodman's-fields
Burgis, G. Eton, currier. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn ; Riches and Co., Uxbridge
Barber, S. and T. P. Hillary, Dowgate-hill, wine-merchants. [Ogle, Great Winchester-street
Booth, W. Worksop, Notts, maltster. [Holme and Co., New-inn ; Wake, Worksop
Collins, W. Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-manufacturer. [Phipps, Weaver's-hall, Basinghall-street
Clargo, J. Bucklebury, Berkshire, yeoman. [Holmes and Elsam, Great James-street, Bedford-row ; and Neale, Reading
Croad, J. M. Cheltenham, scrivener. [King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street ; Prince, Cheltenham
Collins, S. W. Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-manufacturer. [Phipps, Weaver's-hall, Basinghall-street
Cox, C. Newcastle-under-Lyne, common-brewer. [Clowes and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple ; Tomlinson, Staffordshire Potteries
Clarke, G. B. Gerrard-street, Soho, wine-merchant. [Spurr, Copthall-buildings
Dorvell, G. Marlborough-terrace, Walworth, auctioneer. [Donne, Austin-friars
Duval, P. junior, Minories, carpenter. [Evitt and Co., Haydon-square
Elliott, R. T. Ipswich, King's Lynn, and Norwich, linen-draper. [Hardwick, Lawrence lane
Egan, P. Strand, bookseller. [Jay and Co., Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn
Edwards, J. Water-lane, Blackfriars, victualler. [Bredger, Finsbury-circus
Field, W. Nutkin's-corner, Bermondsey, plumber. [Rattenbury, St. John's, Southwark
Frinder, J. Oxford, pastry-cook. [Looker, Oxford ; Miller, Ely-place, Holborn
Fenwick, G. Grosvenor-mews, Hanover-square, veterinary-surgeon. [Goren and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square
Greenfield, W. Kirkstead, Lincolnshire, miller. [Walker and Co., Spilsby; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Glover, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, grocer. [Astbury, Stoke-upon-Trent ; Roe, Temple
Gaillard, P. Billiter-street, merchant. [Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate
Gee, J. Nottingham, pawn-broker. [Enfield and Co., Nottingham ; Holme and Co., New-inn
Gilbert, G. late of Burgh, Lincolnshire, maltster. [Scott, Prince's-street, Bedford-row ; Bourne, Alford
Hart, G. West Ham, Essex, corn-merchant. [Rixon, Jewry-street, Aldgate
Hobson, C. Leeds, victualler. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane ; Lee, Leeds
Humpleby, J. T. Abchurch-lane, dry-salting broker. [Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry
Haas, A. Manchester, merchant. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square ; Lewtas, Manchester
Harrison, W. B. Manchester, cotton-dealer. [Keightley, junior, Hare-court, Temple ; Keightley, Liverpool
Knight, T. Cole-harbour-lane, Surrey, smith. [Holmer, Bridge-street, Southwark
Keogh, G. D. Cornhill, commission-agent. [Howorth, Warwick-street, Golden-square
Knott, R. and R. Turner, Salford, Lancashire, Moscow and Spanish leather-factors. [Hurd and Co., Temple ; Booth, Manchester
Lubbock, W. L. Leamington-priors, Warwickshire, bookseller. [Humphrys and Co., King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street ; Heydon and Co, Warwick
Lawford, J. F. Newington, Surrey, ironmonger. [Beetham and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Lyne, W. and T. Sudell, Liverpool, merchants. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane ; Orred and Co., Liverpool
Morgan, T. Clifton, Gloucestershire, painter and glazier. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square ; Ball and Co., Bristol
Morris, W. Lower Thames-street, potter. [Jacobs, Crosby-square, City
Mayne, H. G. Copthall-buildings, merchant. [Croft and Co., Bedford-row
Ord, J. Regent-street, silk-mercer. [Scargill, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Pritchard, T. Footscray, Kent, surgeon. [Thompson, Walbrook
Phillips, J. York-place, Old Gravel-lane, potatoe-salesman. [Ivimy, Harper-street, Red-lion-square
Pluckett, J. Thornhaugh-street, grocer. [Brough, Shoreditch
Price, L. Park-street, Regent's-park, scrivener. [Pullen and Co., Fore-street, Cripplegate
Powles, T. and J. Beech-street, Barbican, hosiers. Richardson, Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside
Potts, T. Rotherhithe-wall, baker. [Chester, Newington-butts, Surrey
Robinson, M. Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire, dyer. [Makinson and Co., Middle Temple; Foden, Leeds
Ricket, H. Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square
Rushmore, M. King's-terrace, Commercial-road. [Birkitt and Co., Cloak-lane
Rogers, S. Bristol, vinegar-merchant. [Baxter, Thornbury ; Holme and Co., New-inn
Rodway, M. H. late of Swell's-hill, Gloucestershire, butcher. [Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row ; Mullings, Cirencester
Sommerville, R. H. Liverpool, hosier. [Morecroft, Liverpool ; Chester, Staple-inn
Sparks, W. Chalk-farm, St. Pancras, tavern-keeper. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, cannon-street
Spencer, W. Manchester, grocer. [Hampson, Manchester ; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Stone, S. Derby, ironmonger. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row ; Law and Co., Manchester
Stevens, G. Islington-green, victualler. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Stephenson, T. New Malton, Yorkshire, grocer. [Smithson and Co., New-inn
Turner, J. Manchester, corn-broker. [Blackstock and Co., Temple ; Bardswell and Co. Liverpool
Thomas, W. Upper King-street, Holborn, carpenter. [Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury
Toone, J. Loughborough, draper. [Hatfield and Co., Manchester ; Hurd and Co., Temple
Taylor, J. Manchester, timber-merchant. [Redhead, Manchester ; Milne and Co. Temple
Verbeke, H. C. Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, lime-merchant. [Price, Adam-street, Adelphi
Wheeldon, B. Manchester, cabinet-maker. [Makinson and Co., Middle Temple ; Makinson, Manchester
Wilson, R. Friar-street, Blackfriar's-road, hardware-manufacturer. [Paterson and Co., Old Broad-street
Wright, J. Princes-street, Leicester-square, smith. [Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street
Whitelegg, J. Manchester, dyer. [Milne and Co., Temple, Knowles, Bolton-le-Moors.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. H. Watson, to the Living of Kettering, Northampton.—Rev. J. W. Morris, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llanychaiarn, Cardigan, —Rev. W. Rock, to the Rectory of Herbranston. Cardigan.—Rev. R. T. Tyler, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Lord High Admiral.—Rev. J. R. Holcombe, to the Rectory of Nash-cum-Upton, Pembroke.—Rev. E. James, to a Prebendal Stall, Llandaff.—Rev. C. Arnold, to the Rectory of Tinwell, Lincoln.—Rev. A. Dallas, to the Vicarage of Yardley, Herts.—Rev. W. Maughan, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Hild's, South Shields.—Rev. Dr. Hugh Percy, to the Bishopric of Carlisle.—Rev. J. Mais, to the Rectory of Tintern Parva, Monmouth.—Rev. W. F. Hook, to be Lecturer of St. Mary's, Birmingham.—Rev. G. Hough, to the Incumbency of St. Peter's, Earlsheaton, York.—Rev. T. Allanson, to the Vicarage of Wistow, York.—Rev. C. King, to the Rectory of Witchampton, Dorset.—Rev. A. A. Colville, to the Vicarage of Midsummer Norton, Somerset.—Rev. M. Barnes, to be Minister of the New Church, Cheltenham.—Rev. J. L. Senhouse, to the Rectory of Gosforth, Cumberland.—Rev. J. Dornford, to the Perpetual Curacy of Moreton Pinkney, Northampton.—Rev. T. Lee, to the Lectureship of Huntingdon.—Rev E. J. Shepherd, to the Rectory of Trostcliffe, Kent. —Rev. T. Hilton, to the Rectory of Gaywood, Norfolk.—Rev. J. M. Edwards, to the Vicarage of Towyn, Merioneth.—Rev. E. Evans, to the United Vicarage of Llangrannog and Llandyssilo-gogo, Cardigan.—Rev. D. T. Thomas, to the Vicarage of Clydan, Pembroke.—Rev. C. Ingle, to the Livings of Osbaldwick and Strensall, York.—Rev. W. T. Elton, to the Rectory of Whitestaunton, in the Diocese of Bath and Wells.—Rev. W. Spooner, to the Archdeaconry of Coventry.—Rev. C. V. H. Sumner, to the Rectory of Farnborough, Kent.—Rev. H. J. Oxenham, to the Curacy of Whitechurch, Hants.—Rev. C. Scott, to the Perpetual Curacy of Stoke St. Gregory, Bath and Wells.—Rev. H. Speke, to the Bectories of West and East Dowlish, Somerset.—Rev. H. F. Williams, to the Vicarages of Ardmire and Ballymacart, Lismore. —Rev. R. Ryland, to the Vicarage of Kilmolash, Lismore.—Hon. and Rev. G. Bourke, to the Rectory of Ardmire, and Precentorship of the Cathedral of Lismore.—Rev. E. A. Brydges, to the Rectory of Denton, Kent.—Rev. G. P. Cosserat, to the Rectory of St. Martin, Exeter.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lord Dudley and Ward, to be Viscount Ednam and Earl of Dudley.

Lord Cawdor, to be Viscount Emlyn and Earl Cawdor.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

September 25.—Third Emigration Report published of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, by which it appears, from letters transmitted by Sir P. Maitland, Lieut.-Gov. of Canada, that the experiment made in 1825, has been attended with considerable success, and that in the space of one year, many of the new settlers had been lifted from beggary to comparative affluence.

26.—Intelligence, by the Blanche, announced the total rupture of negociations of peace between Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

— A resolution for granting £20,000 to the family of the late Marquis of Hastings, for his services in India; and one for giving Sir A. Campbell a pension of £1,000 per annum, passed at a Quarterly Court at the India House.

27.—Accounts from Stockholm announced the news of a most destructive fire at Abo, which lasted twenty-four hours; the cathedral was totally destroyed, as well as the university (the observatory excepted); the academy, with its valuable collections and library of 40,000 volumes, the cabinet of medals, the town-hall, and above 900 houses—100 persons perished in the flames.

28.—Messrs. Spottiswoode and Stables, the new sheriffs, were sworn in at Guildhall.

29.—Alderman Lucas elected Lord Mayor of the City of London.

October 6.—The new suspension bridge over the Thames, at Hammersmith, was opened without any formal ceremony.

— Captains Parry and Franklin arrived at the Admiralty, within an hour of each other, from their unsuccessful expeditions, by sea and land, to reach the North Pole.

7.—Her Majesty the Queen of Wurtemberg embarked on board the Royal Sovereign Yacht, at Deptford, for Antwerp.

10.—H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral reviewed the Woolwich Royal Marines, Artillery, &c. &c. when the Duchess of Clarence presented the marines with their new colours.

11. Despatches received from the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor General of Canada, by which it is announced that the grand canal between Kingston and the Ottowa has commenced, employing a large portion of the emigrants newly arrived there.

12.—The Hon. Albert Gallatin, ambassador from the United States to this country, embarked at Liverpool with his family for New York.

15.—A meeting of maltsters, brewers, and others concerned in the malt trade, was held at the Corn Exchange Coffee House, for the purpose of memorializing the Treasury to suspend certain clauses of the act passed last session relative to the excise on malt, when a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Lords of the Treasury for that purpose.

16.—The deputation from the above gentlemen waited upon Lord Goderich, who admitted that a fair statement had been made of the difficulties arising from the act, and that he would take it into his immediate consideration, and give as early an answer as possible.

19.—Parliament further prorogued to December 20.

20.—The Lords of the Treasury have suspended the obnoxious parts of the New Malt Bill, for consideration.

MARRIAGES.

R. Eden, esq., son of the late Sir F. M. Eden, bart., to Emma, third daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Park.—At St. James's, Rev. H. B. Wrey, son of the late Sir B. Wrey, bart., to Miss E. M. Toke.—At St. Pancras, T. K. King, esq., to Miss Lovett.—At Mary-le-bonne, D. Pennant, esq., to Lady Emma Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan; C. Morgan, esq., son of Sir C. Morgan, bart., to Rosamond, daughter of General Munday.—At Kennington, J. Savory, esq., to Miss Oakey.—G. J. Heathcote, esq., eldest son of Sir G. Heathcote, bart., to the Hon. C. D. Burrell, eldest daughter of Lord Gwydyr.—At St. Martin's, Captain W. Mudge, son of General Mudge, to Miss Rea.—At Hackney, the Rev. W. Burgess, to Miss Joanna Traish.—Rev. R. F. Fuller, son of the Hon. M. Fuller, of Ashdown-house, Sussex, to Ursula Maria, daughter of Sir R. Sheffield, bart.

DEATHS.

At Banstead, 76, H. Howorth, esq., M.P. for Evesham during five successive parliaments.—In Wimpole-street, Elizabeth, Baroness Fyffe.—In Hertford-street, 83, Catherine, Countess Dowager of Liverpool.—At Notting-hill, 75, Major General D. Burrell, of which 53 were spent in India in active service.—At Kentish-town, 74, T. Hughes, esq.—In South-street, 64, Lady Isabella Turnour, fourth daughter of Edward, Earl Winterton.—The Baroness Biel, daughter of J. Thomson, esq., M. P. for Dover.—In the Giltspur-street Compter, Mr. G. Dodd, the celebrated engineer.—At Chelsea College, 107! John Salter; he had been 90 years in the army, was present at the battle of Culloden, 1745, and at most of the battles in America. The Duke of York visited him, and made him a present, just previous to his mortal illness.—In Queen-square, S. Collinridge, secondary of the city.—Viscount Kennismore, M.P. for the county of Cork.—In Berkeley-square, Lord F. Montague, brother to the Duke of Manchester.—In Westminster, Mr. Capon, the artist, well known for his talent in scene painting.—At Wilderness-park, Lady Caroline Stewart, wife of A. R. Stewart, esq., M.P. for Londonderry, and youngest daughter of Earl Camden.—In Portland-place, 62, Frederick Earl of Guildford.—At Sablonière's-hotel, the Hon. Judge Gierlerap, of the Danish Island of St. Thomas.—At Guildford, 80, Mrs. Smallpiece.—In Curzon-street, Lady Muncaster, widow of Lowther, Lord Muncaster.—The Right Hon. William Townshend Mullins, Baron Ventry.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's, Paris, Rev. W. A. Shirley, to Miss Waddington, of St. Remy, Normandy.—At Martishkin, near St. Petersburgh, Mr. C. Maynard, to Miss Maria Amosoff.—At Malta, the Hon. Capt. M. Stopford, son of Lord Courtown, to Miss Cordelia Winifreda Whitmore.—At Government House, Cape Town, D. M. Perceval, fourth son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter to Major Gen. R. Bourke, Lieut.-Governor at the Cape of Good Hope.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Lately, at Potsdam, 66, M. de Bulow, privy councillor to the King of Saxony.—At Lawzanne, Miss Gully.—At Lucerne, W. F. Hustler, esq.—At Petersburgh, Paul Brookes, esq., an indefatigable traveller, in the pursuit of natural history. For the last thirty years (two or three excepted when he resided in the New Road, Mary-le-bonne) he had been engaged in zoological researches in France, Holland, Germany, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Lithuania, Lapland, as well as in Africa, and North and South America.—At Paris, Miss H. M. T. Bowes.—At Bagniers de Luthen, Pyrenees, W. A. Cunynghame, esq., son of Sir W. Cunynghame, bart.—At Montreal, Mrs. Ogden, wife to the solicitor-general of Canada.—At Naples, Sir John Nesbitt, bart.; Lieut.-General John Skinner.—At the Cape of Good Hope, Oliver, the spy.—Mr. Hill, formerly of Newcastle, in a naval action between Lord Cochrane and the Turkish squadron.—At Geneva, Maria, wife of Lieut.-Col. Vernon Graham.—Captain Grove (13th Light Dragoons), and his lady, in India.—At Corfu, Ensign J. T. Probyn, son of the late Governor Probyn, and grandson of General Rooke.—On his passage to the Cape of Good Hope, Lieut.-Col. A. Grant.—At Rome, Miss Margaret Crutwell, daughter of Mr. Crutwell, of Bath.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The enthusiasm with which His Grace the Duke of Wellington was received in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, as well as in Yorkshire, could not be exceeded. Every where his progress had the appearance of a triumph: and public rejoicings hailed his presence. The Duke arrived at Wynyard on the 24th, and, on the 27th of September, his Grace laid the foundation stone of an arch, to be erected in Wynyard Park, called "The Wellington Arch," on which is the following inscription:—"The first stone of this arch was laid by England's greatest Captain, Field Marshal, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G., to commemorate his visit to his friend, Charles, Marquis of Londonderry, who served as his Adjutant-general during his campaigns in the Peninsula. Anno Domini, 1827." On the 28th, his Grace received the freedom, and partook of a splendid entertainment from the Corporation of Newcastle, and reviewed the yeomanry there. His Grace visited the coal-mines of the Marquis of Londonderry on the 29th of September; Alnwick Castle on Monday, October 1; Durham on the 3d, and Sunderland

on the 4th. It is quite impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which he was every where received.

A young gentleman residing at Newcastle, took it into his head, a few days ago, to try his locomotive powers, and with that view started very early in the morning to pay a visit to his friends in Westmoreland, who reside within four miles of Appleby. He reached his journey's end, a distance of about 70 miles, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to dinner. We suppose, had he gone on, he would have supped at Lancaster.

The Directors of the proposed Rail-road from Newcastle to Carlisle have resolved to proceed with that undertaking, as four-fifths of the estimated sum was subscribed, according to the standing orders of Parliament. New surveys will be made, and it is expected that all will be ready for an application to the legislature in the next session.

A meeting has been held at South Shields and Westoe Town-hall, for the purpose of applying to Parliament, for leave to bring in a bill for lighting, paving, &c. the said townships, when a committee was appointed, and subscriptions entered into.

At a meeting of the Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, &c., Bible Society, October 4, it was unanimously agreed to withhold their support from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. A. Thomson said, "The London Society gave £750 to the Lausanne Society to publish a French Bible. It was agreed that Ostervald's Bible should be followed without *any* alteration. When it was finished, it was found that there were upwards of *fifty thousand* alterations!!!"

Married.] At Durham, Mr. W. Edgar, to Miss Ann Thwaites.—At Newcastle, Mr. G. Halbert to Miss Innes; J. Anderson, esq., to Miss Purvis.—At Heighington, Col. O'Callogan to Miss Simpson.—At St. Andrew Auckland, Mr. Dixon to Miss S. Simpion.—At Witton-le-Wear, the Rev. H. Wardell to Miss Newby.

Died.] At Darlington, 76, Mrs. Adamson.—At Newcastle, Mr. Ledsham; George, the son of P. H. Ellison, esq.—At Skermingham, the infant daughter of W. Robson, esq.—At Durham, 86, Henry Wheatley, one of the oldest freemen of Durham.—At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Hodgson.—At Newcastle, Mr. E. Bulman.—At St. Andrew Auckland, 89, Abigail Ross.—At Croft, Mrs. Hustler.—At Stockton, Mrs. Metcalf.—At Durham, Mrs. Martha Millner, sister to the Countess of Strathmore.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The length of a marmelade gourd, in Mr. G. Hardine's garden, Carlisle, is 37 inches, and its breadth 36; the plant is in a very healthy state, and the fruit nearly at its full growth.

At the Bazaar at Carlisle (recently held at the Scot-hall for three days), for the sale of ladies' work, produced no less a sum than £720 15s., including £126. 1s. as subscriptions, for the purposes of charity.

Married.] Mr. Metcalf to Miss E. Dryden.—Mr. Rodick to Miss C. Cornwell.—At Penrith, Mr. Gadgett to Miss E. Furness.

Died.] A. Harrison, esq., of Penrith.—At Halton, 80, Mr. Carlyle.—At Harrington, Captain H. Wren.—At Cumwhitton, 68, Mr. A. Dryden, a descendant of the celebrated poet.—At Kendal, 90, Mrs. Harrison, esq.—At Kirkby Stephen, Rev. J. Crombe.—At Carlisle, 71, Mrs. Stordy.—At Papcastle, J. H. E. D. Mansfield, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

The newly-appointed vicar of Halifax has demanded of his parishioners the following dues—"Easter offerings; surplice and other fees; mortuaries; milk, the whole of every 10th day; agistment; foals; calves; pigs; poultry and eggs; pigeons (if sold); potatoes and turnips per acre; gardens; herbs; small seeds; rape; flax; hemp; fruits of trees; bees, honey and wax; corn mills; and all other small tithes." Three meetings have been held in the parish church, &c. when it was remarked, that if the demand was granted, it would amount to between £30 and £40,000 per annum! It was determined to resist these *religious* claims that have been lying dormant for so many hundred years, in the persuasion that tithes were originally only intended for the maintenance of the poor, the building of churches, &c., not for the personal emolument of priests! The demand now made amounts to twenty-six times and a half more than the late vicar ever demanded.

Sir George Cayley has sent in his resignation of president of the Whig Club, York, saying, "that it is time such *idle* distinctions were abolished."

An elegant and commodious new market has been opened at Leeds.

£80. 4s. has been paid to the Bradford Dispensary, being the produce of an evening's concert held for its benefit.

The foundation stone has been recently laid at Doncaster, for a new church, towards the building of which Mr. Jarrat, a parishioner, has contributed no less than £13,000.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington arrived in York on the 24th of September. He was met by a grand procession, and escorted to the Festival Concert Room, where the freedom of the city, in a gold box, value 50 guineas, and an address from the inhabitants, were presented. He then visited the Minster; and proceeded from thence on his journey to the north. On the 3d of October, he returned through Yorkshire on his way to London. At Ripon, he received addresses from the Mayor and Corporation, and inhabitants. At Doncaster, from the Mayor and Corporation,

The Yorkshire Horticultural Society held its last meeting for this year on the 26th of September at York. The shew of fruit was particularly fine, also that of vegetables. This Society has done much since its establishment in 1820, to improve the horticulture of this county.

A mushroom was gathered in Sir W. Bagshawe's Park, the Oaks, near Sheffield, measuring 12¼ inches in diameter, and 3 feet ¾ of an inch in circumference.

Within a month, Mr. Richard Norton, of Eiglemoyre-lane, near Cottingham, caught 215 snakes, of various sizes, alive, in a hot-bed about six feet square.

Married.] At Rooss, the Hon. and Rev. H. Duncombe, second son of Lord Feversham, to Miss L. E. Sykes, niece to Sir Tatton Sykes, bart.—At Huddersfield, Mr. J. Lister to Miss Langley.—At Hull, C. Wilkinson, esq., to Miss Gleadon.—At Sheffield, J. Wade, esq., to Miss Allen.—At York, T. Gregory, esq., to Miss Hodgson; J. T. Poole, esq., to Miss Rawdon; the Rev. J. Newzam to Miss Remington.—At Bridlington, H. Pearson, esq., to Miss Coverley.—At Kirby Misperton, I. Haudon, esq., to Miss Harrison.—At Leeds, W. N. Phillips, esq., to Miss Martha Rhodes.—At Sutton, N. Wal-

ton, esq., to Miss Gesney.—At Ackworth, Mr. Maw to Miss Gee.—At Halifax, W. E. Hurst, esq., to Miss Alexander.

Died.] At Leeds, 100, Mrs. Eve Randall.—At Beverley, 80, Lieut.-Col. Machell: he had lost an arm at the battle of Bunker's Hill.—At Beningbrough-hall, 88, Mrs. Earle.—At Redcar, Mrs. Peterson.—At Hedon, W. Day, esq.—At Doncaster, Mrs. Foljambe.—At York, Mrs. Hotham; J. Hedley, esq.—At Blansley-park, near Pickering, 50, Mr. R. Allanson, formerly of the Hermitage, Near Malton; at which place his parents were among the earliest supporters of methodism.—At Dalby-hall, 86, Mrs. Ann Leybourne.—At Elliotthouse, near Ripon, Miss Wilkinson.—At Richmond, Mrs. Taylor, a descendant of Addison.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

At the Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Salop Infirmary, a sermon was preached, and the collection made at the church doors amounted to £230. 18s. 2½d.

At the Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society at Shrophire County Hall, it appeared that the different sums sent from this branch to the parent society had amounted, in the course of the last year, with what was collected on that day, to the sum of nearly £1,000.

October 15, the new charter for the Borough of Stafford, was read at the Hall, in the Crown Court, when 300 of the burgesses adjourned to the Assembly Room, chose their chairman, and unanimously agreed "that the charter be rejected;" and while this was passing, His Majesty's Commissioners were administering the oath to the mayor.

Married.] At Wolverhampton, Rowland Hill, esq., to Miss Pearson.—At Tixall, Sir Clifford Constable, bart., to Miss Mary Ann Chichester; H. Arundell, esq., to Miss Isabella Constable.—At Rolleston, J. H. Leigh, esq., to Frances, daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, bart.

Died.] At Litchfield, 72, Rev. C. Buckeridge, archdeacon of Coventry.—J. Jenkins, esq., late of Shrewsbury.—At Eaton Mascott, Mrs. Williams.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The foundation stone of a new bridge, at Chester, was laid October 1, by Earl Grosvenor, with great pomp and ceremony. It is to be of stone, 200 feet span, and nearly 60 feet high.

The triangular bridge at Crowland, although it has been erected 967 years, yet still exhibits no appearance of decay, and is said to be the most perfect ancient structure in the kingdom; it was erected A.D. 860!

The Lords of the Treasury have allowed rums to be bonded at Chester in future; thus placing it on an equality with the ports of London, Liverpool, and Bristol.

Married.] At Chester, T. Dicken, esq., to Jane, youngest daughter of the Hon. E. Massey.

Died.] At Belton-house, Hon. Mary Cust, sister of Lady Brownlow.—At Chester, C. Chilton, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

A father and his two sons, one aged 22 and the other 18, were executed together at Lancaster, for highway robberies of a most atrocious nature, which they had carried to such a pitch, as to have become absolutely the terror of the neighbourhood in which they had lived.

The late Musical Festival at Liverpool has produced near £5,000 for the public charities. Fifteen hundred persons attended the grand fancy ball, in every variety of costume, indeed no other provincial town in Europe ever exhibited such a scene. It is calculated that as much as £50,000 has been circulated, direct and indirect, on account of this celebrated meeting.

At the annual cattle shew, held at the Cloth Hall Yard of the Manchester Agricultural Society, no less than 1,700 persons paid for their admission into the yard, besides those admitted gratuitously; and the dinner was attended by upwards of 200 gentlemen, who received an accession to the Society of 48 new members.

Married.] At Preston, S. Horrocks, jun., esq., to Miss Eliza Miller.

Died.] At Clitheroe, 85, Mrs. I. Haldren.—At Castle-park, 68, S. Bower, esq.—At Manchester, Mr. Cresswell.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

A society has been formed at Nottingham entitled "The Nottingham and Nottinghamshire Schoolmasters' Association," for the relief of aged members, their widows and orphans. The committee solicit the patronage and benefactions of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Every county in the kingdom ought to have a similar establishment.

W. Soars, esq., Mayor of Nottingham, has given notice that he will attend at the police office every day, Sunday excepted, to transact public business—an example worthy imitation in all the great towns in the kingdom, as leading to the *prevention* as well as punishment of crime.

The Report made October 3, of the state of the Derby Savings' Bank, informs us that their cash in the hands of Government amounts to £94,113. 14s. 7d.

Married.] At Newton Solney, the Rev. H. R. Crewe, second son of the late Sir H. Crewe, bart., to Miss Jenney.

Died.] S. Finney, esq., of Harley.—At Kielham, 101, Mrs. Alice Bates.—At Derby, 74, Mr. Longdon.—At Alveston, Mrs. Churchyard.—At Shirley, 77, Mr. Pegg.—76, Mr. J. Harrison, of Bradley Old Park.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Michaelmas Fair at Leicester proved very dull; the universal complaint being the little business done compared with former years.

A deputation has been appointed by the maltsters of Leicester, to wait upon the Lords of the Treasury with a memorial against the New Malt Bill.

Died.] At Leicester, Mr. P. L. G. Price, eldest son of Mr. Price, printer of the *Leicester Journal*. 80, Mrs. E. Hopewell, formerly of Loughborough: she died of a cancer in the heart—At Long Claxton, 77, W. Doubleday, esq.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Bazaar for the sale of Ladies' work for the benefit of the Infant School, recently opened at Birmingham for two days, produced as much as £302 (after deducting expenses), for the Infant Schools—the committee of whom have returned thanks to the ladies.

At a numerous public meeting recently held at Stratford-upon-Avon, the mayor presiding, it was resolved that a library should be established for persons engaged in trade and mechanics, and that the subscriptions should be as low as possible to attain the object.

The Northampton Savings' Bank has received from its first establishment in August, 1816, to the 3d October 1827, no less a sum than £284,238. 16s. 3½d. out of which £134,571. 12s. 7½d. have been repaid to depositors.

The bankers of Birmingham have presented a memorial to the First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury, complaining, that where the bankers pay 2s. 6d. for a stamp on their notes, the Bank only pays 2½d., in consequence of their composition—they therefore pray that all may pay like.

A repository for the sale of fancy works was opened at Coventry lately, for defraying the expenses of the enlargement of Bedworth Church, when £125. 13s. was produced on the occasion.

The Exhibition at the Birmingham Society of Arts has closed for the season. The general excellence of this first exhibition has been universally acknowledged, and a number of the paintings have been sold.

At the Fourth Anniversary of the Brigstock Friendly Society, October 5, a processional ceremony and public dinner took place, when the admirable system of annuity for the aged was adopted. The promotion of such societies is much better calculated to remove the evils of the Poor Laws, and restore the characteristic pride of the nation, than any plan hitherto devised; this is truly teaching the people to feel for themselves.

Married.] At Coughton-court, T. Riddel, esq., of Mary, niece of Sir C. Throckmorton, bart.—At Hatten, S. Percival, esq., to Miss Jane Goodchild.—At Northampton, Mr. Yates to Miss Haydon.—T. Tryon, esq., of Bulwick-park, to Anne, daughter of the late Sir John Trollope, bart.—At Leamington, T. Davies, esq., of Llangattock, to Maria Selina, sister to Sir H. Willoughby, bart.—At Newnham Paddox, Rev. H. Harding, to the Lady Emily Fielding.

Died.] At Offchurch, 50, Mrs. Wise.—At Sutton Colfield, Mrs. Cottrell.—At Warwick, Miss E. Tibbitts.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

A meeting took place, October 2, in the Shirehall, Hereford, for insuring the permanent establishment of the mail through Cheltenham and Tewkesbury to that city, and extending the communication to Brecon. Earl Somers presided, and appropriate resolutions were adopted, and a subscription entered into for the purpose of near £2,000.

The fifteenth shew of the Ross Agricultural Society took place October 10, when there was an unusual display of Pomona's treasures; the number of plates of fruit being nearly 600; 380 bottles sparkled with double dahliahs of great beauty. The total number of specimens of fruits amounted to 988!

Married.] T. Jones, esq., to Miss M. Norbury, Droitwitch.—At Ross, Rev. S. Sincox to Miss Louisa A. Chase.

Died.] At Worcester, R. Hurd, esq., nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.—At Twyning, W. Colwell, esq.—74, Mrs. E. Smith, of the Fair Oaks Farm, Castle-morton.—At Beoley, 70, Rev. T. Cormouls.—At Shipstown-on-Stour, 76, Rev. J. Jones; he held that vicarage 38 years, and some years since married the Dowager Countess of Ashbrook.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A subscription has been commenced for erecting a free church for the parish of Mangotsfield, to contain sittings for 1000 people, including 700 open ones.

It appears by the Abstract of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Gloucestershire Treasurer, that from Easter Sessions 1826, to those of 1827, the county expenses amounted to the sum of £33,932. 14s. 8d. It is to be remarked that out of that sum £13,586. 19s. 2d., was appropriated to the building and repairing county bridges, and £4,500 for enlarging the gaol.

A serious riot has taken place at Gloucester, occasioned by the discontent of the workmen at being obliged to pay toll to pass Westgate Bridge in their progress to and from work, in the erection of a new bridge at Over. They destroyed the toll-gates and the toll-house; and it was with the utmost difficulty the collector and his wife escaped. The mob afterwards paraded the city with exultation and triumph till a late hour. The military were called in, and several of the ringleaders have been committed to gaol. It has since been determined by the trustees to discontinue the tolls on foot passengers after October 31, 1827, and all other tolls after December 31, 1828.

Married.] T. P. Dunn, of Southfields, to Margaret, grand-daughter of Sir S. Wathen.—At Gloucester, F. Granger, esq., to Miss Cooke.

Died.] At Cheltenham, 67, Sir Nelson Rycroft, bart; 64, P. Justice, esq.—At Chepstow, Mr. Clay.—At Hillsbridge Parade, W. Bosville, esq.—At Miserdeen-park, Catherine, daughter of Sir E. B. Sandys, bart.—At Dowdeswell, Miss Haly, daughter of Lady Haly.—At Clifton, 86, Mrs. Robertson.—At Bristol, 17, Augustus, youngest son of the bishop of the diocese.—At Gloucester Spa, Rev. G. Trevelyan, third son of Sir J. Trevelyan, bart.—At Bristol, Mr. W. Pritchard; he had faithfully served, as a journeyman, Mr. Heath, of Monmouth, for 33 years!

BEDFORD AND BERKS.

James Clare, of Woburn, has been committed to gaol for the *sixteenth* time under the *Feudal Game* Laws. He said, on his last dismissal from prison, "that he would rather go to gaol, where sufficient food would be found him, than return to his parish, where he must either pine away or return to his former ways!"

Died.] At Hartwell-house, the Rev. Sir G. Lee, bart.—At Windsor, 82, Lieut.-Col. S. H. Showers.—72, Miss Buckridge.

ESSEX.

At the Tenth Anniversary of the Romford Savings' Bank, the treasurer reported the number of depositors to be 2,239. The sum total invested at the Bank of England is £40,018. 7s. 4d. During the last quarter 39 accounts opened; and £1,487. 11s. and 11½d. received from the new depositors.

Died.] At Harlow, 83, A. Parkin, esq, formerly solicitor to the post office.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The expenses for this county from Michaelmas 1826, to the same period 1827, have been £6,738. 5s. 10d., out of which sum £3,337. 2s. 10d. was paid for the gaol, criminals, and their incidental disbursements, besides £1,903. 13s. for prosecutions at the assizes. The expenses of the city of Oxford gaol were £680. 14s. 4d.

Married.] At Oxford, H. W. Towsey, esq., to Miss A. Finch.—At Headington, Mr. Hancock to Miss Bryan.

Died.] Catherine, third daughter of J. Fane, esq., of Wormsley, M. P. for this county.—At Cuddesden, Mrs. Newlyn.—At Woodstock, Mr. Haynes.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The total receipts at the late Music Festival at Norwich amounted to £6,400., the clear profits of which, for the hospital, will amount to about £1,800. The Corporation of Guardians, at Norwich, have resolved not to attend in future to any application which may be made to them for children to be bound apprentices to chimney sweepers.

The Ladies' Bazaar established for the benefit of the hospital at Bury, has been very successful. The sale of the different articles, with the prices paid to the admission for two days, has been unusually productive, and has cleared no less a sum than £1,000!!!

Married.] At Terrington, J. C. Morphew, esq., to Miss Goode.—At Norwich, Mr. Tipple to Miss Moll.—At Weeting, Rev. E. T. Bidwell to Miss Fowell.—At Lynn, Miss Sharpe to Mr. Reddings, aged 150 between them.

Died.] Miss Mary Duffield, late of Massingham.—At Yarmouth, 70, Mr. Cobb.—At Comb's Rectory, Rev. C. Lawson.—At Ipswich, 80, Mr. Parkhurst.—94, Mrs. Turner, of St. Peter's-per-Mountergate.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The improvements at Cambridge are still in progress—the most conspicuous of those already done are the new buildings at King's College and Bennet College. The additional square to the western side of St. John's, which alone will cost upwards of £30,000. It were to be wished that the proposed improvements in the celebrated drawing in the Fitzwilliam Museum could be accomplished, as it would form the grandest *coup-d'œil* in the kingdom—what an assemblage of beauty, King's College, University Library, Senate House, Caius, Trinity, and St. John's, all in one unbroken view!

The foundation of an Infant School was laid at Royston October 5. This institution owes its rise to the patronage and encouragement which was given to the Royston Bazaar in July last. The site and ground for exercise has been given by Lord Dacre. A brick each was successively laid by a number of the children and ladies present.

Died.] At Doddington, 90, G. Thornhill, esq.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

Married.] At Southampton, J. Lyon, esq., to Frances Harriett, eldest daughter of Maj.-General Thewles.—At Milbrook, S. S. Taylor, esq., to Miss H. M. Minchin.

Died.] At Chichester, 82, Rev. M. Walker, rector of St. Pancras and Rumbold's Wyke.—At Walberton, Miss Salvin, sister to the Countess of Shaftesbury.—Rev. W. B. Gattell, rector of Winnall.

DORSET AND WILTS.

The first journey of the royal mail through Sherborne, was celebrated by a public dinner at that place, Sept. 24.

Sept. 28, the new church at Sturminster was opened; it is built in the plain gothic style, combining neatness with solemnity; and the whole of the expenses have been defrayed by the Rev. S. Fox Lane, who has also erected and endowed a commodious school-house for both sexes, as well as an infant school-room, &c.

At Weyhill fair, at the dawn of day, no less than 150,000 sheep were presented to the view, and by noon this astonishing flock was dispersed in all directions.

Married.] At Devizes, H. Earle, esq., to Miss S. A. Hughes.—At Cricklade, Mr. Taylor to Miss Smith.—At Compton Bassett, T. A. Smith, esq., to Miss Matilda Webber.

Died.] At Burton, 80, Mrs. Jackson, relict of Dr. Jackson, canon residentiary of St. Paul's.—At Piddletown, 82, Mrs. Candy.—72, Rev. H. Pugh, rector of Hinton Martel.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

By the last report of the Wiveliscombe Dispensary, it appears that since its commencement 15,721 patients had been admitted, of whom 10,633 had been cured.

The new bridge connecting the parishes of Walcot and Bathwick, was opened September 28 with great ceremony. Admiral Robinson christened the bridge by the name of "Bathwick Bridge." The first coach that passed over was the Oxford mail—horses, postillion, coachmen, guards, all decorated with blue ribbons; upwards of 20,000 people attended.

The line of road from Bridgwater to Pawlett has just been opened by the passage over it of the new Bristol mail coach.

A new friendly society has just been established for the Hundreds of Hartcliffe, Bedminster, and Portbury. At the meeting for that purpose at Failand Inn, upwards of £300 were subscribed.

September 28, the new market was opened at Exeter; and, Oct. 6, another at Moreton Hampstead, the bells ringing merrily, and the town-band parading the streets; this is a precursor to the benefit of this hitherto neglected district.

At the quarter sessions for Devonshire, the chairman, in his address to the jury, lamented the continued prevalence of depravity and guilt which the calendar exhibited. The number of prisoners were greater than were ever known at Exeter.

Married.] At Plymouth, Capt. P. F. Hall to Miss A. O. Wolfe.—At Exeter, C. Sugars, esq., to Miss Medland.—J. M. Paget, esq., of Newberry-house, to Miss Doveton.

Died.] At Shepton Mallet, G. Lambert; he was baptized in Doulting Church one hundred years ago last June, and retained his faculties to the last.—At Devonport, 83, Mrs. Wyatt; 81, Mrs. Giggie; 70, Mrs. Harris.—At East Teignmouth, 70, S. Pierce, esq.—At South-hill, Colonel T. C. Strode, esq.—At Bath, 75, Mr. Tozer.—At Cotham, Mr. 92, Mr. Woodward.—At Corsham, 91, J. Thompson.—At Bath, S. M. Waring, esq., by a fall from a gig; he was the author of "The Traveller's Fireside," and "Sacred Melodies."—At Frome, Rev. J. M. Byron.—At Uplime, J. Alfray, esq., the oldest lieutenant in H.M.'s navy.—89, Mr. W. Bendey, of Holloway; at the last Bridgewater Assizes he gave evidence of events that occurred 84 years ago!—At Exeter, 74, Rev. R. Bartholomew, late master of the grammar-school.—The venerable G. Trevelyan, archdeacon of Taunton, and canon residentiary of Wells.—At Bath, 74, Mrs. Meyler.

CORNWALL.

The French brig Argus, Latine, lately put into St. Ives in great distress, and, after being repaired, set sail, when the tradesman, who had supplied the materials, &c., got into boats and boarded the vessel under way, and, after a scuffle, brought her into port, and detained her until ample security for payment was given to the different claimants.

The Dutch galiot Trende Sadskende, Bache, went down, after having applied in vain to an East Indiaman that was passing. Luckily a boat from Breyher was near and saved the crew, and took them to St. Mary's, Scilly.

Married.] At Talland, Mr. Perrot to Miss Soady.

Died.] At Woodhouse, 72, J. Handford, esq.—At St. Hilary, 102, G. Harris, sexton of that parish.—At Holyhead, Mr. Pascoe, commander of the Arrow Packet.—At Penzance, 80, W. Baker, esq.—At Bodmin, 82, Mr. Chapple, for more than half a century governor of the county prison; A. Hambley, esq.—At Truro, Miss Frances Daubuz.

WALES.

The Rev. E. Davies, author of the "Celtic Researches," &c., has presented 100 volumes, principally on Celtic literature, to the library of St. David's College, Lampeter.

Nearly £80. were received by the productions given by the ladies at Llandovery Bazaar, which is to be appropriated to the benefit of the school there.

At Pontypool there has never been a regular post-office, although there are 30,000 inhabitants within three miles of the town; but, on September 29, a postmaster was appointed, and in future, a regular mail-coach will leave Abergavenny at 7 A.M., and pass through Pontypool to Newport in time for the Milford Mail.

Thanks have been voted, at Carmarthen, to Mr. Nash, for his plans of Sir Thomas Picton's monument, the new church, and other buildings, gratuitously furnished by that gentleman to the town.

A service of plate has been presented to G. Meaves, esq., of Dolly's-hall, by the hundred of Llanidloes, for his useful and impartial services as an upright magistrate. A public dinner—bells ringing all day—an illumination at night—and Mr. M. chaired home by the populace, were the result.

By the recent Report of the Bridgend Savings' Bank, signed by the Right Hon. Sir J. Nicholl, treasurer, it appears that the sums invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt (including interest) amounted, Sept. 20, to £20,761. 5s., to which are to be added £419. 9s. in the hands of the treasurer, and £62. 12s. 7½d. in those of the actuary, making altogether £21,243. 6s. 7½d.

Married.] D. Davies, esq., of Froodvale to Miss Morgan.—T. Davies, esq. of Llangattock, to Maria Selina, second daughter of Sir C. Willoughby, bart.—At Llangadock, C. Bishop, esq., to Miss Gwinfe.—At Llansaintfread, Rev. D. Parry to Miss Herbert.—At Crickhowell, Mr. Howe to Miss Price.

Died.] 78, C. Kenrick, esq., of Cefn-y-Gaderhouse.—At Claesmont, Charlotte, 5th daughter of Sir J. Morris, bart.—At Llandilo, 106, Mrs. A. Roderick.—Mrs. Llewellyn, of Llangathen.—Mrs. E. Davies, of Llwynygarreg.—At Llanfair, 64, Rev. E. Lewis.—At Denbigh, 84, Mrs. Holland.—At Soughton, Mrs. Conway.—At Swansea, Rev. D. Phillips.

SCOTLAND.

There were no two trades that suffered more severely during the late commercial distress than tanning and weaving. The weaving is very brisk at present, every hand is employed, and goods are on the advance; but the wages are still so low, that very few are able to liquidate any portion of the debt they contracted during the dulness. Since the middle of April, the tanning has been in a state of slow but progressive improvement, and at present most of the old and established concerns are so thronged that they find it difficult to get their orders completed in due time. The unique toast, "Cheap meal and dear leather," is a favourite with this body, and hence the intelligence of the breaking off of the treaty between Buenos Ayres and Brazil was heard with pleasure, as it had the effect of raising coarse hides a penny a pound, and increasing the previous vivacity of the business. The society in Edinburgh has not been called on by a single "tramp" for upwards of a month—a circumstance which indicates that the country tan-works have their share of the prosperity of the business.

On the 18th of September a shoal of whales appearing in the offing, near Fitful Head, in Shetland, the fishermen immediately collected with their boats, and succeeded in driving 27 of these valuable animals on shore in Quendal Bay. One of them, measured by the light-keepers of Sumburgh Head, was found to be 74 feet in length, and 17 feet between the forks or tips of the tail.

Died.] At Traquair-house, Peebleshire, 82, the Earl of Traquair.

IRELAND.

It becomes our melancholy duty to announce another murder in addition to the many horrible ones that have already been perpetrated in this unfortunate county (Tipperary), and which is unhappily connected with the horrible murder of the late Mr. Chadwick. It was rumoured that immediately after his conviction, and while leading from the dock, the guilty Grace said, "that before May-day, every person that had a hand in his conviction would be shot." If he made this declaration, his prediction is being fulfilled. As three brothers of Phillip Mara, who had the honesty and manliness to prosecute one of the murderers of the late Mr. Chadwick, and an apprentice, were returning about seven o'clock in the evening, from their work (being masons employed in building the ominous police station at Rathcannon), they were way-laid by twelve armed ruffians, not at all disguised, who fired on them from behind a ditch, between the place where Mr. Chadwick was murdered, and the cross-roads at Bournacroosna. The shots did not take effect. Two of the brothers immediately ran off in the direction of Holy Cross, and the apprentice made off, and pursued his way to the intended barrack. Unfortunately, Daniel Mara, the third brother, took refuge in the house of one Kennedy, which was close by. The murderous ruffians having seen him enter, immediately proceeded to the house, smashed the windows, and broke open the door. As soon as they entered they seized their unfortunate victim, in the midst of Kennedy's family, and shot him dead—thus effecting their horrid and murderous purpose in the face of a whole family, and in the midst of a village! The murder of this unfortunate, but honest man, was effected almost in the centre of three police stations, *viz.* at Rathcannon, Brasford, and Holy Cross. The audacity of the murderers was only to be equalled by their sanguinary dispositions.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of September to the 25th of October 1827.

Sep.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	—	—	86⅛ ⅞	—	—	100¾ 1	—	—	93p	58 61p	86⅝ ⅞
27	—	—	86⅛ ⅞	—	—	100¾ ⅞	—	—	92p	56 59p	86⅝ ⅝
28	—	—	86⅛ ⅞	—	—	100¾ 1	—	—	—	55 58p	86¾ ⅝
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oct.											
1	—	—	86⅜ ⅞	—	—	100¾ ⅞	—	—	86 88p	53 55p	86⅞
2	—	—	86⅜ 87	—	—	100¾ 1	—	—	87 90p	53 57p	86⅞ 87⅛
3	—	—	86⅞ 87	—	—	100¾ 1	—	—	92p	57 59p	87
4	—	—	86⅞ ⅞	—	—	100¾ 1	—	—	93 94p	59 61p	86⅞ 87⅛
5	—	—	86⅜ ⅝	—	—	100¾ ⅞	—	—	—	61p	86⅝ ¾
6	—	—	86⅜ ⅝	—	—	100⅝ ⅝	—	—	93 94p	60 62p	86⅝ ⅝
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	86⅜ ⅜	—	—	100⅝ ¾	—	255	94 96p	61 63p	86¼ ⅛
9	—	—	86⅜ 87	—	—	100⅞ 1	—	—	—	62 63p	86⅜ 87⅛
10	—	—	86⅞ 87⅛	—	—	101	—	—	—	62 63p	86⅜ 87
11	215½	86¼ ⅛	87⅛ ¼	92⅞	92⅜ 93	101⅛ ⅜	19⅜ ½	257½	96p	62 63p	87 ⅛
12	215½216	86¼ ⅜	87 ¼	93	92⅜ 93	101⅛ ⅜	—	255½	94 96p	61 62p	87⅛ ¼
13	215½	86½ ½	87 ¼	—	92⅜ 93	101⅛ ⅜	19⅜ ½	—	96 97p	61 64p	87 ¼
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	214½215½	86⅜ ½	87⅛ ¼	—	92⅞ 93½	101⅛ ⅞	19 7-16 ½	—	97p	63 65p	87⅛ ¼
16	—	86½	86⅜ 87	92½	92⅜ ⅝	101⅞ ⅞	19⅜ 7-16	254½255	100p	64 65p	87 ¼
17	214 ½	86½ ⅜	86⅞ 87⅛	92⅞	92¼ ⅞	101⅛ ⅞	19⅜ ½	—	98 101p	63 65p	87 ¼
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	214 215½	86⅜ ½	87⅛ ¼	93	92⅝ 93½	101⅞ 2⅛	19 7-16 ½	256½257	97 99p	62 64p	87⅛ ⅜
20	214½215½	86½ ⅜	87⅛ ⅜	—	93¼ ⅜	102⅛	19½ 9-16	—	98 99p	60 64p	87½ ¼
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	215½	86⅜ ½	87⅜ ⅜	93½	93¼ ⅜	102⅜ ¼	19½ 9-16	256 ¼	97 98p	61 62p	87¼ ⅝
23	215½ ¼	86½ 87	87⅛ ¼	93½	93⅜ ⅜	102¼ ¼	19¼ 9-16	256 ¼	—	61 63p	87⅜ ⅝
24	215 ½	86⅞ 87⅛	87⅛ ¼	93½	93½ ⅜	102¼ ¼	19¼ 9-16	—	96 98p	61 62p	87⅝
25	215½216	87⅛ ⅛	87⅝ 88⅛	93⅞	93⅝ ⅜	102¼	19 9-16 ½	256½257½	97 98p	61 63p	88 ¼

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From September 20th to 19th October inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

September.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20	28		48	55	49	29 65	29 80	91	88	S	ENE	Rain	Clo.	Clo.
21		●	51	64	54	29 71	29 55	90	90	W	WSW	Fair	—	S.Rain
22			55	64	49	29 46	29 40	90	85	W	WSW	Overc.	—	Fine
23	43		54	61	50	29 40	29 52	89	86	WSW	SW	S.Rain	Rain	—
24			57	62	52	29 54	29 61	91	85	SW	SW	Fair	Fair	Fair
25			54	64	53	29 59	29 55	90	88	SW	S	Overc.	Fine	—
26	32		58	69	57	29 49	29 47	95	99	S	SE	—	Overc.	Rain
27			60	66	56	29 46	29 61	99	93	SE	SSW	Fair	Fair	Clo.
28		)	59	64	54	29 60	29 63	94	98	S	S	Clo.	—	—
29	46		58	61	55	29 53	29 59	95	95	SE	S	—	Rain	—
30			57	64	57	29 65	29 66	78	87	SW	SE	—	Fair	Fair
Oct.														
1			58	64	53	29 67	29 68	96	98	SSE	SE	Overc.	Clo.	Rain
2			54	63	52	29 77	29 96	100	93	SSE	SE	—	Fair	Fine
3			57	61	51	30 09	30 18	95	91	ENE	NNE	Clo.	—	—
4			52	63	51	30 24	30 27	96	95	NNE	NE	Foggy	—	—
5		○	55	65	49	30 27	30 18	100	92	ENE	NNE	Clo.	—	—
6			54	64	47	30 05	29 95	95	94	ESE	SE	Fair	—	—
7			49	58	48	29 83	29 71	95	95	SE	SE	Foggy	Foggy	—
8			54	62	53	29 54	29 34	92	95	S	SSW	Fair	Fair	Rain
9	57		55	59	51	29 21	29 16	98	95	SSW	WSW	Rain	Rain	—
10	68		53	58	47	29 27	29 10	95	98	WSW	E	Clo.	—	—
11	7		50	54	48	29 13	29 15	90	88	W	WSW	Fair	—	Fair
12			51	57	43	29 24	29 43	93	86	WNW	W	—	Fair	—
13		(	43	46	44	29 40	29 44	89	89	W	W	—	—	—
14			48	57	51	29 56	29 69	86	81	W	W	—	—	—
15			55	63	57	29 81	29 83	95	96	W	SW	Overc.	Clo.	Clo.
16			60	64	52	29 83	29 83	96	95	WSW	SW	—	Fair	Fair
17			55	63	48	29 76	29 71	95	85	SSW	S	Fair	—	—
18			53	63	55	29 65	29 65	98	97	SE	S	Foggy	—	Foggy
19			56	62	54	29 64	29 66	98	93	SSE	WSW	—	Rain	Rain

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of September was two inches and 75-100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. IV.] DECEMBER, 1827. [No. 24.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—THIRD REPORT OF THE EMIGRATION COMMITTEE.

"Avec des tableaux bien chiffrés, on prouve tout ce qu'on voudra."

EVERY inquiry connected with the problem of Population; or, to express the object of our discussion in this place more distinctly, every inquiry bearing upon the business of adjusting the Supply of Labour, in a country, situated and connected as England is, to the Demand; important as it is to the welfare, if not to the safety of the community, stands yet so hedged in on every side with difficulty and darkness, that it is not surprising that the huge volume before us, the "Third Report of the Emigration Committee," should be looked on, by the great mass of the reading public, with something like a feeling of despair. The proposal of "Emigration," considered as it must be with a view to any thing like competent explanation, or practical result, subdivides itself into a crowd of subordinate or preliminary questions, which it would take us whole pages only to furnish in detail a catalogue of. The measured extent of our country, its present population, the nature of its soil, the degree of its cultivation, its laws, its burthens, its moral and intellectual state, its wealth, the character of its government, and, even more than all, its institutions—the private divisions and liabilities of property in it—all these are points, without which, upon a proposal of colonization, we cannot stir a step: it is not an inquiry as to "Emigration;" but a question as to the condition, in all views, and subject to all directly or indirectly operating agencies, of a kingdom. Does the Supply of Labour in the United Kingdom, at the present moment, exceed the Demand? Can that Demand be increased, or does it appear likely still farther to diminish? Can a portion of our surplus population be sent abroad, with a prospect of advantage to the individuals? Can we, by an act of the Legislature, raise the money; and is it expedient that we should do so, to carry such a scheme of colonization into effect? We leave out of consideration the seemingly

obvious first inquiry—"Does our population exceed that amount which the soil of our country could find capabilities to nourish?"—because we take it to be foreign to the *real* purpose, unless so far as it bears upon the ulterior question—"Can we, subject to the existing and artificial constitution of our society, bring fresh lands into cultivation?" and yet these numerous considerations which remain, present but a sample of the questions connected with the subject which has engaged the Committee; and which even ten times the extent of the six hundred folio pages of which its Report consists, might perhaps be inadequate competently to discuss. Unhappily, too, this multiplicity of collateral circumstances and inquiries, into which the subject of Emigration branches, while it places the question taken in a true and sufficient light, almost beyond the power of men's patience, or of their comprehension, affords extraordinary facilities to any description of theorists, whose interests or immature examinations incline them to mislead the public, or deceive themselves: it is but leaving out of view (an omission, in such a crowd, very far from being easily detected) any *one* of the material considerations which should bear upon the subject; and a most seemingly unanswerable argument may be made up out of the remainder, upon *any* side of the question which the writer or speaker finds convenient. Premising, therefore, that a Golden Conclusion—a plan which shall end all happily (as a wedding, by prescription, terminates a play)—is *not* the determination with which we start, we shall endeavour to point out some of the difficulties which encumber the consideration of the subject, and some of the circumstances which ought to be most carefully kept in view in discussing it:—as well as (we think, *certainly*) to demonstrate, that the course proposed by the Committee, upon the very evidence of its own Report, is wholly inadequate and inefficient. If we should be compelled to finish our paper without discovering any mode, by which—open to no objection or inconvenience from any party, and tending to the gain and interest of all—the existing difficulty can be got rid of, we shall at least have the consolation that our incompetency is not greater than that of our forefathers—who, for three hundred years past, have failed to come to any satisfactory agreement upon this subject. Witness the discussions of the present year; which otherwise (we apprehend) would not be necessary.

To begin, then, with that portion of the subject upon which the least difference of opinion is likely to arise—the undoubted effect of the evidence before the Committee, is to shew that, both in Great Britain and Ireland, a heavy amount of population exists, for which the present circumstances of the country afford no employment. Both in agriculture and manufactures, the competition of labourers for work has reduced the average of wages down to the very lowest point at which nature can be supported; and vast numbers of able bodied, willing individuals, even at this insufficient rate of remuneration, are left without employment. This is the state of things in England and Scotland: in Ireland, the want and destitution are still worse. Low as the estimate of that which a man *may* subsist on is in many parts of England and Scotland, in Ireland the allowance calculated for the same purpose does not reach *one-third* of the same amount; and, in many cases, whole crowds of families subsist notoriously by no other means than charity or depredation. In the British manufacturing districts, the common opinion is, that, unless new markets should arise—and of this, to any considerable extent, the witnesses see no probability—the increase and improvement of Machinery *must* lessen the

demand for human labour every day. And to make this prospect still worse, the Emigration of Irish labourers, of every class, into Scotland and the northern districts of England, has, by the course of the steam navigation, become so easy and extensive, that every chance of maintaining a different rate of wages [materially different] in the two countries is at an end; either the condition of the Irish workman must be improved, or the Englishman who meets him in the market for labour must be degraded to his level. The short details which we shall extract from the evidence in the Report will establish these facts beyond question. And of the necessity of adopting some remedy, as far as any course of remedy can be devised—especially to check the excess of the last-described evil,—there can hardly exist a doubt.

The first witnesses examined before the Committee [we are now upon the Condition of the Labouring Classes] are—

Joseph Foster, and James Little, working "hand-loom weavers," of Glasgow, and members of a society of artizans who are endeavouring to emigrate. These persons give their evidence, which is of great length and interest, with the most laudable temperance and good sense. They say that a hand loom weaver at Glasgow gets now, upon the average, from 4s. 6d. to 7s. a week wages: this is at *piece-work:* and to earn so much, he must be employed *eighteen* or *nineteen* hours a day.—(Q. 15).* That *oatmeal and potatoes, with a little salt herring,* form the principal diet of the weavers; and that numbers have not a sufficient quantity even of this.—(Q. 165). They attribute the want of demand for their labour, in a great measure, to the introduction of the "power-loom," which is getting more improved every day, and, which they believe, must very soon *displace* the hand-loom weaving *entirely.*—(Q. 58 to 61). They are tired of the apparent hopelessness of their situation; and great numbers wish, upon any terms, to emigrate.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, Member for Glasgow, confirms the evidence of these witnesses, as to the state of their trade; but adds, that he believes, if 1000 workmen (weavers) were removed from Glasgow or Paisley to-morrow, the vacuum would be immediately filled up *by importations from Ireland*—(Q. 219).

Mr. Home Drummond, member for Renfrew, concurs in the opinion of Mr. Campbell. He states that he has presented a petition to the House of Commons, for aid in emigration, from 155 hand-loom weavers, at Balfron, in Stirlingshire, whose earnings, for some time past, have averaged only from 4s to 6s. a week. He adds that the Irish, in great numbers, are now driving out the natives in the west coast of Scotland, by working at a cheaper rate than the latter, from the more decent habits to which they have been accustomed, can afford to do.—(Q. 255).

The Rev. Mathias Turner states, that, at Manchester, and in several of the large townships in Lancashire, the wages of the manufacturers are *regularly,* in a very great degree, *paid out of the poor-rates.*—(Q. 531 to 537). The admitted calculation is, that a family cannot exist upon less than *Half-a-crown a week per head;* and when that amount is not earned, the parish makes up the difference. Mr. Turner sees no prospect of any fresh demand, which, looking to the force of the power loom, can afford work for the hand-loom weavers.—(Q. 438).

The Bishop of Chester says, that there are in Bolton 8,000 hand-loom weavers, the greater proportion of which, he believes, will *never get* employ again—(Q 2262). His lordship speaks in the highest terms of the patience and good order of the people under their privations.

Mr. Thomas Hunter, a master manufacturer at Carlisle, gives evidence to the same effect. His facts happen to lie so condensed that we can make an intelligible extract:

"Q. 2833.—What is the average rate of wages of an able-bodied hand-weaver, by the week?—I have taken out fifteen of my men; five of them are employed at the best work, and pretty constantly employed; and I find their average nett

* The figures and letters refer to the *number* of the question in the evidence as published by the Committee.

earnings to be 5s. 6d. per week, deducting all necessary expenses of loom rent, candles, tackling, &c.

" 2834.—How many hours a day must a man work to obtain those wages?—From *fourteen to sixteen.*

" 2835.—Is that rate of wages on the decline, or on the increase?—On the *decline.*

" 2836.—Within how short a period has a reduction taken place?—Within the last week.

" 2837.—Can you describe to the Committee the diet on which this population now subsist?—I should think principally upon *potatoes*, and *perhaps* a little butter-milk and herrings.

" 2838.—Do you happen to know, of your own knowledge, if they are in arrear of rent for the houses they occupy?—I believe nearly the whole of them.

" 2839.—How much rent do they owe, generally speaking, in Carlisle?—A year, I may say confidently, but in many instances more.

" 2840.—Do they generally occupy a single room?—Yes.

" 2841.—What is the rent they pay for a room?—They generally take them with a weaving-shop, with four or more looms attached; that is, a shop for four workmen; and the price varies of course—I believe from 6*l.* to 8*l.* a year.

" 2842.—Then, in point of fact, they are at the mercy of their landlords, and may be ejected at any time?—Completely so.

" 2843.—Have they their furniture pledged in many cases?—I dare say the most valuable articles have been pledged for twelve months past.

" 2844.—Has the power-loom machinery been progressive lately, or can it manufacture a species of goods, particularly checks, which it could not within a very short time?—They are making the attempt, though they have not succeeded to a great extent yet: I have no doubt they will *ultimately* be enabled to manufacture checks by power looms. At present, they certainly excel in plain cloths.

" 2845.—Is the fabric woven by the power-looms superior to that woven by hand?—They are obliged to use a better quality of yarns.

" 2846.—You being conversant with the trade, and knowing the facilities that the power-loom gives for the manufacture of these articles, do you entertain a reasonable doubt, even if the demand for manufactures *increased*, that the power-loom could supply it, without the aid of hand-loom weaving?—From the rate at which it has increased of late years, I infer that it may certainly become equal to the *full* supply of all the *plain* cloths, and probably, in a short time, to checks likewise; that is, to two-coloured patterns.

" 2847.—From your knowledge of Carlisle and its neighbourhood, are there any other means of profitable employment open to hand-loom weavers, if they cease to weave?—*None whatever* at present.

" 2848.—Is not the rate of wages *generally* on the decline in that neighbourhood, whether agriculture or manufactures?—I believe labourers' wages have been reduced, in consequence of the number of hands thrown out of employ among the weavers."

In conclusion, this witness puts in a table of wages and expenses; from which it appears that the *best* hand-loom weavers in his employment are only able to earn *5s. 6d. a week.*

The witnesses who are examined as to the state of the English agricultural population, state that the field labourers are in as bad a condition as the manufacturers. The Bishop of Chester, in one part of his evidence, intimates that their state is still worse. He says (p. 241)—

" Q. 2297.—Has your lordship turned your attention to the subject of emigration, as connected with the condition of the labouring poor of this kingdom?—I cannot say that I have; but another subject has been forced upon me since I have become acquainted with the manufacturing districts; namely, the *enormous disproportion* between the wages of the *manufacturing* and *agricultural* classes.

" 2298.—Could your lordship state to the Committee the great disproportion that appears to exist between the two rates of wages?—Yes. In the *agricultural* districts, towards the east of England, it is considered that if a man and his wife

and four children can earn *ten shillings* a week, he has no claim upon the parish for relief: whereas, in the *manufacturing* districts, cases have been brought before the Relief Committee as cases of urgent distress, where the same number of persons have been receiving *twelve* shillings a week.

"2299.—As a general position, you would think that the rate of wages in the manufacturing districts is much better than the rate of wages through the agricultural districts?—That it *was* much better."

In another part of his evidence, however, his lordship sets this right. He says (Q. 2318) that the house-rent which the manufacturer has to pay is much greater: "A cottage which, in the agricultural districts, would not fetch more than 3*l.* a year, in the manufacturing districts fetches 8*l.*" This increased rent exactly makes up the difference of 2*s.* a week—the difference between 10*s.* and 12*s.*—to which his lordship before alluded. It is farther admitted, that the labour and habits of the manufacturer render a more expensive kind of sustenance necessary to him than will suffice for the agricultural labourer: but the witnesses who speak to the condition of this last class, make statements which admit of no equivocation, although our limits enable us only to quote a few of them, and of the evidence of these to give the substance generally, rather than the full examinations.

Mr. Walter Burrell says, that he is a proprietor at West Grinstead, in Sussex, where the poor-rates, for the last four years, have been 12*s.* in the pound upon the rent of the land. This is in defiance of an expenditure of 10,000*l.* upon one work—a canal; undertaken, with other speculations, only to keep the people employed. From thirty to fifty able men are always, five months in the year, without work; and from seventy to seventy-five, three months. Boys and girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, are *let out* by the parish, at from 3*d.* to 9*d.* a week each, and 40*s.* a year for clothing, given to those who will take them. In the parish of Pulborough, at the present moment, the poor rates are more than *Seven shillings* an acre upon the land; and witness believes the distress through the weald of Sussex to be pretty nearly the same. (Pp. 136, 137.)

Mr. Bradbury, overseer of the parish of Great Norwood, in Buckinghamshire, says, that in his parish the number of labourers is *one-third* more than can get employed.—(Q. 1216). The diet of the working-people is *secondary bread*, and tea *without sugar or milk*.—(Q. 1243). It appears from this witness's account, that Wages, *properly* so called, have—as a system of remuneration—*altogether ceased.* Men work, in the mass, for any allowance that they can get; and the parish gives to each as much more as will make up the smallest amount that he can possibly exist upon. A man *with a wife and two children*, has his wages made up to 6*s.* or 7*s.* a week.—(Q. 1246, 1247).

Mr. Thomas Lacoste says, that, in the parish of Chertsey, for the last seven or eight years, about 110*l.* monthly has been paid to people who have no employ, excepting in harvest. The labourers in general live very badly; many get nothing to eat but bread and potatoes, with tea.—(Q. 1603).

Mr. Samuel Maine, overseer of Hanworth, in Middlesex; Mr. James Taylor, mercer, of Feltham; and a variety of other witnesses from agricultural districts, state their parishes and neighbourhoods to be similarly situated.

We have marked the points from which these statements are taken, in order that a reference to the Report itself may at once shew that they are fairly extracted. But, if *this* appears to be a state of affairs sufficiently distressing, the condition of the population of Ireland is *incomparably worse;* and, unfortunately, the time seems to be rapidly approaching, when the condition of the labouring classes in the two countries—by the rise of the one or the fall of the other—*must* be placed upon a level. The steam-navigation—to use the expression of one of the witnesses—"has become a flying bridge," established between Great Britain and Ireland. The cost of passage seldom exceeds, from any point, half-a-crown or three

shillings; and it is in evidence that *Associations* are actually formed, and in operation in Ireland, for the purpose of *sending over the surplus population of that country into Scotland and England.* The Mendicity Society of London states by its Report, that the number of applications to them for relief from Irish paupers have been, up to *only the 31st of May in the present year,* 4,056; the amount of the applications in the *whole of the last year* being only 2,994. And the evidence of Dr. Elmore, of Cork (which we quote here for the purpose, a little out of its regular place), puts an end to any surprise which such an increase of demand might produce; for it avows the direct course, by which the augmentation has been effected.

"Q. 4399.—What are you?—I was very largely engaged in the manufacture of coarse linens and cottons.

"4400.—Where?—In Clonakilty, twenty five miles south-west of Cork.

"4412.—Can you inform the Committee of any circumstances connected with a subscription for the removal of any paupers in the neighbourhood of Cork, to any part of this country?—In the year 1826, from the immense falling off of the linen manufacture introduced in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty, where nearly one thousand looms were employed—those linens were met in the market by a better quality of linen made by steam machinery, here and in Scotland; and the result has been that business declined—it was impossible that, working without machinery, even at the lowest rate, competition could be maintained. I say at the very lowest rate; women and children working twelve hours a day for 2d. or 3d.; weavers working the same number of hours could only earn from 8d. to 10d; even at that modicum, their production could not compete with the production of the steam-power. The result is, that the business has been entirely destroyed, or comparatively so; that out of one thousand looms employed, there are not now more than thirty or forty. During the latter part of the last year, and the whole of this, the poor weavers must have been supported by voluntary contributions. Finding it impossible to continue that longer, it was conceived by a committee, formed at Clonakilty, that it would be proper to enter into subscriptions to *send them over to Manchester to seek employment;* and fearing that, by sending them in *large quantities,* they might be returned, the mode pursued was to send them over by *forties,* giving them money to pay their way, and support them a few days in Manchester."

The generally degraded condition of the Irish population—with the numberless causes more or less tending to that degradation—as detailed by the witnesses, from Ireland generally, would require a greater extent of extract to make it fully intelligible to our readers, than the limits of a periodical can afford. From the mass of evidence, however, before us, we shall select a few passages; carefully, however, avoiding relations of *particular cases* of distress, and quoting only those statements which apply to the condition of *whole classes,* or at least of *very large bodies,* of the people.

The first witness is Mr. Hugh Dixon, of Westmeath, who gives the following answers to some of the questions of the Committee:—

"Q. 2470.—Are you a land-agent in the county of Westmeath?—I am.

"2471.—Is there a great deal of poverty among the peasantry in that part of the country?—Indeed there is.

"2481.—What are the wages of labour in that part of the country?—A labourer is well contented if he gets what is called constant work with a gentleman in the country, at *eight-pence a-day one part of the year, and ten pence the other*—Irish; that is, about ninepence-halfpenny for one, and sevenpence-halfpenny for the other half. He never complains.

"2483.—Will you state any of those classes with regard to whom more distress is found to exist?—[The witness describes, in the course of several answers, the condition of the "*under tenantry,*" or tenants who hold of the *landlord's* tenantry,

at heavy rents; being idle one half of the year, and coming to England for harvest work during the other half.]

" 2502.—Considering the average price of food in Westmeath, and the quality of the provisions which are consumed by this lowest class of persons; considering the nature of their clothing, and all their expenses together, what is the lowest sum per head at which you would estimate the maintenance of a family, consisting of a man, a woman, and three children, in the lowest class which you have described?—I dare say it would not be *three pounds a piece*. I do not think it would take more than that, from the manner in which they live: in fact, they have *nothing but the potatoe*."

Mr. David John Wilson, a proprietor in the county of Clare, confirms the statements of the last witness, as to the misery of the peasantry, and the absence of employment. He says that he can get labourers for *sixpence a-day* all the year round; and that the same men who work at that price will pay as high as from *five pounds* to *nine guineas* an acre for their potatoe-ground.—(Q. 2660). The rent is made by the sale of a pig, which is fed on the offal of the potatoe ground, and which is bought "*upon time;*" that is, not paid for until the time of sale.—(Q. 2660). The food of these people is potatoes only, with a little milk in summer.

Mr. Leslie Foster states (Q. 3156), that, in some parts of Ireland, population is at such an excess, that nearly the whole produce of the land is applied to the maintenance of the tenantry—leaving scarcely any available fund for the payment of the landlord. This gentleman's evidence, as to the obstacles which the distribution of property in Ireland present to the reclamation of waste lands, is highly luminous and interesting.

Mr. Jerrard Strickland speaks to the state of one property, upon which, within a space of 23,771 Irish acres, the population amounts to 18,535 individuals.—(Q. 3541). A great deal of this land is "grazing mountain," affording only some pasture for cattle; and there are no towns upon it at all, or manufacture carried on. The people hold small pieces of ground each, at extravagant rates of rent, which they plant with potatoes or cabbage: and the rent—which it would be *impossible to pay out of the produce of the land*—is made by the begging of the family, or by the money which the owner comes over and earns in Scotland or England.—(Q. 3531, 3532, &c.)

Mr. Markham Marshall says—

" Q. 4171 —Where do you reside?—In the county of Kerry.

" 4172.—You have been resident on your property there for some years?—I have.

" 4173.—Have you any particular means of ascertaining the state of the population with regard to the demand for labour?—I have observed that the population *very far exceeds* the demand for labour.

" 4173.—Is considerable distress the consequence?—It is; I carried on extensive works last year; and as soon as it was understood that the works had commenced, hundreds flocked in to obtain occupation. Many of them had not tasted food for two days before, they assured me; and when at work, my steward informed me, that the generality of them were *so weak*, in consequence of the state of *starvation* that seemed to prevail among them, that I should be necessitated to *feed them;* which I did for six weeks, before they could execute *men's work*.

" 4178.—Did you find, after the period during which you say it was necessary to nourish them, that they were very good labourers?—Very good.

" 4179.—Were they persons chiefly having families?—I believe so.

" 4180.—So that there must be a great number of persons *beyond* what you employed dependent upon their work for support?—Undoubtedly; they were much more numerous than I could give employment to.

" 4193.—What were the wages you gave?—Eightpence a day."

The evidence of Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Vandeleur, Dr. Murphy, and Dr. Elmore is to the same effect: the most important point in the examination of the last of these gentlemen—the organized system of emigration from Ireland into England—we have already referred to.

The existence, then, of a mass of pauperised labour in some parts of Great Britain and Ireland, which is rapidly going on to degrade the whole productive labour of the country to its level, we think may be assumed. The Committee, in its Report, seems to address itself rather by preference to the condition of the agricultural population of the kingdom; but the evidence of all the witnesses examined from the manufacturing districts shews that the state of things there is no less deplorable. The question, therefore, shortly is—the evil being proved—What is the remedy?

In proceeding to this question, then, it becomes first necessary that we should set out by understanding the nature of the evil which we have to cure; and, with this view, we must call the fact to our remembrance, that the Surplus with which we are dealing is not a Surplus of *Population* as regards the capabilities of the land; but a Surplus of *Labour* over and above the wants and demands of the community. It is not that we have more people than the *soil* can maintain; because in England, Scotland, and Ireland there are more than ten million acres of land uncultivated; full two-thirds of which is capable, according to the best authorities, of being reclaimed, and which, being reclaimed, would produce food to maintain ten times the amount of "surplus population" that the wildest scheme of Emigration could ever be calculated to provide for. Nor is it—apart from this fact—that the power of subsisting population in Great Britain is at all necessarily limited by the cultivation or working of our land; because every manufacturer probably in the country might find abundance of employment to-morrow, if he were at liberty to accept the cheap corn of Russia or of Poland in exchange for the cloths which he produces. Therefore, we must distinguish. It is not the physical absence of means to live, but the artificial institutions and position of society, which prevent us from increasing our population, or oblige us to diminish it: we have *not* more labour than we can *maintain;* but we have more than the circumstances of the time afford a *demand* for: and the result is, that the lower classes, whose labour is the only commodity they have to dispose of, are ruined by its abundance, and the consequent diminution of its price.

In suggesting a remedy, therefore, for the evil, it is necessary to select that remedy, not with a view to its powers or operation in the abstract, but with a reference to those peculiar circumstances in the state of this country, subject to which, in practice, if adopted, it will have to be worked. We must examine how it bears, not merely upon the incident of the surplus population or surplus labour of the British empire, but how it may work in conjunction with all the various vested rights and interests which we *must* support: how it will suit and operate in connexion with the agricultural interest that holds the property of our land; with the foreign trade, that gives subsistence to our manufactures; with the public burthens and customary religious dues, which, as long as the present system holds together, we must pay; and, last not least, with the arrangements and distribution of all private property, and with the liens to which such property is subject.

In the abstract, a choice of expedients presents itself. We may extend our home cultivation: we may admit foreign grain, and increase the sale of our manufactures: or we may do what it is now proposed to do—send our surplus population abroad. And it is only necessary purposely to leave out of sight any one collateral circumstance which ought to be referred to; and in favour of *any one* of these courses—all opposite to, and striving in

the teeth of each other—an argument may be made out which shall appear unanswerable.

As a proposition of itself, nothing can be more plausible or more simple, than that—If our population be too dense, we should reclaim the waste lands, and find subsistence for it. At least, it may be said these lands will produce food, for the number of hands employed to cultivate them! Unfortunately, to prove the truth of this is to prove nothing: for we cannot draw a line in the law and regime which regulates our population; and every acre of land which is cultivated in this country must not only pay the labourer that tills it; it must go out of cultivation, or it must *pay more*. The man who sows the field is not, as society exists, the first who reaps the produce of it: the church, the state, and the public creditor must all—with a host of minor claimants—be satisfied before him. The land which now lies waste must pay, if cultivated, some rent—for it is the property of somebody: some charge of improvement—were it only the maintenance of the labourer, from the time of his commencing work until he obtains his crop, and the stamp of the parchment that gives him his lease or title of possession. The seed that goes into the ground must be paid: the farmer cannot lie in a ditch, or under a hedge—the interest of capital upon building him a house to live in must be paid. Then the tithe must be paid; the poor-rates must be paid; the king's tax, and the county-rate, and the rate for building the church that a new village requires must be paid. And every one of these charges must be satisfied to the last farthing out of the produce of any land—the moment we bring it into tillage—*before* the cultivator can taste a single grain of wheat, or even a potatoe that has grown upon it.

Thus much then for "the capability of the soil;" and as extremes are said, especially in argument, to lie near one another, the next proposition that we meet abroad—from the man next door to the waste land-cultivator—is that which insists upon finding food for our surplus population, by freely admitting foreign corn. Our manufacturers are half fed, or starving, with gluts of unsold cotton (and powers unlimited of producing more) upon their hands. The people of Poland and Prussia are ill clad or naked, with corn rotting, for want of consumption, in their lofts and warehouses. Can any thing be more monstrous than a legislative enactment which denies these parties the liberty of exchanging with each other? keeping the foreigner without the manufactures which he is in want of, and our own industrious manufacturer idle, and without food? This proposition, which, moderated and guarded, perhaps comes the nearest to possibility and policy, nevertheless proceeds directly to the arrangement of throwing old land out of cultivation, instead of bringing new land into it; and, moreover, it is a policy which, adopted in its full extent, would produce a convulsion of property that it is impossible to contemplate: it would beggar every landowner in England. A fall of twenty per cent. in the price of corn to-morrow, would reduce the rent or income of every proprietor in England by one-half. If the whole reduction fell upon the land owner, his whole rent would be absorbed; but this would not be the case, because the general fall of prices would assist him something, and the profit of the farmer would be pared down to make up another portion of the deficiency. But still the reduction of his rent to one-half—and it would be reduced full a half—would effect the landowner's certain ruin. It is an error to suppose that it leaves him with *half his original wealth*. it leaves him *a beggar*: probably poorer than a beggar: for here the private rights and vested interests of the

country step in to cramp us in any attempt at change. All that the man whose property was thus suddenly depreciated had to *receive*, under the new state of things, would be diminished by *one-half;* but all that he had to *pay*—the whole amount of his liabilities—would remain *the same.* With only *ten* shillings of rent received from the farmer, he would still have to pay *twenty* shillings of claim for the public defence, or for the interest of the stockholder. His bonds, his settlements, mortgages, and securities of every description, would remain in their full extent: his means of meeting those liabilities (the rents upon the faith of which they had been contracted) would be diminished by one-half: the result would be that his estate would pass to his creditors—his person, if not protected by privilege, to a gaol. This course (putting out of the question the abatement of home trade, which the fall of the rents would occasion) would be little else than to create one great mass of misery and ruin, in our endeavours or anxiety to get rid of another.

The truth is, that those persons who are so assiduous to convince two of our contending parties, the agriculturist and the manufacturer, that they are "brothers," carefully forget always that we have two classes of manufacturers—those who supply the home market, and those interested in the foreign: the latter of whom, in spite of all the logic of all the schools, will feel and believe that their interests and those of the English corn-growers—their *immediate* interests—are opposed. The home agriculturist, who would keep up the price of wheat, tells the home manufacturer truly—"We are brothers, and our interests are one. Pay me a high money price for my corn, and I will pay you a high price for your cotton:" the advantage of which course will be, that each receives a high price from the public generally, and pays—upon a great body of particular claims—no more than he must pay whether his general receipt were high or low. For example: A, a landowner, has 3*l.* to pay (to the public defence, the pension-list, and the fundholder), in the shape of a tax upon his footman; and 3*l.* (to B, the manufacturer), for the livery which the footman wears. Corn being at 60*s.* a quarter, *two* quarters pay the whole demand—6*l.* But, if corn be reduced to 2*l.* a quarter, although the cost of the livery has also fallen to 2*l.*, still the landlord is a loser; for the *tax* remains where it did. The livery and the tax together amount now to 5*l.*; and to pay that he must give, not *two* quarters of wheat, but two quarters and *a half.* So, again—B, the Home manufacturer, who pays 6*s.* to his workman, for weaving a piece of cloth, and 4*s.* (to the fundholder) for duty on the raw material, if he sells his cloth in the market for 12*s.* (the cost being 10*s.*), gets 2*s.*—although wheat shall be 60*s.* a quarter—by the transaction. But if wheat fall to 40*s.*, and the market value of his cloth in the same proportion to 10*s.*, then, although his workman's wages have fallen to 5*s.*, yet the *duty* of 4*s.* remains the same, and he loses 1*s.* of profit by the change. Thus far, therefore, nothing can be more true than that the agriculturist, and the home manufacturer are brothers: but here—and this is the point which we are apt to lose sight of—here, in one moment, the mutual interest, which has run so smoothly between the parties, is broken up. For the manufacturer for the *foreign market*—for whom it is impossible to make especial provisions and arrangements—is forgotten in this treaty, and is starving. His customers in Germany and America will not pay him high prices, because wheat is dear in England. Buying grain at 3*l.* a quarter, he is undersold in his market by rivals, who can buy it at 1*l.* 10*s.*; and he says fairly to the English agriculturist, "You purchase none of

my produce; why am I compelled by law to pay an enormous price for *yours?*" Denied—as though chastisement were to impend upon injustice—the very ruin that overtakes him, brings his revenge upon the back of it. His vent abroad ceasing, he throws himself in the shape of a glut into the home market; and cuts down the prices of his fellow dealers, and runs up the poor-rates upon his opponents, (the landowners); on the one hand, with his cheap unsaleable goods, and on the other with his chargeable unemployed labour.

Dismissing, however, both farther cultivation, and farther importation of food, from their minds, as impracticable under the burthens and circumstances of the country, the Committee, after hearing an infinity of evidence upon all sides, concludes by deciding to report in favour of "Emigration." Our chief complaint against which course is, simply and shortly, that we think it clear that the sort of emigration that they recommend, can tend to nothing; and that, if there be any truth in the data upon which their recommendation is founded, they might just as well—except for fashion's sake—have concluded without any recommendation at all. As it is, we shall beg the attention of our readers, while we examine, very shortly, how far the expectations held out in the Report are likely to be realized.

Emigration being resolved upon as the most efficient remedy for the admitted distress, the principal points which the Committee had to inquire into were these:—First, the expediency of "removal," as regarded the welfare of the individuals removed. Second, the extent to which such a removal as its policy contemplated, would relieve the market of the surplus labour that distressed it. Thirdly, the question whether any vacuum created by emigration was, or was not, likely to be immediately filled up. Fourthly, the means to pay the expenses of emigration—a topic which divides itself into a variety of minor inquiries. And lastly, the position and detail of the proposed colonization: matters which we shall not go into at present; because we doubt the whole case will break down before we arrive at the point which would make their discussion necessary.

The first of the above five questions, then, although it has excited a good deal of contest in some quarters, we are inclined to dismiss very summarily. We are far from thinking that the lot of the Emigrants will be free from hardship: but of this we are convinced—that the condition of a pauper who emigrates, must be better than the condition of a pauper who remains at home. The man who already digs in the earth, or spins in a cotton mill, sixteen hours a day, for six shillings a week—whose bed is straw, with at best a single blanket, and his food oatmeal or potatoes, and even these in a quantity barely sufficient to sustain existence—this man has not a great deal, go where he may, to apprehend from fortune. We feel no apprehension ourselves as to the "unfitness of weavers for agricultural pursuits." The weavers, during the war, made good soldiers: no better: and men who could fell Frenchmen will be able to fell trees: if they could open trenches to besiege fortresses, they can open trenches to plant celery. Besides, this very trivial objection touches only a handful of individuals. It neither affects the English or Irish peasantry; nor yet (among the artisans) the hand-loom weaver; who, according to the evidence, united the trades of agriculturist and manufacturer; generally adding to his cottage a comfortable garden, which he cultivated, and which furnished great part of the daily sustenance of his family. Therefore, upon this first question, we are ready to join issue at

once: the emigrants themselves, *we* think, will be benefited by emigration.

On the next point, however, examined by the Committee—the mode in which the funds are to be raised for Emigration—we cannot get on so fast; and we rather suspect that a portion of their plan here, which takes up at least 100 pages of room in the Report and evidence, will never, except upon paper, take up any room at all. The first part of the proposal of the Committee, in principle, and divested of the multitudinous figures and calculations that encumber it, is—That the legislature shall borrow a certain sum of money, for the purpose of locating emigrants in foreign colonies, and providing them at starting with such supplies as seem necessary to ensure their success: this Loan to be afterwards repaid by the emigrant, in the shape of an annual rent levied upon the land allotted to him; the first payment of such rent commencing three years after his location, and continuing until the whole sum advanced to him (with interest) is discharged. As the principle here is all that is of consequence, we shall just briefly state that the loan furnished to each emigrant—such individual being "the head or master of a family of five persons"—is to be 60*l.* Distributed and laid out for his advantage, according to the following course or table, on his arrival at Quebec, or any other port (specified) of our North American colonies:—

"Average estimate of the expense of settling a family, consisting of one man, one woman, and three children, in the British North American provinces; distinguishing the various items of expenditure:

	£.	s.	d.
Expenses of conveyance from the port of disembarkation to place of location	10	0	0
Provisions (and freight), *viz.* 1 lb. of flour, and 1 lb. of pork for each adult per diem, and half that quantity for each child; pork at 4*l.* a barrel, and flour at 1*l.* 5*s.*	41	17	8
House for each family	2	0	0
Implements; consisting of four blankets, one kettle, one frying-pan, three hoes, one spade, one wedge, one augur, one pickaxe, two axes, proportion of grindstone, whip-saw and cross cut saw, freight and charges, in all do.	3	18	0
Cow	4	10	0
Medicines	1	0	0
Seed corn	0	1	6
Potatoes ditto	0	12	6
Proportion of general expenses: clerks, surveyors, &c. &c.	2	5	0
Canadian currency	£66	4	8"

Now thirty years are to be allowed the colonist for paying this advance back, with the interest. And advantages are to be allowed him on purchasing up the annuity at an earlier period; and the rent is to be taken in money or in produce, according to his convenience. And all this looks plausibly upon paper; and we are not at all prepared to say that even the fact of its total hollowness should stop the project of emigration—if that plan be in other respects found advisable: but if we are to canvass the Report of the Committee, and bind ourselves by a part of their conclusion—that "they would not feel *justified* in recommending to the House a national outlay of this nature, without the prospect of *direct return*"—then we must confess that neither the facts nor the analogies upon which they

found their belief of this "direct return," are by any means convincing or satisfactory to us.

In the first place, there is something, as it were, staggering and overpowering—something which alarms one's ordinary habits of belief—in the appearance of a table occupying a whole page in folio; closely figured and printed; and exemplifying the exact course of payments to be made, all the way from North America, by persons now going out from England to that country as paupers, so far in futurity as up to the years 1860 and 1861! The years 1860 and 1861!—why the world may end before that time. Or the Canadas—an event perhaps less improbable—add themselves, "emigrants" and all, to the United States of America. The mere looking through Time's telescope, for a space of thirty years, diminishes every sovereign of the debt to the size of a spangle! Besides which, we should doubt grievously that the cost of collection, at such a distance, would swallow up all the proceeds of the settlers' rent. Payments in corn or cattle, made by scattered farmers in North America, to be transmitted to England! How much per cent.—deducting the salaries of collectors, receivers, and commissioners—not to speak of a whole host of incidental expenses—would they be worth when they arrived? Moreover, the Committee forget that they have counted here, as though they were reckoning matters certain, upon the honesty, industry, and success—three points each sufficiently questionable—of all these settlers. What security have we against an "emigrant"—that is to say, a "pauper"—that he shall not receive his location money in May—grow tired of farming in June—and hire himself as a servant (spending all he has, first) in July? Or what pledge, that the man who has secured his bounty, shall not, within a fortnight afterwards, sell all he has, and proceed with the money across the boundary to New York; leaving the tax-gatherer, who comes to levy on his land "three years after," to find the interest of his employer's loan, where he can find the principal? Neither does the distinction taken by the Committee—that the present claim would "*not* be a claim for *rent of land*," but for "the liquidation of a *debt* actually incurred, and charged with *legal* interest"—seem to us by any means sufficiently to provide against those "difficulties, which the Committee are aware have been *practically* experienced, both in Canada and the United States, in obtaining the payment of the *proceeds of land!*" The difference between "proceeds of land," and actual "*produce*" demanded from a settler, is one which we fear transatlantic minds would be slow in comprehending; and the table produced by Mr. Robinson to prove—from the success of former emigrants—that future ones would have the means of paying every thing demanded of them, seems chiefly calculated to shew the distressing and dangerous extent, in which the settlers whose condition he describes, and whom he "located," suffered from ague and fever in the first year after their arrival. Our own impression is, that, so far from there being a prospect of a "direct return" from emigrants sent out by this country, the chances are ten to one that there never would be any "return" at all. But we shall leave this point. In discussing the question so far, it will be observed we have spoken only of the cost or means of *locating* the emigrants *after* their arrival in North America; the means of *passing them from Europe* are to arise in another way, and from other sources; and, upon this second part of the plan, we doubt that the conclusion of the Committee has been adopted even more rashly than upon that which preceded it.

The view of the Committee, on the subject of the passage of the emigrants from Europe to Canada, is that *that* expense would be willingly paid *by the parishes or parties interested in their removal.* It does not seem to us that, especially as regards the great source from which the emigration would be drawn—*viz.* Ireland—the evidence of the witnesses justifies any such confident expectation.

To begin with Scotland. All the witnesses from Scotland (capitalists and proprietors) are agreed upon the fact of the Surplus Population, and the general distress: but the moment a *subscription* is mentioned to remove the labourers, they "cannot hold out any prospect of contribution," and "think that any vacuum produced by emigration would soon fill up."

In England, where the state of the poor laws renders every unemployed labourer a *direct* charge upon his parish, the case is different; and the witnesses here think, pretty generally, that, if parishes were allowed to mortgage their rates for the money necessary, they would subscribe for a removal. In the agricultural districts, no difference of opinion exists upon this point; and, in the manufacturing, the only question is—which would be the best way to get rid exactly of that quantity of workmen who are chargeable to the poor-rate; and at the same time retain just such a number as will always keep down the price of labour in the market?

But, in Ireland, which is the great and productive source of the evil—and as to which the Committee declares it would be useless to think of any emigration which did not proceed by carrying off great numbers of the Irish people first—we have decided doubts whether any thing will be done in the way of finding money, which is not done entirely at the expense of the legislature.

For, in the first place, it is in proof, upon the evidence of all the principal witnesses, that by accumulating population upon his estates to the very farthest possible point—however the tenantry may be plunged into misery and degradation—the Irish proprietor is often decidedly benefited. So long as the population upon the land stops short of that ultra limit of excess, when feeding on potatoes, and lying half naked in huts of mud, they still consume *all* that the ground can produce; in which case, of course, nothing remains to pay the landlord; so long as the population falls short of that point, the enormous competition created by its excess, raises the rent of the proprietors' land three or four times over that which (if the tenants had to earn meat and clothes out of it) would be its value. And, even beyond this, the maintenance of a political interest (under the forty shilling freehold system) frequently makes it worth a proprietor's while to *sacrifice a portion of his rent*; and keep up a greater population on his ground, than the land is capable of adequately maintaining.

Mr. Hugh Dixon says that the peasantry of Ireland pay rents which it is *impossible* for them to raise out of the land. They live upon almost nothing; and earn part of the money that pays their rent by working in England. He has no doubt that the system of forty shillings freeholds tends materially to increase the excess of population; but the best landlords carry that system to the utmost to assist their political objects.—(Q. 2551 to 2554). Mr. Dixon's opinion is by no means favourable to the conclusion, that Irish proprietors, generally, would contribute money to carry their poor tenants away; there are cases, he says, in which it would be contrary to their interest to do so.

Mr. Daniel Wilson, who states that as much as *nine guineas an acre* is paid now in some places for land to be made into potatoe garden, though he admits that rents are often lost by the poverty of the population, doubts whether proprietors

would contribute towards their removal. Political objects, for one cause, may disincline them to do so. Mr. Wilson says—

" Q. 2674.—You don't think the landlord will contribute towards the emigration of his tenantry, who cannot provide a check against their places being re-occupied?—I think the remedy always remains with the proprietors; at the same time there is one great inducement held out to the proprietor not to check it.

" 2675.—What is that?—It is the present system of elective franchise.

" 2676.—Will you state to the Committee the direct effect of that system?—Each gentleman looks for a particular weight in his county: at least many do; and his political weight in the county must depend upon the number of forty shillings freeholders he has. If he looks to have his rents paid in comfort, and his property in an improved state, he will not have such a number of forty shillings freeholders; if he looks to a political interest, he must have a great number of forty shillings freeholders on his property."

Mr. John Scott Vandeleur, doubts if any general disposition to contribute would be found among the landlords.—(Q. 3128).

Mr. Leslie Foster concurs with the earlier witnesses, that under the existing system the landlords of Ireland constantly receive rent *beyond* that which the land is worth.—(Q. 3153). He thinks, however, that the alarm is now so great, from the excess of pauperism, that contributions for emigration might be expected from the landlords. His evidence, however, in another place, shews that the obstacles in the way of allowing proprietors to charge their estates for this purpose (where it was not convenient to pay money down) would be almost insuperable.

The accounts of Mr. Jerrard Strickland, and of Mr. Markham Marshall, upon this point, are both important. Mr. Strickland says—

" Q. 3522.—Are you of opinion that in case a proprietor, whose land falls out of lease, and who has had an opportunity of getting rid, upon the principle you describe, of his extra tenantry, that that proprietor will materially increase his annual receipt of rents by the operation of such a change?—At the present moment, I believe he would *lose* rent. If merely the number of tenants that were necessary for the cultivation of the land upon an improved principle were left upon it, and all the rest were removed, in the first instance, the landlord would *lose rent.* The *small tenantry* in Ireland pay *more rent* than any *regular farmer* would pay; and these pay it not out of the produce of the land, but out of the produce of their labour in England. There is an *unnatural* rent paid to the landlords in the part of the country I am in, which is not derived from the produce of the land; and if those men were now removed, the landlord would lose rent.

" 3523.—Although that observation may be true in particular instances, it is presumed that it does not apply generally?—Undoubtedly not, I speak merely as far as my own knowledge goes. That certainly *does exist* over a great part of the counties of *Mayo, Roscommon,* and *Galway.*

" 3524.—The Committee are to understand that in those counties it is almost the universal habit of the poor class of labourers to migrate into England for the purpose of obtaining wages during harvests!—It is; and they bring *from England* money to pay rent for land, *far beyond the value of that land;* and they actually pay that rent.

" 3525.—Are the rents paid with punctuality?—They are; those common tenantry will pay to middle men 20s. 30s. and 40s. per acre, for the privilege of building a cabin *on the skirts of a bog,* and cultivating the bog: themselves earning the rent by their labour in England."

Mr. Marshall follows.

" Q. 4221.—Do you not conceive that it is the well understood interest of every proprietor whose estate is over peopled, in a pecuniary point of view, to get rid of that surplus population, and let his ground in another manner than has been usual in the south of Ireland?—I think ultimately undoubtedly it is; though many resident proprietors are *desirous* of having a considerable population on their estates, in consequence of the *cheapness* of labour, and the competition, and consequent *high rent* offered for land: a rent, which though never paid, if money is required, is *generally discharged* by means of labour."

The Irish witnesses are thus divided as to the question whether landowners would contribute voluntarily to remove their tenantry; and the weight of

their inclination seems to us to go to the negative—that they would not. But apart from personal opinion, the state of the facts is pretty nearly sufficient to demonstrate, that all assistance afforded to emigration must be given by some public act—must come from the legislature or from the crown. Because the interests of *all* individuals, in a measure like this, will not be *alike*, or in common; and, on the contrary, as soon as the scheme of removal began (by personal or local contribution), each man would aim at being benefited—if the course of removal produced benefit—by the operations of some other. The disposition (as far as any exists) to contribute toward the charge of emigration, is to arise out of the necessity which any given landlord feels for clearing his estate of its surplus tenantry; joined to the fear that such tenantry, finding no refuge elsewhere, will be driven into acts of desperation or open violence. The Committee asks Mr. Daniel Wilson, speaking of the process of ejectment—"You do *not* think that the proprietors would be withheld by a feeling for the consequences to the party *ejected*, from exercising their right of ejecting the tenant?" The answer is—"No; I think that in many cases they would not!" That which the landlord does, it is admitted that he does from *fear*; from a fear that the tenants, left wholly without resource, will be driven to despair. But as soon as by the clearance of the estate of A, the ejected tenants of B had a prospect of locating themselves on the grounds of his neighbour, the alarm of B, as to the consequences of the despair of these tenants abates; and (having no more money than he very well knows what to do with) he takes advantage of the opening that has been made, and *ejects*—without paying any contribution towards the emigration project—immediately. In fact, this principle not only *must* come into operation, but *it is in operation already*. Mr. Wilson states that, on a certain occasion, he cleared part of the useless population off a particular farm. And the Committee asks—"What became of them?" And the answer is the simplest in the world—"They are residing on land *adjoining* it; they have taken small houses from cottier tenants." So in the evidence of Mr. John Bodkin—the witness states that he dispossessed a number of tenants, giving up a year's rent, £790, that they were in arrear. The question is asked—"What became of them?" And the answer is—"They went on the different properties of the neighbourhood." And again, Mr. Markham Marshall, being asked what became of 1,100 people whom he ejected, says—"They went upon the estates of the adjoining proprietors: but having no means of earning an honest livelihood, they have been necessitated to resort to thieving and vagabond habits for support." Were it from the operation of this circumstance only, we should say that the Committee is infinitely too sanguine in its expectations of assistance, unless by a general legislative measure, from the Irish proprietors. The greater part of these are, practically—whatever their nominal properties may be—distressed men; and many of them will be anxious to avoid *every* expense, not compulsory, in which it is attempted to involve them. Some—unless aid is directly voted by Parliament—will be content to keep their tenants: they make them pay, not as farmers, but as voters. Others will delay their ejectments, until room shall be made on the lands of their more liberal neighbours. But—strongest of all—we think there is this answer to the assumption of the Committee—that Irish landholders will come forward voluntarily to furnish the means of removing a portion of their excessive population.—Can we expect the Irish proprietors, unless upon compulsion, to contribute *five pounds a head* (for

this is the sum demanded) to carry their surplus tenantry as emigrants *to Canada*, when, for a *twentieth* part of that amount—and under a system already organized, and in operation—they can pay the expenses of their emigration *into England*?

Unfortunately, however, it is not merely upon these points of detail—sufficiently important, perhaps, as some of them may fairly be called—that we are disposed to quarrel with the Report of the Emigration Committee. Supposing the expectations which we have discussed to be founded in error, a change of arrangement is all that is necessary to set them right. But our main difficulty is the belief we have—we may almost say the conviction—that, supposing every expectation of the Committee, as to the details of their plan, to be realized, the project itself is wholly poor and feeble—inadequate to cope for a moment with the evil against which it is directed.

The means which the Committee suggest, to prevent the filling up of that vacuum which emigration may create, seem to us—especially as far as Ireland is concerned—to be of very doubtful efficacy. A disposition among some proprietors to draw the greatest amount of rack-rent from their lands; among others, a desire to keep the rate of labour low; and among others to use their estates as much for purposes of political jobbing as for agricultural production, will still be constantly uniting in Ireland to keep the population in excess; and that disposition to excess, the instincts of the people themselves will always be at hand to second. This is the first stumbling-block which a system of emigration, however well imagined, has to surmount; and it is one which the doctrine of Mr. Malthus (however he may lose his way in some of his endeavours to surmount it) admits the difficulty of, fully and distinctly. Neither law, nor argument, nor any check short of want and mortality, will, certainly and effectually, stop the people's increase.

One Irish witness is asked—"It has been stated that early marriages are the chief cause of this excess of population in Ireland—is it not the miserable condition of the people—that they are hopeless of all improvement, and so careless of consequences—which induces them to marry without provision?" And he answers—with great likelihood of truth—"That he believes that *it is*." A second is asked—"But, if they marry so fast, now they have neither food nor employment, to maintain them or their children, will not a prospect of getting food and employment make them marry faster?" And this witness cannot deny that the possibility *is* as is described. A third witness, who is asked the same question—answers, we are afraid, more to the purpose than either—"They will marry," he says, "*any way*: when they are going to marry, they never stop to consider any thing at all."

Are you not of opinion, says the Committee to Mr. Malthus—

"Q. 3374.—Are you not of opinion that much which concerns the happiness and interests of the poor, might be produced by disseminating among them explanations of their real position, couched in such language as they might perfectly understand?—I think that such explanations might be extremely beneficial to them.

"3375.—Do you not admit that if it could be once impressed upon their minds that it was their duty not to put themselves in a situation to produce a family before they had the means of supporting it, any idea of harshness involved in the refusal of pecuniary assistance to an unemployed labourer would be done away?—I think, in a great measure.

" 3377.—If cheap tracts were written and given to the poor, and in some instances taught in the schools, explaining the doctrines you have just laid down with respect to the condition of the poor, do you imagine they would be able to understand them, and that they would apply what they learned to their own case? —I think they are not very difficult to be *understood:* but they are perhaps rather difficult to *apply*."

Before we talk of " tracts" in Ireland—and our readers will have the goodness to recollect that it is to Ireland *peculiarly*, according to the Report of the Committee, that our attention, in this work of abating population, should be directed—before we talk of " tracts" in Ireland, we must at least have a population sufficiently instructed to *read* them. But it is cant, or error, to talk at all of "the principle which more or less operates among the *higher classes*, through all grades," of not marrying without the means of *providing for a family*. In a case like this, the greater part of the labouring classes, if they see any thing, must see that, if they were to attend to that principle, three out of four of them would never marry at all. We never can hold out to the lower orders that inducement to caution which operates on the class of society above them ; nor have they the same facilities for enduring the restraints which the advisers of abstinence suppose. The vices of ploughmen are not dignified with public approval, or clothed in silk or satin. The Tread-mill is their " public instructor," which steps in to check such lapses from propriety as the lectures of the pulpit may by any chance have failed to place in a light of fitting abhorrence. To a beginning tradesman, the question of early marriage may be a question of fortune in life, or of failure : to a farm labourer, or a weaver, it is a question whether the parish shall or shall not pay him a pittance, in addition to the wages which he receives from his master. The competency of emigration to act as a remedy at all for such an evil as surplus population, or surplus supply of labour, is almost less than problematical. Without some checks to the filling up, and powerful ones, all experience shews that it is—like " tapping" in the dropsy—a remedy valueless, unless where it can constantly be repeated. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers whom we took from Ireland, Mr. Leslie Foster observes—(this was emigration)—did not sensibly check the tide of population. The conscription in France, Mr. Malthus says, did not sensibly diminish the population. The scheme for preventing marriages, spoken of by Mr. Hunter, in the Island of Coll,* may do (as many experiments succeed on a small scale), confined to one property ; but let every landowner attempt to protect himself in the same way, and we should have a revolution in the country in a fortnight. The only check, within the application of man to population, we are afraid, is that suggested by Mr. Malthus himself—the letting those people, who have no means of employment, *starve to death ;* but we object to that gentleman's scheme of adding a little fresh impetus to the machinery for that purpose, which is already, though with a more restrained energy, in motion.

At length, however, we reach the last, and the most material point in the Report of the Committee—the Plan of Emigration. And, as we have already had occasion to challenge the soundness of some of the views developed in this document, so we are compelled to confess its conclusion

* The whole island is the estate of one proprietor, who expels all persons that marry without his consent.

strikes us as *a most entire and signal failure.* Whether it was that the Committee doubted the possibility of doing any thing effectual, but thought it necessary, for form sake, to conclude by proposing *something*;—or whether they flattered themselves that the difficulty would work its own cure, while the suggestion of the Report covered the operation; certain it is that, at the end of our long 600 pages, just where it took us up, the project that they conclude with sets us down. The reader is in the situation of the prisoner described in the Neapolitan story, who, after cutting his way through an oaken door of enormous strength, in the confidence of obtaining his liberty—finds an *iron* one on the other side of it.

The Committee set out (p. 15 of the Report) by laying the groundwork for their suggestion or recommendation—describing, generally, the over burthened condition of the country. With a cautious regard, very far from blameable, to the character of the advice which is to follow, the *extent* of the mischief (in the *Report*) is not very formally laid down: but as we perceive that the Committee's knowledge of it is gained from the evidence before them, we shall endeavour to shew, according to that source of information, what it really is—

The first witnesses (whose evidence for other purposes we have already noticed), Foster and Little, the deputies of the Glasgow Weavers' Committee, think that the "removal of 500 or 1000 men *from Glasgow and Paisley only*" would *not* be sufficient to leave competent work, at fair wages, for the remainder. —(Q. 161 to 165).

Mr. Archibald Campbell produces the "last Report" (dated 15th Feb 1827) of the "Committee for the Relief of the unemployed in the county of Renfrew:" which states the number of *families* then dependent on the Committee to be 1245.—(Q. 185).

Major Moody states (date of evidence, 24 Feb. 1827) that 7,900 persons are then weekly relieved in *Manchester*, who are able to work if employment could be obtained.—(Q. 296).

The Rev. Jno. Mathias Turner, Rector of Wilmelowe, in Cheshire, does not believe that *any* plan of emigration, of which he has ever seen an outline, could subtract a *sufficient number* of hands from the market to raise the labourers' wages. —(Q. 508).

Thomas Bradbury, overseer of Great Horwood, in Buckinghamshire, says that the number of labourers in the neighbourhood where he resides is *one third* more than can get employment.

Mr. W. H. Wyett's evidence states that, in Blackburn, of a population of 150,000 weavers, there is not employment for more than *one half*.—(Q. 2338).

Mr. Hugh Dixon thinks that there would be labour enough in the county of Westmeath, if *one half* the lower class of labourers (that would be about a fourth part of the population) were removed. He finds *Ireland generally*, as far as he knows, in the same situation.—(Q. 2521, 2591).

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of the county of Clare, says—"generally speaking, the *demand* for labour is *very small*, as compared with the *population*."—(Q. 2620). A large portion of the lowest labourers are without employ: but he thinks not a half.

Mr. Bodkin's evidence is to the same effect with Mr. Wilson's.

To Mr. Malthus the question as to any *extent of emigration* is never put Half a million from Ireland *only*, is once thrown out as a hint.—(Q. 3388).

Mr. Marshall's evidence we have already quoted at considerable length. This gentleman, it will be recollected, got rid of 1,100 persons off his own estate only at once. His opinion is that the population of the county of Kerry exceeds the demand for labour very materially.—(Q. 4173).

Now it may be too much to say, definitively, that from a part we should judge of the whole; but certainly all this evidence seems to go to the *general state* of the country. And it will be recollected that this is

the *Third* Report of the Committee; the first having been devoted almost wholly to exhibiting the mass of pauperism that we have to contend with; and containing evidence upon that subject of the most powerful character, if our limits would permit us to refer to it. However, to take the mischief in its least formidable light:—Ireland (which forms the root of the evil)—to abstract from her population of *seven* millions, *half a million* instantly, after the evidence which has been given: this certainly would not be too much! From the *fifteen million* population of England, Wales, and Scotland, to remove another *half million*, would be touching matters almost with too light a hand! But what is the plan proposed by the Committee? Is it to carry away this million without loss of time? Is it to carry away (according to the hint dropped to Mr. Malthus, in speaking of Ireland *only*) five hundred thousand? No; it is neither of these. The plan—encumbered with a crowd of details into which we shall not enter—is to organize an emigration of *ninety-five thousand persons!* and this *not immediately*, but between the present time and the year 1831!

Now this plan seems something of kindred to the famous project for emptying the river Thames with a tea-spoon. "Flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" The abstraction of 95,000 persons from Ireland alone, would produce no sensible effect upon her dense population; but still less, according to the very doctrine which the Committee, in their own Report, quote so triumphantly from Mr. Malthus, can it in the slightest degree better the condition of the people who are left behind! If there are 150 persons to work—this is Mr. Malthus's proposition—and if there is work only for 100, the competition for that work will bring down wages, to a price ruinous to the labourer. And, even if, from the 150 workmen, we take away 25, and the amount of work remains fixed at 100, the competition *still continues;* the 25 per cent. of surplus labour acts as mischievously as the 50 had done; and the lowest rate of wages only will be given even to the 100 by whom the employment is obtained. This principle, in the outset of their Report, the Committee take great pains to establish. They parade Mr. Malthus's opinion as to the power of a *very small quantity* of surplus labour to keep down wages in the market; and for no other purpose one would think—looking to what follows—than to demonstrate clearly to all the world, that the 95,000 emigrants removed from England are removed purely for their *own* advantage, and with no view to the benefit of the labouring classes at large! But, by some strange error, or fatality, which we cannot understand, the anxiety of the Committee that the country should experience *no relief*—that is to say, obtain *no diminution* of its existing surplus labour or population—by the proposed emigration, does not stop here. It goes farther; for the plan actually *provides* that the people who are to *emigrate*, shall not be *removed* at any thing like the same rate, that, in the ordinary and current course of population, they will be replaced! For the 95,000 emigrants, our readers will recollect, when all is provided for them, are not to go away *immediately*. They are to depart in *three shipments;* the last removal to take place *four years hence*, in the year 1831. Now the fact is, that the present population of Great Britain and Ireland, being taken at the lowest estimate—twenty-three millions—and increasing at the lowest supposed ratio—that suggested by Mr. Malthus—a rate at which it would double itself in fifty years—the increase gained at this rate of augmentation upon our twenty-three millions by the year 1831, will be more than *ten times greater* than the number which, in the same time, the Committee will have carried

away! The affair, put into figures would stand thus:—Our population, taking it at Christmas next, (1827) to be 23,000,000,—supposing it to double itself in fifty years—by Christmas 1828, will have increased (in round numbers) 321,000; and the Committee will have removed 20,000. By Christmas, 1829, it will have increased 325,000 more, making an advance of 646,000; and the Committee will have carried away 30,000 more, making a diminution of 50,000. By Christmas, 1831, the population will have increased 664,000 more, making altogether an increase of 1,310,000; and the Committee will have removed 45,000 more, making altogether an abstraction of 95,000. So that we should have out of this project—

Total of increase within the time stated, supposing a rate of increase such as would double the population in fifty years	1,311,414
Total of diminution by emigration	95,000
Increase of our population (and consequent difficulty) in 1831—as far as the exertions of the Committee are concerned	1,216,414

Now our readers will observe that the increase here quoted has nothing whatever to do with the alleged *impetus*, which the abstraction of any portion of the inhabitants of a country of its own act gives to population [Mr. Malthus, Q. 3386.], and against which it is part of the duty of those who organize an emigration to provide: it is merely the *ordinary* increase which is inevitable, at the rate at which our population is, and has been, believed to be augmenting. We are perfectly aware, too, that these estimates as to the rate in which population *does* increase, both in England and Ireland, stand generally upon very unsatisfactory data. Mr. Malthus, who has devoted great attention to the subject, says—that he believes the average increase of the people of Ireland to be such as would double the population in forty years: judging from a calculation made upon the *actual* increase which the census of 1821 shewed to have taken place in the last thirty years, over the census or estimate of Dr. Beaufort in 1792: but of the *accuracy* of Dr. Beaufort's census of 1792, on which the whole truth of his own estimate depends—Mr. Malthus *knows nothing!* Still, in taking the *average* of 50 years as the rate of increase in which the whole kingdom would double itself, we have taken the *lowest* rate given by any witness—indeed a rate considerably lower than any witness suggests; and even halve that increase; divide that half again; say the increase is such as would double the population in 100 years—or in 200 years; still either the fallacy of half the premises upon which the Report proceeds must be monstrous, or there is no conceivable rate of augmentation that can go on *so slowly*, but that the diminution provided by the Committee will be *behind* it! And, unless that body are prepared to shew—that of which certainly no word of proof appears in their Report—that they have some means for holding this great and increasing population suddenly at a stand still—their whole scheme (according to all the data on which they have founded it) is just as hopeless and extravagant, as that of a man who should propose to stop the filling of a cistern by opening a half-inch pipe to run out on one side, while a six-inch pipe (drowning him and his philosophy together) was running in on the other!

In fact, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the Committee themselves have intended this project as a sort of tub to the whale: a medicine which the patient shall be amused with mixing up and swallowing, while nature herself (as she produced the complaint) applies the *real* remedy. The day for emigration, upon a profitable and effective scale, is gone by: if we might burst (with no interference from our neighbours) upon Spain or Portugal, massacre the inhabitants of those countries, establish ourselves upon their lands, and in their homes, *this* would be emigration to some purpose! but the spirit of the age will not allow this; and we cannot send millions of men to the distance of Canada or New South Wales. The emigration proposed by the Committee will cost a million aud a half of money, and benefit (to this we fully agree) 95,000 men who are to emigrate. But it will do nothing to relieve this country from the surplus labour, a surplus population, which is declared to be oppressing it—unless the Committee have lights and views upon that subject, which can hardly be deduced from the evidence given before them, and which certainly are not glanced at in their Report.

Our own object, as we stated in the commencement, is to point out this failure in the enterprize of the Committee, rather than to attempt any theory which should supply the gap which it has left. The complaint of surplus labour, or surplus population, is not a new one: in this age of active inquiry, such an evil excites more attention and discussion than it did formerly: but it is not because we see the mortal tendency of the disease, that we are always able to apply the remedy. Half the improvements which science and the exertion of individuals, every day are opening upon us, have a direct tendency to produce the mischief which we are now endeavouring to remove—to raise the rates of increase upon our population. Every increase of morality in our habits; every fresh discovery in the treatment of our maladies; every improvement in the purity and wholesomeness of our cities; are all so many engines labouring directly to augment our population. In opposition to the working of all these causes—and of an hundred others—besides the *grand one*, which neither force nor argument will ever overcome—each theorist—to set all right—has his *single* specific! One man cures all by freely importing corn: forgetting that (independent of present mischiefs) if we did freely import corn to-morrow, no importation could keep pace with an unchecked population, and that thirty years would place us again in circumstances of difficulty. Another speculator would cultivate more corn at home: never noticing the man who cries that he is starving, because we cultivate too much corn—too much *inferior land*—already. A third *tithes*, the mere increase upon our existing numbers, by "emigration to Canada," and calls that "practical relief and diminution." And a fourth, enraged to see the labouring classes working almost to death for bare subsistence, proposes to revert to our old usage (no longer practicable) and allow the magistrate to fix a minimum of wages. It is curious to observe, in the evidence of Mr. Wills and Mr. Wright, members of a "Society for bettering the condition of the labouring classes," how completely abstract propositions blind men to possibilities, as well as to results. Nothing can be more plausible, or more honourable to their dispositions, than the *arguments* of these gentlemen; and yet it seems almost wonderful how they can be so perfectly impenetrable as to the progress of their own mistake. "The labourer"—this is their position—"cannot stand in a worse situation than

he does. Let the magistrate fix his rate of wages, and always at that sum which will purchase him two bushels of wheat per week: which is the amount that he received in the last century. If he *does* work, let him not work for less than a subsistence; as the matter stands, his low priced labour does but produce a glut of merchandize, which, acting in its turn, sinks the demand, and renders those low wages perpetual." Now nothing can be more true than a great part of this statement: and we will even admit (for the argument's sake) that it *is* better that a man, who cannot get two bushels of wheat weekly for his labour, should die of hunger, or be maintained by the industry of others, than that he should work for a bushel and a half. But, will the capitalist and the labourer *consent* to this? And is it possible, in a country where men possess ordinary freedom, to make any law which shall bind them to consent? The capitalist is desirous to employ the labourer upon low terms: the labourer, rather than starve, or be ill maintained by the parish, is anxious to work upon low terms; how shall we keep these parties asunder? The "shop system,"* Mr. Wells and his friends must know, negatives every provision to such an effect in an instant: and that system no law can reach. If it be contrary to law for a master to pay his workmen with "orders"—say even upon *any* shop; what is to prevent his employing no workmen but those who *happen to deal* at a particular shop?—with the owner of which he has an understanding, which every body knows may exist, without the possibility that *proof* of it could be obtained. Or to conclude the question in a shorter way—what even could stop the "Cottage system"—in action, according to the evidence of witnesses before the Committee already? a scheme by which masters, investing part of their capital in building or purchasing cottages, let them to workmen weekly: and—for the rate and question of *rent*—*employ no hands but such as will occupy them?*

Perhaps the nearest approach to advantage would be in a partial and combined application of all the cures devised; excepting always the last, that of fixing a minimum of wages: to which objections enough exist (if it were necessary to name them) besides the fact of its being impracticable. To adapt the supply of labour in any country—with even a remote approach to constancy or proportion—to the demand, is utterly impossible: to population there can be but one effective check, under whatever name that check may be attempted to be disguised—the impossibility of obtaining sustenance. We may maintain a greater number of people, or a lesser; but we shall always have *more* than our wants can well dispose of: we shall no more get rid of misery by any course of human caution or arrangements than by any code of law we can get rid of crime. Something, however, may be done—we may palliate where we cannot cure—towards preventing an excess of one as of the other. To provide employ and subsistence for the greatest possible number of persons that circumstances can maintain, is our duty, less with a view to the advantage of individuals, than to the benefit of the state. The diminution, by all available means—(this is an ungrateful subject, and an old one, but we are compelled to return to it)—of those public

* A scheme of paying labourers by orders for provisions upon a particular shop, &c. kept by the master, or in which he is interested; where the prices charged being high, or the commodities inferior, the large profit obtained lowers the real amount of the labourers' wages.

charges and burthens which cramp the industry of the country, agricultural and manufacturing, and render its exertion too expensive; the adoption of such a system of general commerce, and especially of regulated trade in corn, as may enable our population to command, in the fullest possible extent, the foreign market for their manufactures; these are courses suited at once to aid the means of subsistence of our existing numbers, and to increase the amount of population for which we can provide in future. For the scheme of Emigration, that system may be of so much advantage to us: it will not relieve the country; but it may aid our strength at some period to have command over a population *abroad*, which could not have remained in existence *at home*. In the main, however, for the difficulty which it has been the object of the Emigration Committee to treat, we believe there is but one alternative—either want (and the mortality which it causes) must thin a population, or prudence must check its increase: this is an unpopular doctrine, we are aware: but we believe it to be the *true* one. In aid of that process of restraint, or as a first step towards the chance of approaching it, *education* is the grand measure on which we should rely. That process which teaches men to *think*, *may* sometimes lead them to place their reason as a barrier against their passions: we expect no miraculous results from the expedient; but it has one recommendation—it *must* do *some* good, and it can by no possibility do *mischief*. There is scarcely any other course that we have seen suggested—or that suggests itself to us—that is not either pregnant with mischief, or impracticable. There have been systems recommended—like this before us, of carrying away twenty thousand people, while we produce a hundred thousand—which are of no efficacy or avail. And others, which might be of avail, but which all our feelings of common policy, as well as of morality and decency, unite to hunt out of discussion. And lastly, not least, came the scheme of Mr. Malthus; which the reverend gentleman seems to think feasible even still! the plan of refusing parochial assistance after a given date to every able bodied labourer—thus furnishing the state with an army of thieves and beggars, instead of paupers—for that ploughmen out of work would lie down and die (even to affirm Mr. Malthus's theory), can hardly be expected? What was to be gained by maintaining men in crime rather than in poverty; making the prison the refuge of those who were destitute of employment, instead of the poor house, and their Committee of Emigration the common jury at the Old Bailey, it is not easy to perceive: but it is some proof of the difficulty of treating the real question, that such a scheme, with all its wildness, was not entirely without supporters. In conclusion, it should be kept in mind distinctly, that the utmost effect of the Report and evidence is to trace the distress existing among the lower classes to the presence of a surplus supply of labour in the country; not at all to the existence of a surplus population. Lord Clarendon's Letters of 1685 were written when the population of Ireland did not exceed probably half its present amount; and they describe the want and misery of the Irish peasantry, almost in the very same *words* used by the witnessses before the Committee.

THE POCKET BOOKS.

The success of these annual volumes is almost without precedent in the records of Stationers' Hall. It is scarcely five years since the first, Mr. Ackermann's "Forget-Me-Not," made its appearance; and now we have *six*, published in London only, contending for precedency; and, in spite of the increase of numbers in the market, the demand for each work rather increasing than diminishing. The truth is, that the speculation originally was a well imagined one; and its very popularity has given it means of bidding for popularity which no other position could have afforded. Nothing short of the immense extent of the editions sold, could enable the publishers to bring out the books at their present price. A volume, for instance, which costs 700*l.* (to use the phraseology of trade) to "get up," is sold for twelve shillings! For this sum we have four hundred close pages of letter-press; exquisitely printed, upon the finest paper, and in the finest possible type; independent of twelve engravings, of which impressions, purchased separately, would cost considerably more money than the price paid for the entire work. Our business, however, is with the merits of the particular books upon our table, rather than the general advantage of the class of productions to which they belong; and, amidst so much competition for preference, with claims very nearly equal, the task of the critic, although commendation be his cue, is not an enviable one.

The "Forget-Me-Not," which claims precedence as the *original* publication, is not quite so happy in its embellishments this year as we recollect to have seen it. The plates are all from good pictures, and engraved by excellent artists; but with the exception of three—"The Bridal Morning," (the frontispiece), "The Bridge of the Rialto," and "The Triumph of Poetry,"—they have not exactly the liveliest interest, as to subject, that might be desired for a volume of this character. Mr. Ackermann's book, however, must not be dismissed lightly. "The Bridal Morning" is a delightful picture—and quite sure to be a popular subject. And it is illustrated by L. E L.—who is the very Queen of the Annuals; and only not the star of any, because, like the moon—as poetical and as inconstant—she shines on all alike. The poetry of this illustration is very sweet and flowing; but we like another, and a shorter piece, by the same hand, "The Sword," still better. It is spirited and feeling in the highest degree, and almost as good as that exquisite bit, "The Forsaken,"—published, if we recollect right, in one of the Pocket Books two years ago. "The Sword" itself has so much merit that we make no apology for extracting it:—

THE SWORD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind pass'd o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leant o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping,
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

The "Amulet" of this year – (the next in order we believe)--contains pieces in prose and verse by most of its old contributors; with several new names, which form an addition to its strength. Some of the plates do great credit both to the selection of the editor and the talent of his artists. Among the best may be ranked "The Shepherd Boy," engraved by Rolls, from a beautiful painting by Mr. Pickersgill; "The Lady of Ilkdale" (a portrait, we rather think), from a picture by Jackson; "The Gipsey Child," by Howard; and "Strafford and his Secretary," from Vandyke's picture, in the collection of Lord Fitzwilliam. The Autographs of Guy Fawkes and the rest of the conspirators in the gunpowder-plot, too (with the superscription of the letter to Lord Monteagle, which disclosed the conspiracy), form a unique and interesting document. The literary portion of the "Amulet" is not inferior to the embellishments; and the volume is "brought out" superbly: the printing, binding, and indeed the embellishment in general, are of the most costly order, and in the most admirable taste. As our limits will only allow one extract, we select a short poem, by our popular and delightful friend, Mrs. Hemans. And, by the way, we really think that the ladies alone ought to write these Annuals among them, without the aid of the grosser sex at all: they are quite competent to it. Or, at least, they should have a Pocket Book of their own; published for their particular benefit, and in which no writer shewing a beard should be allowed to interfere.

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some – oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice –
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the earth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must e'er night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning-bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

The "Bijou," and the "Keepsake," come forward with pretensions to be very high and mighty. They begin the world by rating themselves nine shillings a volume above other people; and both are to be distinguished by the elegance of their pictorial accompaniments. The "Keepsake" must pass for this time. It comes out of Bond street, we believe—and, therefore, is last by prescription: but it has not come yet; if it brought all Bond-street to back it, we would not delay our paper five minutes longer. The "Bijou," however, if it promised largely, has certainly in some sort redeemed its pledge. "The Child and Flowers;" and "the Boy and Dog,"—both by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved by the same artist, Mr. Humphreys—are exquisite specimens both of drawing and engraving. Perhaps the pictures may rank among the very best that the distinguished painter ever executed; and the engraver has done them ample justice. "Sans Souci," and "Haddon Hall," in another style of painting, are not less attractive; and the "Picture of Sir Walter Scott and his Family" would be attractive, were it only from the details and associations connected with it. The contributors to this work stand very high in name. The Letter of Sir Walter Scott "about himself," displays all the power with which that extraordinary writer can adorn the most common-place topic. Coleridge's "Wanderings of Cain" also is a splendid rhapsody: equal, we think—as far as it goes—to the best of his productions; and only leaves us to lament that so great a power to accomplish should have accomplished (and bid fair to accomplish) so little. "Beau Leverton" is a clever paper; one of the liveliest that the Annuals of this year have produced. The author's name is not given; but, at the hazard of running our short limits close, we give the following specimen of its quality:—

"To Thomas Sheriff Macdonald, Esq., at Long's Hotel, London.

"I cannot—I grieve to say it—be trans-atlantic with ye to-morrow evening, Tom. You must smoke your cigars at peace without me. Do not, however, affront thyself and thy brother Sachems, at my apparent desertion; but bury your tomahawks in the venison quietly, and forget so poor a man as Harry Leverton.

"Shall I tell thee what has kept me thus amongst green corn and withered oak-apples? Shall I, turning philosophical, betray to thee how the loadstone—I have half a mind to commit violence upon the three virgin sheets of paper which lie sleeping beside me, and inscribe my adventures upon them, for thine especial benefit. It *shall* be thus: so listen!

"I was satisfied, as thou know'st, with London; although the dog-star reigned, although the face of every (surviving) friend was baked, the ice-cellars empty, and the month of July at hand. But my Lord Bridewell *would* be at once peremptory and persuasive; and I had, I must confess to thee, reasons for not despising his suit. He came to my domicile, as he threatened, on Tuesday last; armed with spurs, and attended by two gardes-du-corps, a travelling chariot and coach, four postillions, and the warrant (to which was the sign manual) of Lady Cecil Dartley, to take the body of Henry Leverton, and him convey, &c. to her ladyship's court, which is at present held at the Grange, in Sussex.

"I will spare thee the tediousness of our journey. It is enough to tell thee, that we survived almost fifty miles of English dust—passed in triumph over four pigs, who made outrageous protestations against our proceedings—'took' (as my lord called it) a post—missed children of all ages (one a succulent)—refreshed at F——, and arrived, without further mischief or matter, at 'The Grange.' The place is pretty enough: a little hill—a lawn—a shrubbery—a fish-pond or two (they have capital stewed carp), and a modern sort of antique cottage-villa, where Vitruvius and Palladio, Greek, Goth, and Sir John Vanbrugh, flourish in united absurdity. This is all well. But the utter demolition of my toilette-equipage is a calamity for life: for some of the trifles were unique—and Burgess (my chamberlain) has been unable to procure anything beyond the most alarming instruments at —— I forget its horrid name—the nearest market-town. You know that I indulge in some little niceties on these points. What wouldst thou think of my undergoing a course of brushes and shears of as rude a—Bah! I sent the former into the stable without delay, and reserve the latter for sheep-shearing, whenever I shall arrive at my aunt Slatter's pastures in Devon, which a villainous asthma (that provokes longevity) has kept me out for the last twenty and five years!

"Well, Tom,—The earl bowed, and looked grim and wise, and mumbled out his patrician welcomes (which were too ceremonious by half). The old countess, who paints as thick as a door, laboured to be alluring; and Lady Cecil out-looked all the roses which went scrambling about the drawing-room windows. Bridewell was busy in the

stable, and left me to make my way with his family as well as I could. And, in truth, bashfulness is not my vice, as thou knowest, Tom. Accordingly, after a brief refuge in my dressing-room, I descended, and found a mob of indifferent appearance, all prepared to invade the regions where eating and drinking are honoured. Some of our friends (is that not the word, Tom?) were there, male and female, coupled together like pigeons. One fair hand was, however, reserved for me (by the grace of the countess mother)—and it was that of the blooming Cecil!

"But I see that thou art dying to know who are my agreeable cotemporaries;—and I will tell thee.

"In the first place, then, behold our 'noble' family:—The earl, as dull as a drum, and tedious beyond even the privilege of parliament; the countess, a fine old enamel, as I have said, but a little cracked, and somewhat out of drawing: Cecil Dartley, always *couleur de rose;* and her sister Selina, a languid plant; their brother (Bridewell), the son and heir of all the Trumpingtons; and Colonel Dartley, a brother also according to law, but, in other respects, a thing between pug and monkey, that is hung round with blue and scarlet, and dances through 'the Lancers,' or to the tune of 'Money in both Pockets,' till Fanny Dartley is ready to die with admiration. Then cometh Fanny herself, a cousin of the family, who, *à la Turc*, staineth her fingers inch deep (with ink), and is a true specimen of that little female indiscretion, an authoress. Thou wouldst expire, my good friend Tom, if thou cou'dst behold her in her morning garments—they are so flowing, so oriental, so scornful of all shape and fashion, and withal so utterly covered with dusky hieroglyphics, that one can scarcely distinguish between the sweep of her stylus and the broader impress of her thumb. All is in learned confusion, like a country library; but incomparably less cleanly. Yet, 'tis a goodnatured chit, and laughs and talks (O Gad! Tom), and invites the women to drink wine; and argues like a syllogism; and is very odd,—and a little tedious. Next to her, was a Sir Somebody Something, the county member; and his lady, trussed and tucked up like a Christmas turkey, of the county also, and indigenous; their son, a apare thing, of six feet high, whose person hath outrun his wit; while by his side sate, full of scorn and languor, the Lady Selina Dartley. Then came Snapwell, the barrister; one of the young Froths, a pretty thing, but as insipid as plain broth; old Moidore, the Ministerial merchant, and (an inexpressible person!) his wife; descended from the tribe of Levi,—but converted. Then followed a Squire Huggins or Higgins, a proprietor of acres in these parts; then another Froth, not so pretty as the last, but with an exquisite propriety of shape; then Lord Saint Stephens, the new orator; and an odious fellow from the most northern part of the north, a Mr. John Mac Flip, an author, a critic, and a reporter, and a politician to boot; possessing little, however, that need be mentioned beyond an incredible portion of assurance, and an appetite that surmounts all fable. By him (well matched) sate a little black female barbarian from Shetland, or the Orkneys; then came a 'Mac' of some endless descent; then that immoderate simpleton, Garnish,—Lady Di. Flarish, and her detestable sister,—and, finally, young Gabbleton, from Oxford, who has travelled in Greece, and what is worse, hath written his travels, and still talketh his travels, till the fish (which he helpeth) is cold. These are nearly all, except our 'ancient' Childers, the fox-hunter—Jack Sitwell (Bridewell's Newmarket chum)—a physician, and a Lord of the Admiralty; a burgess or two from the neighbouring Borough, and a rubicund figure, somewhat like a pipe of wine (called the Vicar of the village), which tolls out grace before dinner as regularly as the clock (but louder)—i'faith, and after dinner also, I believe, unless he chance to go to sleep over the *entremêts*.

"And now farewell, Tom. If thou art but half as fatigued in reading this as I in writing (and I am not without hopes but that thou *wilt* be), thou wilt bid me henceforward discontinue sending thee any more of the adventures of thy most faithful

"HARRY LEVERTON."

This letter of Mr. Leverton's takes up more room than ought properly to be given to it; for it compels us to dismiss the two last candidates upon our table briefly. The first, "The Friendship's Offering," has been produced under disadvantages. It was begun late—or rather transferred to the present management late—but it stands its ground fairly; and is dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Augusta. The plates may, many of them, challenge comparison with the boldest of their competitors; and the subjects are all interesting. We may venture to direct attention particularly to the very pleasing picture, "The Orphans,"—an old fisherman seated at his cottage-door, and watching the features of two beautiful young children. To "The Italian Wanderer"—a boy with a dancing-dog—the children that are looking on at the shew are very cleverly conceived. "The Sylph,"—"The Captive Slave,"—and "The Cottage Diorama," have also each

of them considerable merit. The binding of this work too—like that of the "Amulet,"—is rich and well devised: the embossed and gilded cover has the advantage of being durable as well as handsome. We must find room for one specimen; some pleasing verses of Mr. Hervey's:—

STANZAS.

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Spirits, whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,
Play thee to sleep, with their visionless strings,
Brighter then thou—*but* because they have wings!
—Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But loving and loved as a child of the earth!

Why is that tear?—Art thou gone, in thy dream,
To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,
Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,
Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along?
Blest be the dream, that restores them to *thee*,
But *thou* art the bird and the roses to me!

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers alone,
And hear thy low breathings, and *know* thee mine own,
And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,
I blame not the fate that has taken the rest,
While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Love be a rainbow, to brighten thy sky!
Oh! not for sunshine and hope, would I part
With the shade time has flung over all—*but thy heart!*
Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,
Only more holy—and only less wild!

The "Winter's Wreath" (at last we are through our list) is a volume got up at Liverpool, and devoted to a charitable purpose. It is a neat book, and contains some ingenious papers; but has not the advantage, in general, of well-known names in its list of contributors. The engravings are all well executed, and by London artists.

Upon the whole, we may fairly congratulate the Annuals upon having gained ground, rather than lost any, in the present year. The books ought to be good indeed, if we might augur from the aggregate amount of contributors:—Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Mitford; Mr. Southey, Mr. Coleridge, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Delta and Titus of Blackwood's Magazine, Mr. Thomas Hood, Mr. Crofton Croker, Miss Roberts, Mr. Neele, the editors, personally, of four of the volumes, &c. &c. Some names might no doubt be added, which are not so well known to the public; and some which are not very likely to become so: but the array of talent, taken altogether, is a very splendid one.

THE MAN WITH THE APPETITE:

A CASE OF DISTRESS.

To the charitable and humane, and to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence.—CRITIC.

CHARLES XII. was brave, noble, generous, and disinterested—a complete hero, in fact, and a regular fire-eater. Yet, in spite of these qualifications and the eulogiums of his biographer, it is pretty evident to those who impartially consider the career of this potentate, that he was by no means of a sane mind. In short, to speak plainly, he was mad, and deserved a strait-waistcoat as richly as any straw-crowned monarch in Bedlam. A single instance, in *my* opinion, fully substantiates this. I allude to his absurd freak at Frederickshall, when, in order to discover how long he could exist without nourishment, he abstained from all kinds of food for more than seventy hours! Now, would any man in his senses have done this? Would Louis XVIII., for instance, that wise and ever-to-be-lamented monarch? Had it been the *reverse*, indeed—had Charles, instead of practising starvation, adopted the opposite expedient, and endeavoured to ascertain the greatest possible quantity of meat, fruit, bread, wine, vegetables, &c. &c. he could have *disposed of* in any given time—why then it might have been something! But to *fast* for three days! If this be not madness—! Indeed, there is but one reason I could ever conceive for a person not eating; and that is, when, like poor Count Ugolino and his familiy, he can get *nothing to eat!*

Charles, now, and Louis—what a contrast! The first despised the pleasures of the table, abjured wine, and would, I dare say, just as soon have been without "a distinguishing taste" as with it. Your Bourbon, on the contrary, a five-mealed man, quaffing right Falernian night and day; and wisely esteeming the gratification of his palate of such importance, as absolutely to send from Lisle to Paris—a distance of I know not how many score leagues—at a crisis, too, of peculiar difficulty—for a single *pâté!** "Go," cried the illustrious exile to his messenger; "dispatch, *mon enfant!* Mount the *tri-color!* Shout *Vive le Diable!* Any thing! But be sure you clutch the precious compound! Napoleon has driven me from my throne; but he cannot deprive me of my appetite!" Here was courage! I challenge the most enthusiastic admirer of Charles to produce a similar instance of indifference to danger!

There is another trait in the character of Louis which equally demands our admiration, and proves that the indomitable firmness may be sometimes associated with the most sensitive and—I had almost said—infantine sensibility. Of course, it will be perceived that I allude to the peculiar tenderness by which that amiable prince was often betrayed, even into tears, upon occasions when ordinary minds would have manifested comparative *nonchalance.* I have been assured that Louis absolutely wept once at Hartwell, *merely because oysters were out of season!*—a testaceous production, to which he was remarkably attached;† so much so, indeed,

* Ireland's "Hundred Days."

† Whence his cognomen of *Des Huitres*—by corruption, *Dix-huit.*

as to be literally *ready to eat them*, whenever they were brought into his presence.*

The foregoing reflections have originated, I regret to state, in a retrospect of my own unhappy case—a case so peculiarly lamentable in its nature, that I am compelled, in defiance of the dictates of my pride, to submit it to the Public, and, through the medium of this excellent miscellany, solicit aid. Know, then, I am that singularly-unfortunate and calamitously-situated individual, whose uncommon appetite of late has so much engrossed the attention of the faculty; and who is generally supposed to have generated (by some unaccountable phenomenon) an animal of the wolf *genus* in his stomach or abdomen. Men speak of Louis! What were the gastronomical feats of Louis compared with mine? What would five meals a day be to me, who have a sixty-alderman power, and could digest an elephant? Talk of Milo, indeed! Pah! what's an ox at a sitting? I could eat Milo after the ox—horns and all! Wish I'd the opportunity!

——Excuse me, gentle reader. The cormorant within; he gnaw—gnaw—gnaws; and, unless I instantly sacrifice a hecatomb of mutton-chops to his insatiate maw, there is no knowing what may happen!

There!——and now, while the beast is feeding:——

It will naturally be asked to what I attribute this "devouring rage;" or, rather, this "rage for devouring?" I beg leave most respectfully to state, that, from strong *internal evidence*, I am induced to believe that the propagator of the monster now within me is neither more nor less than that diabolical, malicious, and appetite-creating imp, yclept HALF-PAY!† Say, thou malignant and unreasonable restorative! thou worse than Tantalian torturer, and accursed cause of the unappeasable pangs which consume and distract me!—Say! ere I knew thee—when soup, and fish, and flesh, and fowl—the wines of France, the preserves of the West, the fruits of Sicily, and though last, not least, "in our dear love," the cooling and exquisitely-refreshing ices of her hoary Ætna!—when all these, ye gods! in the most gratifying abundance, daily wooed my acceptance, and tempted the fastidious palate—say! did I not regard them with the most stoical indifference? Nay, was I not even constrained—*O mirabile dictu!*—to rouse my idle organs into actions, and, by the use of strong stimulants, actually compel them to perform their customary functions? Yes, yes, alas! such was then my enviable—my halcyon lot! But now—*Ventre sans gris!*—Bear with me, gentle Public! My heart is in our mess-room at Valetta, and I must pause till it come back to me!

In appealing to the well-known generosity of the British Public, and more particularly to the feelings of that service to which for so many years I had the honour to belong, it would be ill-judged to weary them with a circumstantial detail of the gradations by which I have arrived at the alarming and destitute condition in which I now find myself. Suffice it: after exhausting the hospitality of a numerous acquaintance, who soon—too soon—alas! discovered, in despite of all my forbearance and discretion, that, contrary to the received maxim, *one in a family did* make a difference, when that *one* happened to be myself; and were, in conse-

* It is said that this worthy descendant of the Good *Henri* used to put a barrel of Colchester oysters daily, *hors de combat*, merely to *give him an appetite*.

† The physicians, indeed, will not allow this; but, in some cases, the patients are the best judges.

quence, constrained to *cut* me—I was eventually thrown upon my own resources, and, for some time past, have subsisted entirely upon my half-pay, which, I regret to state, is at present mortgaged for the next two years to my butcher—a highly-respectable man, with a large family, who has at length been compelled to intimate to me, that it will be impossible for him to supply me any longer upon credit without considerable detriment to his affairs.

Thus circumstanced, I fearlessly throw myfelf upon the liberality of my countrymen, in the full assurance of obtaining that immediate assistance which my unhappy situation requires. But, should this hope prove fallacious; should I unfortunately be doomed to experience the chills of neglect, and the blighting mildew of indifference, I must, alas! resort to the only expedient in my power, and close with Mr. Cross, of Exeter Change, who has offered me a considerable annuity and elephant's allowance, if I will consent to exhibit my unparalleled powers for the amusement of the Public.* Oh, Heavens! that ever I should live to be classed with the Bonassus and the Living Skeleton!—"Here! walk up, ladies and gentlemen—the most extraordinary sight—the man with the wolf in his belly! devours a baron of beef every half-hour! Admittance, two shillings while the beast is feeding!"† But why thus needlessly alarm myself? Secure of the general sympathy, I rest satisfied in the conviction that I shall never be reduced to appear in so horrible—so disgusting a——

——Ha! more mutton-chops! Quick—quick—quick! He eats—he gnaws to my very——

Your pardon, generous patrons—your pardon! This rascal—my other self—he——. As Dominie Sampson says, "Woeful man that I am! who shall deliver me?"

JOHN HUNGERFORD CURTIS,
Late of His Majesty's —— Regiment of Foot.

95, Swallow Street,
where the smallest donations will be thankfully received—whether in specie or provisions.

N. B. Public dinners attended at the shortest notice.

---

* P.S. Speaking of Mr. Cross and Exeter Change, puts me in mind of the "Beef-eaters" that stand at the door of that establishment; and, thence, by a natural transition of mind, to the subject of "Beef-eaters" in general. As it is perfectly clear, notwithstanding the absurd attempted derivations from "*Bufetier*"—"*Boire-faiteur*"—(side-board-keeper, and cup-bearer) &c.—that "Beef-eaters" (I speak of the genuine "Palace" ones) were originally appointed for the express duty of *eating beef*; thereby representing in a manner, and illustrating occasionally for the instruction of foreigners, the peculiar powers of the English in that department of exertion—taking this to be indisputable, I would venture to suggest the propriety of my own appointment to the first of these situations that may become vacant. As I shall undertake—subject to penalty in case of failure—to perform the work of any *six* existing "Beef-eaters"—be their talents what they may—a considerable saving would accrue (in salary, cloathing, and so forth) to the public service from my nomination: and as it is the concentration of value in the *individual*, in any national display which is always aimed at—as of muscle in the Champion of England, or fat in the Prize Ox—the reputation of the country, I apprehend, would be better sustained by my employment—as well as my own necessities (without further trouble to the community) provided for.

† That this process may be witnessed, and the curiosity of the visitors fully gratified, Mr. Cross proposes that an aperture, of convenient shape and dimensions, neatly framed and glazed, be made in my abdomen; an operation which the medical gentleman who so cleverly cut up poor *Chuney* has kindly volunteered to perform. He assures me, that I shall feel no *pain* but that inserted by the glazier.

A DISSERTATION ON BEARDS, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY.

BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF SHAVING.

Beatrice.—Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonatus.—You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice.—What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth—and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him.

Much ado about Nothing. Act II. Scene I.

I HAVE often thought that the history of fashions would form a very curious and interesting volume. It would give us a more direct insight into the manners and customs of our ancestors in domestic life, than we can ever hope to attain by viewing them in the trim and formal habits with which historians have invested them. It would enable us to trace with accuracy the variations of taste in different generations, and would serve as a barometer, to determine the degrees of civilization, at which they had arrived at different periods of their progress from barbarism to refinement. As their dresses changed from skins to silks, we should see their manners changing from brutality to elegance; and we should thus hold up to the philosopher and to the tailor a new and instructive view of human nature. I despair, however, of seeing such a history, written as it ought to be, because the mind of the philosopher, and the eye of the tailor, seldom centre in the same individual. To be a tailor by trade, and an author by profession, is a destiny which has not befallen many of our species. Mr. Place is the only living person within my knowledge, who, writing with the pen in one hand, and stitching with the needle in the other, has been equally sharp and pungent with both. If he would undertake the work which I have suggested, the world would be his debtor; and, as the researches into which it must inevitably lead him, would tend to his improvement, both as a fashioner of books and as a fashioner of garments, he would suffer no loss by the employment, but might return, at the completion of it, with redoubled zeal, to his usual occupation of patching up the costume and the constitution of his country.

It is my misfortune not to be a tailor. If I had ever had the honour of sitting cross-legged on a shop-board, I would have myself attempted the task, which I now call upon Mr. Place, if he has any love for the works of the thimble, to execute without delay. Had I been brought up at the feet of some illustrious fabricator, amid the steaming odours of goose and cabbage, I would have taken pattern by honest Stowe, and would have chronicled the ruffs, and tufts, and taffetas of former beaux, in all the pomp of historic narrative. I would also have endeavoured to catch some of the indescribable graces which my friend B—, who manufactures cashmeres and criticisms for the blue-stockings of Paris, has thrown over his erudite history of shawls; and, though I might not, like him, have gained success by my performance, I would have deserved it, like him, by industry and perseverance. But alas! I repeat again, I am no tailor. I am therefore, utterly unqualified to describe the strange, and numberless, and evanescent shades in the alteration of fashions, and am consequently unfit to immortalize the daring fancies and creative needles of the Places and Stulzes of former generations. But, though I cannot perform all that I wish, I will not shrink from contributing all that I can towards the historic labour which I have just projected, and which, I trust, some

future coat-collector, as rich in obsolete wardrobes as Dr. Meyrick is in worn-out helms and hauberks, will hereafter worthily and successfully accomplish. I will note as scientifically as I can the variations of fashion, which have fallen within the sphere of my own particular profession, and will thus prove to the world, that I am myself ready to act upon the exhortations which I have voluntarily come forward to deliver to others.

I expect to be rejected as a contributor to the *Monthly Magazine*, when I avow that I am nothing more than a retired pogonotomist. Yes, I, who have taken, without trembling, the boldest men in this empire by the nose, now faint with terror, as I confess, anonymously, to an unknown editor, that, though I now make flourishes on paper, as an author, with the pen, I commenced my career in life by making flourishes on beards as a barber with the razor. I might conceal from the public the cause of so wondrous a change in my avocations; but I scorn all unnecessary disguise; and therefore declare without hesitation, that, during the speculating mania which pervaded the land a few years ago, I disdained to deal any longer in bubbles of soap and water. I forsook my business to dabble in bubbles of nobler promise; and when those bubbles burst, discovered that my business, in revenge, had forsaken me. I was not, however, disheartened by the discovery, because I found out, upon winding up my accounts, that I had realized, by my speculations, a sum on which I could retire to a spruce little cottage in the Hampstead-road, for the enjoyment of that suburban repose, of which we metropolitans are so deeply enamoured. After I had rusticated there some weeks in all the dignity of a new-made gentleman, want of occupation converted me into a glutton of books. The same cause led me, at a later period, to try my hand at concocting puns for the *Post*, and paragraphs for the *Herald;* and I am now, in spite of nature, and education, and early habits, become, I know not how, a regular scribbler. As my thoughts, by a very natural process, often recurred to the subject-matter of my past latherings, I determined that the first production of my studies should be a history of the various vicissitudes which have attended pogonotomy in different ages and in different countries, and of the savage controversies and the sanguinary wars which they have occasionally excited. That production is now completed; and I feel as much rapture in having brought it to a close, as Gibbon describes himself to have felt in traversing his terrace at Lausanne, after penning the last sentence of his "Decline and Fall," and as Bruce may be supposed to have felt, after accomplishing his journey to the previously undiscovered fountains of the Nile. I expect, however, to be told, that my subject is not worth the labour which has been bestowed upon it; and if I am so told, I will not presume to gainsay the assertion. On the contrary, I will chime in with every objurgation that may be directed against me for wasting my time upon trifles "light as *hair*," instead of applying it to matter of graver importance. I will even abstain from defending myself, by the example of a thousand writers of high authority and reputation, who have, each in their day, taken pride in exalting the low, and amplifying the little—and will suffer my reprovers to take judgment against me by default, provided they will permit me, in return, to try a trick of my trade upon their chins the first time they may visit the vicinity of Hampstead. If they will only vouchsafe me that honour, I will promise them that they shall not in a hurry stand in need of the services of another barber. My revenge shall be as sharp as my razor; and if my

razor do not cut as deep as their sarcasms, it must have lost its edge by disuse, and have become as blunt as a common oyster-knife.

I might here dilate upon the various purposes for which nature provided man with a hairy appendage to his chin, were not such a task rendered quite superfluous by the three hundred and sixty-nine closely-printed folio pages, which Marcus Antonius Ulmus, a physician of Padua, published on the subject about three centuries ago; and by the erudite and ever memorable quarto, which Pierius, a priest of Rome, dedicated to Clement the Seventh about the same time, in praise of its beauty, dignity, and undeniable holiness. Pagenstecher, the learned jurist of Steenvord, will enlighten those who are anxious to inquire into its political merits and judicial rights, and will prove, out of the mouths of mystics, moralists, philosophers, theologians, and historians, that it is given to man as a signal ornament and distinction, and is denied to woman, on account of the innate loquacity, dicacity, and garrulity of the sex, which keep her jaws in such perpetual motion, as to afford no leisure time for a beard to sprout thereon. I shall avoid all such speculative discussions, as unworthy of the barber and the scholar; and, contenting myself with the humble fame of an industrious compiler, shall seek nothing more than to form, out of the slight and scattered fragments of history, a concise and curious, and I hope not uninteresting, account of the decline and fall of the once bushy honours of the human beard.

If there be one people on the face of the earth whom I detest more cordially than another, it is that people of opposite and contradictory qualities, the Jews.* Obsequious and obdurate, superstitious and irreligious, straining at gnats and swallowing camels, constantly amassing wealth, and as constantly living in the most squalid filth and beggary, they are at once the humblest of slaves, and the most imperious of masters, to every community in which they can obtain a footing. As I wish to get rid at once of every disagreeable recollection, and as the very thought, much less sight, of a Jew, excites my spleen and raises my disgust, I will begin, since they trace back their history to times of which we have no other records but theirs, by emptying my common-place book of all it contains relative to their manner of decking and docking the beard. From their first appearance, down to their final dissolution as an independent nation, they held it in high respect and honour. The beard of Aaron, which streamed like a grisly meteor to the wind, is always mentioned by their writers in terms of hyperbolic praise—as is also that of John the Baptist, who is extolled by more than one of them for never having allowed a razor to approach his throat. In imitation of these their prophets and their priests, the Jews permitted their beards to grow to great length, and were fastidious to a fault as to the mode of cutting and adorning it. Their history affords a singular instance of their nicety of feeling on this point. When Hanun, the Lord of the Ammonites, shaved off half the beard of David's messengers, in derision of their master, the insult was felt to be so unpardonable, that David made the shavelings tarry at Jericho till it had grown again, being afraid lest their appearance with a beard so marred and mutilated

* For this dislike I have high authority. In Calvin's case [7 Rep. 17. a.] Lord Coke says, "All infidels (among whom he reckoned the Jews, 2 Inst. 507) are in law *perpetui inimici*, perpetual enemies; for the law presumes not that they will be converted, that being *remota potentia*, a remote possibility: for between them, as with *the devils, whose subjects they be*, and the Christian, there is *perpetual hostility, and can be no peace*."

should stir the people up to some sudden act of mutiny and outrage. During their occupation of Judea, they cut off the beard, when suffering under heavy calamity—but at present, as 'Change Alley, the constant witness of their griefs, and gains, and glories, can testify, they reverse the custom, and let it grow, probably in imitation of Mephibosheth, who left his own untrimmed from the day that David departed in trouble and sorrow from Jerusalem, to the day that he returned to it again triumphantly in peace.

If I turn from the Jews to the Greeks, I find that in that early period of their history, which is styled the heroic age, the beard flourished in undoubted honour. There are several passages in Homer which shew, that, if a vanquished enemy could succeed in touching his conqueror's beard, the rude laws of war, which then prevailed, compelled him to give quarter to the suppliant, who so demanded it. Young men were also accustomed to cut off the first hair of their beards, and to dedicate it, with great formality, to the gods, as a mark of their gratitude for the divine protection, which they had received during the numerous dangers of infancy and childhood. This practice prevailed universally in Greece till the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, when the razor first came into use, and brought devastation to the blooming honours of the chin. At that time, however, shaving was considered the index of the most unblushing and profligate effeminacy of manners; and the sneers which were cast upon Cleisthenes, who first practised it, have survived all other accounts of that dandy of antiquity. Aristophanes took every opportunity to denounce the innovation, which was thus introduced into the costume of the face. In his political comedy of the Knights, he makes one of the characters, who is appointed general reformer of abuses, say, "that he will allow no man to speak in public whose chin is not bearded;" on which another of the characters immediately asks, "Where then are Cleisthenes and Strato to exercise their oratory?" In his Ecclesiazusæ, where the women disguise themselves as men, and, like our female reformers of 1819, attend political meetings, one of them is made to speak in terms of great praise of the beautiful beard of Epicrates, and to ask whether it will be possible for any body to take her for a woman, after she has tied as large a beard under her chin. Agyrrius, she says, remained undiscovered under the massive beard of Pronomus; and yet the wretch was formerly a woman, though he is now the greatest man in all the city. In his Thesmophoriazusæ, the poet stickles as strenuously for long beards as ever parson stickled for heavy tythes. The fun of two or three whole scenes depends entirely on the reluctance, which one of the characters exhibits to be shaved. Euripides is introduced upon the stage in dreadful alarm, in consequence of information which has just reached him, that the women of Athens had entered into a plot to take away his life, in revenge of the sneers and insults which he was perpetually casting upon them in his tragedies. He requests his friend Agatho to appear in their assembly as a woman, and to speak boldly in his behalf. Agatho, naturally enough, asks, "Why the tragic poet cannot appear there in the same disguise himself." Euripides replies:—

> "I'll briefly state my reasons—first, I'm known,
> And then, I'm old, and grey, and wear a beard.
> But you, my friend, are handsome, young, and comely,
> With smooth-shaved beard and trim;—besides, your voice
> Sounds shrilly like a woman's, whilst your gait

Is soft, and delicate, and minc'd so finely,
That, on my life, they'll ne'er discover you.
Ag.—Euripides!
Eur.—What is't?
Ag.—'Twas you that sung,—
"*Thou* deem'st life to be precious—cans't thou not
Believe thy father deems it precious, too?"
Eur.—The verse *is* mine—what then?
Ag.—Why never dream,
That we shall volunteer to bear for you
Your adverse fortune—we were mad indeed,
And worse than mad, to think on't—Firmly then
Resolve to meet the fate you cannot shun.

Agatho, having thus refused, Mnesilochus, fired with a generous indignation at his treachery towards Euripides, offers to go in his stead. Euripides bids him strip. Mnesilochus strips willingly; but when Euripides proposes to shave him, and borrows a razor for that purpose from Agatho, he makes a very strenuous effort to retract his offer. Euripides will not let him—but forthwith shaves one side of his face, in spite of his many cries and struggles. Mnesilochus attempts to run away. Euripides threatens to knock him down if he does not immediately stop both his bawling and his running. The wretch is frightened, and submits to have the other side of his face shaved, but not without exclaiming long and loudly against his unhappy destiny. The dialogue then continues:—

Eur.—Tush, man, ne'er fret yourself for such a loss,
But see how spruce, and trim, and brave you look.
Say—shall I bring a mirror?
Mn.—If you please.
Eur.—Why, there it is, then—dost thou see thyself?
Mn.—By Jove, not I—'tis Cleisthenes I see.
Eur.—Rise up, and let me singe these hairs away.
Mn.—Alas! Alas! he'll scald me like a pig.

Mnesilochus, being thus shaved, is sent into the assembly of women. When he has taken his seat among them, and has begun to congratulate himself upon the success of his stratagem, and is listening with silent satisfaction to the smart tales which they are telling of each other, under the idea that no male is present, the chorus starts up, and bids them cease their chattering—for a *woman* "fiery red with speed," is approaching the place of their meeting; whereupon Cleisthenes immediately makes his appearance, and thus addresses them:—

"Dear dames of Athens, sisters of my soul,
How fondly I adore you, let my cheeks,
My beardless cheeks, proclaim—you know I love
To ape the woman, and I madly dote
On all your quaint devices. I have tidings,
Tidings which near affect you—shall I tell them?
Chor.—Speak out, my boy—for boy I needs must call thee,
Whilst thus thy chin is cheated of its beard.

He then informs the women of the trick which Euripides has put upon them through the agency of some paltry scoundrel, who has submitted to be shaved, and then come among them as a spy. Mnesilochus boldly affirms that the story of Cleisthenes is incredible:—

"Say—can you credit such a tale as this
When told by such a thing? Lives there a man,
So lost to all the feelings of a man,
As would for any bribe that wealth could give,

Submit to the dire shame of being shav'd?
By the dread goddesses, I'll not believe it!"

There is a great deal more to the same effect, which I purposely abstain from translating. Indeed I should not have quoted so much as I have done, had I not been anxious to refute the universally-received opinion, that Alexander the Great was the inventor of shaving. Chrysippus was the author of this fiction. Athenæus gave it currency and circulation in his Dinner Philosophers; and it has been regularly repeated, without any examination into its truth, by every author, who has written on the beard from his time down to the last written article on the subject in the Encyclopedia Britannica. The story has therefore gained some authority by prescription; but no prescription can stand against the facts which I have just cited, and which, by-the-by, are by no means of an isolated description. It is upon record, that Dionysius the tyrant, who died some years before Alexander was born, taught his daughters the use of the razor, in order to avoid the risk of exposing his throat to a republican barber. The Ephori, on entering into office, regularly issued an edict, forbidding the Lacedæmonians to nourish their beards; whilst the Byzantines and Rhodians absolutely inflicted punishment on those who did not shave them away. There is also a story told of Phocion, which militates strongly with the probability of Alexander's claim to the original discovery of shaving. Plutarch informs us, that, on some public occasion, Phocion called upon an individual of the name of Alcibiades, who was distinguished for the prolixity of his beard, to corroborate a statement which he had made. To curry favour with the people, Alcibiades, instead of corroborating, flatly contradicted it. Phocion walked slowly up to him, and taking hold of his beard, as if to smooth it down, said, in the hearing of the assembled people, "You should have shaved off this symbol of an honest man, before you set up the trade of a shameless liar." That the fashion of dispensing with the beard had become very prevalent in Greece in the time of Alexander, seems probable from the obstinate attachment which Diogenes, who loved to run counter to the vulgar, displayed to his own. It appeared to him to be as ridiculous to deprive a man of his beard as a lion of its mane—and he wore his own, he said, that he might never forget that he was a man, endowed with a thinking soul. He considered the act of shaving as the outward expression of an inward willingness to overturn the law of nature, a notion, which explains his object in once asking a smug-faced fop, whether he did not blame nature for making him a man instead of a woman. The philosophers, who succeeded him, acted in conformity with the same notion for several generations, after the rest of their fellow-countrymen had renounced all barbal honours. A long beard and a tattered cloak were the outward and visible signs of a lover of wisdom, even so late as the beardless days of Plutarch, who, in one of his moral treatises, remarks, that something more than these two ingredients is wanted to constitute a real philosopher. Lucian, in his Eunuch, observes, that, if those who have the longest beards are the wisest philosophers, he-goats are the wisest philosophers in the world. A writer in the Anthology has embodied the same idea in a Greek epigram, and hence arose the proverb, "I see the beard and cloak, but wish to know where is the philosopher." It would have been well for these *soi-disant* sages, if they had nourished their beards, for the excellent reason of the old Laconian, who, when he was asked why he let his white beard grow to such a length, said, that it was in hopes

that the continual sight of it would prevent him from committing any act that might disgrace its whiteness. Had the philosophers of Greece been influenced as a body by such virtuous motives, her comic writers and her historians would have had less cause to accuse them of fraud, and avarice, and treachery, and almost every other vice, that degrades and defiles the purity of human nature.

Before I take leave of my friends in Greece, I cannot help noticing a singular phenomenon, which is said to have occurred in one of its colonial dependencies, and which Alexander Sanderson—the "Alexander ab Alexandro" of Waverley—has noticed, in his "Genial Days," without stating how he came by the knowledge of it. I have hunted for it in vain in various classic authors, and therefore partly suspect it to be an experiment made by my friend Sawney, in one of his drunken moments, on the credulity of his readers. "It is a singular fortune," says he, "which attends the priestess of Minerva, at Halicarnassus. As often as any misfortune is going to befall the Amphictyan colonists, who are settled in that country, a large beard sprouts upon her chin, and, by its magnitude, gives warning of the extent of mischief which is to follow. A similar phenomenon is not uncommon in Caria; the inhabitants know, that, when the females, who are dedicated to the service of the gods, have hairs growing in their cheeks and chins, they are capable of divining future events." How the Carian ladies came by this strange qualification, or how they lost it, I pretend not to say. Sawney may have learned the story from some of their descendants, who sailed in a sieve from Aleppo to Scotland—for the witches, who unfolded the secrets of futurity to Macbeth, must have been of the same complexion and clan, if we are to credit the language in which he addresses them:—

> "—— ——You should be women!
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so."

But I abstain from saying more on bearded women at present, as I intend to dedicate a page to their honour, before I bring this historical compilation to a close.

It is evident from several passages in the most esteemed Latin authors, that the early Romans were as averse as most other savages to the use of the razor. The large white beard of Numa is extolled more than once by the complimentary muse of Virgil: and the honest beard of his subjects is "familiar as household words" in the mouth of the caustic Juvenal. Indeed that satyrist assures us, that the first inhabitants of Rome looked upon the beard with so much honour, that they visited with condign punishment any disrespect shewn to it by the junior members of the community. The same feeling prevailed for more than five hundred years among their descendants, and led them to burden the chins of their gods very lavishly with these hairy appendages. With the exception of Apollo, all the images of their gods were well bearded—and, strange as it may appear, even the images of two of their goddesses were sometimes similarly decorated. It will perhaps excite a smile in the unlearned reader to be informed, that Venus was one and Fortune the other of these extraordinarily gifted female divinities. Macrobius has left us a description of the former, and Augustine of the latter, with the additional information, that she was invoked for no gift so often as that of a prolix and handsome beard. We learn from Persius, that when a devotee particularly wished

to propitiate his gods, he gave them a beard of gold—an honour which sometimes exposed their godships to very awkward accidents and predicaments. Æsculapius had his beard twice torn up by the roots in Sicily; and, if we are to credit Lucian, the cloud-compelling Jupiter, in spite of the thunder with which he was plentifully armed, was craven enough to submit in quiet to a similar indignity. When beards were thus mixed up with the religious feelings of the country, it does not appear strange that a man without a beard, or with only a small one, should have been looked upon almost as a curiosity. One of the Æmilian family acquired the nickname of Little Beard, and figures away in Livy as Quinctus Æmilius *Barbula*. It would have been fortunate for the senators, who witnessed the sack of Rome by Brennus, had they deserved a similar appellation—but, unfortunately, they were so bountifully provided with beard, and so scantily with brains, that they could not brook the unintentional insult offered to the bearded dignity of their colleague Papirius by an admiring barbarian, and so got themselves all murdered at one fell swoop in a hopeless attempt to avenge it. The Roman, who first attempted to bring his countrymen to a smoother state of chin, was P. Ticinius Mena, who, in the year of the city 454, introduced into it a troop of barbers from Sicily. His efforts were attended with partial success; but no Roman, if Pliny's authority is entitled to belief, dared to shave every day until Scipio Africanus, who had no occasion to fear the charge of effeminacy, set them the example. A remarkable revolution shortly afterwards ensued in the Roman face. The reign of long beards passed away, and though Cato endeavoured to restore it along with the republic, the fortune of the razor was triumphant, and the whole Roman world by the time of Augustus consented to be shaved. It must not, however, be concealed, that, even after shaving had become the rule of fashion, and not the exception, the "lords of human kind" suffered their beards to grow when they were suffering under severe calamity. Julius Cæsar, on hearing of the massacre of the legion which he had placed under the command of Titurius, vowed not to shave his beard until he had avenged it. Mark Antony, after the battle of Actium, neglected his hair, and allowed a thick heavy beard, I translate the words of Plutarch, to droop upon his bosom. It is recorded in the life of Caligula, that, on learning the death of his sister Drusilla, with whom he had been incestuously connected, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow, that he retired suddenly from Rome in the night, and returned to it some days afterwards with a long beard and dishevelled hair. Indeed these were the symptoms of deep mourning even in the early ages of the iron rule of Rome. They are mentioned as such by Livy, when he is describing the mode in which the people expressed their grief for the fate of Manlius, and again when he is noticing the very curious manner in which the censors treated an impatient fellow, who had taken in sad dudgeon a hasty vote of censure, which the sovereign people had passed against him for his conduct during his consulship. It appears that this coxcomb—Marcus Livius was his name—gave up, in consequence of it, all interference in public affairs for eight years, and almost banished himself from decent society. In the consulship of the celebrated M. Marcellus, he was lured back to Rome by that fortunate and victorious general. As he dressed himself in tattered clothes, and went about the streets with matted hair and an enormous beard, and exhibited in his countenance and demeanour a deep sense of the injury which he conceived himself to have received; the censors, to prevent mischief, compelled him not only to dress con-

sistently with his rank and fortune, but also to submit to a salutary shaving, and, after dragging him into the senate house, made him consent to discharge several important public duties, which they imposed upon him. It must have been an amusing spectacle to have seen the censors seizing on the ex-consul, stripping him of his rags, and forcing his patrician throat under the razor of a plebeian tonsor. What would I not give to see a similar scene enacted in the streets of London. Why did not the respectable alderman, who incurred the indignation of his fellow citizens, a few years ago, for telling them that half their London was burnt, when not even a chimney was on fire—why did not the sagacious Atkins retire immediately to his seat in Surrey, and meditate, in solitary moodiness, upon the malice of mankind, amid the sympathizing sorrow of cabbages and cauliflowers? By this time his beard would have grown into a curiosity, and would have filled the coach of any magisterial Marcellus, who might have endeavoured to lure him back to the citizens of Walbrook. Methinks I see him, on his restoration, wandering slowly past the Mansion-house, the very image of a distressed old clothesman! Even now the censors of the city—the marshals, and their men—are taking him into custody, and dragging him, a reluctant victim, to a radical shaver. The suds are already on his face—the razor is already drawn across his cheek, and nothing is wanted to complete his purification for higher city preferments, except the descent of Gog and Magog from their pedestals to witness and enjoy it. Even they are near at hand. Guildhall is expanding its gates to give the giants egress, and, conscious of returning glory, is determined not to close them till the cry of "fire, fire!" is once more heard within its walls, and Atkins is again proclaimed dictator over all the tradesmen and turtles in the city of London.

I must not, in my enthusiasm, forget to mention, that the striplings of Rome dedicated the day, on which they first performed the important ceremony of shaving, to feasting, and banqueting, and other important solemnities. It was the same epoch in their lives that coming of age is in ours, and was celebrated with all the pride and pomp of circumstance becoming such an event. Nero gave to these festivals the name of "Ludi Juvenales;" and when he kept his own, put the crispings of his beard into a vase of gold, and after adorning them with pearls of the purest whiteness, dedicated them to the Jupiter of the Capitol. Apollo and Venus were sometimes honoured with similar offerings; and Chaucer, in his knight's tale, rigidly adheres to the practice of antiquity, when he makes Arcite devote his beard to Mars, in the following manner:—

> "And eke to this avow I will me bind;
> My beard, my hair that hangeth low adown,
> That never yet did feel offencyoun
> Of Rasour ne of Sheer, I wooll thee yeve." (give.)

From the curious amalgamation which he repeatedly makes of the manners and customs of different ages and countries, and from the constant anachronisms of which he is guilty, I should be inclined to suspect that he did not so much regard the practice of antiquity in this passage, as that which the monastic orders of his time had borrowed from it. Whenever an individual became a member of them, his beard was blest with great formality, and then cut off and consecrated to God. Both the Greek and Latin churches had a service for such consecration in the early

ages; and if I may take the word of a writer in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it still retains its place in the Euchology of the Greeks.

From the time of Augustus down to that of Hadrian, none but the philosophers, as they styled themselves, wore beards. With the reign of Hadrian the beard resumed its former dignity, as if to convince the world that fashions were as liable to change as either weathercocks or women. Just as Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, invented shoes with inordinately long points, to conceal an excrescence in one of his feet; and as Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs; and as Duviller, an eminent professor of my own art, in the days of the Spectator, created full-bottomed wigs to conceal an awkward elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin; did the Emperor Hadrian revive the fashion of retaining the beard to conceal certain ugly excrescences in his chin. His example was imitated by all his successors, save Caracalla, Heliogabalus, and Justinian, and, as may naturally be supposed, was followed by their admiring courtiers and loving subjects. Antoninus particularly distinguished himself by the patronage which he bestowed upon the beard. Spartianus mentions, as a mark of that emperor's policy and probity, that he never gave a centurion's commission to any man who was not robust in person and respectable in character, nor a military tribuneship, which is equivalent to a colonel's command at present, to any officer who was not adorned by a full and flowing beard. Whether Constantine judged of the merits of his officers by the same criterion I do not pretend to know; but I have every reason to believe that he took pride in the title of Πωγωνατης, or Great Beard, which his soldiers conferred upon him. It was perhaps owing to a sudden sight of that hairy prodigy, that, early in the reign of his son Constantius, a woman gave birth to an infant, which had, on its entrance into the world, a stiff black beard, to say nothing of two mouths, two small ears, two large teeth, and four moderate-sized eyes, which the philosophic Cardan assures us it possessed. The Emperor Julian, along with the dominions, inherited the admiration of his ancestors for the beard; and what is more to my point, wrote a learned and witty treatise in defence of it. The inhabitants of Antioch, whose refined habits taught them to bear the inconvenience of shaving for the comfort of being shaved, used every effort in their power to bring the imperial beard into contempt and disrepute. Forgetful of the respect due to legitimate power, they libelled his imperial majesty, when he entered their walls, by saying that a butcher of victims (θυτὴν), and not a king, had come to take up his residence among them. They even gave him the nickname of "Goat," and swore that his beard was fit for nothing else than to be twisted into ropes. Though the philosophic emperor disdained to take corporal vengeance on these insolent caitiffs, he did not let them off entirely scot-free. He wrote his Misopogon, or Enemy of the Beard, in which he lashed their intemperance, impiety, and injustice, at first with lively irony, and at last with serious and bitter invective. As his work, which is seldom read even by scholars, has never to my knowledge been translated into English, I may perhaps be excused, considering its natural connexion with the subject matter of this article, for inserting a short extract from it, not so much as a specimen of the style in which its author retaliated on his licentious and effeminate accusers, as of his personal appearance, habits, and character. The extract, which I have selected, possesses some interest, not merely because it contains a distinct summary of all the annoyances which beset the heroes of the beard, but also because it is the

very passage which the friends of the Abbé de la Bleterie adjured him, in the name of the French nation, not to translate, on account of its extreme offensiveness to their fastidious notions of delicacy and decorum. To render it intelligible, I ought to premise that, throughout the work, Julian's method of attacking the people of Antioch is by accusing himself of folly and incapacity in not adopting their customs, which he "defends after a sort," as praiseworthy and excellent. The extract is as follows:—"There is no law which prohibits a man from either praising or blaming himself. Now, though I am very anxious to praise myself, I find it impossible; but, when I strive to blame myself, I find a thousand ways in which I can do it. I will begin first with my face. As it is not, I think, either very handsome, or very comely, or very youthful, I have added to it, out of pure churlishness of temper, a long thick beard, taking that vengeance upon it for no other cause than its want of beauty. For the same reason I let the lice disport themselves in it, just like animals in a forest, and I disable myself from either eating largely, or drinking greedily—for I must needs be always on my guard, lest I unintentionally eat my beard along with my bread. I care not a straw about it on the score of kissing or getting kissed—and yet the beard appears to have this as well as other inconveniency, that it does not permit its possessor to fasten a smooth lip on the soft, and therefore sweeter, lip of woman, to borrow an expression from a poetical eulogist of Daphne. You say, however, that ropes ought to be made of it. I am willing to let you try to make them, provided you can extract its hairs, and are not afraid that their rough edge should break the skin of your soft and delicate fingers. Do not however fancy that I am vexed at your scoffs—for I give rise to them myself, by keeping my chin bearded like a goat, when I might have it, I suppose, as smooth as that of a lad, or of a woman, on whom nature has bestowed her most bewitching attraction. But you, even in your old age, imitate your own young sons and daughters, and owing to the refinement of your lives, and to the simplicity of your manners, carefully polish your chins, displaying your manhood by your features, and not, as I do, by my beard. But not content with the magnitude of my beard, I take no pains in cleaning my head—I seldom cut my hair—I let my nails grow long—and I have my fingers generally dirtied and blackened by ink."

So frank a confession takes away our surprise at the peremptory dismissal, which he gave to the thousand barbers of the palace at Constantinople, immediately after he became master of it. Marcellinus's account of the immediate circumstance, which brought about that sweeping retrenchment in the imperial household, is amusing. It happened that, on one occasion, when Julian had sent for a barber to cut his hair, an officer entered his apartment, ambitiously and sumptuously drest. On seeing him, Julian was astonished, or as Gibbon says, in direct contradiction to the writer from whom he got the story, affected to be astonished. "It was not," said he, "a receiver-general of the finances that I wanted, but a barber." He questioned the man, however, concerning the profits of his employment, and was informed, that, besides a large salary, and some valuable perquisites which he had derived from presenting petitions to the emperor, he enjoyed a daily allowance for twenty servants and as many horses. Think of that, ye barbers of the present day, and mourn in obscurity over the diminished gains and glories of your ancient profession. Julian, concludes Marcellinus, was so indignant at this waste of the public treasure, that he turned this fellow and all his crew out of the

palace, together with the cooks and other servants, who had been accustomed to receive the same enormous emoluments. I am a great admirer of the achievements of Julian, but I cannot, as a barber, commend his unjust treatment of the gentlemen of my profession, nor, as a man of taste, applaud his indiscriminate cruelty to the anatomists of the kitchen. But, as a nameless archer avenged their wrongs in the plains of Sogdiana, I am willing to obliterate this blemish from his character, in deference to his many rare and memorable virtues.

Up to this stage of our history, there has been but little ink and no blood shed either in defending or attacking this ornament—shall I call it, or deformity—of the human countenance. But I am now come to a period pregnant with controversies of various descriptions, and not without its controversy on this particular subject. On the death of Julian, the triumph of Christianity was securely established, and the religion of the fishermen of Galilee became the religion of the Roman world. Its adherents, no longer under the necessity of struggling for existence with the powers that were, began in the fourth and fifth centuries to quarrel with each other about forms and ceremonies, perfectly insignificant and indifferent in themselves. No question was more fiercely battled than that which related to the beards of their clergy. A text in Leviticus expressly commanded the Jewish priests not to mar the corners of their beards. It was urged by one set of theologians, that the command in this text was confined to the Jewish priesthood; and by another, that it extended to the Christian priesthood also. St. Jerome was a staunch advocate of the latter doctrine, and declared a priest without a beard to be a foul and disgraceful nudity. The point was referred to the decision of two general counsels, held at Carthage, in the years 410 and 418; but, unfortunately, we have no means of ascertaining how they decided it. One party gives the words of their judgment thus—"Clerici neque comam nutriant, neque barbam"—than which nothing can be more clear and explicit. The other, however, comes forward with an old MS. from the Vatican, and gives us the same words, with the addition of another, which entirely alters their meaning—"Clerici neque comam nutriant, neque barbam *radant*." The history of the church does not afford us any collateral help, by which we can affirm either of these versions to be incorrect. If we suppose that these counsels proscribed the beard, we must either conclude that their authority was demurred to by the individuals whom its proscription affected, or disbelieve the story of Paulus Diaconus, that one of the imperial prefects persecuted the monks by smearing their beards with wax and oil, and by then setting them on fire for his private amusement. If, on the contrary, we suppose that they favoured its growth, what are we to do with the story of Pope Joan, and all its extraordinary incidents? "If priests had been compelled to wear beards in the early days of the church," says Pierius, "the chair of St. Peter would never have been filled by a profligate woman." Nor, I may add, would Pasquin have had occasion to write his alliterative verses, in commemoration of her imprudence and infamy:—

> "Papa, Pater Patriæ, Papissæ pandito portum
> Pro Petri portâ peperit Papissa Papellum."

If we look to later decisions of the church for assistance in these our doubts, we find them to be equally dubious and uncertain. The rescript of Alexander the Third to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on this subject, is liable

to similar dispute. Beyond all doubt, that rescript orders the clergy, who nourish their hair, to be shaved, in spite of all their remonstrances, by their archdeacons. But the question is, whether the original rescript did not extend the shaving powers of the archdeacons to those who nourished their beards too. It is said to be thus worded: "Clerici, qui comam *et barbam* nutriunt, etiam inviti, a suis archidiaconis tondeantur." It is contended that the words I have printed in italics are the interpolation of some literary beard-scraper, like myself; and Pierius is very indignant that any scholar should venture to defend them as genuine. Leaving curious critics and pious polemists to settle this question as they may, I shall merely observe, that whatever might be the practice of the Greek clergy in the east, it was a settled point among the Romish clergy of the west of Europe, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, if not earlier, that beards were a secular vanity, and ought to be left as such to the laity alone. In proof of this assertion, I refer to the report which Harold's spies brought him from the Norman camp, that William's army consisted chiefly of priests—an opinion which it is supposed that they formed from a sight of his archers, whose beards were shaved off to allow them to draw their bows more conveniently in time of battle. In the reign of Henry the First, both the French and English clergy ventured to reprobate the wearing of beards even by laymen. All the different monastic orders which were formed at that time, or in a few years afterwards, followed the example of the regular clergy, with the exception of the Cistercians. These latter monks clung with the most obstinate attachment to their beards, and were, on that account, sometimes called "Fratres Barbati," or the Bearded Brotherhood. Their conduct, in this respect, excited the indignation of the other monks, and gave rise to several satires and lampoons against them, which have survived to our times. I subjoin a rough translation of one of them, which is written in rhyming Latin hexameters, as a specimen of the theological venom of the twelfth century:—

"Attend: I'll paint you a Cistercian monk.
With well-kempt beard reclining on his breast,
He wanders forth, a shagg'd and frightful monster—
In looks, in words, in deeds, a very goat;
And, 'cause he finds the gale of public favour
Blows kindly on such men, he moulds himself
Into an image of sour gravity,
And speaks like sage and solemn oracle.
Observe the caitiff meet the foolish lord
Of numerous acres! like a snake he crawls
And coils around his victim—then exclaims,
'The grace of God be with you, my fair son!
Our order fondly loves you, and each day
Repeats its *pater-nosters* for your welfare.'
And then he sweeps the pavement with his beard,
Making a hundred congees, which he swears
Shall cost his wealthy worship each a ducat.
Shun you, my friend, this hollow hypocrite—
This canting, cogging, servant of the Lord!
This lecherous, treacherous, sighing, lying knave!
Who only seeks your friendship for your ruin!"

To such attacks as these, the Cistercians replied by declaring that their assailants were distinguishable from the laity by their shaven beards, but blended with them by the profligacy of their lives. The Templars, who were more monastic than military in their origin and institutions, were,

notwithstanding, distinguished by the prolixity of their beards. This is proved by a letter of safe-conduct, which Edward the Second granted, in the year 1311, to his valet, Peter Auger, who, having first made a vow not to shave his beard, and having then been foolish enough to keep it, was afraid lest its great size should lead the populace on the Continent, where he was going as a pilgrim, to take him for a Templar, and to punish him at pleasure, for the various crimes then generally attributed to that warlike order. The facts which I have just quoted are sufficient to shew that the learned Hospinianus is mistaken when he says, in his history of Monachism, that the custom of shaving the beard did not creep into the church till about the year 1200, and that it then came in with the portentous doctrine of transubstantiation, which Innocent the Third succeeded in establishing about the same period. Though I feel obliged to notice this slight chronological error on his part, I cannot refrain from joining in the ridicule which he casts on the grave reasons assigned by the priests for submitting their beards to the razor. "They said that one of them was founded on their fears lest, in the sacrifice of the mass, their beards should dip in the sacred blood of our Lord, or should retain some portion of his body, by coming in contact with the consecrated wafer. On account of this danger, silver tubes were formerly invented, and let into the chalice, to enable the laity to draw the blood from it without polluting it. Wonderful saints! They sell this sacrifice of theirs to all comers for three farthings, and yet tremble with pious fear lest any part of it should contract pollution, by adhering to their beards! Is not this straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel? By the course, however, which they adopted, they not only prudently obviated the danger which they apprehended, but also usefully consulted the interest of the barber, who is in general a favourite with their reverences, on account of the valuable assistance he can lend them in their pleasures." I know that rigid Catholics will set me down, as well as Hospinianus, for an impious blasphemer, in consequence of the opinion which I have just quoted, and will give very different reasons from those, which have just been assigned, for the conduct of their priesthood. As I have no wish to turn polemic, I shall turn from their invectives with the single observation, that it is an undeniable fact, that, for some centuries before the time mentioned by Hospinianus, the mode in which the Roman priests had divested themselves and their saints of beards had formed a ground of schism between their church and that of the Patriarch of Constantinople. There is a sarcasm in the Facetiæ of Poggio, which illustrates aptly enough the distinction between the ministers of the two churches in his time. A Greek cardinal—so Poggio calls him—came to the Holy See, adorned with a long beard. The courtiers of the Roman Consistory wondered that he did not follow the custom of the place in which he lived, and shave it off. Cardinal Angelotti, on learning their surprise, said, "The cardinal knows well what he is about, and sees that, among the many she-goats of Rome, a he-goat is sure to find a comfortable residence." A little later—in the papacy, I believe, of Clement the Seventh—a simultaneous effort was made, by a considerable portion of the Catholic clergy in different parts of Europe, to obtain the sanction of the Pope to their resumption of the beard. Pierius then wrote his celebrated apology for it. The work is able and erudite, but produced no effect upon the Pope, who recollected that what infallibility has at one period declared incorrect, infallibility cannot, at another period, declare correct. He, therefore, denounced the innovation, and consigned the sacerdotal beard, as before, to

the unsparing operation of the barber. Francis the First of France turned the stir thus made among the priesthood to his own advantage. Under pretence of carrying into effect the canons of the church, he, though a restorer of the beard among the laity, issued an edict that the beard of every churchman should be forthwith cut off. He gave them, however, to understand that they might blunt the edge of this exterminating edict by paying a certain sum into his exchequer; and it is said that, by that device, he brought from their coffers into his own a very considerable treasure. The parsons of England displayed, at the same time, a similar partiality for this secular vanity: for, at a visitation of Oriel College, Oxford, made in 1531, Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, was obliged to order one of the fellows, who was a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pricked shoes like a laic, and from taking the liberty of insulting the beardless chins of the venerable governor and fellows of the society. The Reformation, however, shortly afterwards came to England, and, with the Reformation, the beards of the clergy. The bishops of James the First's day paid as much attention to the points of their beards as to the points of the puns and epigrams in their sermons; and even the Assembly of Divines, which sat at Westminster in the next reign, seemed impressed with the opinion of the learned Dr. Bulwer, that, "as the beard is a singular gift of God, he who shaves it away aims at nothing more than to become less than man." I can almost fancy that I see Philip Nye,* shaking his thanksgiving-beard in approbation of the doctrine, and admonishing the people that for man "to labour to extirpate so honest and necessary a work as the beard is, is an act not only of indecency and injustice, but is also a practical blasphemy, most inexpiable against nature, and God, the Author of nature, whose work the beard is."†

It is worth while to observe how the Catholic priesthood endeavoured, at different times, to revenge themselves upon the beard, which they were forbidden to wear. In Turpin's Chronicles, they gave it to the Saracens, to render them frightful and odious. In the old moralities and mysteries, which were got up under their superintendence, they gave it to the devil—perhaps in imitation of Virgil, who has so equipped the infernal ferryman:—

> "Terribili squallore Charon, cui plurima mento
> Canities inculta jacet."

In the mystery of Mary Magdalene, one of the stage directions is—"Here enters the prynse of the devylls, with a berde, and with hell onderneth the stage;"—an *entrée* which must have been deeply interesting to those who witnessed it. In the "Nigramansir, a moral Interlude and a pithy, written by Maister Skelton, Laureate," and printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1504, there is a similar direction: "Enter Belzebub with a berde." And yet, in spite of priests, and Saracens, and devils, the common people, both in France and in England, retained their admiration for it, and parted with it reluctantly, even when it was banished from the face of kings and princes—as I hope I shall be permitted to shew in another number.

H. W.

---

* Philip Nye was a friend of Hugh Peters and John Goodwin, and, like them, one of the Assembly of Divines. He had exerted himself during the rebellion so actively against Charles the First, that, at the restoration, it was once intended to exempt him from the act of amnesty. Hudibras, in his letter to the widow, makes memorable mention of the "great art and cunning" displayed in the trimming of "Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard."

† *Vide* Dr. Bulwer's "Artificial Changeling."

ON DUST.

"Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!"

LORD BYRON.

Such, and so many, have been the changes in the heart and suburbs of this great metropolis, within the last quarter of a century—aye, within the last five years—that if the entombed dust of the greatest peripatetic that ever perambulated it, could be revivified, and that, in the shape of Mr. Mogg, who, while the great destroyer levels cities with the dust, is still adding his parallelograms to the Chart of London—I say even with such an advantage, I think he would be at a loss to find his anterior locality. In every direction the wand of the enchanter has been extended. Tunnels and aqueducts, roads, bridges, and canals, have started into existence, presenting objects of novelty in themselves, and connecting situations, previously remote; while the magnificence of rising temples, palaces, and gardens, obliterate the impressions of the past by their more beautiful and grand associations. Leaving these loftier mutations, let us descend to the detail of the more humble metamorphosis in the vicinage of Gray's-Inn-lane. Nay, check your smile—deem it not vulgar—for, know, it once had pretensions to a mineral conduit, under the patronage of no less a person than St. Schads! where, for the consideration of sixpence, journeymen tailors, and other such Athenians, used to take their draughts of chalybeate on Sunday mornings; until a rise in the article, or, rather, a rise in the price of admission, tended at once to cut off all further communication between the saint and his votaries; and he now remains in the situation of most of his fraternity, *well* nigh forgotten.

Nearly opposite to St. Schads' Wells stood—not Troy, but what might have given a faithful representation of its ill-fated humiliation—*Smith's Dust Hill!* "Black it stood as night," an accumulated mass, unutterable, undistinguishable—the combination of a city's waste and refuse—an amalgamation too baffling to analyse, although an attempt may not be altogether useless or unamusing; for, however dry it may appear, I hope it will not be found dull. To begin with the beginning: as Rome was not built in a day, so neither was this sable Olympus raised in so ephemeral a period, but required years to complete its elevation.

Dust, than which nothing can, upon a superficial view, be considered more insignificant, was, a few years back, of very considerable value, far surpassing the value of many things acquired by difficulty and danger, and for which the breadth of oceans are traversed, through storms and tempests. Perhaps a cruize to the Gold Coast, with all its drawbacks and contingencies, is scarcely so profitable as the returns on the quantity of dust collected in the city of London, during the time necessary for the voyage, and its accomplished return. About the period I allude to, the parish of St. Luke received no less a sum than between one and two thousand pounds a-year for dust collected, which, being placed to the parish account, tended in a *great measure* to keep down the poors' rates. In addition to its value, no kind of property is better secured; as will be evinced, when the reader is informed that his present Majesty, George IV., when he was Prince Regent, lost an action for the recovery of the value of dust, carried away from the palace, by his servants, to be used as manure. In order to a further illustration of the subject, it is necessary to inform the reader, that what has hitherto been considered is but a

part of that incongruous combination, the contents of a dust cart—the very last residuum—the matter called "brize;" previous to which, by the result of much labour, of picking, raking, sorting, and sifting, a very pretty property is collected by the various shareholders of this joint-stock company, as a recent case that was brought forward at the Bow-street office will suffice to convince us.*

Perhaps the reader may have never witnessed the ejection of a dust cart: presuming he has not, I will endeavour to give him a general outline of the ceremony; together with all the circumstances attending it, and a sketch of the group and foreground. Suppose an eminence of about five or six feet already collected, in a circular form; on the heap is a man raking about, and a little child playing with a small brown shaggy mongrel of a dog, with a community of pigs battening on the acclivity; a youth below, with spade and axe, is supplying three women with stuff—if women they may be called, who, of all the progeny of old Mother Nox, seemed most the resemblances of age, misery, and want; I say *seemed*, for when one was called—"one of three"—I beheld, as she raised her dilapidated Dunstable, a face, where beams of pensive beauty struggled through dusty darkness, and which mantled to a smile at the sound of notes whistled to the tune of—"In Bunhill-row there liv'd a Maid"—indicating the approach of Joe—for it was *his cart*:—the dying cadence now gave way to the gee-up! uttered in deep bass, accompanied with a smart smack of the whip, to urge the horse up the ascent. Joe was a decent sort of boy enough for his avocation, not to be ranked among those who "troop under the sooty flag of Acheron;" but a clean, square-built fellow, with a broadish face and forehead, blue eyes, nose rather short, expanded, and inclined upwards, and tinted with that imperial hue that indicated his knowledge was not confined to *dry* measure; this, with a mouth a little elongated, formed a countenance, upon the whole, full of mirth and good humour. This piece of device was surmounted by a hat of the usual professional form—a domed piece of felt, with a most prodigious margin: he wore a good stout flannel jacket, and waistcoat; his shirt collar fastened by a leaden brooch, in the shape of a heart, deviating from the general costume. His continuations were of white drill; but, mark the vanity! short enough to display a pair of hoppers, otherwise gaiters, of the same material; these, with a stout pair of ancle-johns, completed his outward man, of an order "simply Doric."

At Joe's approach, all was stir and bustle; the pigs, to the third and fourth generation, moved "in perfect phalanx," not "to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders," but to their own equally inspiring grunt; varying from the shrill treble to the deep-toned bass. Jowler, too, ran barking; but with less interested feelings: and his little patron ran to take the whip.

A few interrogatories on each side, a joke, and its accompanying laugh, occupy brief space: when, suddenly, a general rush proclaims the load is strewed upon the ground! a chaotic mass—"old hats, old wigs, old boots, old shoes, and all the tribe of leather," remnants of all things, the

* It was a dispute between a dustman and a sifter, as to which had the most rightful claim to a five-pound note, found in the ashes: and certainly nothing could be more impartially decided; for as their claims, or rather their non-claims, turned out to be equal—that is, in point of law—it was retained by the presiding magistrate in *trust*. In the course of the inquiry, it appeared that the sifter had realized sufficient property to enable her to be proprietress of three houses.

ends and the beginnings, horticultural fragments and broken crockery, the bunter's bone and the beggar's rags, pilfered lace suspected, and the stolen jewel, the lost gold, and the mislaid spoon: and, for a climax, rejoice! gentle reader—for when the designs of the crafty are defeated by inadvertence, or otherwise, with the weird sisters, "we should rejoice! we should rejoice!"—a bill for fifteen pounds, drawn by a lawyer for expenses, and which was taken to the acceptor by the dustman, for which he received a considerate remuneration. Complicated as this mass appears, it is all reduced to the most perfect order, and each portion arranged according to the purposes intended for. Thus, the vegetable matter, so eagerly seized upon by the pigs, contributes to keep up a supply of *dairy-fed pork* and *Epping sausages:* the bones are laid aside for the purposes of making hartshorn and phosphorus, dominoes and apple-scoops, &c. The old boots and shoes, with the tribe of leather, after a slight examination of their utter inefficiency, find their way, though divers passages to the glue-pot. How fractured bottles, and broken glass of every description, is disposed of, is easily *seen through*—to the furnace: and how the old iron is appropriated, is not *hard* to guess. The old woollen, if perchance any should exist in the shape of a pair of innominables, after exploring the pockets, and a sigh for their insolvency, are unceremoniously cast aside along with the worthless remains of rags of every description, string, paper, &c., &c., to pass through the operation necessary for making brown paper. What still remains, of coals, and cinders unconsumed, the dustman's perquisite, are measured first, "thence hurried back to fire:" the wood, the sifters take. Broken tiles, bricks, delf, crockery, with a variety of substances, and etceteras, go towards the formation of roads. I had almost forgotten the crowning item, viz. old wigs! Towards the close of the last century, so much were they in request, that the supply was scarcely equal to the demand. Yes, in the days of Beau Tibs, every street had its corner and every corner its shoe-black, and to every shoe-black might be traced an old wig, sometimes *two.* In those days of ruffles and etiquette, when a well-formed leg was advantageously displayed in *whole* silk stockings, shoes, and buckles, it was the custom with pedestrians, when making a call, to have their shoes wiped and touched up at the corner of the street nearest the place they were going to visit: and what so efficient for the purpose as an old wig? nothing. But, alas! those days are gone! and Beau Tibs is gone! and, if we question where? only Echo answers. But what becomes of the old wigs? is the question at issue. Alas! again, such is the degeneracy of modern days, that, instead of being used as an appendage to the toilet, though humble, I fear they will be traced to the vulgar bricklayer and plasterer, to be mingled with mortar, and "patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw." Now, I believe, every particle is accounted for; and any little article, in the shape of a bijou, is the perquisite of those pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, the sifters.

From such collections, a mount arose, like

> "That mighty heap of gathered ground
> Which Ammon's son ran proudly round;"

and, from the terrific incidents connected with it, perhaps as full of interest. On account of its immense height, it was necessary to form a road, a quarter of a mile long, on an inclined plane, which continued to wind round it in a spiral direction; and two horses were always requisite

to draw a load to the top. On more than one occasion, it is recorded in the "lane," the load, with cart, horses, and driver, fell from the highest point of ascent, and were precipitated down to "bottomless perdition." What a catastrophe! I can scarcely conceive any thing that would impress the mind with ideas of deeper sublimity: not the fall of Mulciber:

——"from morn
To noon he fell—from noon to dewy eve—
A summer's day; and, with the setting sun,
Dropt from the zenith, like a fallen star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægian isle."

This is too splendid—the mind is lighted up with too bland an imagery—there is an ecstacy in which it is suffered to languish—and, finally, it expires in the dissolving beams of a declining sun: and, if any sensation is left, it is a pleasurable one, for he falls on Lemnos. How different the circumstance, the soil, the clime, from our "black Gehenna." The dark and deep descent—the overwhelming rush—the murky cloud that followed—the scream—the crush—and the annihilation! Another catastrophe, which can be authenticated, is the following.

The *sleeping* partner of a Mr. Cooke dreamed one night that her son was buried in the dust—a circumstance which she communicated to Mrs. Garret, who, like a kind neighbour, bid her think nothing of it; and, as a means of furthering her good intentions, proposed a glass of the waters of oblivion; that little wave, which oversweeps all terrors. About two years after, a friend casually dropped in, and wondered Mrs. Cooke had not heard of the accident. What accident? Why, the men in taking away the dust, undermined it so much, that———! Enough—memory, never treacherous in evil, rushed foremost. "She fled, and day brought back her night." In two minutes she was at the fatal spot: it was, indeed, her son, whom they were endeavouring to extricate; and, in so doing, unfortunately struck him in the side with a pickaxe, thereby affording an incident which further illustrated the dream, "making the cold reality too real." Nevertheless, he was thus rescued from death, not materially injured; and was thus restored to his mother, "like Alcestis from the grave."

"And who is Mrs. Garret?" said I to my informant. "My missus," replied the sweep, who was her eldest apprentice, and who, if he was not equal to Corporal Trim in eloquence, was equal to La Fleur in sympathy; further, he possessed authority, but disdained to shew it; he had power, but scorned to use it; and to the little blighted being he could crush, his harshest mandate, given in a *soote voce*, was, "Come Bob, be alive, and be sure you scrape the pot well out."

These instances are but the extracts of an Iliad: not that it was all terrors; for fame has made it sacred to the muses, it having always been called by the classic appellation of "Pig's Boarding School." The base was a sort of Campus Martius, where the youth of Battle Bridge practised the civic games of boxing, wrestling, racing, and throwing the discus—occasionally, a mad bullock was driven up. In short, its fame might vie with that of Ida, or Olympus. When carted away, it yielded many thousand chaldrons, which produced to the proprietor many thousand pounds; *finally*, it had stood *fines*, and as my informant emphatically observed, "It beat all the dust-heaps that ever he'd see'd."

Now all is vanished—and to me, who am one of the veriest of cocknies, who have never crossed the Andes or the Alps—who have never seen the "Peak of Liakura unveiled," or traversed the Pindus Chain—to me who have never seen a mount other than *Mount* Pleasant, it is a loss considerable in *amount*.

The memory of Mr. Smith is so closely connected with the subject, that to notice it is imperative; indeed, the omission would appear invidious, and I am sorry my information on this head is so very slender. Of what his pretensions were at the Herald's College, I cannot say; but the ingenious Master Verstegan, in his derivation of names, hath it thus set down:

> "Whence cometh Smith, albeit knight or squire,
> But from the Smith that forgeth at the fire?"

His biography, I am sure, would be on the side of virtue; and judging from the number of persons who are "thankful unto him, and speak good of his name," he must have been a man of great urbanity. One instance: of his interference in favour of the recreations of the poor, is the following. —On Easter Monday, it was the custom to throw off the cares and the restraints of business, to indulge in such recreations as were congenial with the various tastes of the parties assembled on the occasion: thus, while some were diversifying the caricature of their physiognomies, by grinning through a horse-collar, others were making themselves equally amusing by jumping in sacks; of a third group, a pig with a soapy tail was allotted to him who could "*tiens ferme*;" others again were riding with their faces tailwards, in a donkey race, for a Cheshire cheese; and a foot race by the ladies, was crowned with a presentation to the winner of *that* which *should* be the whitest article of female apparel. On the occasion alluded to, the sports were interrupted by the stern authority of the law. What was to be done? Were the poor to be robbed of their amusements, because by the more fastidious they were deemed vulgar?—No! Application was made to Mr. Smith, who, with ready acquiescence threw open his field for their diversions; and thus the day finished with éclat, their hearts filled with gratitude and joy; and their pots (for pints were not in requisition) with pledges to the health and happiness of their benefactor. Now all is changed! Mr. Smith is gone to the tomb of all the Smiths, and the dust is converted into bricks; and on the site has been erected, a very elegant and extensive building, destined for a horse bazaar. The lane, compared with former days, is less agonistical—not but it must be a dull Sunday indeed, that does not afford a bit of *bruit*, a game at hockey, or such like. Last Whit Sunday, a fine young bull was turned out, under the recommendation of his being mad; and after being driven two or three times up and down, with all the provocatives, "appliances, and means to boot," that a Munro or a Warburton could desire, to establish a statute of lunacy, he was turned in again, to the general mortification of the numerous amateurs, and the day went poorly off, with a game at foot-ball. To conclude—the lane has had its zenith, and, like the Roman Empire, must look for its decline. *I* am going to move.

A DAY AT THE CAMP OF ST. OMER.

In these "piping times of peace," when a camp has long ceased to be a common place, a description of the most extensive and complete one that has been formed for many years past may not be without interest—especially to English readers of the present generation, to whom a camp is a thing known only by name. In the midst of a fine and richly-cultivated country, lying to the south of St. Omer, in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, two ranges of hills rise parallel with each other, and between them runs an agreeable valley, watered by the Aa. On the summit of the second of these ranges of hills, the Camp of St. Omer is formed. We would engage the reader's imagination to accompany us thither, step by step, through one of the late grand field-days which were got up on the occasion of the King's visit—since a distinct and picturesque idea of any particular set of objects which address themselves to the sight, can by no other means be obtained, through the intervention of the pen alone.

We will start from our resting-place at St. Omer by day-break, that we may see the object of our visit under all its aspects; and, in passing out of the city-gates at this early hour, we may gain as distinct a notion as the uninitiated *can* gain, of what is at once the most curious, interesting, and yet unintelligible of the inanimate sights connected with war and its affairs—namely, the immediate outskirts of a fortified place, forming what are understood generally by *the fortifications*.

Imagine, first, a double gateway, opening into an archway of solid brick-work, thirty feet thick. It is dark even at mid-day; and our voices descend and seem to press upon us as we pass through, as if the place were one not made to talk in, since the very first step into it excites sensations and associations that silence alone can fitly entertain. This archway opens at the outer extremity on a causeway traversing an immense fosse. Pausing here for a moment, we look upon a kind of view that resembles and reminds you of nothing else whatever, except that from the corresponding spot of any other fortified place. Behind you is the black, dungeon-like archway, joining on either side to perpendicular walls, rising so high as to shut in all appearance of buildings, and of every thing but the tops of the trees with which the ramparts are occasionally planted. Then the water of the fosse itself, and, on the opposite side to the walls, numerous perfectly bare mounds of green earth, rising shelvingly to nearly the height of the opposing walls, and moulded into angular forms, each of which has some unintelligible correspondence with, or opposition to, some other mound, of the *second* or *third* line of fortifications that you are presently to pass. The spot on which you stand is a wooden platform, attached by chains to huge beams over-head, and forming the first draw-bridge, which is so constructed that the beams above nearly correspond in weight with the platform below them, and the additional weight of one or two men is sufficient to move in a moment the whole cumbrous fabric, and swing it up from its bearings, till it hangs against the archway and the wall above, and leaves open the great gap formed by the fosse—so that nothing can pass either in or out by that entrance. The rising end of the drawbridge rests (when down) on a causeway, which, at the point where the above-named mounds of earth meet it, is terminated by another gateway, joined to the rising mounds by palisades, and opening to another drawbridge similar to the above. On reaching this, the view on all sides is as singular as it was from the first, but somewhat different—since now you look on nothing

but the endless green mounds forming the fortifications, and on the second fosse, which divides one set from the other.

Not to lengthen out a description which can scarcely convey any very distinct notions of the scene described, the above is followed by a third, and sometimes by a fourth gateway, bridge, fosse, mounds, &c. &c. and the whole, when seen from above, presents an appearance, and produces an effect to the eye of the uninitiated, that may perhaps best be compared with that of a set of Arabic characters, every one of which has we know, some hidden meaning, but which no unassisted study or reflection, can possibly enable us to comprehend or expound.

Quitting the gates of St. Omer, (which, however, at this early hour, we can only do by virtue of a silver *passe partout*,) we enter upon a very agreeable country, interspersed with villages, very pretty looking (at a distance,) and intersected by good roads, flanked by noble lines of trees. Mounting the first ascending road that we reach, and after a little descending, on the other side of the first range of hills mentioned above, we turn on the right, into a green lane, and presently reach the foot of the rude and romantic looking defile, which must be mounted to gain the Camp.

Nothing can offer a more appropriate preparative to the extraordinary scene we are about to visit, than this extraordinary approach to it—which presents as determined a contrast to all about it, as the most unbroken barrenness, to the most luxuriant cultivation. The range of hills is of great height; rising almost perpendicularly on the plain, and as far as the eye can reach, of endless extent, and the whole seems to be composed of solid chalk, bearing a short, dusky, green turf. On labouring up the above-named defile, and reaching the summit of the hill, it needs no connoisseurship in Camps, to perceive that the situation is most admirably adapted to its present purpose, whether as a place of parade, &c. to play at soldiers upon, or as an actual gathering place for the large body of troops that now occupy it. The top of the hill is a sort of table land of immense extent, such as scarcely ever occurs at an equal height above the ordinary level of the surrounding country. It overlooks and commands all the approaches to it, and is on its south side, fringed by a fine wood, reaching at some points to the plain below.

There are several other approaches to the Camp, besides that which we have chosen; but there is no other so well adapted to our purpose of gaining a precise and picturesque notion of the scene we are about to examine. On reaching the summit of the hill, we find ourselves in about the centre of the front of the Camp—at a bowshot distance from the first line of tents, and in full view of the whole scene. Let us look at it in detail, now that it lies still, and as it were dead before us, in the fresh air of the early morning, and before even the sun has reached it, to rouse its earth-pillowed inhabitants from their not very luxurious slumbers. On the right of us, far in front of the tents, and nearly on the brow of the hill, rises a spacious, circular pavillion of blue cloth, ornamented with silver, which joins by a covered corridor to an oblong erection, forming an inner tent, &c. The whole of this, is the tent of the commandant, and serves for the reception of the king when he visits the Camp. On the left, at about an equal distance from us, rises an altar, which is reached by several steps of turf, and covered by a canopy. Before this, the whole camp is assembled every Sunday morning, to perform mass. Beside each of these erections centinels are pacing, even at this early hour. Passing forward a little from the spot we have hitherto occupied, we see before us the whole general camp; each

tent lifting its snow white form from out the green earth, like some fairy tenement, and the lines of them stretching away to the right and left, interminably, till the distant points are scarcely distinguishable from the grey sky, against which they seem to rest. The space thus covered, cannot be much less than two miles; and the only object which breaks the beautiful uniformity of the scene, is a windmill which rises from the very centre of the camp, and seems to give it a connection, which it would otherwise want, with the scene of rural life that we have left in the plain below.

The sun having by this time reached the heights, and given a new external character to the scene, by the bright glow which it has cast on the tents, and the long shadows which flow from each of them, into the great open space in front, we will approach them nearer. We English, if we do not at present undervalue the courage of the French soldiery, have no very prepossessing notions of their other moral qualities. Those who are in the habit of connecting causes and effects, will at once get rid of any unworthy prejudices that they may have acquired in this respect, the moment they set their foot among the tents of the French troops now encamped at Saint Omer. It is difficult to imagine any artificial arrangement of inanimate things, from which more might be gathered, in regard to the characters, feelings, habits, and even modes of thought, of the parties from whom the said arrangement has proceeded. Here are thousands of human dwellings, wanting every comfort for the attainment of which human dwellings are erected—even those of common shelter from the winds and rain; and yet there is not one of them that does not present some indications of something amiable or praiseworthy, in one or other of the humble beings who are sleeping beneath its slight shelter. In most, this indication shews itself in the form of a little garden, occupying the trifling remains of space allotted to each tent, and not actually covered by it. There are hundreds of these little gardens —no two alike—and every one evidently attended to with the most diligent care. In some you see nothing but flowers—in others, trimly cut evergreens, rising out of smooth turf—in others, low growing herbs, sown so as to form initials, devices, &c.—in others, little arbours with seats and tables of turf beneath—in others, fountains, streams, waterfalls, grottos, temples, &c. That all this is on a scale so diminutive, as to correspond only with a child's baby-house, assuredly adds to, rather than diminishes the interest attached to it, and the value of the indications that may be drawn from it, when it is recollected that all is the voluntary occupation, or rather the cherished amusement, of persons whose business and duty it is to cut the throats of their fellow creatures, and who have seldom been known to fail in that duty, when called upon to perform it.

The most amiable of these indications of personal character to be found in the Camp at Saint Omer, are undoubtedly the gardens above named. But there are others quite as indicative and characteristic. In many, the little space in front of the tent is occupied by models of fortifications, or military trophies, or loyal devices, or poetical inscriptions, or triumphal arches, each no doubt representing the predominating idea of the maker, on the particular subject sought to be illustrated; and each more or less indicating his bias of mind. One, for instance, who piques himself on his little budget of knowledge in military history, faces the entrance to his tent, by a model of some fortress, the defence of which is famous in military history. (It would be curious to meet with an *English* common soldier, who had ever heard talk even of the battle of Poictiers!) Another, whose interests and feelings keep nearer home, erects a trophy to the plain, or

bridge, or defile at which *he* first or last distinguished himself. Another, still less restricted in his notions of the achievements that merit immortality, raises a pillar bearing the name (utterly unknown or unremembered but by himself) of the village, or wood, or way-side, where he first heard an enemy's bullet whiz by him, without being moved by it more than a passing panic! Others display at once their politics and their poetical genius, in loyal couplets or quartains. If we are to believe the inscriptions to be met with at the Camp of Saint Omer, there never was a race so "beloved," and "desired" as the Bourbons—never any at once so great, so gracious, and so good—and never even a Bourbon so "beloved," "desired," great, good, gracious, and what not, as that particular Bourbon who now fills the throne of his ancestors: neither was there ever so loyal a race of subjects as the present military, who serve and honour him! The truth is, Frenchmen have an instinctive love for kings, whether of the Bourbon or the Buonaparte class; and a most lively ingenuity in contriving to connect *themselves* with the objects of their admiration. "*Un serjeant du 6e. Regt. de la ligne rend homage au petit-fils d' Henri IV.*" Such is the mode in which their amiable self-love contrives to place its happy possessor in imaginary contact with two kings at a time.

The various devices, &c. which we have glanced at above, form the *private* ornaments of the camp of St. Omer, and if not so *imposing* as the public ones, they may be regarded as much more curious and worthy of notice, because they are spontaneous and sincere. The *official* ones consist of a nearly similar set of objects; namely, trophies, pillars, triumphal arches, busts, medallions, miniature gardens, &c. one or other of these occupying the centre of the front of each division of the lines of tents, or each street as they are called. Of these streets there are an immense number, running from end to end of each grand division of the encampment, and again at right angles, from the front to the rear; so that the scope for the display of taste and ingenuity, united with patriotism and loyalty, is sufficient to satisfy, if not to exhaust, even French enthusiasm, in these particulars. And, to say truth, the results are, (in detail at least) sufficiently puerile and affected. But assuredly they are ten times better, both in their source and their effect, than that which would take their place in an English encampment. There, as here, every required duty would be well performed; and perhaps from the same feeling, namely, that they *must* be so performed. But beyond this, all would be drinking, brawling, and blackguardism.

Passing into the body of the camp, (down the centre avenue, for instance,) we presently come upon a line of erections, not tents, but little open hovels, solidly built, and forming the kitchens of the camp—each line of tents, from front to rear, having one allotted to it. In the rear of these are about as many tents as in the front, the rearmost one being of a different form from the rest—oblong, instead of conical—and allotted to the officer of the line of tents reaching from thence to the front.

Passing from this division of the camp, towards the left, we find it separated from the other divisions by a wide space, (where the windmill stands), which is occupied by the caissons of the artillery, by which the camp is fortified at every approachable point of the hill; each point having a fort of turf, mounting one cannon, and these forts extending all along the open brow of the hill. Beyond the windmill is a second, and beyond that a third division, answering in extent, and in most other details, to that described above.

As it is not our purpose to penetrate into the arcana of a camp, but merely to glance at its external features, we need not pay much more attention to mere details, especially as by this time the scene has acquired a new and more enlivening general character, by the presence of most of its late slumbering inmates, who are now up and about, passing hither and thither, on their ever-repeated routine of fetching and eating rations, polishing gun-locks and cartouch-boxes, whitening belts, and blackening shoes; the whole interspersed with about an equal variety of *chansons*, setting forth the merits of those three only, and universal themes of camp worship, war, women and wine; for, in regard to the last named particular, a Frenchman is temperate in his palate alone; he gets tipsy as often in imagination, as the inhabitants of other nations do in fact.

The scene of perfect and almost preternatural stillness, which we encountered on reaching the camp at day-break, is now entirely passed away, and all has put on an air of lively and active preparation for the grand day that is to ensue. The soldiers, as we have seen, are at their daily duties, the officers are seen here and there, looking forth from their tents half attired; the wandering vendors of refreshments are reaching the heights one by one; and a few of the spectators have already arrived, and are looking about wistfully at the immense extent of the scene before them, as if they were not a little puzzled as to the choice of a position.

We cannot chuse a fitter moment than the present, for taking our morning's meal, at one of the numerous suttling booths that are erected at the back of the camp, for the entertainment of the visitors, &c.; we will chuse the best-looking external appearance, being, in these cases, (as in most others,) the surest criterion of that which accompanies it. The scene we meet with in the *restaurant* of the Trocadero, falls in very aptly with that without, and may, therefore, be worth a glance, while our *café au lait* is preparing. At the bar (as usual) sits a piquante and lively Frenchwoman, doing nothing but act the amiable to her guests as they enter; while her husband takes upon him all the other duties of the place. On a side table is set out every variety of *pâtisserie* that the French cuisine affords, and the rest of the long and gaily ornamented apartment is furnished with tables and seats for the guests: which latter are as various as the varied productions and prices of a French *café* usually get together, to the great scandal of those of our countrymen who are afraid to be seen in any but "good" company. At the first table on the right, sit a couple of *anciens militaires*, sipping their *demi-tasses* of *café noir*, at the "short and far-between" intervals permitted by their irrepressible volubility: for their game of *écarté*, at which they are playing, in no respect interferes with their desire and determination to settle the affairs of all the states of Europe, before they have finished their breakfast. They are overlooked in their game, and assisted in their discussions by a third, who has just looked in from his duties at the camp, and is on the wing to be off every moment that he stays. Opposite to these sit two other *militaires*, of a higher grade, (though younger) and of a very different school and style. In *their* ears the loud and reckless tone of their comrades opposite, (to say nothing of an occasional twist in the subject matter, or its treatment) smacks too much of the *late* mode, to sound either palatable or polite; and it may be questioned whether their opposite neighbours have not guessed as much, and are "aggravating their voices" accordingly: for none are so accustomed to commit the unpardonable rudeness of talking *at* one another, as "the politest people in the world." Close beside the two erect and fasti-

dious looking persons just named, are sitting, or rather spreading their lank forms abroad in all directions, a company of *paysans* from some of the neighbouring villages, lingering over their second bottle of *Bierre Mousseuse*, with an empty gravity peculiar (in this country at least) to the class to which they belong. The next table is occupied by a knot of persons who evidently belong to the *bourgeoisie* of St. Omer; we may safely fix their residence at that town, for there is no other within several miles of the camp; and to suppose that a French shopkeeper would take the trouble of going a dozen miles from home to see "a sight," would be to do him great injustice. It is true, "shews" are as necessary to the French people as "bread:" but they must be brought home to their doors, or go unattended to. Though it costs but a few *sous* to go from Dunkirk to St. Omer by the barque that navigates the canal, not half-a-dozen additional passengers arrived by it, during the two days previous to that on which was to take place, what everybody said (and truly), would be one of the finest sights of its kind that ever was witnessed! If the same scene had taken place on Salishury Plain, all the idle and half the busy of London, would have been there to see it.

But what is that bustle at the bar, and at the door of the salon, which attracts the attention of all the above-named parties, and silences for a moment even the indefatigable tongues of the ecarté players themselves? —It must be the arrival of nothing less than either the king, or a coach-load of English ladies and their chaperons. It is the latter—I see where they enter, attended by a rustling of silks, a flapping of Leghorn bonnets, and a flying about of whispers, that for the moment arrest all other sounds. —They cannot of course breakfast in the public salon;—for, whatever the younger members of the party may think, there is an elderly one who insists that it would be highly "indecorous." And luckily the *entrepreneur* of the place has anticipated the arrival of such guests, and has provided for them a *cabinet particulier*, into which they are presently ushered; and for the next ten minutes all is preparation for their refection.—But, hark! the drum is beating to roll-call; so that we have no more time to spend upon collateral matters, but must turn our attention, at once, to those grand military movements which chiefly brought us here to-day, and which are now about to commence.

The manœuvres of the day are to consist of a general attack and defence of the camp,—the attacking party consisting of a large body of troops which are stationed at St. Omer, and the neighbouring villages; and the defending one, the encamped troops themselves.—The latter are now all drawn up in line, in front of their encampment; and the magnitude of the after movements of the day may be judged of by the fact, that though the plain on which the defending troops are drawn up, is nearly a dead level, the extremities of the line cannot be distinguished by spectators standing opposite the centre.—In order to gain any thing like a clear and intelligible notion of what we are now to see, we must take the pains to imagine something of what we do not see. It will be worth while for us to do so; since by this means the scene will be made to differ in no material respect (but its innocence of bloodshed) from the one which it is intended to represent.—The encamped troops then, are supposed to have been called to arms, from information just received that the enemy is approaching to attack the camp: and as soon as they have been drawn up in line, as we have just seen them, they are marched off, drums beating and colours flying, to await and repel the attack in the plain below.—Following the last of

them as they pass us, we, at the end of near a mile, gain the brow of the hill, and perceive the whole continuous line, winding down the steep acclivity, except that the head of it is already seen stretching away into the open plain. In a few minutes more, the whole has reached its first destination, and each regiment has taken a separate position, to await the attack.

The point on which we now stand overlooks an immense space of open country, undulating, and richly cultivated, and through the centre of which runs, diagonally, the great road to the capital, lined on either side by a noble avenue of trees. The troops who have just been marched from the camp are lying on their arms in five or six great divisions, near to the left extremity of the open country before us. Presently drums are heard faintly, at a distance, beyond the great road, on the right, and from a situation which, from the nature of the ground, is not visible even from the eminence on which we stand. In an instant, the drums of the defending party are heard aloud, the soldiers are at their quarters, and what was the moment before a scattered body, consisting of thousands of members, each moving at its own will, becomes a single and compact one, actuated as if by one mind alone, and like Wordsworth's great cloud,—

"Moving all together, if it move at all."

Meantime, the drums of the approaching party sound nearer and nearer, behind the rising ground on the right; a few scattered shots are heard from the villages in that direction; and presently a great body of troops—cavalry and infantry—rise from behind the high ground—their arms and armour (for some of the cavalry are cuirassiers, who wear polished steel back and breast-plates) glittering and flashing in the sunshine. Their appearance is the signal for a general attack on both sides; and, instantly, the batteries along the brow of the hill begin to play, and are answered by the light artillery of the advancing party; while the whole body of infantry, on either side, open a heavy fire upon each other. All this, which lasts incessantly for at least half an hour, probably as an object of sight and sound merely, differs in no respect whatever from what it would appear if the action were real, and presents a noble commencement of the movements of the day. The effect, too, is greatly aided by a continued running fire of musketry, indistinctly heard from the villages behind the rising ground, where a detachment of either party are engaged; and, also, by the continued passage, hither and thither, in the distance of staff officers, attended by their suites, aids-de-camp bearing orders from one part of the field to another, the bugles, and quick movements of the light companies, &c. &c.

The scene is now about to undergo an entire change—the fire of the defending party slackens, and at length ceases; and they form themselves into columns and retreat:—some mounting the hill on which the spectators are situated, but the greater part retiring round the base of it, and gaining the adjacent villages—through which they are immediately followed by the other party; and another general attack commences there—the effect of which is most picturesque and striking: for, by changing our position, the whole of the scene lies beneath us. The spot, with the exception of glimpses of the red roofs and white chimnies of cottages, here and there—and an occasional opening into narrow winding lanes, is so thickly wooded, as to have all the appearance of a rich grove of trees; and, through the breaks of these, the various uniforms and plumes of the troops, their glittering arms, and the volumes of smoke that rise above, or obscure them,

present a picture than which nothing can be more characteristic. The incessant firing, too, both of musketry and artillery, and the ten-fold echoes of it, all among the surrounding hills, complete the reality of the effect. After the above scene has continued to attract, and fix the attention for another half hour, we gradually lose sight of all the troops, who take their way (one party retreating, and the other following) round the base of the hill. Following the slackening sound of their fire in the same direction, but still keeping our commanding position on the heights on which the camp is situated, we presently gain sight of another plain, still more extensive than that on which the movements of the day commenced. The first object that attracts the attention is, the brilliant body of horsemen who are galloping through the skirts of the village, on the left of the plain just named, and have now gained the open country, and are making their way towards a height that rises abruptly on the opposite side. This is the king and his suite, who have hitherto been occupying some spot out of sight of the spectators on the camp hill. By the time they have gained the height opposite to that on which we are standing, the troops have defiled through the village into the open plain; and, in the course of half an hour's interregnum, the whole scene puts on a new appearance, and represents the preparation for a general battle on level ground, in which the cavalry and artillery are also brought into action. The first manœuvre is more grand and striking than anything we have seen yet, as it brings all the infantry into view and action at the same moment. It consists of drawing up the opposing parties in two lines, at musket-shot distance, and making each receive the other's fire for a considerable space of time, during the whole of which the artillery are also playing over the heads of their own party, and upon that line which is posted nearest to where we stand. In the midst of this scene the cavalry reach the field, and then, after a variety of other movements, the effects of which, though very striking to look upon, are not susceptible of a precise description, one of the parties forms itself into those solid squares, of which we have heard so much in connection with the battle of Waterloo. In this form, and with the angles of the square turned towards the point at which the cavalry approach, they receive and repulse the charges of the latter, reserving their fire till the cavalry reach to about half gun-shot distance, and then receiving them with vollies which turn them at once. This movement is repeated many times; and nothing can be more beautiful in its way than the effect it produces, seen from the height and distance at which the spectators are placed. The bodies of cavalry form opposite to the solid squares, but at a considerable distance, and advance towards them slowly at first, and increasing their pace as they near; till, at rather more than about a gun-shot distance, they press into a full gallop, and seem as if they were about to overwhelm the little phalanxes upon which they are advancing. But as the latter are on the point, as you expect, of being scattered in all directions by the seemingly resistless force that is bearing down upon them, vollies of fire and smoke burst out from every point of their motionless body, and the attacking party wheel round in an instant, and hasten to regain their former position. This movement takes place in several parts of the field at the same time; and probably its effect on the distant spectator in no material degree differs from that of the actual charges of the French cuirassiers on the English infantry at Waterloo.

The imitative movements of the day being now completed, the whole body of the troops that have been engaged in them are formed into columns

(to the amount of near twenty thousand), and march off the field together, towards St. Omer—which they enter with bands playing, and colours flying, at the head of each regiment, and thus closes, perhaps, one of the most effective exhibitions of its kind that was ever seen.

It will be observed that, though the King of France was present during the whole of the above scene, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Prince of Orange, and several of the highest officers of the state, we have not been tempted to pay any more than a passing attention to them. They served very well as accessories, to add to the illusion of the scene, by representing the general and his staff, moving hither and thither, according to the different changes in the movements of the troops. But as mere individuals, the king and his suite shared but a very small proportion of the interest excited by the general scene. The day was half over before the great body of spectators on the hill, seemed to recollect that there were any such personages present; and, when their attention was called to the fact, by seeing the body of horsemen pass along the great public road to gain an opposite height, not one in fifty left their own favourable position to follow the cavalcade.

There must be a real and absorbing interest attached to that scene, in which kings and princes take an active part, and yet pass but as secondary objects of attention and curiosity, even in the eyes of the idlest spectators.

THE BIRTH OF CERVANTES:

A SPANISH LEGEND.

Gallant lords, and ladies gentle,
Finest of the superfine—
If you love the sentimental,
List ye all a tale of mine:
It is not of English misses,
Waltzing till their brains are boiling,
Till the blood within them hisses,
Down the burning ball-room broiling;—

Till the sudden peep of morning
Glancing through the steaming air,
Gives the waltzing maidens warning
That their beauty wants repair;
That the loveliest rouge alive
On the loveliest cheek grows mellow,
Letting certain tints survive,
Hinting that the fair one's yellow.

But my tale's a tale of love,
As love ought to be, half frantic,
As my hearer soon shall prove,
If he knows the true romantic:
Not a thing of country toasts,—
Romping, red-cheeked, blue-eyed charmers;
Melting fruits of Britain's coasts;
Passion's soothers—care's disarmers!—

But a story true of Spain,
All of love—fond, fiendish, furious,
Brought in three ships o'er the main:
Listen, all ye tender curious!
Don Rodriguez was a Spaniard,
With a skin—the stoutest leather,
Browned in Cordova's best tan-yard,
Never more scorned wind and weather.

And he had an eye—ye skies,
Be ashamed of all your stars!
E'en the last new comet dies
Before thy optics, man of scars!
Then his bosom—human target—
Every Moor that had a bullet
At this bull's-eye would discharge it:
Coolly out the Don would pull it!

When he rode, his armour's clank
'Woke the world some leagues before him;
Where he trod, the high road sank—
Saints, preserve the beast that bore him!
Bridges where his foot was set,
Plump'd headforemost in the water;
Half a Moorman was his whet—
Dinner, was the wife and daughter!

Love his mighty heart subdued,
Every day his cheek grew whiter;
Lastly, he fell off his food—
Woman came to bite the biter.
For the Don loved Lady Zara—
Prettiest damsel that wore green
'Twixt Arragon and Albuera,—
('Twas said a daughter of the queen.

I from my soul abhor all scandal,
Though what I know I know like others;
I hate the world's edge-tools to handle,
So shun all talk of wives or mothers.
The master of the ceremonies—
A fellow great in snuff and whisker;
(Yet all the fact by mortals known is,
His pocket suddenly grew brisker).

Until his Majesty—Saints bless him!
With horsewhip, kick, and bamboo cane,
Took heart one ev'ning to confess him;
At least so runs the tale in Spain;
At least there was no ceremony
Between them on that high occasion;
One kept the wife—one kept the money:
The better bargain, saith Vespasian.

Sweet Zara, like a water-lily,
Grew up in beauty day by day,
Making the wisest Moors look silly
(The oldest cats with mice will play).
Her cheek, though not much given to blushes,
(The climate dealing in brunettes),
Yet had its own delightful flushes,
That neither eye nor heart forgets.

The rose inlaid upon the white,
Provided that the rest is pretty,
To me's a most delicious sight,
Now seldom seen—the more's the pity;
And yet, I own, I like a cheek
On which the sun has set his tinges,
Lit by a pair of eyes that speak
Just what they like beneath their fringes.

Those sweet, soft, silken, sable fringes
(I hope comparison's no sin),
Just like a temple-portal's hinges,
Op'ning to shew the shrine within;
Or, like the dewy twilight veil,
That dropt upon the cheek of Even,
While all below is sweetly pale,
Rises to shew the lights of Heaven;—

Or, like the Peri's flowery wings,
That on the Indian air unfolding,
As to his love the Spirit springs,
Shew gems that blind us in beholding!
I'll never dwell among the Caffres;
I'll never willing cross the Line,
Where Neptune, 'mid the tarry laughers,
Dips broiling landsmen in the brine.

I'll never go to New South Wales,
Nor hunt for glory at the Pole—
To feed the sharks, or catch the whales,
Or tempt a Lapland lady's soul.
I'll never willing stir an ell
Beyond Old England's chalky border,
To steal or smuggle, buy or sell,
To drink cheap wine, or beg an Order.

Let those do so who long for claret,
Let those, who'd kiss a Frenchman's—toes;
I'll not drink vinegar, nor Star it,
For any he that wears a nose.
I'll not go lounge out life in Calais,
To dine at half a franc a-head;
To hut like rats in lanes and alleys—
To eat an exile's gritty bread.

To flirt with shoeless Seraphinas,
To shrink at every ruffian's shako;
Without a pair of shirts between us,
Morn, noon, and night to smell tobacco;
To live my days in Gallic hovels,
Untouched by water since the flood;
To wade through streets, where famine grovels
In hunger, frippery, and mud.

Yet had I Zara's pair of sapphires,
By love or marriage made my own,
I'd live and die among the Caffres—
Nay, even take lodgings in Boulogne.
The Don felt all their fatal glances
Through every pore in all his skin;
He felt them, in his midnight trances,
Through all his brain and marrow spin.

He caught her slender hand—made speeches—
Nay, e'en for once the poets quoted—
Forgotten since he first wore breeches;
In short, he fairly proved he *doated.*
Sweet Zara first rebuffed his passion—
Laughed, frowned, grew angry, smiled, coquetted,
(Such is, since Mother Eve, the fashion),
Until the Don was fairly netted.

The settlements at length were settled;
The bridesmaids were with clothes provided;
The lover came, high dressed, high mettled;
The fair stood blushing to be bride.
Her caftan was as white as milk,
Made by a milliner from town—
Lovely and long the tresses silk,
In ringlets on her cheek flowed down.

The cheek was like the glowing grape,
The neck was like a statue moulded;
And round the bosom's lovely shape
Lay gems in gold and silver folded.
Rodriguez led her to the altar,
The sweet perfection of the toilet:—
But here my pen begins to falter—
The pen of Homer's self would spoil it.

What man could paint the pretty creature—
The smiles, the sighs, the charming shyness!
(The women have it all by Nature,
From Joan the milkmaid to her Highness).
But into chapel bounced a villain,
As black as any in Algiers;
His language shewed him no civilian—
It shocked the Christian people's ears.

He swore that Zara was his minion;
In fact, the Moor began to swagger:
The Don quite differed in opinion—
Whereon the Moor pulled out his dagger.
Rodriguez drew his famed toledo,
Three yards, with several more to spare:
One slash foreclosed the Moor's bravado;
The head flew off to—Heaven knows where!

This comes of hurting people's feelings!
The man who thinks of stopping banns,
May make up his account for whealings
From woman's hands, if not from man's.
Some saw the head go through the attics,
Some saw it vanish through the wall;
Some, by the help of mathematics,
Swore that 'twas never there at all.

The Moor was earthed—that is, the trunk—
The head, from January to June,
None knew if 'twas in ocean sunk,
Or turned to green cheese in the moon.
At last the head too would be buried—
(A Pope himself the fact averred);
And every night the lovers flurried,
Insisting it should be interred.

Sweet Zara scarce could loose her laces,
When on her toilet bounced the head;
Making a hundred odd grimaces—
Then danced before her to her bed.
The Don could scarcely touch his pillow,
When in his face lolled out the tongue;
And ne'er were broached, on shore or billow,
Worse words than those it said and sung.

The horridest abominations
That ever startled human ears
Composed the regular orations
Of that same rascal from Algiers.
The thing too was so mixed with joke,
It almost split their sides with laughter;
Till, when the tardy morning broke,
Their brains were scarce worth looking after.

Then, calling them all sorts of names
(The vulgar tongue was fairly rifled),
The head would make its bow in flames,
Leaving the couple all but stifled.
Till, lastly, grown more impudent,
It paid its visits in the day—
Leaving the same infernal scent,
And talking just the self same way.

The Don might take his morning walk,
The lady take her evening tea;
Before the warrior's foot 'twould stalk,
And perch upon the lady's knee.
The story reached the king of Spain,
Who thereon called his council privy,
Who pozed some months, of course in vain,
(Though bulls and asses spoke in Livy).

The friar brought his salt and water;
The bed, the toilet, all were sprinkled:
Sweet Zara lisped the charms he taught her—
Weak charms to what her two eyes twinkled!
Till came one night, in shape a maiden,
With not a touch of Earth's dull weather,
But such as might have danced in Eden,
With tongue of silver, toe of feather.

"Get up," said she, "you pair of fools!
The head, behind the bed you'll find it;—
Don, bid the sexton bring his tools—
Why, any nose on earth might wind it;
Except, I own, a Spanish nose—
True nation of the true snuff-takers—
On them no matter what wind blows."
The spirit moved them both like Quakers!

They found the head—in earth 'twas moulded;
But with it all their mirth departed.
The lady pouted, pined, and scolded—
The Don was plainly broken-hearted.
They dug it up with one consent;
That night they nearly died with laughter;
Morn, noon, and night were merriment—
Cervantes came just nine months after!

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The battle between the Turco-Egyptian fleet, and the squadrons of the allied powers, at Navarino, has been the only event of foreign political interest in the last month: and, although we regret that such an affray should have taken place, it does not at all alter our opinion as to the eventual pacific termination—("pacific," as far as the peace of Europe at large is concerned)—of the Greek contest. The Turks probably, ever since the declaration in favour of Greece was made, have doubted whether England, their old ally, would seriously go to war with them upon such a question. Moreover, according to the constant principle of their policy, they would exert themselves to *get rid* of the quarrel, if they could not hope to beat us upon it: to evade our object, if they could not defy it, by all possible means of equivocation and delay. And it could scarcely be any great circumstance of wonder, if a fierce and obstinate people, compelled to trim, and to dissemble, where they would be incomparably better inclined to fight, were urged, when they found negociation would serve their turn no longer, into some act of sudden and partial hostility. We still confidently believe however that these hostilities will be only transitory, and that there is not the slightest chance that Europe will be involved in war. Even the blind fury of the Turks, accustomed as they have been to misapprehend the cause of their own existence in Christendom, will stop short before it leads them into a course so certain to produce their entire destruction. This, however, is a consideration rather for the future; and, be the event what it may, nothing can be more certain than that we had no choice, at Navarino, but to act as we have done. Independent of all commendation for bravery or naval skill, the sound judgment of Admiral Codrington's conduct is undoubted. Our intention as to Greece—be its policy good or bad—had been declared: time had been allowed for consideration: no definitive answer was made to our demands; and in the meantime our object was being evaded, and our power getting into some danger of being despised. This was a state of affairs which could not continue: it became necessary either to act decisively, or to abandon our declared policy, and determination altogether; and between these two courses, it would have been impossible for the commander of the British fleet to balance for one moment, without the most criminal and infamous betrayal of his duty.

For the immediate quarrel which led to hostilities, arose, it will be remembered, on the part of the enemy; whose fire upon our flag of truce was—a course, no doubt, for themselves to judge of—but certainly an insult, which no commander of an English force could overlook. It may be possible, as has been urged, that this fire was a "mistake"—and an unauthorised proceeding; but, at all events, it was a most irregular and dangerous mistake; and we venture to predict that it was such a "mistake" as will *not occur again*. We regret, as we have already stated, that the result of this contest should have been so serious to the enemy: and see no ground for national triumph in a victory which our arms have gained honourably, but which would have covered us with shame and disgrace not to have achieved: but we repeat that we are not surprised that some proof that Europe was *in earnest* should have been necessary to expedite the arrangement of the Greek question. The chuck under the chin which the Porte has received in the affair, has been severe: but no doubt it will prove a lesson—and it is one which certainly they have long stood in need of—to convince our friends, the Ottomans, that our habitual defe-

rence proceeded from an inclination for their alliance, not from an apprehension of their strength. In the mean time, while we are on the subject of correcting mistakes—we see some indications in the old quarter, of an attempt at another "Greek Loan." This is waste of pains: the thing *won't do*, the parties may depend upon it. It will not even do, so far, as *to raise the price of the old Greek Bonds in the Market.*

Protestantism, it seems agreed upon all hands, is gaining ground considerably in Ireland. It gives us great pleasure to state this fact: as, after the entire freedom of Catholicism, the next good that we should desire, would be the extinction even of the memory of it. It seems a pity that the inhabitants of that country could not amend their tempers along with their faith; but that seems past hope: the "game has begun" with Sir Anthony Hart, the new Chancellor, already.

"*Sworn Appraisement.*"—Mr. Barber Beaumont, of the County Fire Office, has brought an action against the Morning Herald newspaper for taking away his character. And the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, Damages—a shilling!

We have taken occasion once or twice to ridicule the absurd commendations bestowed upon a number of our inferior actors and actresses in the course of their recent exhibition at Paris; we pray heaven we don't perceive some symptoms now of a little traitorous design, to smuggle over some of these "French goods"—these transmarine pretensions and reputation—into England! Mr. Kean, junior, who (with a box of comfits) should beyond doubt be committed to the care of the housekeeper at Drury Lane theatre, and from thence back to school, as suddenly as possible, is announced, from one or two quarters, to be "*deeply* engaged in studying *Romeo!*" in which character his appearance is only "deferred" that he may "be assisted by the extraordinary powers of Miss Smithson, on her return from Paris, in the part of *Juliet.*" Now—we should like just to set this matter right. The French critics can know nothing about English acting; and most of them have sufficiently proved that they do know nothing about it; but, besides this, it remains to be observed, that the criticisms—such as they are—which appear in the French newspapers, are, two thirds of them, jobs of the most impudent description. Our readers will recollect, not more than a few weeks since, an exposure of the whole system, which was published in the Paris journals; when some gentleman, who had notoriously *sold* his applause for years, was *beaten* by a performer whom he abused, and who did not think fit to pay the amount of money demanded from him! And in fact, *French puffing* (to which we shall some day give a little notice) is becoming a regular course of advertisement among the minor dealers in English literature. This is a subject—as regards the actors—not worth pursuing; and perhaps we may be mistaken—there may be no such folly proposed at Drury-lane, as we allude to. In fact it is difficult to conceive the existence even of the thought of humbugging the London public with such trash, as "the ravishing talents" of Mr. Abbott and Miss Smithson, in *Jaffier* and *Belvidera!* not to speak of those "evinced" by Mr. Mason, in *Pierre!* Since we are upon the subject however, we may as well give our readers a notion of the sort of *English*, that these distributors of English fame and reputation write and speak. The extract is from the notice of the play of *Venice Preserved:* and the writer quotes a speech by *Belvidera*,

> ——"*New* then kill me.
> While *then* I cling about *the* cruel-neck,
> Kiss *the* revengeful lips, and die in joys
> Greater than I can *guest* hereafter."

Now, in *four* lines of English, here are five blunders.* The critic has obviously written *by ear*, from the pronunciation of the actress. There are no doubt, abundance of Englishmen who would make almost as bad work as this in writing French. But we should think it too much, if an Englishman who did so, talked of reversing—upon any point of French criticism or taste—the judgment of the public of Paris!

An Absent Witness.—A man of the name of Abrahams, a few days since, brought an action in the Court of King's Bench, against a horse dealer, named Kenrick, for some assault and misconduct about the hire of a chaise. The case was opened: and the jury, after hearing the evidence, found a verdict, with some small damages, for the plaintiff. Mr. Gurney, however, who was for the losing man, told the court that Mr. Abrahams succeeded merely by accident: for he should have produced the defendant's hostler, who would have contradicted the plaintiff's whole case—if, unluckily, his witness had not, two days before, *been convicted, at the Old Bailey, of Felony!*

The "Cloud King."—Our Friend, Dr. M'Culloch—he of the "Malaria"—who goes about terrifying all the world with fables of fog, and pestilence, and vapour—is involved this month in a very odd contradiction with his allies, the editors of the "Quarterly Journal of Science and Literature." The learned M. D., whose book upon "Miasma" we noticed some months ago, and described as eminently calculated to drive every body who read it out of Great Britain, and into the hydrophobia, seems to have got a little conscientious about the horrors that he was spreading in every direction: and in a paper published in the last "Quarterly Journal of Science," referring to his terrific work, says: "Lest I should be accused of wishing to excite unnecessary alarm, I desire to state that, if we take the whole of England, there is not perhaps *one acre in a hundred thousand* where there is danger from malaria."

Now this is rather a staggering declaration about the effect of a book, which, if it proves any thing at all, proves much more nearly that there is in England scarcely one acre in a hundred thousand where a man would be *free from* the danger of malaria. And moreover it comes oddly from a gentleman, who, in the very next paragraph to that in which it appears, challenges the pestilential qualities of *five* of the counties on our Eastern coast of England only—Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire. But luckily, to spare us the trouble of taking out the Doctor's book, or turning back to our own magazine, for a revival of the murderous propensities of "Situations near water, and situations away from water;"—"Positions near trees, and positions in want of trees;"—"Meadows that are undrained, and the drains made by draining meadows," &c. &c. &c.—the Doctor's *book itself* is reviewed (something late) in the very number of the Journal in which he is writing: and—let us see what his friend the reviewer makes of those "proofs," which "leave only one acre in a hundred thousand in England, subject to the danger of malaria?"

"It is shewn," this Reviewer says (by Dr. M'Culloch) "That *all* places where water is present in such a manner as to act upon vegetable matter, *must* produce malaria; and the chief positions of danger are the following: "The rushy swamps of high moorlands, however *small* the extent."

---

* ——— Now then kill me
While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than I can guess hereafter.

"Woods and coppices, little *suspected* in England, yet *shewn* to be the cause of fevers in Sussex, *probably* every where else." "Meadows and moist pastures, whether on *flat lands* or *elevations*." "Rivers, or all flat rivers at least,—which are among the causes not suspected in England." "Our author also notices," the reviewer proceeds, "canals, mill ponds, and *all* other pools and ponds." "Ornamental waters," including "the basin in St. James's Park, and the pond in St. James's Square." He concludes this list of *clear and undoubted causes*, with the unsparing excommunication of "moats, lakes, drains, ditches, marshes, fresh or salt;" with reference to all which, "it is the *same*, as to the production of disease, whether the marsh is *foot* square, or a *mile*." And from thence goes on to comparatively obscure or *disputed* cases; such as "flax and hemp ponds, sewers, dunghills, winds from the coast of Holland, tide harbours, and bilge water:" "the evidences," nevertheless, even as to these, concludes the reviewer, "being amply sufficient to make good the assertion!"

Now this forms a pretty stout list of dangerous localities—for a gentleman who has meant to show that only "one acre in a hundred thousand" through England is liable to peril. But we give up the Doctor here to follow his Malarian reviewer, whose commentary, in point of terror, distances the text of his author hollow! "Only as late as in the last autumn," this writer assures those readers who may have been sceptical as to the doctrines of Dr. M'Culloch—"in all the well known tracts in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Kent, Essex, Sussex, and *so forth*, there was *scarcely a house* without one or more inhabitants *under fever!*" Nearer London, the same horrible pestilence existed—without our even being aware of it. "Throughout the range of streets which extends from Buckingham Gate to Chelsea," it is said, "almost *every house* had a patient or more under fever." Thus it was also about "Vauxhall and Lambeth: and among all that scattered mixture of town and country which follows from Whitechapel, from Bishopsgate, and particularly along Ratcliffe-Highway, including Rotherhithe." And again proceeding to Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Plumstead! Want of breath, joined to sheer apprehension, compels us to fly from the pestilential state of things about "Lewisham;" in which there were "in *one* house *nine* patients under fever!" Ditto, as to "Dulwich, Fulham, Ealing, and the other villages along the Thames, as far as Chertsey," including even "Richmond, where there was one house" known to the writer, "where *ten* individuals, at one time, were suffering under this disease!" The whole of this dreadful mortality, as we have already stated, having occurred only in the last autumn. And with the horrible prospect, moreover, delivered to us—that "Whatever was the pestilence *last year*, it promises to be much *greater* in the *present one*"!!!

We are sorry to hear this gentleman state that "Lambeth" is among the unwholesome districts; because we should say that (otherwise) there exists an establishment in that vicinity peculiarly suited to the complaint under which he labours. But, what a strange dilemma does this review of Dr. M'Culloch's book place Dr. M'Culloch in—bound up, as it is, in the very same yellow cover with his last statement—that "Not one acre in a hundred thousand, in England, is subject to malaria at all!" Not one acre in a hundred thousand subject! We are like the Irish physician—tell us where there is an acre that is *not* subject—unless Dr. M'Culloch's own friends most wickedly misrepresent him—that we may go and end our days there!

The most curious part of the doctor's personal article in the "Journal

of Science," is his account of the state of the country between Chatham and Brighton. He says, "Incredible as it may appear, between Chatham and Brighton, including *every town* and *single house*, and Sittingbourne among the rest, the ague affects the *left* hand of the turnpike road, or northern side, and does not touch the *right* side, though the *road itself*, forms the only line of separation!" We give abundant credit to Dr. M'Culloch for the activity and ardour with which he collects his facts, and still more for the candour and boldness with which he often states them, even when they are opposed to his own theory: and *this* certainly is a *most* remarkable fact—if it be perfectly well authenticated. The *single* houses are the points that touch us; because they have no dense mass, like the opposite side of a street, to give them even a semblance of protection. The hypothesis of the Doctor himself, that "a hoar frost, or a dew, will sometimes be found to be most accurately limited by a definite line, stopping for example at a particular hedge, and reaching to a certain altitude upon a tree, &c." does not seem to us to help the difficulty; because it is *we* in this case that must have hit the line, not the malaria or vapour. Taking the fact to be fully ascertained, as stated, there seems to be no means of avoiding one of two conclusions—either that there is some unknown property in a turnpike road—exist where it may—as witches of old were held unable to cross a running stream—which fog or malaria cannot pass: or that, through a line of road extending twenty miles, in all its numerous and irregular turnings and windings, we have happened to hit by chance, all the way from beginning to end, the very line to which the malaria which produces agues, from wherever it came, naturally extended! But we should like to have a great deal of very strong testimony as to the *fact itself*, before we went far into any long investigation of the causes of it.

With all our disposition to admire "improvements," and all that we have said about Mr. M'Adam's road-making, we are afraid that on this point we must at last succumb, and admit that the necessity of *paving* some of the more heavily frequented throughfares of town, is not entirely got over. The state of New-Bridge street, this year, looks very ominous of a return to granite. During the late wet weather, it has been—from the Obelisk to Chatham Place—literally one continuous canal of mud. And the bottom (when you get there) more broken and uneven than ever we recollect it, even in the worst condition of the stones. For the Squares and more open situations of the West, the plan is still admirable: but, unless some of the more recently converted streets have been done clumsily, it will not do for the heavy draught of the City. The new style of stone pavement in Fleet-street, is very pleasant, if it answers its purpose in other respects. We doubt, however, whether, especially in hilly situations, the very even surface will not be impracticable for horses in winter. Between Bouverie-street and Fleet-market (going towards St. Paul's) it is difficult to pull up, with the weather as it is.

New books have been abundant in the last month; and, as usual, of unequal value. Lady Morgan's novel—"The O'Briens and O'Flahertys"—is a clever work, and ought to be very successful. Her ladyship's "Fashionable Conversations" are the best "upon Town," the liveliest, and the most like nature. Females indeed, in general, manage this description of writing better than the "Lords" of the (literary) creation. Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Ferrier, all do the thing extremely well; the fact is, their *women* are always lightly and easily thrown

up. Sir Walter Scott, in his "St. Ronan's Well," attempted the same sort of thing, and failed entirely! his coxcombs and fine ladies were all hard and wooden. The moment he got to *nature*—the old Scotch landlady—he was at home (and triumphant over the world) again. "Whitehall," and "The Mummy," are meant for "satirical" publications: both are miserably bad. The attempted ridicule of science in "The Mummy," is extravagant and stupid; and it is difficult to discover, what is meant by the notices of living characters in the other work—"Whitehall. The wit about the Duke of Wellington—if it be wit—is totally incomprehensible. And the attack upon Mr. Colburn, the publisher, is utterly pointless and absurd. The writer obviously knows nothing of a great London publisher's mode of doing business; and appears never to have *seen* either the place, or the parties, that he affects to describe. "Satirical" novels in general, ought to be attempted with great caution. The annual publications are out, and will be found noticed, under a distinct head, in our present number. Their embellishments, upon the average, surpass what has been produced in former years. The literary matter is not so good as we have known it; but there are some excellent papers: and this is a description of value that must rise and fall. In the way of a word of gentle advice—we wish the editors would not, in prospectuses and prefaces, abuse one another. This sort of squabbling is bad enough in Magazines and Reviews; but it is *too* bad in pretty little volumes, which are printed only to lie upon the work-tables of young ladies.

The Anniversaries of "The Popish Plot," and "Lord Mayor's Day," have been celebrated since our last, with the usual festivities. This Popish Plot, by the way, we beg to assure our readers *was* a "Plot," and "Popish;" notwithstanding that which some rash papists of the present day pretend to say to the contrary. It was a plot, and popish; and the people were hanged, and properly: this is our creed, in which we propose "to live and die." On the late anniversary, fewer enormities seemed to be committed than usual: this was probably in consequence of one or two of the firework makers having blown their houses up—as our readers may recollect—(by mistake) before the proper day—some wrong reckoning—the "Old Style" perhaps—we don't exactly know what. We heard of no material entertainment—except that one baker's boy sneaked a squib into the boot of a hackney coach, which, setting the horses off, and the hay on fire, the vehicle ran at full speed along the Strand, astonishing and delighting the foot passengers. Some said it was a *Guy Fawkes* upon a grand scale; for the flames caught from the hay in the boot to the hammercloth, and the coachman sat—with three hats on—enveloped in fire! Others thought it was the new "Steam Coach," that is to run between London and Bristol, finished, and starting for its first trip. And others were just swearing, that it was the "Portable Gas," laid on for the lamps, and that the reservoir had burst; when the vehicle, passing the New Church, took another coach along with it, and both were overturned just opposite the "Sphynx" office, with a terrible explosion, upon which a wag who was passing, looked back, and said, he had been expecting a "blow up" *there*, for some time past. No mischief, however, as luck would have it, was sustained by any body, The coachman's "three hats" fell off in the scuffle; which was construed by some elderly people into a symbol—as happening at such a time—that there were no hopes for Popery: but that was all. The "Lord Mayor's Accession," did not go off so fortunately, for the lamps above the banquet table fell down, and discomfited the Lord

Mayor, and the Lady Mayoress, and several other persons (covering them with oil moreover) exceedingly. Some jokes about "Lords," and being "anointed," and so forth—as the wine was good (a circumstance unparalelled in the Annals of Guildhall)—restored the order of the feast—when the alarm was over, pretty tolerably: but so heinous a piece of carelessness on the part of the city lamplighter, we trust, for example's sake, has not been allowed to remain unpunished.

A little book, after the manner of Mr. Accum's "Death in the Pot"—Mr. Wright's "Dolphin"—and one or two other works, assuming to shew up iniquities, called "The Wine and Spirit Trade Unmasked," is astonishing a great many people in town, who have been used to fancy, that, like Desdemona—"The wine they drink is made of grapes." Let the world be on its guard! This affair seems to us to be a recondite humbug: got up by some *wine merchant!* We will never believe that "port wine" is made of half such wholesome materials as the expositor describes. Some amusing papers upon the "Frauds of Trade"—chiefly crucifying the "ticket" linen-drapers—have also appeared in the *Times*. The imposture of these varlets is a crying one; but there is no remedy for it; and if there were, the practice of selling inferior goods is not *entirely* confined to the "cheap shops." It sometimes happens, we are afraid, that a *stranger* buys at a high-priced shop, precisely the same article for a guinea, which—bad enough as it is at any price, it would have been better for him to have bought at an advertising shop for twelve shillings. The lustres, moreover, and looking-glasses, and marble pillars, of the "higher dealers," (not to speak of their dandy shopmen,) are really too fine for plain people, and must keep some away. Every body feels that the expense of all this rubbish must be paid, in some shape, by the customer; and a silk handkerchief, bought in the Strand or Holborn, out of a shop where the master himself stands behind a common oak counter, serves a reasonable man's purposes, just as completely as though it came out of an "Establishment" on Ludgate Hill, or in Regent-street, where the shopman that sold it would be dressed like a "mock lover" in a pantomime, and the fittings-up of the place in which it was purchased have cost three thousand pounds.

The Alexandrine extent of our first article this month, compels us rather to curtail the "fair proportions" of our last. It matters little that we have much more to say, when we have no more paper to say it upon. This circumstance compels us to omit all mention, for the present, of a vast number of curious and important matters, which we had intended—looking to our customary limit—to discuss; as—Mr. Williams's wholesale "burial" proposition; His scheme for relieving good Christians from the dangers of "resurrection men," by confining the attacks of the latter peculiarly to the Jews; Mrs. Fry's speculations upon the state of Ireland; A minor Samaritan upon the "Watch Houses" of London and Westminster; The Order in Council to repress Greek piracies; The "Slave Grace;" The race between the Mail Coaches, and the *Sun* newspaper—and Phœbus victorious, &c. &c. &c. All of which, with many others too numerous to mention, must pass for this December number; but may perhaps rise again on the first of January, if the world and the life of periodicals endure so long.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. 4 *vols. By Lady Morgan;* 1827.—With all Lady Morgan's powers — observing well, and painting well—with truth and vigour—often fixing, and rarely wearying—with all the warmth of her countrywomen, and dealing with the heated spirits of her countrymen — she does not *take*—to the extent we think she deserves to do. Of this failure there are some obvious causes—Ireland, and her rights and her wrongs—the favourite subjects of Lady Morgan's muse—are not popular with the classes which supply the novel writer with readers. Besides this, she is a radical in politics, a liberal in theology, and a materialist in metaphysics; and there are readers who shrink from allowing the merit they cannot but feel, through fear of being suspected of admiring what is at least neither very fashionable, nor perhaps very feminine.

The production before us, however, is a performance of much too a high a character not to break through the impediments which are thus thrown in the way by its fair creator. The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, have for generations been connected in love or in hatred. They are Connaught families, and, by the common fate of the country, have both been ruined by forfeitures. The representative of the O'Briens emerges from pauperism, and becomes a thriving Protestant attorney. The heir of the O'Flahertys was a general in the French service. The attorney detects a flaw in the claims of the possessor of the O'Flaherty property; and himself finally makes good his claim to the barony of Annanmore—but the estate is gone beyond recovery; and, in grasping at the shadow, he loses the substance he had laboriously gathered in the practice of his profession. He relapses to Catholicism, and takes his first vows among the Jesuits.

But the drama opens properly at a review of the Irish Volunteers, where we are introduced to the leading characters of the vice-regal court—and of the novel. The court is plainly that of the Rutlands. The Knockloftys are a family of overpowering influence, and high in the confidence of the government—the Earl, indeed, is the leading personage in the management of Irish affairs—on the orange principle of course. Of the ladies on the ground, the most conspicuous is the Countess Knocklofty, a very charming and fascinating woman—a mixture of coquetry and romance—none of the youngest—driving a pair of splendid greys in a beautiful curricle, and drawing the attentions of the young officers, and dispensing distinction and delight, by her smiles and her levities, on all around her. Beside her sits a rival beauty, nearly her equal in charms, and her superior in wit—at least in readiness of speech. In the course of the review, Lady Knocklofty is struck with the appearance of the young gentleman who commands the University Corps, and her inquiries to discover who he can be are all in vain. She manœuvres to keep near him, and by degrees catches his attention, and at last his services, by contriving to drop her shoe, which he of course picks up, and wins the privilege of putting it on again. By a dextrous move, during the sham fight, he gains a particular position, and with it the approbation of the commander-in-chief; and, before the day is over, the lady's greys take flight at an explosion, and the young hero of course rescues her from destruction.

In the evening, in his way to college, he gets into a row; the military are called out as usual; a shot is fired—no body knows by whom, and he is taken to the guard-house. Towards midnight, however, a messenger arrives with an order to take him forthwith somewhere or other for examination; and this messenger he follows, through long-winding passages and noble apartments, some dark and some light, till suddenly a door is thrown open, and in an instant they are in the midst of a magnificent saloon, full of company—the vice-regal drawing-room in short; and his guide, throwing off the disguise, proves to be Lady Knocklofty herself. This was one of the freaks of the castle. Astounded as the young gentleman is, he—as the hero of the piece—is not driven from his propriety; he acquits himself admirably, and the vice-queen treats him with the courtesy that became her. The youth turns out to be the Honourable Murrogh O'Brien, the heir of Lord Annanmore. He is introduced on all sides; and among others, Lord Walter Somebody — that is, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, not at all disguised—makes handsome speeches, and overtures of friendship.

In the midst of these exhilarating attentions, comes in the Lord Lieutenant, in a state of ebriety, with his bottle companions, and the *prisoner* is obliged to be smuggled off, but not before Lady Knocklofty contrives to put a ring of remembrance on his finger. The officer, under whose supervision it is understood he is to place himself, is out of the way; and he, in the meanwhile, throws himself on a bench, where, indulging in a reverie on the amazing events that had occurred through the day, he drops into something like a nap, from which he is at last awakened by a strange tingling sensation about the fingers, occasioned partly by his having made a pillow of his arm. As he wakes, a tall gaunt figure and a sedan are still in view.

The officer now makes his appearance; they

proceed towards the guard-room, where, to his utter amazement, he finds the ring, given him by Lady Knocklofty, changed to one with the signet of a death's head, and a warning motto. This is past all explanation. The next day comes an order for his discharge; but, though dismissed by the civil power, the university is not so easily satisfied. He had been already a marked man. He was a member of the Historical Society, and distinguished there for his eloquence and boldness; he had written political pamphlets, and given himself great liberties of speech everywhere. He was no raw unfledged youth. From the age of sixteen he had been in the Austrian service—an aid-de-camp of the Prince de Ligne, and a *protégé* of Marshal de Lacy—a relative, and finally broken for challenging a superior officer. At the age of twenty-five he had returned to Ireland, with the resolution of devoting himself to the service of his country. His father had recovered his title, and he was enabled to enter the university as *filius nobilis*. In the row of the evening of the review his clothes had been torn nearly off his back, and Lord Walter had lent him his great coat, and in this coat were certain papers of a seditious character. The said coat was taken out of his room to be brushed, and the papers found their way to the fellows. He was expelled chiefly on the evidence of these papers.

After his expulsion he returns home to his father's residence—an old tumbling-down house in one of the back streets of Dublin, but can learn nothing of his father. Without, he discovers a sale had taken place that very day, and within he finds nothing but an old chair and a table; but on the table were symptoms of some one having recently left the apartment. An illuminated MS. lay on the table, with his own portrait not completed—the MS. proves to be the fruits of his father's antiquarian labours. While engaged in reading it, he is surprised by the sudden appearance of the tall figure he had seen in the castle before the sedan, who turns out to be his foster-brother, and the person who had fired the shot in his defence. The poor faithful fellow was in a state of starvation; and, while O'Brien was pouring a drop of brandy down his throat, in bursts a file of soldiers with an officer at their head, Lord Walter, and others—to seize the said tall gaunt figure. Such was the crazy state of the building, that the floor sunk under the accumulated weight, the walls followed, and O'Brien and the whole party narrowly escaped with life. In the midst of the confusion appeared a lady in imminent peril, of whom no one knew any thing, who was rescued, and carried off, no body knew whither, by the foster-brother.

Left now apparently to his own resources, Lord Walter introduces him to his political set, and he is forthwith admitted an United Irishman in full assembly—pledging himself to the furtherance of their views with the exertion of all his energy. From the meeting with Lord Walter, he goes, in the guise of a pilgrim, to Lady Knocklofty's masquerade, where he meets with a nun, who holds him long in animated conversation. She is a mysterious personage, sharp, shrewd, and witty—full of French and Italian; knows all Murrogh's movements; reminds him of scenes at Florence, gives him sundry hints about his present engagements, and on quitting him puts a letter in his hand—forbidding him to open it before he leaves the house. Lady Knocklofty cuts him dead; and he quits the gay and glittering scene in a state of agony and mortification.

The letter was from his father, announcing himself to be in a condition of absolute indigence, and then waiting a last interview with him in the burial grounds of an hospital. Shocked at this intelligence, he flies to the appointed spot, where he finds him apparently dying with hunger, and half naked. The old man is a little mysterious, obscure in his communications, and solicitous only to obtain a pledge from his son to go with him where he pleases, and as soon as that pledge is given, conducts him to a carriage, at a short distance. They travel all night with the utmost speed, and at length arrive at Cong Abbey, a Jesuit institution—where a few elderly gentlemen appeared to be residing, at the head of whom was his great uncle, the well-known Abbate O'Brien. In the agony of his sensations, O'Brien had thrown open the carriage windows to catch the night breezes, but unluckily caught nothing but a fever. He was for some weeks in a state of delirium, during which his aged father died, and was buried with the honours due to his dignity, and himself attended by a *sœur grise*—the nun of the masquerade. On his recovery, he finds himself obliged to quit his asylum sooner than he intended—his uncle had discovered he was an United Irishman, and his residence could be no longer tolerated. He now resolves to beat up the quarters of his aunts, the Miss MacTaafs, two primitive maidens, who had declared him the heir of their property—to stir up the natives, and further the views of the society, of which he was a sworn member. Here, at a grand festival, given by his aunts in honour of his arrival, and on the broaching of a hogshead of claret, he encounters the nun again; and Lady Knocklofty once more. Again he rescues her ladyship from impending destruction, and accompanies her home. Explanations take place, and the affair of the ring is partly disclosed. In a tour round the neighbourhood, the Countess and her friends and O'Brien visit a nunnery, under the protection of the Jesuits, the abbess of which proves to be again the veritable nun. The mystery is intolerable to him, and he forces a private interview, and she tells him part of her story. She is

an O'Flaherty, his own cousin—who has long been his guardian angel, and by the aid of his foster-brother, has rescued him from more than one danger, moral and physical. He is now desperately in love with her, and resolves to break away from the seductions of Lady Knocklofty. In the meanwhile, a pamphlet he had written at Cong during his convalescence, is published, and a warrant issues for his arrest. While evading the tip-staffs—though fully intending to surrender on the trial—he encounters Lady Knocklofty, on the mountains, in the dead of night. She proposes to screen him from danger, and he insists at all hazards on seeing her home. She beguiles him to a secluded spot; his better resolves vanish; and he is finally surprised in the lady's bower, and safely lodged in Kilmainham gaol.

Lady Morgan had advanced thus far with her story, and found herself at the end of the fourth volume, and was of course obliged to compress. The *éclaircissement* follows some years after. O'Brien, it seems, escaped by the aid of the abbess—entered the French service, attained high rank, and finally married his vivacious and ubiquitous cousin.

Though unequal, there are capital scenes in the novel— particularly the review—the drawing-room—and the claret feast.

The Roman History, by G. B. Niebuhr; translated from the German, by F. A. Walter, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1827.—This history, which was published in Germany about fifteen years ago, Niebuhr is said to have lately revised, or rather he is stated to have remodelled the whole of his very sagacious and elaborate performance. The necessity for some revision every man at all acquainted with the work—with its obscurities and general unconnectedness — must forcibly feel. He is said also—now that he is a counsellor of state—to have done so for the purpose of changing the general tone of it—of lowering the high and ardent sentiments which mark the writer's former zeal for the welfare of mankind, and which form, perhaps, the main value of his volumes. This purpose we are unwilling to credit. If ever writing carried with it marks of deep feelings and firm convictions, Niebuhr's does; and to find such a man flinching, to please the great, would be one of the most mortifying events that can well be imagined. Of this revision of Niebuhr's, however, of whatever character it may be, a translation has been for some time announced; but the one before us of the original edition, by Mr. Walter of the British Museum, is a work so ably executed that it would be an act of positive injustice to pass it by, in expectation of what may never appear, and may not be better, without the commendation due to its unquestionable merits. The translation of such a work—so full of intricate criticism —of profound views in politics, and subtile speculations in metaphysics — written in a style of unusual complication, and with an abruptness of manner that frequently misleads, is itself a task of no common difficulty; and to have successfully overcome such difficulty, and then to have the labour lost, is exceedingly vexatious. For such disappointments there is, however, no remedy. If the second work prove the superior, the first must be abandoned; and Mr. W. must be content with the credit of good intentions, and the merit of doing well all that was in his power to do.

In the perusal of Niebuhr's history—now that we have a translation—the general reader will be woefully disappointed; and the Quarterly Review, which first excited the public attention in its favour, must answer for that disappointment—for commending it, we shall not say, extravagantly, but undistinguishingly—for awakening expectations, which the work is not calculated to gratify. Niebuhr's history is the production of a scholar, and addressed to the intelligence of scholars; it is full of discussions, in which the general reader will not, and cannot, take an interest. He will find him too—to *his* farther disappointment—more ready in pulling down than in building up. In the conflictions of evidence, to attain any high degree of probability is rarely possible, and in the confusions of fable and fact scarcely less so; but to exhibit incompatibilities, and expose absurdities, is generally no difficult matter. To make ruins, in short, is the easier labour; and ruins Niebuhr has made in abundance, and made them relentlessly—not that he is incapable of reconstruction—for he is a man of the highest reach of ability, of extraordinary research, and of boundless ambition. He has no rival in criticism and classical attainments in this country—aecompanied as they are with a warmth of temperament, an active and yet disciplined imagination, and a sagacity and power of combination rarely paralleled.

The history before us extends to the year 416 of tne eternal city, when the constitution of Rome may be said to have been perfected by the Licinian law, which opened the consulate equally to plebeian and patrician. Through this long period the thread of Niebuhr's narrative is scarcely traceable —so perpetually is it broken by critical inquiries and episodical matters—never entirely irrelevant, but sometimes not very intimately connected. In general he gives —not the results of his researches, but the researches themselves — and these, whatever may be the effect in the mind of the scholar, familiar with such discussions, will as often confound as enlighten those who run as they read. The early history of Rome is full of obvious fable; nobody seriously credits the thousand and one events

that are manifestly out of the course of experience. To have swept these away, and left us the probable, or at least the less improbable skeleton of facts, would to any ordinary mind have seemed all that was practicable, and indeed all that was requisite; but Niebuhr looked deeper and further—to the growth of the constitution—to the operation of laws and manners—and aimed at tracing the progress of a rude people to empire by natural and consecutive means. The full extent of his hopes and aims, he is far from realizing; but he has scattered to the winds much of the chaff of the common story, and has given much of it a new aspect, and opened up sources of inquiry, and suggested others, that will eventually, either by his own future researches, or the ardour of others, lead to more satisfactory and intelligible results.

Of the people, the plebs, of Rome, the reader will gain an entirely new conception. The greatness of Rome is traced to the formation of the plebeian order in the state, and the union of patricians and plebeians in centuries by Servius. But for his efforts the free people would too probably have been depressed by the patricians to the condition of clients: for the free people were distinct from the clients—the common notion that every patrician had his clients, and every plebeian his patron, is plainly an idle tale. It was through the aid of the clients that the patricians so long and so successfully retarded the struggle of the people to the full attainment of political rights.

Nor less novel will be the general appearance of the tribunes and the Agrarian laws. Their persevering efforts to enforce these laws will prove to have been directed—not to pluck from the great to distribute to the poor—not to tear from the patricians their private estates, but to break their monopoly of the public lands. These Agrarian laws, in short, always bore solely upon the public lands. The blunders of Machiavelli and Montesquieu on this subject are well exposed. Equally felicitous has Niebuhr been in illustrating the real condition of the Equites, and distinguishing the privileges of the Comitia—Tributa, Curiata, and Centuriata. He has also boldly thrown off all blind respect for authority, and fearlessly examined all pretensions; and with a learned spirit in human dealings, detected the bias of the writers he consults. His reviews of Dionysius and Livy are admirable specimens of his power of exhibiting character, and of estimating the value of testimony.—

Livy (says he) at one time admits that the more moderate patricians held the pretensions of the people to be reasonable, while again he designates the Agrarian law as a poison of the tribunes, and their opposition as the hindrance of the public weal; and he decides that it required no excitement from the tribunes to exasperate the blind rage of the people. We might excuse him if such expressions were given merely as those of an orator, or of the senate as a body. When this is the case, it would be unreasonable to blame him if the bitterness of the other side had only been made equally intelligible to the reader, and dwelt upon with equal impartiality; he would on the contrary deserve our praise, because the indolent or inexperienced reader cannot present to himself in a lively view, from the mere development of the causes, the actual dispositions awakened by party spirit, nor possibly appreciate their energetic influence. Popular harangues expressing the internal feelings of the orator, exhibit these developments more forcibly; but not only are such exhibitions of plebeian feeling very rarely interspersed, but the hardest judgments pronounced as those of the historian himself; and from this period, during the following two centuries of the first decade, Livy's opinions are consistent respecting the internal commotions; he decidedly favours the patricians, whose rapacity and violence he cannot conceal, in opposition to the plebeians, even while compelled to admit their forbearance and long-suffering. This partiality painfully excites the displeasure of the reader who judges for himself, and is nevertheless ready to admit an excuse, from his love to this great historian. Livy was not a statesman either by disposition or habits of life; his very earliest youth was past in turbulent times; he had seen the commonwealth when yet scarcely a boy. With feelings undefined, he connected the idea of republicanism with the aristocratical party, because the republic was subverted by that which called itself the democracy. Livy was a partizan of Pompey, with purely speculative feelings, for, when still a young man, the parties were no longer in existence. And from this attachment, the less he distinguished between things bearing the same names, he invariably took the part of the senate and the aristocracy in times of old, as according with his own prepossessions, not recollecting that the latest aristocracy had grown out of that which he affects to despise in earlier times as the popular party, and which he therefore detests, because he makes it in the days of his fathers answerable for all the calamities which it brought upon the republic in his own days. The plebeians of the third century must atone for those who were called so in the eighth; their tribunes for Saturninus and Clodius; the Agrarian law of the early commonwealth for that of the Triumviri. Thus a man of the most amiable dispositions became unconsciously, and in opposition to his natural and best feelings, unjust to a good cause, and partial to a bad one.

In another place, Niebuhr speaks of Livy—

He who was so keenly alive to the old poetic narratives, who also wrote history admirably whenever he had sure guides, was little inclined to weigh the consistency and possibility in the confused periods of the middle age; he arrayed the first form that presented itself in a mantle of captivating narrative. The errors into which he has thus fallen, betray the man, who had learned to view history not in the light of the forum, or the camp, but merely in his own municipium. Perhaps all that Asinius Pollio meant to designate by

the charge of Patavinity, was this deficiency, which, in later periods also, frequently breaks out to stagger us in his military descriptions, and the language of his speeches, occasionally glittering, and ill suited to the times and persons of the the speakers, draws rather from literature and the school, than, like those of Thucydides, from the fullness of real life.

A large part of the first volume is taken up in canvassing the origin and extent of the nations or tribes, which occupied Italy before and about the period usually assigned for the commencement of Rome. The scattered accounts of these nations are full of contradictions, and when collected present a chaos, the analysis of which requires no ordinary courage to attempt. Niebuhr's searching glance has occasionally detected connections before unobserved, and shewn how dextrously he can thread a labyrinth. If the reader have patience with us we will give him a specimen—and one that will, we think, make good our assertion, that Niebuhr's book will disappoint him. It is a book to be studied—dwelt on for weeks and months, not glanced at in an idle hour. Our specimen concerns the ŒNOTRIANS. We shall very much compress it, and strip it besides of a multitude of authorities, and illustrations, and collateral matters.

Pherecydes (in Dionysius) states the Œnotrians to have taken their name from Œnotus, one of the twenty-two sons of Lycaon, and emigrated from Arcadia into Italy seventeen generations before the Trojan war—according to Pausanius, the earliest colony, Greek or barbarian, of which any record has been preserved. Apollodorus gives a different genealogy — making no mention of Œnotus; and represents the Œnotrians, Thesprotians, Mænalians, and other Arcadian races, as descending from Pelasgus. But who was Pelasgus—or rather, who the Pelasgi? An enigma—the solution of which those who study most, despair of most. They were not Greeks, in language at least—that is proved;—the earliest inhabitants of Thessaly and Peloponnesus were Pelasgi; many transformed themselves into Greeks—that is, we may suppose, they mingled with the Greeks, and lost all trace of their origin. The Epirotes, probably, in the fullest extent—reaching to the western shores of the Adriatic, were Pelasgi —the Dodonæans certainly. Dionysius, indeed, calls them Greeks, but that is his ignorance. They spoke a broken Greek. It was the same with other—perhaps all Pelasgic tribes. In very remote times the Peloponnesus itself was not Grecian; but the Œnotrians were probably kindred of a Greek stock—for any thing that appears, this is said quite gratuitously.

The Œnotrians however—come immediately from what quarter they may—from Peloponnesus, or from Epirus, or even from the Siculi—those who were so called, we mean by the Greeks—formerly occupied Bruttium and South-eastern Lucania. The period of emigration is fixed by Philistus eighty years before the Trojan war, and by Thucydides, probably following Antiochus, 125 years after. But this emigration refers to the ancient settlements of the Œnotrians in those western districts (Campania) afterwards possessed by the Ausonians, who were themselves expelled by the Sabines. It refers also to some in Etruria—for apparently the whole range of the west coast was occupied by a people at least related to Epirotes—that is Pelasgic.

But the Œnotrians to the Roman History are wholly unknown. They belong indeed to the brilliant ages of Magna Græcia, of which scarcely any traces exist. Cato appears not to have mentioned them in his early history of Italy—judging from Dionysius's account. When the Romans carried their victorious arms into Southern Italy, the Œnotrians were extinct, and their place occupied by Lucanians and Bruttii. The Greek settlements, according to Strabo, which began upon that coast previous to the commencement of Roman chronology, met with no nations but Siculi, or Itali, or Chones—neither Œnotrians nor Lucanians. The Œnotrians therefore must come somewhere between the Greek settlements and the Lucanian invasion. These Lucanians were Sabines. Antiochus of Syracuse, writing about the year of Rome 329, speaks as a cotemporary of the Œnotrians, and mentions neither Lucanians nor Bruttii. The Lucanians therefore had not appeared *then*. About the middle of the second century of Rome, the Metapontines were at war with the Œnotrians, and took from them a part of their territory. The Lucanians, about 362, invaded Magna Græcia, and ruined its splendour; and the Œnotrians fell at the same time, and were blended or lost among the invaders.

But Niebuhr is taking up too much of our space. The reader will see there is no want of learning or labour—all but the scholar and the critic will cry *cui bono*. The volumes however contain lessons of the profoundest cast for the statesman and the political reasoner.

History of the War in the Peninsula under Napoleon. By General Foy. Translated from the French. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*; 1827.—This history of the war in Spain and Portugal was left in a very imperfect state by the author. The first volume, however, presents us with a sketch—and a very animated one it is—of the political and military state of France, England, Portugal, and Spain, which constitutes indeed the real value of the work. It is executed with decided ability and fullness of knowledge. Here it is that he reviews the character of Napoleon, and deals out his praise and his censure—his admiration for the depth of his genius, and the fire and vigour of his

soul—for the skill of the warrior, the sagacity of the statesman, and the energy with which the sovereign swayed the wills of his cotemporaries;—his profound contempt—rather than a liberal allowance—for the foibles of the man, whose vanity made him pride himself on the *gentility* of his birth—take the tone and insignia of a legitimate despot—ally himself with an ancient dynasty—make kings and queens of his brothers and sisters. Here it is that he exhibits the military system of Britain, with a correctness of detail, beyond the usual reach of a foreigner, and with a severity of judgment which none but a foreigner is ever likely to exercise. "In the eyes of an English general," says he, "the perfection of the art consists in bringing into the field fresh and well-conditioned troops, in posting them advantageously, and there coolly waiting for the enemy's attack. Yes, doubtless, he continues (glancing at the Duke of Wellington) the instinctive determination which, even when it errs, is better than skilful hesitation; the strength of mind which no danger can appal, the tenacity which carries off the prey by sticking to it to the last—these are rare and sublime qualities, and where these are sufficient to secure the triumph of national interests, it is but justice to load with honours the privileged possessor of them. But the thinkers of all ages will not take upon trust the exaggeration of a glory so confined; they will point out the interval, which separates the man of the profession from the man of genius. Great generals were always great, without accessories, without attendants [this no doubt is miserable translation—but we have not the original at hand,] and they will remain great in spite of adversity: they borrow not their lustre from institutions which existed before them, and which will live after them—quite the contrary, it is they who infuse lofty ideas into the minds of the multitude. Equal to themselves in the display of all the powers of the human mind, no species of elevation escapes from their immensity; such appeared, with different destinies, Hannibal and Cæsar among the ancient, Frederick and Napoleon among the moderns."

There is sound observance as well as good satire, in the advice which was ironically given to the commander-in-chief in a volume entitled—"Advice to the Officers of the British Army." "Nothing is so commendable as generosity to an enemy. To pursue him vigorously after a victory would be taking advantage of his distress. It is enough for you to shew that you can beat him whenever you think proper. You should always act openly and candidly with both friends and enemies. You should be cautious, therefore, never to steal a march, or lay an ambuscade. You should never attack the enemy during the night. Recollect what Hector said, when he went to fight with Ajax—'Heaven light us, and combat against us.' Should the enemy retreat, let him have the start of you several days, in order to shew him that you can surprise him when you please. Who knows if so generous a proceeding will not induce him to halt? After he has succeeded in retreating to a place of safety, you may then go in pursuit of him with your whole army. Never promote an intelligent officer; a hearty boon companion is all that is necessary to execute your orders. Any officer who has a grain of knowledge beyond the common, you should look upon as your personal enemy, for you may depend upon it he is laughing in his sleeve at both you and your manœuvres."

Of the war itself, General Foy's history extends only to a few months of the first year. That period embraces the invasion of Portugal by Junot, who took possession of Lisbon on the 30th of November 1807, to the battle of Vimiera, on the 21st of August 1808, and the immediate evacuation of Portugal. The cotemporaneous events in Spain are also detailed, from the entrance of the French armies in the spring of 1808, to the defeat of Dupont at Baylen, in July, and the consequent retreat of Joseph towards the Pyrenees. The details are greatly too much those of the soldier to be very agreeable to the unprofessional reader. It is too full of the minutiæ of warfare, and of the employments and conduct of particular and even subordinate officers. The author shews himself and his opinions at every turn. He is an uncompromising republican, and more inclined to condemn Napoleon, and give all his policy the worst construction, than any French officer whose writings we have hitherto met with. His antipathies and prejudices respecting England and its government are occasionally quite absurd, and altogether unworthy a man of so enlightened a cast as Foy undoubtedly was. There is notwithstanding a general fairness in the history, and a fullness and particularity, and accuracy of information, very rare and very valuable, and which nothing but personal acquaintance can give; but most readers, we believe, will turn with more pleasure to the more judicious and quiet, though diffusive, and perhaps partial statements of Southey's Peninsular War.

We are tempted to sketch the military career of the writer, which was one of singular activity. Foy was born in 1775, and educated in the military school of La Fere, and made sub-lieutenant of artillery in 1792. He was present at the battles of Valmy and Jemappe, and, in 1793, obtained a company—promotion was rapid in those days. In all the subsequent campaigns he was actively employed under Dumourier, Pichegru, Moreau, Massena, &c. In 1803, he was colonel of the 5th regiment of horse artillery, and refused, from political principle, the appointment of aide-de-camp on Napoleon's assumption of the imperial

throne; but was still employed, and shared in the victories of the short but brilliant campaign of Germany in 1804. In 1806 he commanded the artillery of the army stationed in Friuli, for the purpose of occupying the Venetian territory incorporated by the treaty of Presburg with the kingdom of Italy. In 1807 he was sent to Constantinople to introduce European tactics in the Turkish service—but the object was defeated by the death of Selim, and the opposition of the Janissaries. On Foy's return, the expedition against Portugal was preparing, and he received a command in the artillery under Junot, during the occupation of Portugal, and filled the post of inspector of forts and fortresses. He was severely wounded at the battle of Vimiera. On the capitulation he returned to France, and with the same army proceeded to Spain; and, subsequently, under the command of Soult, again went into Portugal. When commanded to summon the Bishop of Oporto to open its gates, he was seized and stript by the populace, and thrown into prison, and escaped with difficulty. The same year he was made general of brigade. In 1810, he made a skilful retreat at the head of 600 men, in the face of 6,000 Spaniards, across the Sierra de Caceres; and at the head of his brigade was wounded in the battle of Busaco. Early in 1811 he was selected by Massena to convey to the emperor the critical state of the French army before the lines of Torres Vedras. This commission, though one of great peril —the country being in a complete state of insurrection—he successfully accomplished, and brought back the emperor's instructions, for which service he was made general of division. In July 1812, Foy was in the battle of Salamanca, and was one of those who, when Lord Wellington raised the siege of Burgos and retreated to the Douro, hung upon his rear, and took some prisoners and artillery.

On the news of the disasters in Russia, and Lord Wellington's consequent resumption of offensive movements, Foy was sent with his division beyond Vittoria to keep the different parties in check; and after the battle of Vittoria, at which he was not present, he collected at Bergana 20,000 troops, of different divisions, and had some success in skirmishes with the Spanish corps forming the left wing of the allied army. He arrived at Tolosa about the same time with Lord Lynedoch, and after a sanguinary contest in that town, retreated upon Irun—from which he was quickly dislodged, and finally recrossed the Bidassao. In the affair of the passage of the Nive, on the 9th of December 1813, and the battle of St. Pierre d'Irrube on the 13th, Foy distinguished himself, and in the hard fought battle of Orthez, on the 27th February 1814, he was left apparently dead on the field. Before this period he had been made count of the empire, and commander of the legion of honour. In March 1815, he was appointed inspector general of the fourteenth military division; but on the return of Napoleon, during the 100 days, he embraced the cause of the emperor, and commanded a division of infantry in the battles of Ligny and Waterloo, at the last of which he received his fifteenth wound. This terminated his military career. In 1819, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the duties of which he discharged till his death in November 1825; and from his first entrance into the chamber, was distinguished for his eloquence, and quickly became the acknowledged leader of the opposition.

Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins, an Historical Novel of the 13th Century. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1827.—With not a particularly catching title; no puffery—no name—and, for any thing that appears on the face of it, a first production; the book stands little chance of being read but through the notices of the reviews. The writer confidingly presumes his work will make its own way. This is a mistake, in days, when so many manœuvres are worked for catching the public eye, and nothing does catch it without these manœuvres —a little paragraph-puffing is indispensable. Whatever the judgment, however, shewn in bringing it out, the book deserves to class respectably. The writer has considerable capabilities—a competent acquaintance with the times and scene of his story—is no novice in composition—apt at contriving critical positions and describing them with vigour and effect, with some felicity and occasional pathos. The story is essentially a romance—meaning by romance an exhibition of overmastering passions, with few or no modifications, with little or nothing of every day life and every day events—requiring slight knowledge of mankind, as men appear in society, and in our own times, but much as they shew in books—where the reins are given to the imagination—and where actions flow not from complicated but single motives—if such be the character such is the conduct—and where of course men's actions seem regulated more by the rules of geometry than the laws of humanity.

The hero of the piece is a prince of the Assassins—of a set of people, with whom a writer may take great liberties, for little or nothing is known of them, on which any reliance can be placed. To suppose a society of 70,000 persons, as wild and as ferocious as tigers, spread over immense districts from the Caspian to the mountains of Lebanon, wholly and solely devoted to the will of one man, even to death at command —because that man has given each individual a foretaste of a Mahommedan paradise —in an earthly heaven of his own creation —and all this for the purpose of employing them perpetually in the office of assassina-

tion—and this delusion or employment lasting for nearly a couple of centuries, from successor to successor—this is a demand upon our credulity, which history may indeed make, but which the very fondness of fiction can never make us pay. The story of Emir Malek is however rather private than public—more concerning himself than his tribe. He was an Egyptian prince, expelled from his country, and after a variety of marvellous adventures, enlisted among the Assassins, and finally the Souba's lieutenant on the hills of Lebanon. In the execution of his responsible office, he is any thing and every thing to carry his master's views—or his own—into execution. In his boyhood he was furiously attached to his lovely cousin, who from some reason or another was insensible to his fury. Like himself, however, this cousin was driven from her country, but falling into the hands of Lusignan, king of Cyprus and Jerusalem, became a convert to Christianity. This conversion explodes her volcano cousin, Ilderim; and the story opens with Vadilah's renunciation of Moslemism in full assembly, in the splendid cathedral of the metropolis of Cyprus. While in the act of repeating her new profession of faith, a voice from the crowd bids her beware, and presently a dagger, forcibly flung, pitches between her and the archbishop. None could see from whence it came—Vadilah makes a shrewd guess, but communicates not.

The tumult occasioned by this event is calmed, and even forgotten, by the arrival of Sir Roger de Mowbray and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, on an embassy from Prince Edward of England, then encamped before Ptolemais, 1271, to invite the new convert to visit the Princess Eleanor; and before she is ready to embark, De Mowbray, a gallant and youthful knight, falls desperately in love with her—and she nothing loath. But this brings Ilderim on the scene in new disguise. His angry feelings are now exasperated by jealousy, and he takes a speedy opportunity of planting a dagger by the side of De Mowbray while sleeping, by way of a warning—just to prove to him too how easily he could have struck it into his bosom. Vadilah herself has a visit from him—his ubiquity and stealthiness are past all comprehension—he can creep through a key hole; he commands her to return to Moslemism, and upon her refusal, gives her very plain hints that her days will be shortened, and apparently is only prevented from finishing them at once, by the approach of strangers.

Vadilah and the ambassadors now set sail for Syria, and land at Tortosa. The hills in the rear of Tortosa were occupied by the Assassins, and extraordinary precautions became necessary. The parties separate—the princess under the protection of De Clare, and De Mowbray convoys the pilgrims. The princess reaches Edward's camp in safety, but De Mowbray encounters the Maronites, and has a personal contest with the chief, who proves to be Ilderim. Ilderim is getting the worst of the fray, when being suddenly summoned from the field by the peremptory signals of his superior, the Souba, he is forced to withdraw—but not without a pledge to fight it out near Ptolemais.

These Assassins had become the pest of the country—and of all parties, and steps are taken by the hostile Christian and Mahommedan princes to extirpate them. The Souba, and his lieutenant Ilderim, whose official name is Malek, determine, in consequence, on despatching Edward, as the person whose death was most likely to break up the alarming combination. While at Cyprus, Malek had seduced one Guyon, a bastard of Simon de Monfort's, who was himself intent upon nothing so much as on taking vengeance on Edward for the disgrace of his father, and readily falls into Malek's views. An English lady, one Elizabeth de Rous, of high family and fortune, whose reputation was reported to be a little singed, and who had met with some slights from Edward's belief of the report, is, like the rest, panting for revenge, and she throws herself into the arms of Malek, and stimulates him, who scarcely wanted the stimulus. Malek has some conscience—his object is to extinguish Christianity and obey his chief, only indulging his own vehement hatreds by the way, and with something like fairness; but Miss De Rous is a perfect dæmon—she not only wishes for the death of Edward for the slights he had put upon her, but stipulates with her paramour for that of Vadilah, simply because she learns Ilderim *had* loved her. De Guyon's revenge is confined to one object, and very little would probably have diverted him from that, but he was poor, and Edward was the cause of his poverty—and no one appeared likely to enrich him.

Matters arrange themselves thus. De Guyon undertakes to get an interview with Edward and stab him; and Miss de Rous, by some manœuvres of her own to get Vadilah into her clutches. De Guyon, under the guise of a priest, Edward's own confessor, penetrates into Edward's apartment, and holds a long dialogue with him—a very Mathews in mimickry we must suppose—but just as he is grasping his dagger, his arm is caught by an attendant knight, and his purpose frustrated. Miss De Rous is somewhat more successful—under the character of a Zingaree, she does get Vadilah into her power—and great difficulty has the poor lady in escaping. In the meanwhile, De Mowbray and Malek meet to have out their fight, and Malek is left on the field for dead. He, however, is tenacious of life as an eel, and, though his brains seemed beaten out,

he recovers, and very soon after contrives, on learning De Guyon's failure, to get into Edward's presence, and actually stabs him in the arm with a poisoned dagger, but is finally overcome by Edward, and an end put to him and his murderous course. De Mowbray is now in pursuit of the lost Vadilah, and luckily catches her just as she was flung down the whirls of a cataract; and so, after all their perils and escapes, they return to England with Edward, and marry, and live, and love, and die, the happiest pair in Christendom.

Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science, by Thomas Morell, Author of "Studies of History," &c.; 1827.—Though a very dry, and here and there intolerably meagre, this is not a useless compilation. Fuller histories of particular branches of science and literature are numerous enough, but we know not where to turn for a general sketch of the progress of the whole. Mr. Morell's is an attempt to supply the deficiency, by compressing into a moderate compass the leading and more prominent facts in the history of philosophy and science, from the earliest records to the commencement of the eighteenth century. He follows the established division of physical and intellectual science, and divides the whole series of ages into four great periods—that of remote antiquity, confined of course to the oriental nations—that of the Greeks and Romans—that of the middle ages, and that of the revival of letters to the days of Locke and Newton. The writer stops at this point, because, subsequently, he says, "the ramifications of *human* knowledge (of what *other* knowledge might he be thinking?) have become so numerous, as to require a series of volumes for even the most cursory review, and especially because a variety of small elementary works already exist, in which the later improvements of science are accurately and minutely described."

Of his first general period, the literary history is subdivided *geographically*, that is, according to the relative positions which the several nations occupied in the map of the world—its records scarcely admitting of a different classification. Of the second, the history takes a *chronological* order, and scientific discoveries and philosophical systems are more distinctly marked. Of the third, the progress of the sciences is separately sketched, under the two great divisions of matter and mind; and of the fourth, when the names crowd and accumulate, not only are physical and intellectual sciences distinguished, and notices given of individuals, who contributed to their advancement, but their productions are analysed, and the influence of their writings estimated, immediate and remote.

The first part, which is a sort of review of oriental philosophy, under the heads of Assyria, Babylon, Chaldea, China, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and Phœnicia, was a severe trial on our patience—opening as it does with some miserable conjectures on the state of science before the flood. He starts with telling us, with great solemnity, that the book of Genesis is the "most ancient historical document the world has ever known," and then from its contents infers so much, that we are driven still farther to infer, that, in such a state of advancement, there must have been many a one *before*. Besides, we attribute the book to Moses—nobody does to any one earlier—and *he* was indebted for his learning—for his ability to write at all—to the Egyptians;—therefore they had learning, and books, and doubtless "historical documents," long before. For the oriental nations, generally, Mr. Morell trusts almost entirely to Sir William Jones, who was manifestly—manifestly we mean to such as are not dazzled by names—to say the least, very adventurous, and to Dr. Morrison, whose judgment we may, we believe, be allowed to distrust. Speaking of the Egyptians, he says, "they were most famous for magic." "It cannot be doubted (he cautiously adds) there was much of juggle and artifice in this pretended science; yet, from what is stated in the book of Exodus, of the successful imitation of some of the miracles of Moses, it is evident the magi of Pharaoh must have possessed a greater knowledge of some of the latent properties of natural substances than was known to their descendants." This remark is of course copied, without consideration;—no man who had recently glanced at the said miracles—as it was the writer's duty to do, when he chose to talk about them—could have prated of any "knowledge of latent properties." For what did these magicians do? Produce a serpent a piece, colour some water, and find a few frogs. What knowledge of *latent* properties is here? In truth, if the whole volume were written with as little of a critical spirit as the first part, we should have pronounced it worthless; but the other periods are more carefully executed; and the book is a very good one for a general glance, not only as to the progress of science, but the particular steps made by particular individuals. Enfield, Playfair, Dug. Stewart, and Bossuet, are his chief authorities.

The causes of the decay of literature are very neatly and accurately stated. After describing the more obvious and immediate causes—the rise of the Sara-

cenic empire, and the consequent dispersion of the Alexandrine school, he adds—

"There were also many more remote or collat ral causes contributing to the same event, some of which preceded, and others were cotemporary with the preceding. Such were—the disorganized state of society, and general corruption of manners, in the later periods of Roman history—the prejudices entertained by many of the fathers of the Christian church against heathen literature—the progress of superstition—the rise of monastic institutions—the ambition, ignorance, and vices of the clergy—the imprisonment of the works of the ancients in monastic libraries, whence they were seldom permitted to emerge, and where they were disregarded and forgotten [this is put in too unqualified a manner]—the exclusion of the laity, however exalted their rank and station in society, from the advantages of education, and all other means of intellectual improvement—the disuse of the Latin and Greek languages, as the medium of communication between men of letters—the despotism of a few names, such as those of Aristotle and Augustine, whose works alone were sanctioned by the ecclesiastical rulers, &c.

And the same may be said of his account of the revival of literature—

"Among the political causes of this intellectual phenomenon may be enumerated the fall of the eastern empire, and the conquest of Greece by the Turks; the effect of which was to disperse the men of learning, who resided in those provinces, through the continent of Europe, but more especially to enlighten those countries which lay contiguous to the Ottoman Empire—the gradual demolition of the feudal system, and consequent elevation of the lower orders of society to wealth and importance—the study and practice of jurisprudence, by which the administration of justice was secured, and civilization promoted [this is loosely said, and without due discrimination]—the intolerable oppression of the papal hierarchy, which, though tamely submitted to during many ages, at length became so galling a yoke, that both princes and their subjects stood prepared to shake it off—and finally, the consolidation of the civil governments of Europe, under the administration of more enlightened princes, who became the zealous patrons of learning and science."

The literary and moral causes are equally well stated.

Notes to Assist the Memory in various Sciences; 1827.—The author in his preface says—"The following notes were originally collected to assist a most stubborn and capricious memory, which retained nothing if studied systematically, or by any tedious process, yet could readily apprehend distinct facts and principles, if disencumbered of all superfluous words, and subsequently, by a sort of mental reaction, connect and digest them."

"Had the author," he continues, "in preparing them for publication, adopted the method which he practically found most beneficial, he would have arranged them at cross purposes, making each successive note a perfect contrast to its predecessor. On each note the reader will of course pause, draw his own inferences, and acquiesce or dissent, according to the degree of conviction they impress on his judgment. Some have been inserted more to stimulate curiosity and promote discussion than as established truths; for a valuable hint may be thrown by one incapable of forming a regular system."

This, therefore, is not a school-book professedly, though perhaps not the less calculated on that account to operate as a useful stimulant to the mind of young people, by a process nearer to nature than the usual systematic ascent up the hill of learning. We love detached truths—we grasp them with all our mind—and we grasp them unsuspiciously. Some betake themselves to one kind of truth—some to another; but the veriest system-mongers that exist, are devotedly attached to certain species of fact on which they build their theories. Certainly it must be felt by most persons who have passed over their first youth, that facts are the only really substantial mental possessions that exist—the only possessions which we can be sure are not deluding us with false colours, nor prompting us to wear out our thoughts in erroneous courses, which we may painfully have to retrace.

But it may be said, people possess quite as strong a propensity to frame and follow systems as for individual facts. So they may; but we still contend, that to every disposition indiscriminately, *that* is the safest and the most sterling pursuit, and one of which we can never repent. The general lover of fact cannot do better than run away from systems which demand a process of reasoning above his powers; the lover of classification cannot do better than fly from the seduction of premature conclusions to those inquiries which will more and more fit and prepare him for arriving at just ones; and whether he succeed or not in obtaining any results, his collection of facts will ever preserve a certain and independent value for business or communication. But wherever we have lent our minds to systems, for a while believed and then exploded, we have lent them in pure waste.

The book contains a large mass of miscellaneous information on every science and subject, couched in the briefest and clearest language. The moral and metaphysical portion exhibits a complete freedom from prejudice—presenting no statement, which a sane understanding can resist. The volume is not intended, or recommended, as of a nature by any means to supersede regular or systematic study; but for persons of a certain degree of information, who are grown up, and desire to keep their minds on a par with the

generality of their fellows, we think it might serve very amusingly to fill up vacant or weary minutes—while, to the quite young even, it is a perfectly safe, and might be a very beneficial present.

Notices relative to the Early History of the Town and Port of Hull, by Charles Frost; 1827.—These local histories, though in themselves of no general interest—a truth established by the well-known fact of their circulation being limited to the immediate neighbourhood of the places described—yet, when well got up, by individuals of real industry, and real love for antiquities, are well calculated to minister to the stock of useful information, by contributing to more correct conceptions of more general and more important matters. The facts that illustrate one spot, or one memorable event, may illustrate others—especially where all are of the same country, or of the same age—among a people of similar manners, and under similar institutions. The topographer, while extending his researches on every side to elucidate the obscurities of his particular subject, lights upon documents, of the existence of which the world was wholly ignorant, and which, though nearly inapplicable, or altogether so, to his immediate object, are applicable to others, and fitted perhaps for more general purposes—not to say, that the bringing to light the early state of one town may shew, in some respects, the cotemporary condition of the whole country—may elicit the sentiments of the times, and clear away the clouds that envelope the mysteries of ages. If Hull, for instance, were a place of great traffic—of considerable export and import, some centuries before it is supposed to have been, that fact will and must modify the impressions we have of the general commerce and activity of those earlier times.

Of this character is the History of Hull before us—edited evidently by a man capable of great exertions in the way of research, which he has pursued in the midst of professional occupations not usually leading to such pursuits. He is an attorney of the town; and had, the preface tells us, for some years the sole management of the defence of a suit instituted for the recovery of tithe throughout the township of Melsa, or Meaux, in the neighbourhood of Hull, which had formerly belonged to an abbey of the order of Cistercians, whose possessions included the entire soil on which the town of Hull now stands. The facts which came under his consideration, in the course of investigations necessary for conducting the said defence, confirmed an opinion started by Macpherson in his Annals of Commerce, that Hull was a place of opulence and note to the date assigned to its existence by historians.

The town takes its name—Kingston—as every body knows, from Edward I., or, as every body guesses, from some king or other. He was not, however, as has been precipitately supposed, the founder of the town. Under the name of Wyke, or Hull, it existed long before, and belonged to the monks of Melsa; but in the year 1293, it, together with the manor of Myton, was surrendered to Edward, at his especial desire, in exchange for other lands. The place was, in consequence of this transfer, elevated to the rank of a royal borough, and the citizens invested with numerous privileges. It thus grew rapidly into higher importance; but it owed the sunshine of the king's favour to its previous significance; and that it was a place of such significance, Mr. Frost by his researches has indisputably proved.

The language of the citizens and the king has misled the fathers of English topography;—in a petition presented to the king, within a few years of the transfer, the citizens, in the phraseology of adulation, or perhaps of gratitude, speak of their town as that laquele notro soveignr. le roi ad foundee et faite; and the king naturally accommodates his reply to the same tone, and talks of novam villam nostram de Kyngston sup. Hull. This may exonerate Leland, and Camden, and Speed, but will not annihilate facts.

Wyke is not mentioned in Domesday-book, though certainly within a century of that record it was a considerable port. It was however no borough, but parcel of the manor of Myton; and Myton is described in the record. This omission in Domesday is common to many other parts—as that of Wimbledon in Surry, in consequence of its being included in Mortlake; and Chedingford and Haslemere, as being in Godalming; and again of Royston, as lying in the lands of neighbouring manors.

Among the documents relating to Wyke, the earliest is a grant of lands del Wyke de Mitune made to the monks of Melsa, about 1160, by Matilda, daughter of Hugh de Camin. That monastery was founded a few years before by Wm. le Gros, Earl of Arlebemarle, the proprietor of the Isle of Holderness, in commutation of a vow to go to the Holy Land, and was liberally endowed by him, and other neighbouring barons. In Matilda Camin's grant, the *town* of Myton is spoken of. This, however, is no longer traceable, and was probably, says the author, absorbed by the growing town of Wyke. There is still some confusion not cleared up about Myton, Wyke, and Hull; the same town has been successively thus described, or two

may have become one, as the writer suggests—or perhaps the three. A chapel of the place was destroyed by the monks of Melsa, for which atonement was made to the amount of 100 marks, in the reign of John.

But the importance of Hull, both as a town and a place of trade, is testified by a petition, fifteen years before Edward's purchase, from the abbot of Meaux, praying that he and his successors might have a market on Thursdays, at *Wyke, near Mitton upon the Hulle*, and a fair there in each year, on the Vigil, the day and the morrow of the Holy Trinity, and on the twelve following days. The annual value again of the property of the monks in the Hulle, which was made over to the king, being as high as £78. 14s. 6¼d., shews its importance—and they not the sole proprietors—the canons of Watton Abbey, archbishop of York, and the family of Sutton, and others, were also proprietors. But to take the more direct testimonies. In 1198, Gervasius de Aldermannesberie accounted to the exchequer for 225 marks for 45 sacks of wool taken and sold there; hence it may be inferred, that not only was it a seaport, but also one of the chosen places from which the great native commodity of wool was allowed to be exported. In 1205, in the pipe-roll, there is a charge in the sheriff's accounts, made under the authority of the king's writ, of 14s. 11d. for expenses of carrying the king's wines from Hull to York—that is, wines brought into that port. But comparison is here perhaps the best criterion. A document exists—the compotus of Wm. de Wrotham and his companions—which shews that at the commencement of the 13th century, it was not only superior to York in the extent of its commerce, but actually exceeded all the ports in the kingdom in mercantile wealth and substance except London, Boston, Southampton, Lincoln, and Lynn. According to that document, the receipts at the customs was, in London, £837., and at Hull, £334., while at Yorke they were only £175. On an average, also, of four years before Edward's purchase, the duties received at Hull amounted to nearly one-seventh of the aggregate through the whole kingdom.

These and numerous other facts and allusions establish the certainty of the importance of Hull as a place of trade, and a principal port, long before the period usually assigned — namely, the date of Edward's exchange with the monks of Melsa, and the subsequent patronage of Michael de la Poole — a townsman of Hull.

Practical Instructions for Landscape Painting.—Mr. John Clark, the ingenious inventor of the Myriorama, the Portable Diorama, and several other highly curious and interesting scientific toys, has produced a new book, entitled *Practical Instructions for Landscape Painting*, the object of which is, to supersede the necessity, in acquiring the art of drawing, of employing a master. The work, which is divided into four parts, and embellished with fifty-five coloured quarto engravings, explains the whole principle, and illustrates the practice, of landscape painting, from the more limited sketch, to the most highly finished subject; and this in a manner, although simple, so complete as to detail, that every separate gradation of the task is perceptible to the learner. The book is very splendidly got up; the engravings (many of which possess considerable merit), being separately mounted on card-board, and inclosed in cases, in imitation of coloured drawings. And, altogether, it is only justice to observe, that it proves at once an extremely useful work of instruction, and a very elegant circumstance of embellishment to the library, or drawing-room table.

A Treatise on the New Method of Land-surveying, with the improved Plan of Keeping the Field Book, by Thomas Hornby. London: Baldwin; 1827.—A merely superficial acquaintance with the theoretical elements of any branch of knowledge, seems to be considered, at the present day, sufficient to entitle the possessor to write upon the subject, and to rank among its most luminous expounders, provided his ignorance either be veiled in felicity of diction, or accompanied by extravagant pretension. We have loquacious barristers mystifying the public on philosophy, the vocabulary of which they had acquired in youth, and amateurs of science, still green from their colleges, dogmatizing to experienced men on the construction and use of apparatus, of which they are scarcely familiar with the appearance, or conversant with the application. Of the degree of useful knowledge likely to be diffused by these means, any rational man may easily judge; and the result, we can assure him, has fully justified the expectation. But while the public has thus been trifled with by individuals, who, by their severity to others, have forfeited all claim to mercy for themselves, several practical works have appeared from the pens of men whose reputation entitles them to confidence, and whose professional character is a pledge of ability to communicate information in the line of their business: in this class the present volume is to be ranked—comprising within itself all that the experience of a long life has shown to be requisite to complete the education of a surveyor in the most extended sense of the term, or to facilitate his subsequent operations, expressed in a

clear intelligible style. We feel certain that its merits will be appreciated whenever it becomes known to the public, and shall be glad if any notice of ours can contribute to that effect.

Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Author of Waverley, &c. 2 vols.; 1827.—The Chronicles of the Canongate is a title about as expressive of the contents, as that of 'Tales of my Landlord.' One Mr. Chrysal Croftanger plays the part of Jedediah Cleishbotham; but in changing the machinery, there is this advantage, that a new personage gives occasion for new details; and half a volume is thus happily occupied in developing future plans—in settling preparatory matters. Mr. Croftanger was, in his youth, a Scotch Laird, of considerable property, which a few years of dashing scattered to the winds. A consequent exile of twenty or thirty years enabled him, in some measure, to repair the waste of early extravagance, and he at last returns to his native country, with just sufficient to make him comfortable for the rest of his mortal sojourn. Being, however, a man of no profession, with some remains of activity, he is miserable for want of something to do, and after long debating, finally resolves on a literary course—proposing to furnish a publication 'which should throw some light on the manners of Scotland as they were, and to contrast them occasionally with such as are now fashionable in the same country.' For this purpose, he takes up his residence in the Canongate, induced by some tradition of family connection with the spot; and trusts to his own researches, but mainly to the contributions of his friends, for filling projected volumes. Among the acquaintance on whom he proposes to levy contributions, is an elderly lady, near eighty, indeed, of extraordinary vigour of intellect, whose personal recollections extend to "forty-five," and whose hereditary treasures stretch backward to another century—giving her the advantage of a cotemporary of long by-gone days—so much so, that you were as likely to ask her for anecdotes of Mary or James, as of the young Pretender. The portrait of this old lady is a very agreeable one, and sketched in Sir Walter's happiest and most discriminating manner—a well-bred woman of family—no stranger to foreign manners—retaining some of the stateliness and formality of Scottish ladies of olden times, but relieved by some conformity with modern relaxations. Unluckily she dies in the midst of the author's projects, but she leaves him a bundle of written communications, and from these is extracted the first tale—called the *Highland Widow*.

Touring in the Highlands, the old lady was shewn a poor woman sitting under an oak, in stern and deep melancholy, where she had sat for years—the object of mingled terror and veneration to her neighbours. She, it appears, was the widow of a Highlander, of the old stamp, who thought it a disgrace to want what could be taken by force. He finally fell in a marauding excursion, and left behind him a boy, whom his fond mother looked forward to as the successor to his father's hazardous profession, and the upholder of his fame. The state and condition of the country, however, in the meanwhile, rapidly changed, and the boy, as he grew up, discovered, though his mother could not, that his father's once honourable employment had lost something of its dignity, and he turned a deaf ear to her exhortations and remonstrances. Persevering, however, in her hopes, and persecuting him with her taunts, he at last fled from her importunities, and enlisted in a regiment of Highlanders, then raising by the government for America; and obtaining a few days furlough, he returned to take leave of his mother. Like a tigress, she received the intelligence; but after the first storm of passion and upbraiding was over, and she had exhausted the eloquence which rage and disappointment prompted, she cooled; and appearing to acquiesce in what seemed irremediable, she cast about for the means of preventing his return. That return was fixed under the penalty usually inflicted for desertion—to be lashed like a hound, as the mother phrased it—and the boy was intent upon returning to the time, not only from wrath, but for conscience sake—his honour was pledged. On the eve of the furlough's expiration, she made him drink a potion, which laid him asleep two whole days, and he awoke only to the wretched conviction, that return was all too late, and his honour lost. He refused to be comforted—he refused to escape; he resolved to abide the consequences; and soon came a serjeant's guard to arrest him. He stipulated for exemption from the lash—the serjeant could answer for nothing—the youth had his firelock in his hand—his mother urged—peril was imminent; he fired; the serjeant fell—and his companions disarmed the miserable boy—and he suffered the fate of a deserter—and a murderer. The violence and energy of a wilful woman, the author has always delighted to exhibit—and he never was more successful than in the Highland widow.

The second tale—one of far inferior interest and inferior execution—is entitled The Two Drovers. One is a Highlander, the other a Yorkshireman; business brings them frequently together, and, though nothing congenial exists between them, mutual interests make them friends. Before starting with a drove for England, an old spaewife, his aunt, in a fit of mountain inspiration, protests against the journey, for she sees blood upon his hand, and English blood too—and snatching his knife, refuses

to return it. He laughs at her warnings, but finally consents to put the knife into the keeping of a friend who is going the same road, and on the same errand, though not for some hours after. On arriving at a place where he and his friend the Yorkshireman propose stopping for the night, it so happens that they hire the same field for the accommodation of their cattle, one from the owner, the other from the bailiff. The Englishman loses temper, on being obliged to give way, and reproaches the Highlander with underhand doings. High words ensue, and nothing but a turn-up, or set-to, whatever the boxing phrase is, will satisfy the Yorkshireman. The Highlander is no boxer, and has no desire to fight; but being still urged and insulted, he proposes the broadsword. The broadsword is of course no weapon for a man who confides in his fist. Backed and prompted by the party, the Yorkshireman at last brands him with the name of coward, and knocks him down; and though the pluck of the Highlander impels him to return the blow, he proves no match for his practised opponent. Restless at this defeat and disgrace, he rushes forth to find the man who possesses his knife, and recovering it, he flies back to the inn, calls upon the Yorkshireman to come forward, and in the presence of the assembled party, plunges it in his bosom. On the trial, a long rigmarole of subtile distinction is made by the judge, to shew that the Italian with his stiletto, and the Highlander with his knife, are two very different characters. The one does the deed boldly, the other secretly. The one advances in front of his foe, and the other steals upon him. But the distinction is not worth a rush; for the man who was struck, and who stood up at the assassin's summons, had no apprehension of attack—to him the blow was as unexpected as if it had been given by stealth—and was, in effect, so given.

These two tales are, indeed, illustrative of Scottish principles; but the third, which occupies the whole of the second volume, has little to do with them. The author has ventured to take his people to India—a country of which he, of course, knows nothing but by the reports of his friends, and the intelligence of books. He has, however, prudently confined himself to matters of pretty general notoriety—still something coming more within his own purview is expected from such a person as Sir Walter Scott. We can only glance at the tale of the Surgeon's Daughter.—A lady, suddenly and mysteriously introduced to the surgeon, whose daughter is the heroine, in a small Scotch town, is delivered at his house of a child, which, on her recovery, is left in his charge. He knows nothing of the parties, but corresponds through a banker with the lady's supposed father. With the consent of this grandfather, the boy is brought up to his protector's profession, though but little disposed to sit down quietly to a country practice, or any other humdrum employment. His ambition has been awakened, and he is panting for distinction—the old nurse has fed him with tales of his possible importance—that though his father was unknown, he must have been somebody of eminence, &c. The youth, however, goes through the usual routine of probation for his profession, in company with another young man, of nearly his own age, both of whom are attached to the surgeon's daughter; but the one of mysterious birth, who takes the name of Middlemas, carries her affection. On coming of age, he receives about 1,000*l.*, and taking leave of the surgeon, and his lovely daughter, proposes to go into the world and carve his own fortunes. He flies immediately to a young man, whom he had known as a lawyer's clerk, and who was now a captain in the East-India Company's army, and crimping for their service, who prevails upon him to join the corps—engaging to procure him a commission. With this person he goes to the depôt in the Isle of Wight, where, plunged in a state of ebriety, he is robbed and plundered by his friend, and, on coming to his senses, finds himself in the midst of scores of miserable and profligate wretches in the hospital,—from which deplorable condition he is speedily rescued by Hartley, his fellow-apprentice at the surgeon's, now in the Company's service, with the diploma of M.D., and visiting the hospital officially. Through his influence with the general, then commanding, whose children he had saved in the small-pox, he rescues his friend, and procures him redress; and in the course of the transaction discovers the general and his wife to be the parents of Middlemas, who was illegitimately born, and whom he endeavours to serve from affection for the surgeon's daughter, rather than motives of friendship—for they had been very indifferent friends. Though resolved not to acknowledge his son, from concern for his wife's honour, the general consents, on the intreaty of his wife, to an interview, before his departure for India. In this interview he makes some remark that cuts the poor lady to the soul; she faints—is removed to her own room—flies for relief to the piano, and dies, like a swan, in a stream of music little less than heavenly. Maddened by his loss, the general—he had had a *coup de soleil* in the east—breaks out into bitter reproaches against his son—who seems, however, to care little for reproaches—his whole mind being absorbed in considering how he may recover what appear to him to be his rights. Balked of his purpose, though impeded by no squeamishness, he sails for India, and the doctor also. In India, his insolence and profligacy soon get him into scrapes; and he kills his commanding officer in a duel. He betrays the government, and enters the service of the native princes, and finally stipulates for reinstatement to his rank in the Company's service, by offer-

ing to betray his employers. He has persuaded the surgeon's daughter to follow him to India, and he bargains with Tippoo for the government of Bangalore, on putting the beautiful girl into his possession. Hartley discovers the intrigue, and, by command of Hyder, Middlemas is finally crushed under the paw of an elephant. The young lady never recovers the shock of her lover's treachery—Hartley dies in the pursuance of his vocation—and she returns to her native country, and plays the Lady Bountiful, with the means which Hyder had conferred upon her.

Worthy as much of these volumes is of the distinguished writer—surely, surely—names and prejudices apart—it is mere extravagance to place him at so immense an interval from all competitors, as many of our cotemporaries do—half a dozen might be mentioned as treading close upon his heels.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THERE are rumours of fierce attacks on the Minor theatres. We put no great faith in these rumours, inasmuch as they have regularly made a part of the menaces of every season, during the last half-dozen years, and they have always sunk without effect of any kind. But what could be more absurd, than that they should produce any effect? Why should the dramatic shillings of any man be compellable into the pockets of the two great Winter theatres? or, why should not every man be allowed to use his money, his time, and himself just as he may please, within the natural limits of avoiding injury to others? We altogether doubt that the Minor theatres do any injury to the Major. Their effect upon the population of the suburbs, in which they chiefly exist, is probably to produce a theatric turn, which eventually directs itself into the treasury of the great theatres. These Minors are, in fact, outposts, from which regular communications are maintained with the two principal fortresses of the drama: they are colonies, which are always looking back to the mother country; they are ventures on foreign speculation, which regularly come back, in one shape or other, to the same market of Bow-street and Brydges-street. Let the Leviathans shew anything worth shewing, and they will have all the gazers crowding from north, south, east, and west, to see their gambols. Let them be stupid, and the dwellers on the Surrey side, the remote inhabitants of the Minories, and the demi-civilized of Tottenham-court-road, will stay within their native regions, and leave the Leviathans to gambol in solitude.

We doubt the common imputation, that theatres necessarily increase the vices of a metropolis. Unfortunately, that increase depends on matters very little within the control of human regulation. We must first extinguish the misery that leads to vice, the wretched vicissitudes of fortune, in a commercial country; we must restrict the number of counting-houses and their clerks, the large establishments of trade in its lower branches, the conflux of the young into the great place of wealth, the crowd of sailors, the intercourse with foreigners. Without the slightest idea of palliating popular vice, it must be obvious that its superflux, in this immense city, arises from circumstances interwoven with the general state of society; incapable of being put down completely by any magisterial effort; and as little to be excited by the theatre, as it is to be extinguished by the police-office.

But the Minor theatres are undoubtedly productive of one evil—a degraded taste in the drama. Their privileges extend to little more than a permission to produce the most humble imitations of plays. The general result is, the race of "Tom and Jerry," the miserable melo-drames compiled from the Newgate Calendar, the preposterous fooleries of the lowest city life, and the low picture of the vulgar profligacies of the lower gaming-houses. We thus have taste humiliated and morals offended at the same time; manners share the degradation; and the broad impurity, dull humour, and disgusting vocabulary of the grossest offenders that lurk about the skirts of life in the metropolis, are made familiar to those who went to the theatre decent, and ought to come away unstained.

We dislike the idea of control upon anything connected with literature; and the manner in which the present licenser has exercised his office contrasts so ludicrously with his own publications, and the notorious facts of his life, that nothing but disgust can be felt on the mention of his newly-acquired zeal. But if a licenser be necessary for any of our dramatic exhibitions, it is not for the two great theatres, but for the little ones. Nothing, for instance, could be more absurd than to see the whole rage of official morality cutting and slashing away at Mr. Shee's tragedy, the moment when "Tom and Jerry" was teaching every apprentice, from Westminster to Whitechapel, the whole art and mystery of blackguardism, at sixpence a head. House-breaking and high-way-robbery have had their representations on some of these theatres; and though the general purport of the representation is to shew the ruin that follows such a career, still the subjects are unfitted for public display, and may as often excite as repel. There should unquestionably be an authority somewhere, to repress those degrading ex-

hibitions. But, after all, they are only incidental; and, in nine instances out of ten, the evening of the London artisan will be spent more innocently, and even more productively, at the suburb theatre than in any other relaxation offered to him. We much doubt whether the well-known decrease of the more atrocious kinds of crime—the street robberies and murders, which, within memory, were the terror of London—is not strongly connected with the increased fondness for theatres. The artisan who, for a shilling, can spend his evening in the midst of music and pleasantry, with an interesting play going on before him, and in the comfort and companionship of a modern theatre, is infinitely better circumstanced for morals, health, and mental improvement, than the artisan who spends the same time in the alehouse, at probably five times the expense. One of the errors of our English system is the national want of amusement for the labouring classes; and the legislator who should supply this desirable requisite, under regulations adapted to prevent its inconveniences, would render a very valuable service to his country.

The activity of Drury Lane has not been suffered to go to sleep. That rare thing, a five-act comedy, has appeared: it is by Kenny—a very ingenious, practised, and dexterous *artiste* of plays. His "Bride at Fifty" was a capital adaptation. The French plot was meagre compared to his fulness, and witless compared to his gaiety. But a five-act comedy is a formidable test of power; and we may be long before we see one that will live beyond the first few nights of public curiosity. There is one obvious mischief in being able at adaptation—the writer finds it immeasurably difficult to be anything else as long as he lives. Even his dexterity is injurious to his legitimate success. The man who has walked long on crutches finds himself awkward when he must trust to his legs. Even the supremacy in these matters of spurious cleverness sinks and limits the natural powers. The rope-dancer stumbles on plain ground. The player of Punch, the more practised he is, the less he has the chance of ever speaking with a human voice. The painter turned copyist, can never draw an original stroke, while he holds a pencil. To every man who has an ambition to distinguish himself in that most captivating style of authorship, the Drama, we would say, in perfect conviction of the fact, Your peril is the French stage; never translate; never adapt; be original, or you will be nothing; draw from your own breast; or come at once to the true and the salutary conclusion—that you have not the talent essential to the Drama.

In these observations, we mean no offence to Mr. Kenny, whom we have already named as a very dexterous and pleasant writer, to the extent of his own objects in general; but whose dramatic distinction we think unfortunately curtailed by himself—by the timidity which will not venture without the hand of some French *Farceur* to guide steps, which would have been stronger and surer if left to themselves. In the present instance, we think that he has been betrayed from the natural path of talent, by attempting to prop up English humour with French plot; and that the *Mansarde des Artistes*, and a little *Bas-bleu* farce, popular in Paris at the time of the controversy between the "Romantics" and the "Classics," have been laid under heavy contribution. Yet the plot is the worst part of the play. *Sir Gregory Ogle* takes his second wife (a cheesemonger's widow) and her two daughters to Paris, where they all become extravagantly *accomplished*. *Sir Gregory* has a nephew, whom he orders to marry a rich widow, and a niece who marries without his consent—and both of whom he treats harshly. But *Sir Gregory* has learned, old as he is, the worse habits of Paris, and pursues a handsome fair one, the daughter of an English painter. Her father is discovered to have been the husband of the Baronet's sister, whom also he had treated harshly. The discovery makes him a repentant sinner; he allows his nephew to marry this pretty girl; he forgives his niece, and all is well. This is nearly all the plot. Yet what can be less equal to the severe exigencies of a five-act comedy? The characters are probably Mr. Kenny's own, and their conception is a favourable evidence of his skill. Liston is a *ci-devant* English waiter turned into a man of 50,000*l.*, rambling through the coffee-houses of Paris, and performing the affectations of an idle man of the town; yet, without losing his native good-humour. He acts as a kind of *Paul Pry*, and is the general maker-up of matters through the piece; he frightens the Baronet into humanity by a disclosure; terrifies her ladyship into humility, by declaring that he knew her as cook to an alderman, &c. He laughs at all, and with all; and, with no apparent misprise of his own in the action of the play, is every thing, and every where. The blue-stocking portion rather disappointed the audience. Her ladyship was too vulgar in her manners, and too tawdry in her dress; her daughters neither said nor did anything of interest; and the dialogue was feeble. Yet some pleasant hits were made from time to time; as when a lady was mentioned to be so great a *blue*, that she might have come from an university, a French count says, "she is one of the 'Oxford Blues.'"

The pathetic portions of the play were allotted to Miss E. Tree, as the painter's daughter, who thinks herself abandoned by *Sir Gregory's* nephew. Some of the recitation—for it was chiefly soliloquy—was eloquent; and it was delivered with very forcible effect by this clever actress, who certainly exerted herself to the utmost, and was of much service to the play. But there were, in fact, but three characters in the

entire—this heroine, Liston's part, and her Ladyship. Mrs. Davison, Wallack, Cooper, and Russel were cyphers. The passion for marriage at the close would have terrified Malthus: out of his eleven characters, five couple paired off as man and wife!

But there is a general disqualification about this play. The chief characters are unnecessarily taken from vulgar life. The rage of the day is too much in this style. Our leading novelists look for their principal interest in the conversation of clowns, beggars, thieves, and gipsies. This taste is injudicious. There may be occasional force in the headlong language of vulgar life; and nature may sometimes speak touchingly in the rude simplicity of the peasant: but the true interest is to be found only in the more cultivated ranks. The educated mind is not merely more graceful, but more active—not merely more remote from the offence of rude language, than from the dulness, clumsiness, and want of dexterity that characterizes the peasant-understanding. The Scotch novels labour to display the shrewdness of the rustic and the mendicant; and, undoubtedly, they both possess occasional ingenuity. But the true interest, in all instances, depends upon the movements and impressions of the more educated agents of the story.

Among our *permanent* plays, there is not one, in which the interest is connected with low life, except the "Beggars Opera;" and there the characters are redeemed by their being the close imitators of the higher life. *Macheath's* language is that of a rake, but of the first rank of life in his day: it is dexterous, pungent, and vigorous. *Polly's* language is in general as delicate and pathetic as probably was to be found in the fancy of Gay—a man accustomed to courts. The decidedly vulgar scenes have been long since rejected by the public.

The introduction of vulgarity into Morton's, Reynolds's, and Colman's comedies, has always so far lowered their value; and the "push on, keep moving!" and other similar phrases, have actually, instead of sustaining their popularity, almost wholly expelled them from the stage. Their higher manners are humiliated by the connexion, their pleasantries are dulled, and their general truth of character is made more than questionable by the perpetual labour to raise rabble laughter.

The most diligently-wrought personage in Mr. Kenny's comedy is undone by this vulgarity. That the author could have well depicted a gentleman, and that Liston could have sustained the character, are equally clear. The error is intentional; and thus, for the principal character of the play, we have a waiter at a London coffee-house, rambling through the gaming-tables at Paris, and dispensing the triple slang of the kitchen, the stable, and the *hell*. And yet this is to be the benevolent man of the piece, the detector of crime, the protector of innocence, the remembrancer and chastiser of absurdity! And this is done by one uttering the phrases of the gin-shop and the night-cellar—the "*No go!*" the "DOING-UP!" the "*Gammon!*" and a whole vocabulary of the same repulsive kind

The blue-stocking mother has been a cook-maid, who married a cheesemonger, and whose language is as conformable to her early career, as it is unpleasant to the taste of the audience. The result is failure; for such characters, though they may be tolerated on the stage, can never arrive at favouritism. In fact, this play, with a great deal of comic *matériel*, and with more vigour of dialogue than we have been accustomed to meet in modern composition, has been undone by the author's misconception of the source of popularity. Let him henceforth keep the vulgar for his footmen, if he will; but, as he values success, let him exclude it from the leading characters of his drama. We hope to see the ingenious author exerting himself long and often upon the field, the neglected but most fertile and pleasant field, of Comedy.

COVENT GARDEN—a theatre to which the public have been indebted, many a year, for some of the finest exhibitions of the stage—has at length put forth all its vigour in an Opera, "The Seraglio." The music is Mozart's, and the translation or adaptation is very well done. The plot has the simplicity of opera. An Italian fair one has been captured by a galley of Cyprus, and sent to the harem of the Pasha, who falls furiously in love with her. But she had left a lover in Italy, who follows her, disguised as a painter. He meets a former valet of his, now a slave in the Pasha's gardens. They form a plan for the lady's escape. The parties are arrested in their flight; and the Pasha is about to proceed to the height of Turkish indignation, when he discovers, by a bracelet, of which the lady has the counterpart, that she is his sister—he having been stolen in infancy from Christendom.

The rest of the characters are made up of Greek dancers, odalisques, an Irish surgeon of a man-of-war, and Madame Vestris, with whom the Doctor is in love in every shape of blunder. The dialogue in general was pleasant, and some of the Irishman's absurdities were amusing. Warde was the Pasha, and was formidably overloaded with sentiment. This, however, was no fault of his; and he always plays and looks like a gentleman.

When the music is declared to be Mozart's, criticism is almost silenced; for what can modern taste dare to question in the Shakspeare of music? Yet, even Mozart had his lapses; and we must think that this is one of them. The history of the composition may account for the failure. It was among his first experiments on any striking scale; it was for the German taste of a day, when that taste was remarkable for heaviness, and it was before Mozart had

formed the style which has given him such distinguished celebrity. It was highly popular, in its day, we will allow; but its popularity chiefly arose from the novelty of bringing the whole force of the German orchestra into the accompaniment. Mozart triumphed by this new auxiliary; but, in his future pieces, he looked to the surer source of fine melodies, and has, in consequence, retained a rank upon the stage, which otherwise would have perished with the first honours of the "Seraglio."

With a vast quantity of rich accompaniment, and laborious composition, we doubt whether the opera contains a single air which an English audience would ever desire to hear. But one was encored on the first night, a little melody sung by Madame Vestris, and indebted for its fortune solely to the acting of this ingenious performer. But we are glad to see managers looking to Germany: the school is rich in fine composition. There are a hundred operas in the German library, not one of which has been known here, but which would, with a certain adaptation, be highly popular. But that adaptation is necessary. A few graceful airs, added from our English stores, to the "Seraglio," would have given it a spirit which it entirely wants, and have probably gone far to insure its permanent success upon our stage. This may not be too late yet; and the experiment is well worth being made.

The scenery and general equipment of the opera deserve peculiar praise. Four or five of the scenes were equal to any work of the pencil that we remember in theatres. Bold, simple, and picturesque, they united beauty of design with vigour of execution, in a singular and admirable degree. The first scene, the Ruins of the Temple of Bacchus, is magnificent; the pellucid water, the wild abruptness of the mountain above, the rich and time-coloured beauty of the mouldering columns and statuary, are perfect. If the design could be transferred with equal effect to canvass, we know no price that would be beyond its value. The seraglio garden, with an ancient fort in the background; and the scene of an amphitheatre in ruins, a bold and broken view of island landscape, combined with fine architectural remains, deserve similar praise. The concluding scene, the Pasha's palace and grounds, is brilliant, but less to our taste. Its architecture is Indian, or Babylonish, not Greek; and the gaudiness of the colour, the quantity of gilding, and the superabundant brightness of the light, are overpowering. The first scene, for us, carries off the palm—if it be not rivalled by the amphitheatre. We congratulate Covent Garden on having thus re-asserted its old claim to fine embellishment. The processions, dances, and chorusses, were excellent. A festival of Bacchus, by torchlight, was perfectly classic; and the sailing in of the Pasha's gondola was one of the most showy exhibitions of the stage. The house was crowded, and the opera was applauded to the conclusion.

Giving due credit to managers for having done so much, we must still ask why they have so far forgotten the old sources of popularity, as not to take advantage of public events? In the late war, the stage reflected the Gazette, and every British exploit was presented to the public eye with the vividness that nothing but the stage can give. From the capture of a fleet to the cutting out of a frigate, was commemorated; and nothing could have been at once more attractive to a British audience, more gratifying to the heroic doers of the deed, or, in a higher sense, more suitable and congenial to the manly spirit of the nation. Yet a great battle has been fought by the favourite arm of England, a victory gained, whose consequences may be of the most pregnant import to Europe; a bloody, base, and malignant persecutor taught to feel that massacre must have its punishment; and a Christian people, the most interesting from old recollections, the most unhappy from remorseless slavery, and the most meritorious from desperate risks and unwearied resistance under all disasters, of any people on whom the sun shines—the Greek nation protected by the shield of England—the first of the ancient lands of freedom lifted up in its wounds and chains, by the first of the modern empires, in which freedom is the living principle. Yet Navarino has passed by without an attempt at its celebration. This argues badly at once for the taste, the public tact, and the activity of both houses. We hope the stigma will not be left to the suburb stage to remove.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

This society resumed its meetings on Thursday the fifteenth instant; but the only circumstance worthy of notice that occurred, was a proposal for giving an addition to the salary of one of the secretaries, for editing its publications. Now, as we have been induced to pay attention to the proceedings of this fraternity, in consequence of some recent exposures of the ridiculous manner in which it is conducted, the prostitution of its funds, and the total neglect of the objects for which it was formed, we are decidedly of opinion that, instead of *rewarding* the editor of such frivolous articles, all who are in any way concerned in pro-

ducing them, ought to be made responsible for the payment of the paper and type which have been wasted on the occasion. More absurd speculations, it was never our lot to meet with; and our surprise was considerable on turning to the list of its members, to perceive the names of men among them, who are really distinguished by their historical attainments. If, however, the statements in the Westminster and Retrospective Reviews may be relied upon, the cause of the worthlessness of the transactions of the Society, is explained, by the selections which are made for its councils, which, it appears, are constituted of merchants, instead of antiquaries; and *music-masters*, instead of historians; nor are the officers more conspicuous in the republic of letters. Its president is an —earl; its vice-presidents, excepting Mr. Hallam, are unknown by their works; its treasurer is a registrer of slaves; its director is an attorney; and only one of its secretaries is possessed of any other literary reputation than belongs to a dull compiler of the dullest of all compilations.

The result is what might be expected: its intellectual members are disgusted: its stupid ones—and we fear they preponderate—are indifferent, or perhaps worse; and the management of the society's affairs is consequently left to an oligarchy, possessed neither of talents nor judgment. The host of objects—the translation of early chronicles, the publication of valuable MSS., for example, upon which its revenues might be employed to advantage, are neglected; and every other proper subject for its attention is equally forgotten. The Society has thus fallen into a state of imbecility, from which nothing short of an absolute change in its government can recover it.

Fully estimating the services which such an institution might render to historical literature, we rejoice that the press has at length pointed out the abuses by which it is degraded; and, through its agency, we hope that the members will be induced to remove them. They have the power; and we dare not libel them by supposing that they have not the inclination to use it for so important an object: or, will they continue to allow the F.S.A., which they affix to their names, to be a mark of derision; their weekly meetings to be as vapid as the tea-table of a village gossip; and their lucubrations to be less distinguished by genius or learning, than the worst of the Leadenhall-street novels?

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—August 20, 1827.—M. Arago gave an account of the experiments which he had made on steam-engines, in conjunction with M. Dulong. He also read a letter from M. Pons, announcing the discovery of a new comet.—M. M. de Mirbel and Cassini made a report on the paper of M. Turpin, containing observations on the organization and re-production of the truffle, and remarks on the theory of the organization of vegetables in general. — 27. Colonel Bory-de-Saint-Vincent presented a monographic essay on certain animalcula, to the academy.—M. Chevreul read the report of a committee upon the process of dyeing in blue, communicated by M. Ratienville, jun.—September 3. M. F. Cuvier made a verbal report on a work of M. Degerando, on the education of the deaf and dumb.—M. Joumal, jun., a physician at Narbonne, announced the discovery of several caverns, containing fossil bones, in the neighbourhood of Bise.—M. M. Dumeril and Majendie reported on a paper of M. Velpeau, on the human ovum.—M. M. Chevreul, Gay-Lussac, and Dulong, made their report on the memoirs of M. Serullas, relative to the combination of chlorine and cyanogen, or cyanuret of chlorine and bromate of selenium.—M. Cauchy read a memoir on the determination of the series of Lagrange by a definite integral; in another memoir, he determines the law of convergence of the series of Lagrange, and others of the same nature, and proves that the convergence depends in all cases on the resolution of a transendental equation.—M. de Blainville made a verbal communication respecting the organization of a species of terebratulæ.—M. M. Biot, Gay-Lussac, Poisson, and Navier, made their report on a memoir of M. Clement-Desormes, relating to an effect observed in the escape of elastic fluids, and of the accidents to which safety-valves are liable.—17. M. Raspail announced, that he had discovered in the subterraneous logs of typha, a fecula, possessing very peculiar characters, which he details.—M. Poinsot read a memoir on the composition of mechanical forces.—M. Girard made a verbal report on a geographical and hydrographical essay on Egypt, dedicated to the King of France, by M. M. Segato and Masi, of Leghorn.—M. Moreau de Jonnès made a communication on the phenomena which recently occurred at the Antilles, at the time of the earthquake, which was felt at Martinique on the 3d of June last.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A new edition of "The Adventures of Nantragus," is in the press. We are happy to learn that the publicity which this work has gained for the author—a publicity which we were the first to contribute to—has induced the Director of the East India Company to place him on their establishment.

The "Stanley Tales," Part 1, Second Series, with considerable improvements, and beautifully illustrated, is in the press.

The Authoress of "Stanmore" has announced her intention of publishing a new Novel, to be called "Cuthbert;" it will appear early in January.

A Summary of the Laws relating to the Government and Maintenance of the Poor. By Sir Gregory A. Lewin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

Sunday Evening Discourses; or, a Compendious System of Scriptural Divinity; for the Use of Households. By the Rev. Richard Warner. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Canning's Parliamentary Speeches will be forthcoming in December. The delay in their publication has been occasioned solely by the preparation of the Memoir and Portrait which are to accompany them.

The Subaltern's Log Book, including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is announced as nearly ready.

A Discourse on the Poor Laws of England and Scotland, on the State of the Poor of Ireland, and on Emigration, by George Strickland, Esq., is in the press.

The Lady's Monitor, or Letters and Essays on Conduct, Morals, Religion, &c. addressed to Young Ladies, by Lady Jane Grey, Queen Katharine, &c. &c.

Journal of Morbid Anatomy, or Researches Physiological, Pathological, and Therapeutic. By J. R. Farre, M.D. The first number to appear early in 1828.

Posthumous Papers, facetious and fanciful, of a Person lately about Town, will be published in a few days.

A Translation from the German of Madame Pichler's new Historical Romance, entitled, the Swedes in Prague.

Lieutenant Siboon announces a Practical Treatise on Topographical Surveying and Drawing, with Instructions for Topographical Modelling, or the Art of representing the Surface of the Country in relief.

A short series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner, the Professor of Mechanical Philosophy in the New University, is announced for publication.

Parts II. and III. of the Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology. Hy H. Dewhurst, Esq. F.A.S. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c.

A Treatise on the General Principles, Powers, and Facility of Application of the Congreve Rocket System, as compared with Artillery: shewing the various Applications of this Weapon, both for Sea and Land Service, and its different Uses in the Field and in Sieges. Illustrated by 12 plates. By Major-General Sir W. Congreve, Bart. 4to.

The White Hoods: an Historical Romance. By A. E. Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, Author of "De Foix," "Letters Written during a Tour through Normandy and Brittany," &c. In 3 vols.

"Coming Out," and "The Field of Forty Footsteps;" Novels. By the Miss Porters. In 3 vols. 12mo.

Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the principal Languages of Asia and Europe. By Lieutenant-Colonel Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to. with plates.

Bibliographica Cantabrigiensia; or, Remarks upon the most valuable and curious Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by original Letters and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian.

Physiological Illustrations of the Organ of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C.M. Royal 8vo.

A new Volume of Tales, by the Author of "May You Like It," is in the press, and will appear before Christmas.

An Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey. Embellished with Engravings from original Drawings, by W. Mulready and C. Cope. In post 8vo.

The following works are in the press, by the Rev. James Hinton, A.M. and George Cox, of the Classical School at Oxford:

1. First Steps to the Latin Classics; comprising Simple Sentences, arranged in a progressive Series, with directions for Construing, and a literal interlinear translation.

2. Parsing Lessons; containing the Grammatical and Syntactical Parsing of every Word in the "First Steps to the Latin Classics." In two parts.

3. Easy Roman Histories, abridged from Classical Authors, with directions for Construing, and an Appendix, as a Companion to the "First Steps to the Latin Classics."

4. A Complete Vocabulary of all the Words which occur in the "Easy Roman Histories," in which the words employed with unusual meanings are pointed out by a distinct reference.

The Process of Historical Proof Explained and Exemplified; to which are subjoined, Observations on the peculiar points of the Christian Evidence. By Isaac Taylor, Jun. Author of "Elements of Thought," and "Transmission of Ancient Books."

A Tour in Italy and Sicily. By L. Simond, Author of a "Tour in Switzerland," "A Tour in Great Britain," &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City. A Poem. In four Cantos. By Mr. James Bird, author of the Vale of Sloughden, and various other poetical compositions, is in the press.

The Infantile School System, as it is generally practised. In 8vo.

In the press. Institutes of the Laws of Holland, by Johannes Vander Linden, L.S.D. and Judge of the Court of First Instance at Amsterdam; translated by order of the Right Hon. the Earl Bathurst, late His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, by Jabez Henry, esq. late President of Demerara and Essequibo, Senior Commissioner of Legal Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in the West India Colonies; and Author of an Essay on the Roman Law of the Manumission of Slaves and its Application to the Colonies; Report on the Criminal Law at Demerara and in the Ceded Dutch Colonies; Treatise on Foreign Law, &c. &c. &c.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras. 4to. with plates.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BOTANY.

Edwards's Botanical Register of the most beautiful Flowering Exotic Plants and Shrubs, with their Cultivation. No. 9, of Vol. XIII. Coloured plates. 4s.

CLASSICAL.

Greek Gradus; or, a Greek, Latin, and English Prosodial Lexicon; containing the Interpretation, in Latin and English, of all words which occur in the Greek Poets, from the earliest period to the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and also exhibiting the Quantities of each Syllable; thus combining the advantages of a Lexicon of the Greek Poets, and a Greek Gradus: for the use of Schools and Colleges. By the Rev. J. Brasse, B.D. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. price 24s. boards.

Second Latin Exercises, adapted to every Grammar, and intended as an Introduction to Valpy's Elegantiæ Latinæ. 12mo. price 2s. 6d. bd.

Notes on Herodotus, Historical and Critical. Translated from the French of P. H. Larcher, 2 vols. 8vo. Price £1. 10s.

Aristophanis Comœdiæ cum Scholiis et Varietate Lectionis, Recensuit Immanuel Bekkerus, Professor Berolinensis. Accedunt Versio Latina deperditarum Comœdiarum, Fragmenta, Index locupletissimus, Notæque Brunckii, Reisigii, Beckii, Dindorfii, Schutzii, Bentleii, Dobreii, Porsoni, Elmsleii, Hermanni, Fischeri, Hemsterhusii, Kuinoelii, Hopfneri, Conzii, Wolfii, &c. &c. 5 vols. 8vo. Price £3. 15s. The notes form 3 vols. out of the 5, and may be had separate, price £2. 5s. A few copies are struck off on large paper, price £5. 15s. 6d. for the 5 vols.

Ricardi Dawesii Miscellanea Critica, Typis Quinquies excusa prodeunt ex Recensione et cum Notis aliquanto Auctoribus. Thomæ Kidd. A.M. 2nd. edition, 8vo. Price 18s. bound.

Classical Manual; or, a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Æneid of Virgil, with a copious Index. 8vo.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon to the Old Testament, including the Biblical Chaldee. Edited, with improvements from the German Works of Fesenius, by Josiah W. Gibbs, A.M. of the Theological Seminary of Andover, U.S. 8vo. 25s. boards.

Dunbar's Inquiry into the Greek and Latin Languages. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Sandford's Greek Exercises. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Professor Porson Vindicated. 8vo. 11s. boards.

Corpus Poetarum. Edited by W. S. Walker, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, containing the whole of the Classical Latin Poets, Chronologically arranged. 8vo. £2. 2s. boards.

A Practical Greek Grammar, with Easy Extracts from Greek Authors alphabetically arranged; and a Vocabulary for the Use of Schools and Private Students. By Professor L. E. Peithman, P.D. A.M. &c. 8vo. 12s. boards.

LAW.

Petersdorf's Law Reports. Vol. 7, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Jones's Law of Carriers. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Statutes at Large, 8th George IV. 8vo. 20s. boards.

Elmes on Architectural Jurisprudence. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Harrison's Digest of all the Reports. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. boards.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

A Lecture introductory to the Study of Anatomy and Physiology, delivered by H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. F.A.S. &c. on Monday, October 1st, 1827, at the New Theatre of Anatomy, 2, Sidmouth Street, Gray's Inn Lane. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Treatise on the Diseases of the Chest, and on Mediate Auscultation. By R. T. H. Laennec, M.D. Translated by L. Forbes, M.D.

Bouchardat's Elements of Calculus. 8vo. 15s. boards.

Wilson's Memoir of West India Fever. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Lisfranc on the Stethoscope. By Alcock. 12mo. 2s. sewed.

Dr. Cullen's Works. 2 vols. 8vo. 34s. boards.

Bostock's Physiology. 8vo. vol. 3. 15s. boards.

RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

"Bagster's Comprehensive Bible," on fine large writing paper, having four inches of margin for MS. notes, being intended to supersede expensive and voluminous interleaved Bibles. Price 3l. 15s. boards, or half bound strongly in vellum, 4l. 4s.

Pitman's Second Course of Sermons. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. boards.

Huntington's Memoirs. 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards.

A Sermon, preached at Beccles Church, on July 3, 1827, at the Yearly Meeting of the District Committee of the Society for

Promoting Christian Knowledge. By B. Philpot, A.M. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Sermons on the leading Principles of Christianity. By Philip N. Shuttleworth, D.D., Warden of New College, Oxford. 8vo. 12s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stockdale's Calendar for 1828. 1l. 8s. bound complete.

Stockdale's Peerage and Baronetage, for 1828. 7s 6d. each, boards.

The Golden Gift, No. 1. Printed in Gold, and adapted as tasteful and elegant Embellishments to the Album.

Historical Tablets and Medallions, illustrative of an improved System of Artificial Memory, for the more easy Remembrance of remarkable Events and Dates. Designed and arranged by John Henry Todd. In royal 4to. 1l. 10s.

The Literary Pocket Book, for 1828, 5s. 6d.

Sketches of the War in Greece; in a Series of Extracts from the Private Correspondence of Philip James Green, Esq. late British Consul for the Morea, with Notes. By R. L. Green, Esq. Vice Consul. 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

A Tabular View of Volcanic Phenomena, comprising a list of the Burning Mountains, which are either now in action, or have existed in former periods throughout the Globe. By Charles Daubeney, M. D. F. R. S. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. 7s. 6d. coloured.

Friendship's Offering for 1828. 12s.

Matthews's History of Gas Lighting. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Theatres of London. By Edward Brayley, F. S. A. With a View of each Theatre, Drawn and engraved by the late Daniel Havell. Coloured. 4to. 2l. 2s.

The Elements of Architecture Practically Explained. By George Smith, Architect. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Report of the Committee for conducting an Inquiry into the State of the Sick Poor. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse, with Forty Original Designs. By Thomas Hood. 2nd series, 12mo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Tales of Modern Genius, or the Miseries of Parnassus, in a Series of Letters. 3 vols. 12mo. 24s. boards.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 16s. boards.

Auctioneer's and Commercial Broker's Law Instructor, with directions for Merchants. 2s.

Clark's Introduction to Heraldry. Plates plain 9s. coloured 21s. or, on paper prepared for Learners to colour, 12s.

NOVELS.

The Red Rover. By the Author of the Spy, The Pilot, Pioneers, &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 9s.

Hope Leslie, or Early Times of the Massachusetts. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. boards.

Flirtation; a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

Ringrove, or Old Fashioned Notions. By Mrs. West. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. boards.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE excessive dampness of the atmosphere that prevailed during the early part of the period comprised in the present Report, together with the sharp frosts that have taken place more recently, have combined to spread through the metropolis an unusual number of those slighter febrile affections, popularly denominated *colds*. They have appeared under the several shapes of catarrh, bronchitis, hoarseness, flying pains of the limbs, lumbago, and swellings of the submaxillary glands. Nor have the several kinds of disease attributable to the same source been wanting. Cynanche tonsillaris, pleurisy, peripneumony, and acute rheumatism have been, and still continue, very general; but, as far as the Reporter's observation extends, they have not proved particularly severe in those whose previous health was good. A few days have usually sufficed, in such habits, for the perfect restoration of health. The approach of winter, however, has had far different results in a different class of persons;—in those, to wit, who had been occasionally suffering, during the summer months, from cough and spitting—in those far advanced in life—and, generally, in all whose state of bodily health had been, through any cause, previously enfeebled; the raw cold and fog of the last month have tried the constitutions of such persons most severely. Many have already sunk under their baneful influence. Some are now lingering, with scarce a prospect of amendment; while to others the best-directed exertions of art can scarcely hold out any other hope than than that of the temporary alleviation of pain. The comparative superiority of a cold and frosty air over that of a moist one, in promoting the health and vigour of the human frame, has been strongly exemplified in the course of the last month. Many individuals, oppressed in their breathing, and so feeble, during the damp days that prevailed in the first fortnight of November, as scarcely to be able to leave their rooms, have, since the setting-in of the frost, recovered their voice, and improved in strength and hope.

Typhus fever has considerably diminished. The cases of this complaint that now occur are not only fewer in number, but milder in kind. The Reporter, indeed, has met with a considerable number of cases, within the last six weeks, of a disorder which the old authors

would have called *febris erratica*. This complaint has been characterized by occasional attacks of chilliness and shivering, not recurring at any fixed periods, general weakness, pains of the limbs, palpitation, loss of appetite, with perhaps thirst and scanty secretions. Most of these persons were able to follow up, in some degree, their ordinary employments. In many instances, the disorder had been allowed to creep on for several weeks before medical assistance was requested. The Reporter found that, with few exceptions, all medicines of an evacuating kind aggravated this disease, and protracted a cure, which, under the free administration of sulphate of guinine and æther, was rapidly and with great certainty effected. The Reporter, in the course of his medical experience in the metropolis, never remembers meeting with so large a number of consecutive cases of fever not traceable to malaria, to the throwing off of which tonic remedies appeared to be so decidedly indispensable.

Among the younger branches of the community, measles seems to be the most prevalent disorder. Scarlet fever is also occasionally met with ; but, as far as the Reporter can ascertain, there is nothing peculiar in the symptoms or severe in the character of these affections, as they at present occur. In weakly and scrofulous children, they have sometimes proved fatal ; but, for the most part, they have run a mild and favourable course. Small-pox is less frequent than it has been for several months past.

Looking back upon the medical history of the metropolis for the two past years, the Reporter is strongly impressed with the feeling of its comparative healthiness. In all situations, a certain portion of sickness is to be anticipated ; and where might we so reasonably expect that sickness would prevail, in its extremes of extent and severity, as where upwards of a million of human beings are collected together ? The atmosphere, tainted by the breath, is loaded at the same time with the pernicious exhalations of innumerable fires ; while the height of the houses, and the closeness of the streets, offer obstacles apparently insuperable to its due purification. When we reflect upon this, and upon a multitude of other sources of disease, which seem almost of necessity to connect themselves with the circumstances of a large city, it is wonderful in how great a degree the health of the inhabitants of London is preserved. Much is doubtless attributable to the excellence of the municipal regulations, to the ample supply of water, to the depth and universality of the sewers, and to the careful cleansing of the streets. But the great secret is to be found in the habits of the lower orders. They feel and prize the comforts of life, and they spare on efforts of industry to acquire them. Cleanliness pervades their habitations ; their diet is far superior to that of a similar class of persons in the country ; their children are better clothed. These advantages compensate the inhabitants of the metropolis for the want of the pure breezes and open fields, which would otherwise give to their brethren in rural life so decided a superiority. As it is, the chances of life are pretty nearly alike in town and country ; and if the hourly temptations of the gin-shop, which lead so many to their destruction, could but be avoided, they might perhaps actually be found in favour of the inhabitants of London.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John Street, Golden Square, Nov.* 24, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WITH the month of November, of course the wheat-seed season concludes ; and, taking it generally, the present may be said to have been finished under as happy auspices, whether in regard to the state of the atmosphere, of the lands, or of the necessary agricultural forces to be put in operation, as any which have preceded it. Partial and temporary interruptions there doubtless have been, among which the most considerable was that deluge of rain which fell several weeks since, and by which the low grounds exposed to it were rendered a mere bog. The evaporation which afterwards took place has reclaimed a part ; leaving yet a considerable breadth, the seeding which with wheat must be an obvious risk. On some of those lands, already sown, great part of the young wheats were completely washed out of the ground ; yet too much was left for it to be easy to decide on ploughing up the crop. In this case, surely it must be eligible to re-seed the bare patches ; a practice, nevertheless, we believe, much oftener talked of than really executed. The latter diggings of the potatoe have turned up successfully, over the three kingdoms ; completing a crop of that universal root, great beyond expectation, both in quantity and quality. We have thus secured a crop of bread corn, of second bread, and of malt corn, fully sufficient for the support of the whole population ; and if, in the ensuing season, such complaints should exist, as a want of bread and beer for those who duly earn them by their labour, the calamity must arise from a very different cause to that of scarcity.

The vast crop of autumnal grass, superior also as it has proved, in quality, to *fog*, in most years, will no doubt incline the farmer to keep his live stock abroad to a late period of the present season. This advantage, together with the ample provision of winter and early spring food, which has been generally made, in a proportion, indeed, beyond that of

any preceding year, will render winter feeding of cattle of all kinds, both a comfortable and profitable occupation, the public at large having its due share of the benefits. The turnip crop, in the aggregate, is far greater and of better quality, than could, in months past, have possibly been hoped and expected of it; on the best lands it appears to equal that of the most fruitful years. The Swedes which we have gone over, are of high promise; but considering the superior quality of that root, we have always regretted the comparative smallness of the quantity cultivated. To those who can remember the original aversion of our farmers to the very name of the 'wuzzelly-fuzzelly' root, and the constant ridicule they poured on all those who attempted to introduce it, it is pleasant to remark the change of opinion and practice of themselves or their successors. The culture of mangel *(mangold)* wurtzel has, at length, become the fancy, or hobby-horsical culture of the day; with an admirable concomitant, which, truly, we were not sanguine enough to expect—that of *drawing and storing* the roots: for, be it known, that the difficulty has been equally great to induce a farmer to be at the profitable labour and expense of drawing and storing his roots, as to persuade him to cultivate the cramp-named beet. Three score years past, and during the prevalence of the Tullian husbandry, our superior stock feeders, invariably, in winter stored their turnips; and, at that period, various articles were in profitable culture, of which the very names have long since vanished from the country, the GOLDEN CROP shutting out all intruders. It will not be always so.

The late change, from an extremely mild temperature, to frost of a considerable degree of severity, will have a favourable effect in checking the too great luxuriance of the early sown and forward wheats, and of impeding the operations of the slug and grub, which, during their element, warmth and moisture, had already made alarming havoc. Winter tares, of which there never was a greater breadth in the country, cover the land well, and have a most luxuriant appearance. Live stock, of every description, is in full autumnal plenty, and, by consequence, somewhat lower in price, fat things included; yet every thing, fat or store, which is really good, meets a ready sale, more especially milch cows, in-calvers, and pigs. Some considerable time must pass ere flesh meat can be cheap. Good cart horses and cart colts find great prices, which must continue to be the case with good horses of every description, unless the present steam speculations for road carriage should really take effect. The roads, *Macadamized* by our unfortunate ex-labourers, were never before in so fine a condition. Great errors have been committed, indeed of the most calamitous and fatal tendency, on the subject of the labourers in husbandry. Perpetual complaints are afloat of the inequality of price in all agricultural produce, as a remuneration to the grower; on the other hand, the complaints of the consumer are equally loud on the exorbitant price of all articles of the first necessity. On the whole, prices, however inadequate, certainly bear a considerable figure, all circumstances, present and prospective, considered. The squabbling and contention in the country, between buyer and seller, on the score of new and old measure, is almost as rational as legislation without compulsion. It is not quite clear that any difference can result whether the corn be sold by the Imperial or Winchester bushel, since the price must necessarily follow the bushel. By the quantity of cold and rough handed wheats thrown upon the markets, it would seem that the fine and dry, of which the quantity must have been great, are generally held. The government and the maltsters having settled their affair amicably, and the latter appearing in no great haste to commence for the season, argue any thing rather than a defective stock of malt. There has been a considerable movement in the wool trade, but no great advance of price—an advantage, under present circumstances, not to be expected. Manufactures are reviving in all quarters. The crime of horse-stealing, through sufferance, has actually become a settled trading concern in the country; and, but for its deplorable nature and consequences, our apathy and tolerance would form a proper subject of ridicule.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 6d. (Dairy).—Raw fat, 2s. 6½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat 42s. to 64s.—Barley, 27s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 34s.—Bread, 9d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover 90s. to 125s.—Straw, 28s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 31s. to 40s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Nov. 23, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscavadoes continues steady and considerable. The average of daily sales is 800 hogsheads, and prices are fully supported. The stock of Sugar to-day is 15,930 hogsheads and tuns less than at the same period of time last year. The Refined market has become rather heavy at the close.

Rum.—A parcel of St. Lucias sold at 2s. 8d. per gallon; and Jamaica Rums have been steady, and in good demand:—but Brandy and Hollands without any alteration since our last Report.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—By letters from Petersburg, dated the 28th, Tallow was at 96 to 98 roubles, and exchange at 10½*d.* per rouble.

Cotton.—The demand for Cotton still continues very dull, and a further decline of a farthing to a halfpenny per lb. in the Liverpool market has taken place.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 4.—Hamburgh, 36. 8.—Altona, 36. 9.—Petersburg, 10d. rouble.—Frankfort, 15½.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Madrid, 35¼.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 35.—Gibraltar, hard dollars, 46.—Leghorn, 4.—Rio Janeiro, 34.—Bahia, 40.—Lisbon, 47½.—Oporto, 47½.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.—Calcutta, 22½—Madras, 21.—Bombay, 20.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £3. 17s. 6d.—In bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—Doubloons, 3*l.* 14s,New Dollars, 4s. 10.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 303*l.*—Coventry, 1250*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 113*l.*—Grand Junction, 310*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29*l.* 5*s.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 720*l.*—Regent's, 28*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 850*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 300*l.*—London Docks, 92*l.*—West-India, 209*l.* 0*s.*—East London Water Works, 125*l.*—Grand Junction, 65*l.*—West Middlesex, 73*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance.—1½ *dis.*—Globe 151*l.*—Guardian, 21¼*l.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97½*l.*—Gas-Light, Westmin. Chartered Company, 55½*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 11 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 22d of October and the 22d of November* 1827 *; extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Duval, P. jun., Minories, carpenter
Leigh, J. Blue-anchor-road, Bermondsey, engineer
Richards, W. Fifehead Magdalen, Dorsetshire, dealer
Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 116.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alfrey, W. Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside, woollen-draper. [Matanle, Bond-court, Walbrook
Austin D. Cottage-grove, Mile-end Old town, brick-maker. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Anderson, W. Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, bookseller. [Francis, New Boswell-court
Acton, T. Holton, Cheshire, innkeeper. [Potts and Co., Chester
Alderson, G. Ferry-bridge, Yorkshire, coach proprietor. [Coleman, Pontefract; Gregory, Clement's-inn
Atkinson, R. St. Paul's Church-yard, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Acton, J. Ipswich, maltster. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn
Bramwell, W. Eybury-street, Pimlico, wine-merchant. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street
Birkhead, J. P. Watlington, apothecary. [James, Ely-place; Cook, Watlington
Brown, J. L. Milsom-street, Bath, draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall street
Barnard, I. Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, jeweller. [Reilly, Clement's-inn
Bidmead, J. Cheltenham, plumber. [King, Sergeant's-inn; Chadborn, Gloucester
Birkett, W. Whitehaven, grocer. [Helder, Clement's-inn; Walker, Whitehaven
Bullock, E. Bath, haberdasher. [Clowes and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple; Hardy and Co., Bath
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road, Whitechapel, merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist. [White and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
Baeyertz, F. Bread-street-mews, merchant. [Towne, Crown court, Threadneedle-street
Carter, A. Crosby-row, Walworth, baker. [Kiss, Gloucester-buildings, Walworth
Cull, J. Portsmouth, maltster. [Bogue and Co., Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn
Copeland, W. Sheffield, surgeon. [Capes, Raymond's-buildings, Gray's inn: Hardy, Sheffield
Copley, G. Wakefield, Yorkshire, linen-draper. [Coleman, Pontefract; Gregory, Clement's-inn
Cooper, W. Cheltenham, music-seller. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Cheese, J., J. R. Gordon, and W. Low, late of Red-lion-court, Fleet-street, printers. [Watson and Co., Bouverie-street, Strand
Crossman, T. Bristol, victualler. [Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol
Creese, W. Gloucester, innkeeper. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Abell and Clutterbuck, Gloucester
Cooper, W. H. Cannon-row, Westminster, dealer in Roman cement. [Oriel and Leader, Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street
Darby, E. Arabella-row, Pimlico, oil and colourman. [Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street
Duncan, E. and W. Brecon and Merthyr Tidfil, mercers. [Bold and Co., Brecon; Bicknell and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
Dollman, C. Regent-street, Mary-le-bone, East India shawl-warehouseman. [Bailey, Berner's street, Oxford-street

Dawson, R. Liverpool, merchant. [Pritt and Co., Liverpool; Blackstock and Co., Temple
Dobson, N. and I. Sabin, Lewisham, corn-chandlers. [Tadhunter, Bermondsey street
Dyson, W. Clayton West, Yorkshire, carpenter. [Rodgers, Sheffield; Rodgers, Devonshire-square
Davies, W. Southampton, dealer in music. [Hawke, Broad street-chambers; Winter and Co., Bedford-row
Ellis, W. Seymour-street, St. Pancras, grocer, [Aubrey, Took's-court, Cursitor-street
Edwards, P. Liverpool, corn-broker. [Holden, Liverpool; Wheeler and Co., Gray's-inn-place
Elliott, J. Bond-court, Walbrook, money-scrivener. [Ewington, Bond-court, Walbrook
Edmonds, T. junior, Steyning, Sussex, timber-merchant. [Howarth, Warwick-street, Golden-square
Eborall, J. Litchfield, mercer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane; Parr, Litchfield
Fenton, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Lord-street, Liverpool
Fogg, J. Bolton-le-moors-lane, innkeeper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-moors
Fletcher, G. Worksop, Notts, blacksmith. [Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham; Hurd and Co., Temple
Fraley, N. junior, Trowbridge, Wilts, builder. [Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand
Gates, W. Brighton, wine-merchant. [Tilson and Co., Coleman-street
Gesson, M. A. Crawley, Sussex, hatter. [Dendy and Co., Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane; Stedman, Horsham
Green, T. Clarence-cottage, West-green, Tottenham, builder. [Holmes, Great Knightrider-street, Doctors' Commons
Graham, J. Liverpool, innkeeper. [Morecroft, Liverpool, Chester, Staple-inn
Grimani, C. Blackheath, schoolmaster. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury
Hayes, S. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. [Wigley, Essex-street, Strand
Harris, R. Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer. [Brooks, Stow-on-the-wold, Gloucestershire; Jones and Co., Great Mary-le-bone-street
Howden, G. Ingress-park, Kent, boarding-house-keeper. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Hornblow, W. Acre-lane, Clapham, master-mariner. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Hughes, J. Lombard-street, broker. [Vickery, New Boswell court, Carey-street
Harrison, W. B. and G. Manchester, cotton-dealers. [Thompson and Co., Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hammond, G. Strensall, Yorkshire, tanner. [Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Thorpe and Co., York
Hughes, J. Cheltenham, butcher. [King, Hatton-garden; Packwood, Cheltenham
Joseph, T. Cheltenham, hatter. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
Jones, T. High-street, Shoreditch, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
James, W. Bruton, Somersetshire, blacksmith. [Hartley, New-bridge street; Miller, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire
Johnson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; Richardson, Hull
Jessup, W. junior, Broad-street, Ratcliffe, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-square
Kent, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, builder. [Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook
Knight, J. Rupert-street, St. James's, saddler's-ironmonger. [Young, Poland-street, Oxford-street
Lax, J. Liverpool, grocer. [Williamson, Liverpool; Kearsley, Lothbury
Lloyd, R. Bourne Farm, Edmonton, cattle-dealer, [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row
Mallalieu, A. Cobham-place, Finsbury-square, agent. [Robinson, Walbrook
M'Turk, W. Pilsworth, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Lever, Gray's-inn-square; Acre and Co., Manchester
Martindale, J. of the Flatts, Durham, farmer. [Carr and Jobling, and Kirkley and Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard
Moore, W. Upper King-street, Bloomsbury, cordwainer. [Vincent, Clifford's inn
Mumford, T. Kennington-cross, coach-master. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand
Metcalfe, G. Liverpool, grocer. [Blackstock and Co., Temple; Brabner, Fenwick-street, Liverpool
Moore, S. Crown-street, Soho, victualler. [Matanle, Bond-court, Walbrook
Mullen, S. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham; Hend and Co., Temple
March, W. F. Southampton, ship-owner. [Pepper, Southampton; Brundrett and Co., Temple
Moses, L. Harrow, slopseller. [Wright, Bucklersbury
Millwood, J. Hammersmith, builder. [Lonsdale, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane
Marshman, B. Castle-street, Leicester-square, woollen-draper. [Ridout, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury
Newmarch, B. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Pready, J. Bristol, grocer. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row
Pallan, M. Ranskill, Notts., victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square
Phipps, G. Morton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, victualler. [King, Hatton-garden; Goore, Morton-in-Marsh
Rainford, G. Kidderminster, liquor-merchant. [Parker and Co., Worcester; Cardall and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Robinson, F. Ripley, Derbyshire, grocer. [Fox, Ashbourne; Barber, Fetter-lane
Rees, J. Neath, Glamorganshire, linen-draper. [Cardall and Co., Gray's-inn; Powell, Neath
Raphael, P. Hosier-lane, Smithfield, glass-dealer. [Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion house
Richardson, E. T. Charing-cross, watch-maker. [Webber, Bedford-row
Rogers, T. Shacklewell, boarding-house-keeper. [Richardson and Co., Poultry
Roby, R. Leamington, Warwickshire, hotel-keeper. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Carey-street; Patterson, Leamington
Roper, H. Aldermanbury, woollen-factor. [Scott, Prince's-street, Bedford-row
Stppen, E. Newman-street, Oxford-street, musicseller. [Bishop, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Strudwicke, W. H. Covent Garden-market, fruiterer. [Pellatt and Co., Ironmonger's-hall, Fenchurch-street
Sims, G. F. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, chinaman. [Bowden, Little St. Thomas Apostle
Snowden, R. Liverpool, master-mariner. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Steinback, H. Castle-street, Leicester-square, gold embroiderer. [Barrett and Co., Gray's-inn
Smith, T. S. New Exchange Coffee-house, Strand, wine-merchant. [Henson and Co., Bouverie-street
Sharpe, S. Market-Deeping, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener. [Monkhouse, Craven-street, Strand; Bonner, Spalding
Thompson, S. late of Bolton-le-Moors, ironfounder. [Barker, Gray's-inn-square; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-Moors
Taylor, J. Green-arbour-court, Old Bailey, typefounder. [Clarke and Co., Sadler's-hall
Tucker, J. Church's-mill, Woodchester, clothier. [Housman, Woodchester; Cardall and Co., Gray's-inn
Thompson, J. Winksley, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. [Thompson, Stansfield, and Thompson, Halifax; Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
Tobias, J. Ratcliffe-highway, furrier. [Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields
Turner, E. Warrington, Lancashire, banker.

[Duckworth and Co., Prince's-street, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Taylor, J. T. Upper Thames-street, iron-merchant. [Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street
Tebbutt, H. Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Hladgate and Co., Essex-street, Strand; Jackson, Stamford
Tetley, J. Harden, Yorkshire, worsted-stuff-manufacturer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane; Dawson, Heighley
Whitmarsh, J. Old Bond-street, Piccadilly, victualler. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street
Ward, H. W. Berner's-street, merchant. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place
Whitlock, J. Weedon, Northamptonshire, timber-merchant. [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Wardle, T. Lad-lane, silk manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury
Wall, W. Great Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, tailor. [Tilbury and Co., Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street
Watson, W. late of South Shields, agent. [Lowrey and Co, Pinner's-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowrey, North Shields
Wilson, C. Henley-on-Thames, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Woods, C. Robert's-bridge, Sussex, saddler. [Briggs, Lincoln's-inn-Fields
Wilson, T. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, perfumer. Wall, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.
Wardle, R. Grosvenor-street-west, Pimlico, carpenter. [Bartley, Somerset-street, Portman-square
Wheeler, H. Frome Selwood, Somerset, millwright. [Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Miller, Frome Selwood
Young, J. and W. W. Bristol, confectioners. [Bourdillon and Co., Cheapside; Bevan and Co., Small-street, and Savery, Corn-street, Bristol.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Shuldham, to the Augmented Curacy of Cowley, Oxon.—Rev. C. C. Clarke, to the Vicarage of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford.—Rev. W. R. Wyatt, to the Living of St. Giles's, Durham.—Rev. W. N. Darnell, to the Vicarage of Norham, North Durham.—Rev. W. Streatfield, to the Vicarage of East Ham, Essex.—Rev. T. Best, to the Rectory of Kirby-on-Baine, Lincolnshire.—Rev. C. Arnold, to the Rectory of Tinwell, Rutland.—Rev. E. A. Brydges, to the Rectory of Denton, with the Perpetual Curacy of Swingfield, Kent.—Rev. F. Morrison, to the Living of Corkamahide, Limerick.—Rev. R. W. Hutchins, to the Rectory of East Bridgeford, Notts.—Rev. Dr. Payne, to the Augmented Curacy of Northmore, Oxon.—Rev. E. Griffith, to a Prebendal Stall at St. David's.—Rev. W. Bowen, to the Vicarage of Ewyas Harold, Hereford.—Rev. W. Sandford, to the Benefice of Newport, Salop.—Rev. H. Atlay, to the Rectory of Costerton Magna, with Pickworth annexed, Rutland.—Rev. C. Ingle, to the Living of Strensall and Osbaldwick, York.—Rev. W. Hames, to the Rectory of Chagford, Devon.—Rev. B. Bray, to the Rectory of Lidford, Devon.—Rev. B. Beauchamp, to the Curacy of Thorverton, Devon.—Rev. J. Landon, to the Vicarage of Bishopstawton, Devon.—Rev. E. Homfray, to the Perpetual Curacy of Langdon, Salop.—Rev. J. Paul, to the Church and Parish of St. Cuthbert, Presbytery of Edinburgh.—Rev. W. Nicholson, to the Church and Parish of Ferry Port-on-Craig, in St. Andrew's, Presbytery of Fife.—Rev. J. N. Molesworth, appointed Chaplain to Lord Guilford.—Rev. W. S. Gilly, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Margaret, Durham.—Rev. J. F. Squire, to the Rectory of Beachampton, Bucks.—Rev. S. S. Busby, to the Rectory of Colton, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. T. S. Basnett, to the Rectory of Ronsall, Derby.—Rev. D. Jones, to the Vicarage of Aberyscir, Brecon.—Rev. P. J. Lewis, to the Vicarage of Cwmyoy, Hereford.—Rev. W. Williamson, to the Perpetual Curacy of Farnley, Leeds.—Rev. G. W. Brooks, to the Rectory of Great Hampden, with the vicarage of Kimble, Bucks.—Rev. H. Robinson, to the Rectory of great Warley, Essex.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Marquis of Lansdown, to be Lord Lieutenant of Wilts.—Sir Anthony Hart, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—Sir Launcelot Shadwell, to be Vice-Chancellor and Privy Councillor.—Sir W. Keppel, to be Governor of Guernsey and Privy Councillor.—Sir James Macintosh, a Privy Councillor.—Mr. Herries has been sworn in Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Sir E. Codrington, Grand Cross of the Bath; and all the Captains and Commanders in the late Navarin engagement, to be Knights of that Order.—The Lord High Admiral has promoted to the rank of Post Captain all the Commanders who were serving in the ships engaged with the Turkish fleet, the Senior Lieutenants to Commanders, and the Senior Mates to Lieutenants.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

October 27.—Information of the Queen Dowager of Wurtemburg's safe arrival at Frankfort, from her voyage to England.

— The Irresistible, steam-boat (built by subscription for aiding the Greeks) took fire, and burnt to the water's edge, near Gravesend: two men severely scalded. It cost £10,000.

28.—An Order of Council issued, to modify, to a very limited extent, the exclusion of the United States merchantmen from the ports in British West India Colonies.

29.—An irruption of the Thames, so extensive that in a few minutes all the excavations of St. Katharine's dock were filled to the level of the river.

— The Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 22 received sentence of death, 79 were ordered for transportation, and others imprisoned—making in the whole 200.

—A meeting of the Privy Council held at His Majesty's Exchequer, in Westminster Hall, for the trial of His Majesty's Coins in the Pix of the Mint.

November 9.—The Lord Mayor's Day was kept in great splendour, and the procession was grander than usual; H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral of England, with various noble and distinguished personages, honoured his lordship with their company to dinner, at Guildhall. An accident occurred about ten o'clock in the evening, which threw the guests into a little consternation, by the fall of a board with lamps, on the persons of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress; fortunately they were not hurt.

11.—An Extraordinary London Gazette published, containing an account of an engagement which the British fleet sustained, in unison with the French and Russians, against the Turkish and Egyptian fleets, in the port of Navarin, who were conveying troops into the Morea against the Greeks, under Ibrahim Bey. The result is, 1 Turkish line of battle ship burnt; 2 driven on shore, wrecks; 1 double frigate sunk; 1 on shore, a wreck; 2 burnt; 15 frigates burnt and sunk; 3 on shore, wrecks; 1 on shore, masts standing; 15 corvettes burnt and sunk; 4 on shore, wrecks; 9 brigs burnt and sunk; 1 on shore, masts standing; 6 fire-ships destroyed, and 3 transports. The loss of men must have been immense, as 1,050 were killed in two ships only. The British lost 75; wounded, 197. The French, 43; wounded, 144. British officers killed were, Captains Bell, Stevens, and Bathurst; Lieutenants Fitzroy, P. Sturgeon. Wounded, Hon. Lieut.-Col. Craddock (passenger); commander J. N. Campbell; Captain Moore; Lieutenants D'Urban, Sturt, Smyth, May, and Lyons.

15.—The Middlesex Magistrates, assembled in the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, voted that the immediate erection of a Lunatic Asylum is absolutely necessary; and they formed a committee to receive plans, &c.

16.—A Privy Council held, when the Recorder made his report of the 40 prisoners condemned at the last September Sessions, when 4 were ordered for execution on the 22d instant.

20.—An Order of Council, published in the London Gazette, authorizing the commanders of the British naval forces to seize and send into some port belonging to His Majesty, and to be there detained, every armed vessel at sea, under the Greek flag, or fitted out and armed at any Greek port, excepting such ships as are acting under the orders of the persons exercising the powers of government in Greece.

22.—Four convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, J. Bulkeley, esq., to Miss Buller, of Bryanstone-square.—At St. Pancras, C. Bischoff, esq., to Miss Frances Compton.—At Cheshunt, J. Selby, esq., to Miss Matilda Anne Toed.—Isaac Cohen, esq., brother-in-law to N. M. Rothschild, esq., to Miss Samuel, of Finsbury-square.—J. Ward, esq., R.A., to Miss Fritche.—At Harrow, Captain E. F. Fitzgerald, son of Lord E. Fitzgerald, to Jane, daughter of Sir J. D. Paul, bart.—W. Treland, esq., to Miss Hanson.—At Wanstead, H. T. Danvers, esq., to Miss Gilly.—At Chelsea, Harriet, Duchess of Roxburgh, to W. F. O'Reilly, esq., major of 41st regiment.—At St. Margaret's, C. K. Murray, esq. secretary to the Lord Chancellor, to Lady H. A. Leslie, daughter of the Countess of Rothes.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Ceroti to Miss Smallwood.

DEATHS.

In Privy Gardens, 68, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.—At Twickenham, Lady F. C. Douglas, fi th daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, 93, Sir F. Willes, formerly under secretary of state.—At Mitcham, 72, Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Oakes, bart.—Mary, daughter of the Lord Mayor.—At Warley-lodge, the Hon. G. M. A. W. A. Winn, M.P. for Maldon.—At Bloomsbury, Rev. T. Willis, rector, prebendary of Rochester, and vicar of Wateringbury, Kent.—In Westminster, 63, A. Benson, esq., principal committee clerk of the House of Commons.—In High Holborn, 73, Mr. R. Cribb.—At Kentish Town, Sarah, Lady of Sir J. Williams.—In South Audley-street, J. N. Talbot, esq., son of Colonel Talbot, M. P. for Dublin.—In Westminster, 69, J. Sale, esq., member of the five choirs, *viz.* Windsor, Eton, Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey.—At Hammersmith, 75, W. Belsham, esq., author of a "History of England," and other works.—In Westminster, 72, T. Gayfere, esq.; the exterior of Henry VII.'s chapel, and the front of Westminster Hall, both of which were restored from his drawings, and under his sole superintendence, will be lasting monuments of his abilities as an architect and a mason.—At Yorkgate, J. A. Gilmour, esq., treasurer to the East India Company.—At Richmond, 85, Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Newfoundland, the Hon. F. Maude, R.N., son of Lord Hawarden, to Frances, second daughter to the Hon. A. H. Brooking, collector of H.M.'s Customs, St. John's.—At the British Minister's, Berne, H. P. A. Baron de Medem, of Mittau, to Eliza Anne Lambton, widow of the late H. Lambton, esq., Durham.—At Rotterdam, J. Macpherson, esq., to Miss E. Ferrier, daughter of the British Consul there.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Verrerie, near Albe, in France, 103 years, 9 months, and 21 days, the Countess Dowager Solages.—At Jamaica, the Hon. M. St. Clair, second son of Lord Sinclair; and Lieut. C. Maitland, cousin to Lord Lauderdale.—At Paris, the Earl of Newburgh.—At Frankfort, Sir J. Murray, bart., colonel of 56th regiment.—At Boulogne-sur-mer, Captain J. Mayne.—At Naples, Lieut.-Col. de Montmorency, nephew of the late Viscount de Montmorency, a branch of the illustrious Montmorencys of France.—At Paris, 17, J. H. Colebrooke, son of H. T. Colebrooke, esq., of Argyle-street.—At Vienna, Field Marshal Brady, a native of Ireland.—At Rome, Rev. T. R. Spence.—At Lausanne, Mrs. Thruston.—77, Selina, relict of

the late W. Innes, esq., of Jamaica, and daughter of the late Sir. W. Chambers, bart.—R. T. Pocock, esq., lieutenant in the Madras Cavalry, and son of Sir G. Pocock, bart.—At Marseilles, Dr. A. Solomon, formerly of Birmingham.—At Charenton, near Paris, Mr. T. Finch, engineer,

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Assembly Room, built by the Duke of Northumberland for the inhabitants of Alnwick and environs, was opened October 19, with the Sessions Ball, and was attended by all the gentry of the vicinity. On the Duke and Duchess entering, the music played *Chevy Chace*. The room is the length of that at Newcastle, and 24 feet high, and is adorned with three magnificent chandeliers.

A superb piece of plate, consisting of a splendid candelabra, of exquisite workmanship, has been presented, by the freeholders of Northumberland, to M. Bell, esq., M.P., in estimation of his public character.

A meeting of the ship-owners of Newcastle was held November 7, to take into consideration the *increasing depression* of the British shipping interest generally, and of Newcastle in particular; when several resolutions were unanimously passed, expressive of calling upon His Majesty's government to attend to their complaints; and proving the actual incapability of British ships competing with the *untaxed* foreigner. "Surely (said the principal speaker on this occasion) the foundation of the mighty fabric of our naval and national greatness will not, for a baseless and heartless theory, be suffered to sink into irremediable ruin, for want of that fostering care to which it is so justly entitled."

A meeting of merchants and traders has been held at Newcastle, when a memorial was agreed to be presented to the Lords of the Treasury, for repealing that part of the stamp act which requires stamp receipts for sums under £20.

A fine healthy boy, about 5 years of age, the son of Mr. Adamson, of North Shields, died lately, from eating the roots of a flower commonly called monk's-wood.

Lately, in Newcastle, a man, who had undergone variolous vaccination, was affected with the small-pox, in the confluent. All his neighbours and children had undergone vaccination, except one little girl, who sickened and died; a young man, who only passed the door on his way to and from work, who had not been vaccinated, conveyed the effluvia to his own home, where his sister, who had not been vaccinated, sickened and died.

Mr. Lindesay, of Durham, has laid before the Committee of British Merchants and Ship-owners of London and Liverpool, a method of raising all kinds of goods into their lofty warehouses, by means of water, instead of the cranes now in use.

A male skeleton was found lately at Haystonhill, near Houghton-le-spring, in a lime quarry. It was at a depth of about two feet from the surface, and was doubled up together in a manner which leaves no doubt that a murder had been committed.

At the Durham Martinmas Hiring, few servants were hired, in consequence of their asking an advance in wages, which the farmers could not afford to give.

Married.] At Houghton-le-spring, by licence, T. Simm, to Catherine Arthur, both of Easington-lane. Before the ceremony took place, the intended bride undressed herself in a pew of the church, and the bridegroom elect put a chemise over her, and this was the only article of dress she wore at her marriage. This indecency originated in the silly idea, that a husband who marries a wife without property or clothes is exempt from the payment of her previous debts.—At Allendale, Rev. W. Walton to Miss Jane Crawhall.—At Newcastle, J. Bainbridde, esq., to Miss Woodhouse; Mr. W. Henderson to Mrs. Hogg.—At Gretna-hall, J. E. White, esq., to Miss Birch.—At Tanfield, Mr. B. Henderson to Miss Watson.—At Sunderland, Mr. Sherlocke to Miss Dixon; Mr. L. Haddock to Miss Proudfoot.—At St. Peter's in Allendale, Mr. W. Walton to Miss Jane Crawland.—At Stanhope, Mr. J. Barnfather to Mrs Coatsworth.—At Wallsend, G. Hawkes, esq., to Miss Wright.

Died.] At Kingswood, 83, J. Johnson, of the Society of Friends.—At Durham, Mr. J. Willis; Miss Herron.—At Elwick, 76, the widow of T. Younghusband, esq.—At North Shields, 90, Mrs. Ditchburn.—At Heighington, Mrs. Elizabeth Jepson.—At Easington, Mrs. Thompson.—At Darlington, 97, J. Lamb.—At Fenham-hall, Mrs. Clarke; the Rev. T. Mollard; 61, M. Morrison, esq.—At Chapple-house, near Newcastle, Mrs. Davison.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Jane Clarke.

YORKSHIRE.

The foundation stone of the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, was laid by the Archbishop, October 24, on the ancient site of St. Mary's Abbey (granted by the crown), on the Manor-shore, near York.

A public meeting has been held at Leeds Courthouse, in behalf of "instruction to be given to a destitute population of one of the most ancient colonies of this realm—the Colony of Newfoundland;" when a collection was made, and resolutions entered into, for the benefit of the Newfoundland Society.

The Huddersfield Bazaar, under the protection of its lady patronesses, has produced the sum of £454. 19s., for the benefit of the National Schools, and has thus not only relieved them from debt, but formed a surplus fund for their future support.

Application will be made at the approaching Session of Parliament, for an act to erect a bridge over the Aire, to communicate Hunslet with the south-east part of Leeds.

The Proprietors of the Aire and Calder Navigation, intend to make application to Parliament next session, for powers to enable them to complete their long contemplated improvements up to Leeds and Wakefield. The privileges of a port have been lately extended to Goole; and the intention with

respect to the river Aire is, to form a continuous line of canal navigation from Leeds to Allerton Bywater, which will be followed to near its confluence with the Calder; from whence a new cut will be made to Bullholme Clough: below which place the river is very deep generally to Ferrybridge, where the Goole Canal commences. Our commercial readers will readily appreciate the immense advantages which will accrue from these improvements. Connected with Goole as a port, we hail them as fresh stimulants to the trade of the whole district.

Reliques of the ancient times are continually being found in York. Several coins, fragments of urns, and other articles, have been found in digging the foundations for a new street, without Micklegate Bar.

In the last week of October, auriculas were in bloom in a garden near York. At Sheffield, polyanthuses in the gardens, and primroses in the fields, sent forth their sweets, and displayed their colours, as if it were a new spring.

A new church was consecrated at Ripon, on the 31st of October, by his Grace the Archbishop of York. It has been built at the sole expense of the Rev. Edward Kilvington.

Some workmen, in lowering the hills of the Roman ridge, near Kippax, discovered ten skeletons, which had probably been consigned to that deposit during the time of the civil wars.

The Methodist Society in Leeds is quite in a state of disorganization, owing to Conference having sanctioned the erection of an organ in one of the chapels there, against the opinion of some of the class leaders and local preachers. The affair threatens to produce a breach in the Society.

The trade at Leeds is very dull. There has not been any increased demand in the Baltic trade in consequence of the importation of foreign corn; and the merchants are much less warm in advocating the repeal of the corn laws than they were.

Married.] At Stonegrave, J. Dale, esq., to Miss Robinson.—At Thwing, J. Sturdy, esq., to Miss Wright.—At Knaresborough, E. S. Bowersback, esq., to Miss Walton.—At Leeds, W. Cadman, esq., to Miss Rhodes; R. Raisin, esq., to Miss Oliver.—At York, M. J. Quin, esq., to Miss Smith.

Died.] At Stainton, the wife of J. Favell, esq.—At Farnley, the Rev. T. Pullaw.—At Sheffield, R. Blakelock, esq.—At Hull, 100, Mrs. Ann Robins.—At Knaresborough, G. Atkinson, esq.—At Bramhope-hall, Mrs. Rhodes.—At Scarborough, the Rev. J. Kirk.—At Stone-gap, near Skipton, W. Sedgwick, esq.—At Paunal-house, near Harrowgate, 90, Mrs. Crosby.—At Wakefield, Mrs. Soulby.—At Richmond, Mr. Douthwaite.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

By a meeting of the inhabitants of Ludlow, October 23, it appears that "the bailiff's feast and ball" has been abolished, although it has existed time out of mind, to the manifest injury of the trade, and the uncalled-for deprivation of the amusement of the town. Several strong resolutions were passed at this meeting, and the following: "Resolved, that those persons, who have attempted to reduce the tradesmen of this town to want, for no other reason than because they have in the least offensive manner asserted their rights and privileges, are entitled to the scorn and detestation of all good Englishmen."

Trade is in an improving state in the Staffordshire potteries; and the winter prospect is so far preferable to that of last year, that it is highly gratifying.

Married.] At Lichfield, W. Oakeley, esq, fourth son of Sir C. Oakeley, bart., to Mary Maria, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir E. Miles.

Died.] At Ludlow, Admiral James Vashon.—At Dawley-green, G. Gilpin, esq.; he has left a curious MS. on the Emigration of Prince Madog, and the Existence of a Tribe of Welsh Indians in America.—In August, 1826, died Mr. Lateward, of the Hall Orchard; and 15th September following, his daughter; soon afterwards his mother-in-law expired; and 18th August last, his wife—making the 4th corpse in one family within 12 months; and, since then, his sister, Mrs. Mansell, of Envill, is also dead.—At Shrewsbury, 87, W. Jones; he had been grave-digger at St. Chad's 61 years—At Uttoxeter, 86, B. Hodgson, esq.—At Cannock, 105, Mrs. Brindley.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

Died.] At Cromwell, Rev. C. F. Clinton, rector of that parish, and prebendary of Westminster.—At Newark, 84, "Porr Billy Briggs!" who, though quite blind, used to carry parcels to any part of the town without a guide.—At South Collingham, 94, "Honest Will Farrow!" whose lengthened existence solely passed in the arduous occupation of a river Trent fisherman, in which employment he encountered all the trying difficulties and privations of unassisted penury; his regular diet was mint tea for breakfast and supper, and bread moistened in the river for dinner. "Blush, grandeur, blush!"

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

At a meeting held in the Town-hall, Liverpool, it has been resolved to erect a bridge over the Mersey, at Fidler's Ferry. The expense is estimated at £30,000, to be raised in shares of £100 each.

By the General Report of the Macclesfield Commissioners of Police, it appears that the expenses of the lighting account, from September 29, 1825, to September 29, 1827, were £1,192. 5s. 6d.; and those of the highway and improvement account, £6,932. 11s. 8d.

The Mayoralty of Liverpool has been contested for with all the characteristics of the return of an M.P. It lasted six days; the lucky candidate had 1,780 votes, and the unlucky one 1765.

On the morning of November 13, at half-past 12 o'clock, R. Gleave was taken on the premises of Mr. J. Longshaw, Warrington, stealing fowls, and secured, and, in one hour, delivered into the custody of the deputy constable, who took him in a chaise, with the prosecutor, at 7 o'clock; at 10 o'clock they arrived at Kirkdale—a bill was found—he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to 7 years' transportation. The offence was thus committed, the prisoner taken into custody, conveyed 20 miles, convicted, and transported, in the space of 12 hours—a proof of judicial expedition.

Died] At Whalley, 76, Rev. C. Wright, principal of Stonyhurst College.—At Chester, J. S. Aspden, esq., deputy seal keeper for the County Palatine of Lancaster.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Died] At Lyndon, 75, Mrs. A. Bull.—At Goadby-park, Anne Manners, wife of Otho Manners, esq., high sheriff for Leicestershire.—At Bosworth-park, Sir Willoughby Dixie, bart.—At Great Bowden, Mr. D. French.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Northamptonshire National School Society has approved of the establishment of a Preparatory Infant School in Northampton, and are carrying it

into effect, independent of the funds of their own; for which purpose subscriptions are taken in by the local bankers.

Died.] At Northampton, 82, Mrs. West.—At Meriden-hall, 79, W. Digby, esq., many years chairman of the quarter sessions, Warwickshire.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The expenditure of the county of Worcester from Michaelmas 1826, to same date 1827, amounts to £8,421. 12s. 5d.; near the whole of which has been swallowed up in conducting the criminal and civil jurisprudence, and its etceteras—scarcely £1,500 having been expended under the heads of lunatics, coroners, bridges, militia, and even vagrants!

The Commissioners for Inquiry into the Public Charities under the management of the Corporation of Worcester, have concluded their sittings.

Died.] 84, Mr. J. Broad; he occupied Lickhill Farm, near Stourport, upwards of 60 years.—At Worcester, 92, Mrs. Baylis.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The sale of fancy work, conducted by the ladies at Alstone, for the Infant School, produced upwards of £160, which has entirely freed the school from embarrassment, and rendered its utility to above 120 children!

At the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Cheltenham Savings' Bank, October 30, it appears that the receipts amounted to £70,512. 8s.; out of which had been repaid to depositors, including interest, £37,988. 1s.; remaining in government securities, £32,524. 7s.

The amount of goods and shipping, during the first six months, which has now been completed, of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal, is no less than 60,447 tons, producing rates of upwards of £1,560. Thus the business done has exceeded the original calculation, which was 83,000 tons per annum.

The anniversary of the birth-day and death of the benevolent Colston, was celebrated November 13, at Bristol, by the different charitable institutions, with that enthusiasm it so justly merits. At the dinner of the Dolphin Society £400. 10s. 6d. was collected; at that of the Anchor Society, £552. 2s. 6d.; and at the Grateful Society about £330!!!

Married.] At Clifton, E. W. Batchellor, esq., to Miss Eliza Bush.

Died.] At Dirham, 83, Rev. G. Swayne.—At the Hotwells, 67, H. Dupont, esq.—At Charrington-park, J. George, esq.

BEDFORD AND HERTFORD.

What must every considerate man think, and more especially a religious man, when he sees the parish church shut up for three successive Sundays, and that more than once in twelve months. On inquiry, the answer at the clergyman's house was, "Master's very well, but he and his family are gone for a few weeks to a watering-place." This has actually happened twice within the last twelve months at a parish in Bedfordshire!!!—*Herts Mercury, Oct.* 27, 1827.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

At the triennial visitation recently made by the vice-chancellor, &c. of Oxford, the sum of £300 was distributed in portions of £25 each, to maid-servants, for having well conducted themselves for upwards of three years in one service.

Married.] At Pusey, Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore, son of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to E. Bouverie, daughter of the Hon. Philip and Lady Lucy Pusey.

Died.] At Windsor, 75, the Hon. Mrs. A. Egerton.—At Reading, 103, Mrs. A. P. Morrell.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Waterstock, Rev. L. M. Halton to Miss E. P. M. Sclater.

Died.] At Oxford, 79, Mr. S. T. Wood; he served the offices of chamberlain and bailiff in 1772 and 1780.—At Pyrton, 17, Miss Caroline Dimock; the following Sunday her aunt, Mrs. Field, 49; and the next day, Mr. Dimock, her father, 47.—At Woodstock, H. F. Mavor, esq.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

It was resolved, October 20, by the Governors of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, that the musical festival, from the great success that attended the last two meetings, shall be held triennially.

The inhabitants of Acle have resolved at a public meeting, lately held for the purpose, to divide among themselves, in proportion to their number of arable acres, their able-bodied labourers, and to find them employ till Michaelmas 1828, at such wages as shall preclude the necessity, except in cases of sickness, of their applying for parochial aid: those whom age or infirmities prevent from being reckoned among the able-bodied, they have also consented to employ in turn—an example worthy the imitation of all the parishes in the empire, whose grand object is agriculture. This plan was tried last year at Acle, and it has been found to answer, in a moral view, as well as in that of preventing an increase in the rates.

At Lowestoft Ness, as well as at Yarmouth, the sea has erected a complete series of natural embankments against itself. The present extent of land thrown up by the sea, and out of the reach of the highest tides, is nearly three miles long, projecting from the base of the original cliff to the distance of 630 yards at the Ness. The respective lines of growth are indicated by a series of small embankments perfectly defined. Several of these ridges have been formed within the memory of men now living. A rampart of heavy materials is first thrown up by a violent gale from the north-east. Sand is subsequently blown over, and consolidates the shingle, and the process is completed by the arundo arenaria, and other marine plants, taking root, and extending their fibres in a kind of network through the mass. In process of time the surface becomes covered with vegetable mould, and ultimately, in many cases, is covered with good herbage.

Married.] At Castle Rising, Major General Tolley to Miss F. Brodrick, daughter of the late Archbishop of Cashel.—At Bury, Rev. S. Gedge to Miss Clara Deck.

Died.] At Cossey, 100, Mrs. A. M. T. Vere.—At Norwich, 89, Mrs. Farrow.—At Yarmouth, 77, Mrs. Pullyn.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

From the excess of population beyond the demand for labour, in the parish of Shipley, the farmers are obliged to adopt a course of crops of an expensive and exhausting nature, and for which their land is not suited, to enable them to employ the people, as also to pay their rates. The estimated annual rent of this parish is

£2,599; the annual amount of the poor rates, £2,314. 11s. !!!

Married.] At Brighton, J. Theobald, esq., to Anna Maria, third daughter of Major General Seymour.

Died.] Oct. 16, at Horsham, 57, Mr. S. Dendy; and on the following morning, 31, Miss E. Dendy, his eldest daughter, expired in a fit by excessive grief. October 20, also died, Mrs. M. A. Dendy, the wife; and Mrs. Bowles, the sister of Mr. Dendy.—87, Serjeant Whip; he had been staff serjeant at Portsmouth under 20 lieutenant-governors, and served under George II. III. and IV. —At Brighton, 95, Mrs. Macquires.—At Ratton, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Thomas.

KENT AND SURREY.

An extraordinary phenomenon occurred along the Kentish coast, which has rarely, perhaps, or ever occurred. The tides within two hours, on Wednesday morning, October 31, rose three times, and at one time so high, that they exceeded the usual bounds even of the spring tides. At London Bridge, and along the banks of the Thames and Medway, the low land was flooded; the marshes being fully stocked with cattle, much confusion was occasioned by the short notice that was given for their removal, and many sheep were lost. People were also employed in saving in boats the inhabitants of the cottages situated in the marshes. At Faversham the water came almost up to the houses, and the marshes in that neighbourhood were inundated.

DORSET AND WILTS.

Allington new church has been consecrated by the Bishop of Bristol; it is a neat and elegant structure.

The difficulties in the way of the disfranchisement of Cranbourn Chace have been overcome; and the requisite notice has been given to obtain an Act of Parliament for its enclosure. Thus will between 30 and 40,000 acres of excellent land be brought into cultivation. The bounds of the Chace, claimed by Lord Rivers, extending about one hundred miles, namely, from Harnham Bridge, near Salisbury, by the edge of Wilton, to Shaftesbury, Dorset; to the banks of the Stour, near Sturminster, thence by Blandford, and near Wimborne, to Ringwood and Fordingbridge in Hampshire, and to Downton and Harnham Bridge in Wilts. The stock of deer is about 15,000, who make inroads into the surrounding lands, doing great injury. The morals of the villagers likewise suffer greatly from the practice of killing the deer in the night, the extent of the space preventing an effectual watch.

Married.] At West Chelborough, J. Meech, esq., to Miss Susan Daw.—At Shaftesbury, Mr. Imber to Miss Dowland.—At Wareham, Mr. Dean to Miss E. Cole.

Died.] At Kingston-hall, the seat of H. Bankes, esq., M.P.; 77, Dr. G. P. Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the Order of the Garter.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At a meeting held at the Market House, by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton, it was resolved to establish an Infant School, when a committee was formed, and £300 subscribed for that purpose.

In the report of the grand jury at the late sessions, they say—"It is with pain the grand jury have to observe, that they have been refused admittance to that part of the gaol appropriated to females, under the idea that it would prove an infringement on the rights of the visiting magistrates!" The grand jury likewise say it would be fortunate if Parliament would repeal the enactments which support the coercive system of parish apprentices. They also hint at "the want of co-operation between the authorities of the county, and the several local jurisdictions, to put down vagrancy;" remarking that "mendicity societies have tended to increase the evil." They also allude to "the serious expenditure of the county!"

An iron and copper mine has been discovered at Luckham, near Porlock, Somerset; and a cargo of the ore has been shipped for smelting to the forges at Swansea.

The Lord Chancellor has confirmed the Vice-Chancellor's decree relative to the Awliscomb charity, *viz.*—"As corporations could hold no property except as trustees, he could not decree a retrospective account against the Chamber of Exeter, as the balance which should appear against the body must be taken from some other public trust." But he decreed an inquiry into the whole of its property, to ascertain upon what trust it was holden.

Died.] At Exeter, 70, Mr. Radford; he was one of the crew (out of five that were saved) of the Royal George, of 120 guns, that was sunk off Spithead June 28, 1782; 70, Mr. S. Cox; he bore the character of a learned man in astrology.—At Croscombe, Mary Phillips; she had lived 30 years in one family, an honest and grateful servant: she was interred in a handsome manner by her mistress, the clergyman, churchwardens, and all the gentlemen of the village attending.—At Devonport, Lady Georgiana Carnegie, daughter of Admiral the Earl of Northesk.—At Edingswell house, L. Protheroe, esq.

CORNWALL.

At the Cornwall County Sessions, the chairman, in the course of his address to the grand jury, said —"I cannot omit stating, that the best mode of checking the progress of crime, and one without which, I am persuaded, no other will be found available, is to allow the labouring population a full and fair remuneration for their labour, without sinking them in the scale of society, by compelling them to seek assistance from the poor-rates, as paupers, from the total insufficiency of the sum allowed them as wages for their support."

The fishery in Mount's Bay has been the least successful that has been known for many years, not above four cargoes of pilchards having been taken in the bay; but there is a prospect that the winter mackarel fishery will prove more favourable; some of the boats having had good catches, and one in particular took 3,000 fish.

At a numerous meeting of the Trustees of the Truro Turnpike Roads, held in the Town-hall, it was resolved to make application to Parliament for leave to carry into effect some proposed improvements in them.

WALES.

The lordship of Haya Wallensis, Brecon, was sold by auction, October 26 (by order of His Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests), to Viscount Hereford for 2,000 guineas.

Application will be made to Parliament next session, for a new road from Llandovery (Carmarthen) to Pembroke Dock; and for removing the market at Swansea to a more eligible and commodious situation.

Married.] At Swansea, A. Webber, esq., to Miss Caroline Jones.—At Tedworth, C. Jervis, esq., to Emma Illingworth, daughter of T. A. Smith, esq., lord lieutenant of Carnarvon.

Died.] At Swansea, 83, Mrs. H. Benning, relict of the late A. Benning, esq., who, in 1765, served the office of sheriff of New Hanover, North Carolina, and during the struggle for American independence, with other loyalists, came over to England.—At Pentanolly, D. Reid, esq., formerly high sheriff for Radnorshire.—At Talurminog, 77, Mrs. Oliver, widow of the late T. Oliver, esq., of Rhydoldog.—At Tregaron, 90, Mr. W. Rees.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Campbell has been re-elected lord rector for Glasgow University, and the inauguration took place November 16. After having taken the oaths, he shortly addressed the students. "He was not in a situation (he said) to be very profuse in expression; the signal honour which was conferred on him by the entire unanimity of their votes, was one which left more of feeling than of collected thought in his mind. It might be thought natural, at the commencement of another session, that he should advance something in the way of advice, to be of use to them in the furtherance of their studies: the excellent discipline practised in their establishment, however—which rendered it indispensable that both professor and student should fulfil their several responsibilities—made such advice unnecessary. There was one point on which he would express himself decidedly. He would pledge himself to the support of their rights and privileges; and with regard to the petition which he had heard it was their intention to lay before His Majesty's Commissioner for visiting the universities, praying that these ancient privileges might still be respected, he acknowledged his entire approval of it, and was ready to present it himself.

Married.] At Berbeth, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cathcart, late His Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation, and second son of William, Earl Cathcart, K.T., to Miss Jean Macadam, of Craigengillan.

Died.] At Muirhouse, near Edinburgh, 81, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, for more than 20 years the senior minister of Edinburgh.—At the Manse of Inverary, 95, Rev. Dr. Paul Fraser, the father of the Church of Scotland.—At Airthney, General Sir Robert Abercrombie, governor of Edinburgh Castle, and colonel of the 75th regt.—At Monifieth, 103, Mrs. Brown, mother of Provost Brown, Dundee.

IRELAND.

The disgraceful outrages recently committed in the county of Tipperary have roused the magistracy to active exertion, a meeting having been held at Thurles, to take into consideration the state of the county, the Earl of Llandaff in the chair; when, after a lengthened discussion, it was the general opinion of the meeting, that a memorial should be forwarded to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, praying that the Insurrection Act might be again placed on the Statute Book. To shew the necessity of similar meetings in other counties, we could subjoin a list of atrocities, almost unequalled in the annals of crime, but want of room prevents us; they are fully elucidated in the Cork, Clonmel, Roscommon, Wexford, Belfast, and other papers, and exhibit the country in a state that is really terrible.

The Report upon Irish Education is not that of the *five* commissioners; it is only that of *three* of them. The two dissentients are Messrs. Foster and Glassford; they maintain, that any departure from the principle upon which the Irish youth have hitherto been educated would be injurious; and they inform us that, "about twenty years ago, the Scriptures were not read in so many as 600 schools, while at present they have found their way into above 8,000 schools. After every possible deduction which can be made on account of schools closed, schools from which pupils have been withdrawn, and schools in which the use of the Scriptures is practically inefficient, there will still remain in our view such a general average of improvement in this respect, as the most sanguine could scarcely have anticipated. The improvement in other points of inferior moment is not less striking: 1,370 schoolmasters and mistresses, of a very superior description, have been sent forth by the Kildare Place Society alone, and about 280 more are supplied in each succeeding year. Much more than a million of books, of a moral and instructive character, have been issued from their repository, to take place of the immoral and seditious publications which were before too common; and the number of books at the same time supplied by various other societies, independent of the Scriptures, has probably been not much inferior in amount."

Cost of the Church by Law established in Ireland.

	Per Ann.
Tithe income of 1,250 beneficed clergymen, arising from 2,436 parishes	£880,000
Glebe lands of said clergymen, exceeding 120,000 English acres	120,000
Glebe houses of ditto, assuming them to be 1,600 in 2,436 parishes, and only worth £30 a year a piece	48,000
Income of 22 bishops, in fines and rents from one million of English acres	222,000
Church rates from only 2,000 out of 2,436 parishes	575,000
Profits of the "parsons' freehold," arising from graves, tombs, &c.	100,000
Profits of ditto, arising from herbage, &c.	2,000
Marriage licences and church fees	12,000
Ministers' money in Dublin	10,000
Consistory courts	30,000
Gaol chaplaincies and inspectorships	5,000
Chaplaincies of other public institutions	2,500
Military chaplaincies	2,100
Vicars choral	25,000
Masterships of the royal foundations	10,000
Profits arising from other schools	10,000
Fellowships, parsonages, and other sources of wealth connected with Trinity College	30,000
First fruits expenditure (according to the average since 1816)	53,986
Grants to biblical institutions	99,600
Total cost of Church of England-ism in Ireland	£2,239,586

Died.] At Connaught, Major T. W. Poppleton; he served in India, and had the charge of the captive Nabob of Oude; he crossed the Desert, passed up the Red Sea, and joined Sir R. Abercrombie in Egypt; he was afterwards, as captain in the 53d, placed about the person of Napoleon, at St. Helena.—In Killarney, 76, Countess de Severac, sister to the Earl of Kenmare.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of October to the 25th of November 1827.

Oct.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr.Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr.Ct. Red.	N4 Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
26	216 ½	87⅛ ⅝	88⅜ ⅜	94⅜	94 ¼	100⅛ ⅝	19 9-16 ⅝	257½ ¾	97 98p	62 63p	88⅛ ½
27	—	87⅛ ⅜	87⅞ 88⅛	—	93⅜ 94⅛	102¼ ⅜	19⅛ 9-16	—	99p	62 63p	87⅞ 88⅛
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	215½216½	86⅞ 87	87⅜ ⅜	—	93⅛ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19 7-16 9-16	—	97 99p	61 63p	87⅛ ⅞
30	—	86⅞ 87	87⅜ ⅜	93⅛	93½ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	19 7-16 ⅛	257½	99 97p	62 63p	87⅛ ⅞
31	—	86⅜ ⅝	87⅛ ⅜	93½	93 ¼	102 ¼	19⅜ 7-16	—	—	61 63p	87¼ ⅜
Dec											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	214½215½	86⅛ ⅜	87 ⅛	93¼	93 ⅛	102⅛ ⅜	19⅜ ½	—	99 100p	60 61p	87 ⅝
3	213 214	86⅛ ⅜	87 ¼	—	93 ¼	102⅜ ⅜	19 5-16 7-16	—	99 100p	58 60p	87 ¼
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	210 211	86⅜ ⅝	87 ⅛	93⅜ ½	93⅛ ⅜	102¼ ⅝	19⅜ 7-16	—	97 99p	58 59p	87⅛ ⅜
7	210 211	86⅛ ⅝	87¼ ⅜	93½	93⅛ ⅜	102⅛ ⅝	19⅜ 7-16	256½	—	58 59p	87¼ ⅜
8	210½211	86⅜ ⅝	87 ⅜	93¼	93 ¼	102⅜ ⅝	19⅜	255½257	96 97p	58 59p	87 ¼
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	208½209½	85⅞ 86⅜	86⅜ 87⅜	93½ ½	92⅞ 93⅜	102¼ ⅝	19 5-16 7-16	—	95 97p	58 60p	86⅜ 87⅜
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	207½208½	85⅝ ¾	86⅜ ½	—	92 ⅝	102 ⅛	19½ ⅜	254 255	95 97p	58 59p	86½ ⅝
13	206½207	84⅝ 85	85⅝ ¾	92 91½	91⅜ ½	101⅜ ⅛	19 1-16 ¼	—	93p	51 58p	85⅜ ⅝
14	207 ¼	84⅞ 85⅜	85⅝ 86⅛	—	92⅜	101⅛ ⅜	19⅛ ½	—	83 86p	52 56p	85⅝ 86⅛
15	207 ¼	85⅛ ¼	85⅜ 85¾	—	92⅜	101⅛ ⅜	19⅜ 3-16	—	87 91p	55 56p	85⅝ 86½
16	207½ ¼	85⅛ ⅜	85⅞ 86¼	—	92¼	101⅜ ⅜	19 3-16	252	90 91p	55 57p	85⅞ 86¾
17	—	84⅞ ⅜	85⅞ 86¼	—	91⅜ 92¼	101⅜	19 3-16 ¼	—	90 91p	55 57p	85⅞ 86⅜
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	206½207	85⅛ ⅜	85⅞ 86⅛	—	91⅜ 92	101⅝ ⅞	19⅛ 3-16	252	89p	55 56p	85⅜ 86⅛
20	206 ¾	84⅝ ⅞	85⅜ ⅝	91⅜	91¼ ⅛	101⅜ ⅝	19 ⅛	—	86 88p	54 56p	85⅜ ¾
21	206 ½	83⅞ 84½	84½ 85¼	91	90⅜ 91	100⅜ 1	18⅞ 19	249	82 83p	52 56p	84½ 85½
22	204 205	83⅛ ⅝	84 ¾	90¼	89⅝ 90¼	100⅛ ⅝	18 11-16 ⅞	—	79 81p	51 53p	84 ¼
23	204½205	83⅜ 84	84⅛ ¾	90⅜	90¼ ⅜	100⅛ ⅝	18 13-16 15-16	—	79 81p	51 53p	84⅜ ⅜
24	—	84 ¼	84⅜ 85	—	90⅜ ⅝	100⅜ ⅝	18 15-16 ⅞	—	80 82p	51 53p	84⅜ ⅝
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

PRESENTED
8 DEC 1949

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From October 20th to 19th November inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

October.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20		◐	55	61	53	29 62	29 57	99	99	WSW	N	Rain	Fair	Fair
21			56	60	53	29 47	29 37	99	98	N	SE	Foggy	—	Rain
22	57		55	57	53	29 21	29 07	98	100	SSE	S	Rain	—	—
23	38		56	59	51	29 06	29 29	93	96	SW	SE	—	—	Clo.
24			52	58	52	29 50	29 84	98	95	SE	WNW	Foggy	—	—
25			55	59	54	29 94	29 97	99	99	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	—
26			57	60	52	29 99	29 89	99	86	SSW	S	Fair	Fair	Fair
27		◗	53	60	50	29 62	29 37	98	99	SE	WNW	Clo.	—	—
28	104		51	51	38	29 23	29 49	100	99	E	ENE	Rain	Rain	—
29			42	49	37	29 79	29 90	88	86	NNE	NNE	Fair	Fair	—
30			42	50	46	29 85	29 61	92	97	WNW	NNE	—	—	Sleet
31			48	53	36	29 61	29 70	98	76	NNE	N	Clo.	—	Clo.
Nov.														
1			38	50	44	29 86	29 85	78	89	N	WNW	Fair	—	—
2			48	52	39	29 73	29 99	82	87	NNE	N	Clo.	—	Fair
3		○	42	51	48	30 01	30 00	85	91	WNW	W	—	—	—
4			49	55	47	30 04	30 15	98	98	W	W	Foggy	—	Clo.
5			49	57	51	30 21	30 27	98	97	W	W	—	—	—
6			52	56	50	30 19	30 13	99	90	WNW	NW	Overc.	—	—
7			51	52	44	30 06	30 05	92	97	WNW	ESE	—	—	Sleet
8			45	48	46	29 96	29 94	92	96	SE	NE	Foggy	Foggy	Foggy
9			49	53	49	29 75	29 67	98	98	NW	NW	Fair	Rain	Clo.
10			50	55	49	29 79	29 90	98	100	NW	WNW	Clo.	Fair	Sleet
11		◖	52	56	43	29 82	29 87	96	91	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fine
12			44	50	48	30 02	30 05	95	96	N	WNW	Foggy	—	Sleet
13			54	60	39	30 04	30 03	100	97	NW	NNW	—	—	—
14			41	46	41	30 00	29 83	100	86	SE	S	Sleet	Clo.	Clo.
15			45	50	42	29 65	29 47	100	100	S	ENE	Rain	—	Rain
16			45	48	40	29 50	29 55	100	100	SE	SSW	—	Rain	Fair
17			43	52	42	29 68	29 77	100	100	E	S	Foggy	Fair	—
18	53	●	46	50	49	29 93	30 05	100	100	SE	SE	—	Foggy	Sleet
19			51	52	46	30 11	30 11	100	100	SSE	SE	—	Fair	Fair

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of October was three inches and 31-100ths.